THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

He opened the umbrella again, and under this respectable old family heirloom they walked through the dark, lonely paths; he felt the violent trembling of her hand, and pressed her arm closer to him.

"When can I see you again, Lora?" he inquired.

"I don't know," she replied.

"You don't know, Lora? But you ought to know. Up to this time I have borne it to see you only rarely, and for a moment; but after this I will not bear it any longer. Listen to me: I am not fond of secrecy, it is unworthy of us both; we love each other, and why should not all the world know it? Once again, Lora, I beg you to let me speak to your father to-morrow."

"No, no," she said firmly; "it is impossible."

"Then how long must I wait?"

"Till—I will—let you know."

"Lora," he began, "if you only knew—as I was coming along I was thinking so deeply of you—I never think of anything but you, now. To-day I was thinking of the time I first saw you in church, at your school-mate's wedding; you stood so plainly before my eyes in your white dress, with the violet wreath in your golden hair. Lora, there is nothing in the world to compare with you."

They had stopped again, and, holding the huge umbrella in one hand, he put his arm round her, and his eyes gazed in hers.

"And my little love is so true and so frank," he continued, while she listened with dropping head; "not once did you try to deceive me and play with me, as girls do—I was so sure of your love, though we had hardly spoken a word about it. I only needed to look into your eyes, and then I knew, 'She loves you, the proud, beautiful Lora von Tollen loves you.'"

"Yes," she said aloud, "I love you."

He kissed her again, and then went on in silence.

"But when shall I see you again?" he asked again, after awhile.

"When you have spoken to my father and mother," she replied. "And—from the window, as usual."

"Oh, Lora!" he said reproachfully.

"Sooner if you will—at the Bechers' ball. Ah, come, do come. It would be so delightful!"

"No," he said shortly, without hesitation. "And I beg of you to stay at home, too."

"I cannot; mamma has already accepted."

"Then write and decline—stay at home, and—think of me."

"Then I should have to invent some excuse, and I do not like to do that for such a trifle as this ball is. Do come, Ernest, it would be so pleasant for me."

"No," he said as decidedly as before; "I will not go to the Bechers' house—and you ought not to, either, for that reason."

"But I must do as my parents wish for the present," she replied shortly; "but I will think of you there."

He seemed vexed for a moment. Then he said playfully, "Go, then, my darling; it is true you are now the daughter of the house. I know that some day you will be all my own, and then one of us cannot do anything without the other. Lora, is it not wonderful, when you think of it?"

Now they were walking fast beside the river; they passed the dark archway of the old, gray stone gate, and Lora turned into a street that led behind the houses to her own garden. A light from her father's sick-room shone out through the linden trees, across the old city wall.

"Good-night," said the beautiful girl, at the little gate in the wall, taking the key from her work-bag and unlocking it as she spoke. And now she offered him her lips for a kiss.

"I am so afraid," she murmured.

"For you and me? But what could happen to us? Do you mean that I should not be welcome to your parents?" he added proudly.

"No, oh, no! You are my comfort in all my misery. Good-bye, Ernest, until—you know I will write to you when you can come—but have patience."

She disappeared suddenly through the garden door. He stood still for awhile as if in a dream, as if he would try to look through the walls then he turned slowly away. But as he did so the gate creaked on its hinges, and she stood before him again and caught both his hands in hers.

"I must say it to you, Ernest, I must say it," she said tenderly, "that my heart is full of joy, of the sweetest happiness. As I stood alone there in the garden-path, it suddenly came over me with such force. Tell me, is it true? —or have I dreamed that you love me, Ernest?"

He caught her to his breast and kissed her again and again. "Lora, my Lora!" he whispered.

A few minutes after she entered the dining-room, where her parents and her sister were sitting at tea, with such a look of radiant happiness in her face that her father forgot his reproaches for her long stay, and gazed at her in amazement.

"You stayed out so long, Lora," said her mother wearily. "Has Rudi gone upstairs?"

Not till then did she come to herself.

"Rudi?" she said, as she took off her hat. "He did not come with me, he is—oh, yes, he went away somewhere with Herr Becher." As she spoke she looked at her mother with wistful eyes, and bent down over her.

"Don't be vexed. I was gone a good while—but I will tell you about it by-and-by."

"I need not have taken so much trouble about the supper for Rudi," said Frau von Tollen, trying to speak playfully. "But you can eat something, Lora?"

"Thanks, mamma, I am not hungry; but I will help you now."

"Where is the rascal gone, confound him!" cried the old major. "Off the very first evening! He has no considera-tion——"

"I don't know, papa."

Katie, who had taken her tea in silence, now exclaimed:

"But I know. They have gone to the summer theatre. Adalbert Becher is studying his part under the old director—well, Lora, you will be glad of it when you come to play with him."

"Oh, I have already refused," was the careless answer.

The major growled out something in his beard, whether approval or disapproval no one could tell. Her mother looked at Lora in surprise.

"I will change my dress in a minute, mamma," whispered the young girl. "Please come up, if you have a moment's time."

She went upstairs to her room, and seated herself, in her damp clothes, on a chair beside the bed. She was nearly beside herself with her happiness and her trouble, if she could only get rid of this burden which seemed to overwhelm her. If her mother would only come!

She lighted the lamp and took her sister's letter out of her pocket; and as she read the first lines over again, it seemed to her as if the clear-ray which had just shone into her life grew fainter and fainter, as if this horror which was standing on the threshold was so merciless and so terrible, that it must destroy her youthful happiness. She heard her mother's step on the stair, and it sounded so weary. She tried to go to meet her, but her feet seemed rooted to the floor. She looked searchingly at her face as she entered, and she saw only worn features, and an expression of disappointed expectation in her eyes.

"Are you still in your wet clothes, Lora? Hurry now, for I want to go to bed early; I feel so tired to-night."

The young girl drew up a chair and put a shawl around her mother's shoulders.

"What is it you want, Lora?" asked the mother kindly.

"I—ah, nothing in particular, mamma. I wanted—I only wanted to see you—" the girl was standing before the bureau, with her back to her mother, pulling away her hat and veil.

"And Aunt Melitta? Why did she keep you there all the afternoon?"

Then the young girl turned. She saw that she must speak; she, alone, could do nothing.

Frau von Tollen waited for an answer and straightened out the folds of the white bed-curtains, which had got twisted a little. But as Lora did not speak, she looked up at length.

"Lora!" she cried then, "Lora, something has happened—for Heaven's sake, Helen is not ill?"

"No, mamma, no." The young girl knelt down before her mother, and tenderly stroked her face. "No one is ill; no; it is not that; it is only a little embarrassment, a little difficulty that Rudi has got into, you see. Helen wrote to me, she heard of it through her betrothed. My mamma!" she cried aloud. Her mother's face had changed frightfully, and her eye seemed fixed and glassy.

"Debts," she murmured, "more debts!"

"But mamma, it is not so very dreadful," cried Lora, in terror. "Be calm; he is not dead——"

"Show me the letter," demanded her mother.

"No, mamma, I wish I had not told you anything about it."

"I must know everything, Lora. Give it to me."

She caught the letter out of the young girl's hand, and read it by the light of the one poor candle. She groaned heavily once or twice, and then she sat back in her chair in silence and folded her hands in her lap.

"Mamma," said Lora, imploringly, "dear mamma!"

"I know of no way, none," said the unhappy woman.

"Victor must help us, mamma."

"My God!—Victor!"

"Have we then nothing more, mamma, nothing at all? We must help him, mamma; we must."

"Nothing except the trifle that papa has saved up for you children—two thousand thalers; and what is that?"

"Take it, nevertheless, mamma; it is not only Rudolph——"

"And what will become of you and Katie?"

A radiant look came into Laura's pale face.

"Take it, mamma," she whispered. She wanted to add, "as for me I shall be taken care of—don't be anxious about me, mamma."

The certainty that a strong arm and a true heart belonged to her, came over her again with overpowering force; but she did not make her confession; she would not speak of her own happiness at this moment.

"I will take care of Katie," she stammered.

Frau von Tollen did not hear what Lora said; she was unconscious of her surroundings.

"So much misery, so much misery," she whispered. "Oh my God, what a life I have had! Nothing but care, nothing but toil and struggle for this weary existence! How hard it has been; and what thanks have I had for it?"

"Mamma!" shrieked Lora. She had never heard the patient woman speak so before, and it hurt her deeply. "Mamma, don't talk so. I will do everything for you—you should not say such things. I love you so——"

"Yes, you, you! But what is to become of you? I cannot sleep at night for anxiety at the thought of what will happen when your father dies. O God! your father will not survive it, Lora; he must not know it."

At this moment the house door-bell rang below and a merry whistle sounded on the stairs, and then Katie's voice: "Well, Rudi, how did you enjoy the summer theatre?"

"Run down," said Frau von Tollen, "and tell Rudi to come up to me before he goes to papa."

The young girl obeyed. Her brother was teasing his little sister in the dining-room. He had taken both her slender hands in his. "Kneel down," he said playfully.

"But I will not!" screamed Katie. "Let me go, Rudi; you have made friends with Adalbert Becher, and so I can't bear you any more——"

"You are a goose," he said; "Adalbert Becher is not so bad."

"Rudolph, mamma wants to speak to you before you go to papa," interrupted Lora, in a hoarse voice. She stood in the door like a statue.

"What's up?" he yawned, wrinkling up his forehead.

"Helen's betrothed has written all about it," she said.

He gave a low whistle. "Ah! Does papa know?"

"Oh, no," replied Lora bitterly.

"Where is mamma?"

"In my room."

"Forward, then, with courage!" he said ironically, going toward the door.

"What is the matter?" inquired Katie.

"Nothing," replied Lora.

"Dr. Schomberg grew quite enthusiastic over your favorite poet in the literature class to-day, Lora. You know Monke. He read us something from him. He reads splendidly; you ought to have heard how delightful it sounded from his lips:

'A little boat floated down the stream,
A bride and bridegroom sat therein.'"

"A bride and bridegroom," repeated Lora, going from the window to the big porcelain stove, in the opening of which a tea-kettle was hissing.

"How red you are, Lora!"

"Am I? Didn't papa call? I wish you would see."

"See yourself," pouted Katie. "Papa is so very cross, and I have had quite enough of it already to-day."

Just then Rudolph appeared; he looked vexed, and demanded his cap, which he could not find.

"Are you going out?" asked Lora.

"I have made an appointment with Becher."

"I think papa hoped you would stay with him to-day, at least."

He made no reply, but left the room, still looking for his hat; he seemed to have found it in the hall, for he left the house immediately.

"Lora," said Katie, "you know they are going to have a supper with the actresses."

"Be silent," replied Lora.

"I heard it from old Diecks, who carried the invitations and got the champagne ready; that little blonde lives with her."

"Be silent," repeated Lora, blushing deeply, "that is not a thing to interest us."

"Not me, perhaps, but—you."

"For shame, Katie!"

"But why shouldn't Rudi amuse himself?"

"Katie, how can you talk so?"

"It is so horribly dull here, Lora. I don't blame him if—he only wouldn't go with Adalbert Becher——"

"For the last time I ask you, what can it be to us, Katie?" exclaimed Lora indignantly.

"Perhaps it may be something to us, nevertheless, Lora."

The girl crossed the room and stood in front of her beautiful young sister.

"Lora," she said, with sparkling eyes, "if he should ever dare, give him a box on the ear."

"Who? What?"

"If Adalbert Becher should want to marry you, the horrid——"

Lora smiled suddenly.

"You may be quite easy, Katie."

"I am anxious about you, Lora; he is so persistent, and—he is in love with you—desperately in love!"

"For pity's sake, Katie, do be quiet. Will you please go to papa for me, little one? I must speak to mamma."

Katie ran out of the room, this time really obedient. Lora slowly followed. Then she heard the major's voice, upstairs.

"Will none of you look after your mother?"

Lora flew upstairs. "What is the matter with mamma?" she cried anxiously.

"What is it?" thundered the major. "She is ill; she has one of her old nervous attacks. May the devil fly away with the whole of you!"

Bang went the door, while the daughters flew to their mother's little bed-room and busied themselves about the sick woman, who, cold as ice lay shivering on the bed, making slight moans.

"Don't be frightened," she whispered, her teeth chattering as she spoke, "don't be frightened, children; it will soon pass off."

But Lora spent the whole night by her bed, rubbing the hands of the sufferer; she knew very well the cause of the illness.

Toward morning she started out of a light slumber. She heard steps on the stairs—uncertain, heavy steps. She got up softly and opened the door a little—she recognized her brother in the gray morning light; his cap was put on awry, and he looked strangely pale, and as he crossed the threshold of his room he staggered, and had to support himself by the door-post.

Lora turned back into the sick-room with an expression of disgust on her face. Shivering, she wrapped herself in a shawl, and sitting down on a little stool at the foot of the bed, she laid her head on her mother's cushions. She did not awake until a hot hand was laid on her cheek.

"You must look after the house, Lorchen," said the weary voice; "if I feel better at noon I will get up. Poor child, you must be very tired!"

(To be Continued.)

WHEN TO WIND A WATCH.

The Morning, Not the Evening, the Best Time, the Watchmaker Says.

"Most people," said the watchmaker, "wind their watches at night; but it would be better to wind them in the morning.

"You see, we are liable to go to bed at different hours, and so to wind our watch at irregular intervals; and it is better to wind it regularly. Then we are more liable to forget to wind our watch at night than in the morning and so may let it run down.

"But we are pretty sure to get up in the morning at our regular hour, whatever the hour at which we went to bed, and so by winding it then we may insure regularity of winding; and the watch is brought to mind then, when we put it on for use, and we are less likely to forget to wind it.

"So morning is the best time to wind a watch, if you can get yourself into the habit of winding it then.

FAMOUS WRITERS' FOIBLES.

Keats liked red pepper on his toast.

Dickens was fond of wearing jewelry.

Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep.

Edgar Allan Poe took his cat to bed with him, and was inordinately proud of his feet.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair."

Alexander Dumas the younger bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute—as he said, to tune up his ideas.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet, holes were worn in the carpet.

CULTURED.

Johnny had returned from the birthday party with a glowing face and a satisfied air, which told that he had fared plentifully and well.

"And," said his mamma, "I hope you remembered what I told you and showed Mrs. Topkins that you had been well brought up."

"'Course I did," said Johnny.

"And you didn't ask for a second helping of anything?"

"There wasn't any need," said the dutiful Johnny. "When I'd finished anything, no sooner did I scrape my plate and smack my lips than the servant brought me some more without me saying a word!"

The Home

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Fig Cake.—Two-thirds of a cup of sugar; one teaspoonful of flour; butter the size of a walnut and yolk of two eggs. Stir well together, then add one cupful of buttermilk. Flavor with lemon extract and bake in a crust. Use white of one egg for frosting.

Buttermilk Pie.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one cup of flour; add one-half cup of cornstarch; one-half cup of sweet milk; whites of five eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; one-half pound of figs chopped fine and boiled in one cup of water.

Salad Dressing.—Take two or three egg yolks and beat, with one teaspoon of mustard, sugar, butter, pepper and salt to taste. Add vinegar slowly to suit and cook.

Hot Chocolate Sauce.—Put four ounces of grated bitter chocolate, one cupful of sugar, and half cup of milk in double boiler. Boil until mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into water.

Crumble Torta.—Beat the yolks of six eggs well, add half-pound of powdered sugar. Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with four heaping tablespoonfuls of well dried and rolled bread-crumbs, and add to the yolks and sugar. Chop one pound of walnut meats, one pound of dates, and add to the mixture. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs last, and beat all together. Spread thin in pans like layer cakes and bake twenty minutes. When wanted for use crumble, heap up on platter, and pour over it whipped, sweetened cream.

Cuban Style Chicken.—Cut up a good-sized chicken and boil until tender. Take out of broth, roll in flour, and fry in part lard and part butter until brown on all sides. Add one cupful of broth and let simmer ten minutes. Take out chicken and put on hot platter. Have two cupfuls of boiled rice, the same of tomatoes; one green pepper, chopped fine; season with salt and curry powder to taste. Add all to brown gravy; pile in centre of platter, place chicken around outside edge, and garnish with parsley.

Vanilla Wafers.—To one egg, one coffee cup of sugar, one cup of butter, add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in five tablespoons of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix stiff and roll thin on a well floured board. Cut in strips about two inches wide; make little grooves by drawing the back of a fork the length of the strips; cut in four-inch lengths. Grease the under side of a dripping pan and bake in moderate oven, spacing a little, as they spread in baking. It is necessary only to grease the pan once. Serve with tea or lemonade.

Summer Salad.—Three oranges, three bananas, and one pineapple (canned will do); add one gill of mayonnaise and one head of early lettuce. Arrange lettuce for individual serving; peel and cut bananas; peel and dice oranges; peel and dice the pineapple. Heap the mixed fruit on the lettuce; dress with mayonnaise, and garnish with English walnuts.

Cheese Straws.—One cup grated cheese; add one cup flour, half of a small cup of butter, and a quarter teaspoonful of salt; knead all together until of the right consistency to roll without crumbling; bake.

Tomato Figs.—Six pounds of tomatoes and three pounds of granulated sugar; select small yellow or red tomatoes, put them in a colander and plunge them into boiling water for a moment. Remove the skins, do not break the tomatoes; cover the bottom of a porcelain-lined kettle with a portion of the sugar; put in a layer of tomatoes and the remainder of the sugar; do not have more than two layers of tomatoes. Place the kettle on a moderate fire and cook slowly until the sugar penetrates the centre of the tomato; lift each tomato carefully with a large fork or spoon, spread them on a granite dish, and stand them in the sun for a day or two. Take them in at night before the dew, and put them out in the morning. While they are drying sprinkle them several times with granulated sugar. When perfectly dry place them between layers of waxed paper. If done properly they will keep all winter and are one of the daintiest of sweetmeats.

USEFUL HINTS.

The glass of pictures and mirrors may be well cleaned with dry whiting and a woollen cloth.

A well-beaten egg is a great addition to a tart made of dried apples, giving lightness and a good flavor to the dish.

After having washed lamp chimneys in soap and water, scald with clear water. They can be dried much more quickly and will be perfectly clear.

To bake potatoes in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, boil until thoroughly heated through before putting in the oven, which takes about five minutes.

A good starch gloss is made by adding a little spermaceti and about a teaspoonful of borax to each quart of water. These ingredients will give the starched articles a particularly fine gloss.

Milk tins should occasionally be scrubbed with a little salt, and afterwards well rinsed and scalded. Insufficient washing of the utensils in which it is kept is the frequent cause of sour milk.

Make potatoes look white and floury by boiling in as little water as possible, strain, and take at once to open door. Give the potatoes a vigorous shake in the saucepan and let it remain uncovered at the side of the fire for five minutes before serving.

A good home-made paste may be prepared by mixing the proportion of four ounces of flour with one and a half ounces of brown sugar. These should be made into a paste with a little cold water. A saucepan of boiling water should be made ready, the paste placed in a cup in the centre and stirred rapidly over the fire. When it has thickened a few drops of carbolic acid should be stirred in to preserve the paste, when it may be bottled until required.

Sliced raw onions kept constantly in a sick room where there are eruptive diseases may not be very pleasant, but they are an excellent preventive against contagion. The slices will be soon discolored, grow quite dark, and should then be at once destroyed and replaced by fresh slices.

Windows are more easily cleaned, especially in a town, with pieces of crumpled newspaper, slightly moistened with methylated spirit, than with water and a chamois leather, and, if polished immediately with a soft cloth they will have a brilliantly clear appearance, which will be retained for some time.

The leaves of house-plants should be kept free from dust, hence frequent washings are absolutely essential, although when watering never wet the flowers of the plants, or allow drops of water to stand on the leaves in the sunshine. Water should never be allowed to stand in flower-pot saucers unless the plants are semi-aquatic.

To clean Britannia metal, powder a ball of whiting and carefully sift it. Mix this smoothly with a wineglassful of sweet oil and a teaspoonful of soft soap. When well blended, add sufficient methylated spirit to bring it to the consistency of thick cream. Rub the articles to be cleaned with this polish, wipe off with a soft cloth, and polish with a leather.

When boiling vegetables be sure the water is at boiling point before putting in the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of the stove, so that it will boil as quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dished.

Blouses fashioned of colored washing silk should always be soaked in cold water to which a little salt has been added before they are laundered. The water should then be squeezed out and the blouses washed in lukewarm water, a lather being made with a good washing soap, although the soap itself should not be rubbed on the silk. The quicker the washing operations are proceeded with the better, so as to prevent the color from running, whilst it is, in addition, a good plan to pour a few drops of ammonia into the water in which the articles are rinsed.

HINTS FOR THE FRUIT CANNER.

Before putting fruit in glass jars, wash them in soap suds containing a little soda. Then rinse well with scalding water, and set in the sun to dry.

If you want the flavor of the fruit to come out well, do not use an excess of sugar.

Never use poor fruit for canning. The best is none too good. Let it be as fresh as possible, and not overripe.

Handle it as little as possible.

Have everything in readiness before you begin operations. The woman who has to run to pantry or kitchen every time a thing is wanted makes herself double the work that's necessary.

Use the best grade of sugar. It may cost a little more than the ordinary, but it will make your fruit enough better to pay the difference in cost.

Do not stir your fruit when it is cooking. If you want to know how it is coming along, take out a piece of it without disturbing the rest.

Give it a brisk boiling. If allowed to stand and simmer it will not retain its shape well.

When the cans are ready for sealing, see that the covers fit perfectly. Never use one that does not hug down tightly to the shoulder of the jar.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

M. Jean de Reske is said to be the only professional singer who has ever sat at the Czar of Russia's dinner-table.

The King of the Belgians is one of the largest landed proprietors in the world. In addition to his thousands of acres in Africa and in Belgium, he owns two estates of considerable extent in France.

A resident Irish landlord, with an estate of 30,000 or 40,000 acres, many quaint stories are told of Lord Antrim's devotion to his own affairs. Someone in great trepidation once told him that somebody else had seen the Earl driving three cows along the road, and he asked for Lord Antrim's authority to contradict a story so derogatory to his dignity. "The man was under misapprehension," replied Lord Antrim; "it was not three cows, but two cows and a bull."

Only one lady in England can boast that she has twice married a duke. That lady is the present Duchess of Devonshire, whose first husband was the late Duke of Manchester, and who, on his death, was fortunate enough to be offered another—and even greater—Duchy as her portion by the well-known head of the Cavendishes, who had long admired and recognized her talents and beauty. By her acceptance of the hand of the Duke of Devonshire the Duchess gained an honor almost unique in modern history.

The German Emperor is the subject of an anecdote which is certainly sufficiently characteristic to appear true. During one of his forest excursions, on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia, William II. was about to light his cigar, but found he had forgotten the knife that he used to cut off the end. The Czar was no better provided, so one of the forest keepers stepped forward and proffered his own. The Emperor used it and then returned it, saying, impressively: "Take back your knife. It is now an historical relic."

Here is a story of Princess Metternich, who was recently invited to dinner at the Hofburg. The Austrian Emperor always dines at 5.30, and the Princess found herself without an appetite at such an early hour. Her imperial host, noticing that his fair guest was eating nothing, solicitously inquired if the Princess were ill. Receiving a negative answer, the Emperor insisted on knowing the cause of the Princess's abstinence, and to the consternation of all present received the following reply: "It is only because I am not accustomed to eat between meals."

The Duke of Beaufort maintains the largest hunting establishment in the kingdom. He is a typical M.F.H. of the best sort, immensely keen to show sport, thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to hounds and foxes, and highly popular with the farmers and other landowners. All this is shown by the fact that the Duke is able to hunt a country of nearly 800 square miles six days a week without a hitch of any kind. Hounds have been kept at Badminton from time immemorial, and a Duke of Beaufort has always been in the mastership.

The consolidation of Messrs. Powers and Weightman and Messrs. Rosengarten and Sons—the biggest chemical firms in the United States, and hitherto the keenest rivals, has been affected by Mrs. Walker, Mr. Weightman's daughter, who practically conducted the business. When Mr. Weightman died he left $100,000,000, and the business to Mrs. Walker, who became the richest woman in the United States. Mrs. Walker has two hobbies, the collecting of laces and Napoleonic relics. The consolidation effects a practical monopoly in the United States of sulphate of quinine and morphia.

Mrs. Slimpurse: "It's all nonsense to talk about managing a husband by silent appeals to his good nature. It can't be done. If you want anything you've got to say so right out. You know this horrid old hat I've worn for two seasons?" Mrs. Makeshift "Yes, and I suggested that you should quietly put it on and let him see you wearing it." Mrs. Slimpurse "That's just what I did—exactly what I did; and when I proposed to walk down the street with him he said, 'I'm afraid all this finery will make my old clothes look shabby!'"

IS A RIVER OF MYSTERY

UNDISCOVERED TRAGEDIES OF THE THAMES.

Pockets of Victims Invariably Empty—Suicides' Bridge Retains Its Evil Reputation.

"Found Drowned" is an easy way to explain a mystery, but how do all these people find their way to the river? Is it suicide? Is it accident? Or is it something worse? None can tell, and none can be certain until the River of Mystery miraculously speaks, says the London Express.

It is a fact that with nearly all these unknowns the pockets are found empty of valuables, even in the case of those whose clothes are not poor. There are still Gaffer Hexams and Rogue Riderhoods with us, as they were in Dickens' days, whose philosophy on the matter is familiar: "Has a dead man any use for money? How can money be a corpse's? Can a corpse own it, want it, spend it, claim it, miss it?"

More puzzling it is when, as sometimes happens, nude bodies are found, for here the mystery is complete, since there is no dress to describe, no marks on the linen, no details, which, published on the brown notices, might lead at all events to identification.

EMPTY POCKETS.

But it is certainly odd that in practically every case there is nothing in the pockets of the clothed ones, or on the linen, by which one may trace the name of him or her who is drowned. Very frequently, however, that is discovered by the system which works between the river and the Metropolitan police. Somebody has been missing from Shadwell or Lambeth, and the relations notify the police. Enquiries flash from station to station, and probably the river police have the description of the man long before the body is brought up from the dark waters. We know who he is, and to whom he belongs, but his death is another mystery—let us call it an "accident."

How are bodies found? By mere chance. A bargee near Westminster Bridge may notice something drifting down the stream, a patch of a man's head showing at the water-level, or perhaps the heel of a boot, and he knows what it is, and that by recovering it he is five shillings the richer.

Out of all the five river police stations from Barnes to Erith—the others are at Waterloo Bridge, Blackwall, and Wapping—that by Waterloo Bridge is, perhaps, the busiest. During all the years Waterloo Bridge has lived up to its evil reputation of being the "suicides' bridge." Scarce a night goes by without a splash that marks the plunge of a would-be suicide in his leap to anywhere—anywhere, out of the world. And the men of the river keep watch and ward and frustrate the designs of those who seek to die. Odd it is that suicides should choose always the very spot for their death where the police are most vigilant, and where the chance of success is least.

A nerve-trying business this of the river police, where one must become accustomed to gruesome sights, and harden one's heart to horror—where one waits all day and night by the grey flowing river for what it will give up. Where one waits, stealing the secrets from

THE RIVER OF MYSTERY,

twisting and struggling under the broad bridges like the writhing of a giant serpent, marked by the golden reflections of the Bridge lamps.

It is a faded brown placard pasted on the wall of the Embankment which attracts the attention of a few loiterers as the day wears on, dreary loafers who read the notice because it is a pleasant way of killing the empty, idle hours, and who, having read it, sniff lugubriously and slouch on their way with their hands in their pockets.

Sometimes one will say to another, "Reads like a swell, don't it?" or again with a grim laugh, like the laugh of a man for whom life holds nothing but gall and grief, "Suppose it'll be my turn next." Or, yet again, you may see a man clutch his shredded rags tighter to his thin body after reading the notice, and stare wonderingly, moodily, at the dark river as it licks its way along the moss-grown Embankment wall and struggles under the arches of Waterloo Bridge.

The notice is the tersest epitaph that the hand of man has devised. "Dead body found." No time for sentiment or regret, say the men that police the Thames; who do not "regret to announce that we have found a dead body." We merely state the fact. Bring us a brown paper form and we will tell you all about it. Where? Drowned in the Thames. When? —th of June. Apparent age? Forty-five or fifty. Length? Five feet nine inches. Complexion? Dark. Color of hair? Turning grey.

Now, fill in the little details. Note that he has no money, no papers of identification. A clasp knife in his pocket, rusted with water, and a pair of eye-glasses, broken, but mended with wire. Let us give all the details we can, lest we have another mystery on our hands.

TRAGIC LABEL.

Each brown placard is the label of a tragedy—the summary of a nameless being, when all that matters now is the formal catalogue of the poor, still body.

And the River of Mysteries, grey, dark and sullen, creeps between the heavy barges that are moored on the Surrey side, like a hooded witch clutching her victims to her breast. Sometimes it happens that a body is wrenched from her grasp, and sometimes she hurries on and gives her prey to the obliterating sea.

No mention in the newspapers of these mysteries, for when such things happen almost at the rate of one a day the readers would find them monotonous. Does one give the figures of those unfortunates who are killed in the street accidents each day?

Yet talk with a river policeman, and he will give you some idea of the little great mysteries that are happening. Perhaps at the very moment when you are being spun along in an Embankment tram a shape has just been brought to the Waterloo Pier, and lies now at rest on the boards by the side of the river. It may be the body of a penniless suicide, and the irony of it is that while the man lived he was worthless in the world, but his death brings five shillings to the recoverer of the body.

Women with pretty teeth will laugh at a stupid joke.

Mrs. McDuff: "This paper says that mice are attracted by music, but I don't believe it." Mr. McDuff: "Why not?" Mrs. McDuff: "Because I never see any mice around when I play the piano." Mr. McDuff: "Well, that's no reason for doubting the paper's statement."

The Farm

WHEN IS A STEER READY FOR MARKET?

If this question w[illegible] any of the [illegible] would instinctively [illegible] in a condition [illegible] finished. Th[illegible] would be entir[illegible] point of the cattle [illegible] fully true that [illegible] units among mar[illegible] condition, and th[illegible] on with cattle [illegible] even experi[illegible] frequently ship cat[illegible] to fully [illegible] ssing for sixty, an[illegible] much as [illegible] therefore, experien[illegible] just believe that [illegible] returns by [illegible] would have long [illegible] practice. The [illegible] fact that it takes [illegible] bring top prices, [illegible] must be borne [illegible] must be somethin[illegible] ripe to sell as prim[illegible] experienced [illegible] asked to express [illegible] steer is ready [illegible] most universal[illegible] ready for the ma[illegible] would be shipped [illegible] time when he w[illegible] greatest profit. [illegible] difficult matter [illegible] addition of fat [illegible] Under the largest [illegible] and often is not [illegible] bring the top pr[illegible] quality of cat[illegible] plays on [illegible] general supply an[illegible] at a given [illegible] dition that migh[illegible] at one time w[illegible] market might no[illegible] greatest profit wa[illegible] weak and low [illegible] not be inf[illegible] an intimate [illegible] following fact[illegible]

Age of cattle [illegible]
Quality or bre[illegible]
Condition of [illegible]

The relative [illegible] prime condition [illegible] cost of merely [illegible] of the so-called [illegible] one of these [illegible] than the [illegible] regards age [illegible] extremely [illegible] two years [illegible] trade, and [illegible] such [illegible] usually [illegible] of feeds [illegible] there is [illegible] of cattle [illegible] changes [illegible]

TO MAKE THE FARM [illegible]

[illegible] wood neatly. Keep the barn clea[illegible] Keep walks and [illegible] clean up or fill up [illegible] as much of [illegible] that fences [illegible] painted.

Keep the grass [illegible] good condition.

Cover the old rain-bar[illegible] cheese cloth, to keep [illegible] Rake off all the rub[illegible] burn and disperse [illegible]

Keep the house in [illegible] See that the roof is [illegible] house painted.

Put screens in neatl[illegible] screen doors have [illegible] order.

Don't keep garbage [illegible] wooden barrels, because [illegible] become soaked and ca[illegible]

Don't empty dish wa[illegible] the kitchen door. It makes [illegible] place, which is often [illegible]

Dig a deep pit and put all [illegible] cans, broken bottles, broken [illegible] rusty pans and kettles into [illegible] with earth.

Prune the trees and don't [illegible] the branches lying under them [illegible] them away or use them for [illegible] sweet peas.

Don't keep empty tin cans [illegible] around the house. When it rains they [illegible] fill with water and breed mosquitoes [illegible] and are a constant danger to the [illegible]

If there is an unsightly building, plant vines that will form a screen. Wild cucumber, wild hops, morning glories and flowering beans make quick growth.

BEST PAID LADY'S MAID

THE CLOSEST ASSOCIATE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The Honorable Charlotte Knollys Has Spent Forty-four Years With the Queen.

"Elizabeth Knollys, lady's maid to M[illegible] Albert E. Wettin." Such an entry would be quite correct if one descended [illegible] the estate of royalty to the [illegible] place. But it is writ on the [illegible] the Honorable Charlotte Kn[illegible] nounced Knowles) is a lady's [illegible] man to her majesty, Queen Alexandra.

Because the mistress [illegible] position becomes one of [illegible] servility. Yet one cannot [illegible] the fact that Miss Knollys is [illegible] tents and purposes the Queen's [illegible] land's maid, as well as her [illegible] and confidential companion [illegible] Charles Byng-Hall.

Quite recently Charlotte Kn[illegible] plated her 44th year in [illegible] Nightly for 44 years she has [illegible] the same roof as her mistress [illegible] in that lifetime has she [illegible] her many wants so carefully [illegible] faithfully that at the [illegible] long had the [illegible]

No one need envy Miss Kn[illegible] job. Yearly it grows more [illegible] Queen is an exacting woman [illegible] her infirmities are increasing [illegible] a temper. Most queens have [illegible] public do not know that [illegible] deafness has made her a [illegible] and that were it not for [illegible] Charlotte Knollys, life at [illegible] royal palaces would be, for [illegible] household, strenuous [illegible] Knollys is [illegible]

ALEXANDRA'S GOOD [illegible]

She is the general [illegible] Queen and outside [illegible] ting out even jovial Edward [illegible] to Miss Knollys would [illegible] of the greatest Alexandra [illegible] for this woman who never [illegible] 44 years has been away [illegible] mistress, is the only [illegible] the secrets of the Queen [illegible]

And her reward? [illegible] Charlotte Knollys [illegible] King Edward, received [illegible] Honorable and raised [illegible] to the position of [illegible] By virtue of her [illegible] takes first place [illegible] women entitled [illegible] able. Her relatives [illegible] tish empire is No. [illegible] She has an array [illegible] orders and decorations [illegible] European queens. And [illegible] draws $4,500 a year [illegible] ment and $1,500 from [illegible] purse. What further [illegible] private gifts she [illegible] majesty [illegible] donors alone know.

Of course Miss Knollys [illegible] lodging and [illegible] things free at Buckingham [illegible] Sandringham [illegible] ever the Queen may [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] teachings, the [illegible] her and greater [illegible] tonsical tacking [illegible] years and there [illegible]

The greatest [illegible] old woman was [illegible] the repeated [illegible] tress to give up [illegible] the man who loved [illegible]

"IT WAS HER ONLY [illegible]

And [illegible] man was a [illegible] the household of the [illegible] began on the [illegible] ough House. [illegible] maid of honor. [illegible]

While other [illegible] held cooked on and [illegible] story unfolded itself [illegible] the future Queen had [illegible] that day when her lover [illegible] feet and asked her [illegible] to marry. Each [illegible] her royal mistress [illegible] and on the marriage [illegible] the crown.

Queen Elizabeth [illegible] a Lady Anne of [illegible] cumstances and other [illegible] there have followed [illegible] not yet she urged the [illegible] become so valuable [illegible] for awhile. And when [illegible] two passed the [illegible] Alexandra was once [illegible] From that interview [illegible] pledged to serve [illegible] dream of love ended [illegible] Years later the man [illegible] he died.

Charlotte Knollys [illegible] same age as the Q[illegible] looks it which, [illegible] Miss Knollys is a [illegible] ants of the toilet. [illegible] Elizabeth Charlotte. [illegible] liked the name Elizabeth [illegible] call her Charlotte. [illegible] known that one [illegible] Queen herself is [illegible]

In appearance Miss K[illegible] what taller, somewh[illegible] regret to have to say [illegible] ing as her royal mistress [illegible] one of those [illegible] ances which attract [illegible] Knollys possesses [illegible] ments. She is a [illegible] can converse fluently [illegible] European language [illegible] Russian, and an [illegible] stories."

SHE IS GREAT [illegible]

A wonderful talker [illegible] She is an epicure [illegible] to eating. And [illegible] who know her the [illegible] in the world. There [illegible] Alexandra keeps [illegible] her always.

Some years ago M[illegible] Queen's life. The [illegible] dringham in the [illegible] Miss Knollys rushed [illegible] and flame, before the [illegible] been given, and dragged [illegible] her bed to safety. [illegible] a special and public [illegible] ingham Palace presen[illegible] with a medal specially [illegible] scribed."

Miss Knollys is the only [illegible] related to the Queen [illegible] In turn the Queen [illegible] Chatty. In fact, all [illegible] King to the youngest [illegible] that, and she is [illegible] not of royal rank who [illegible] all the great royalties [illegible] tion or nickname. She [illegible] of them intimately since [illegible] dren.

By no means the [illegible] probably the most [illegible] extant, of personal [illegible] eigns and other royal [illegible] owned by Charlotte Knollys [illegible] with childish gifts she has [illegible] her heads of personal friend[illegible]