THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XI.

The unconscious Lora, in the meantime, was speeding on her way to Berlin. She was in a first-class carriage, and opposite her sat the man to whom she now belonged. She had heaved a sigh of relief on getting in when she perceived a young cavalry officer already occupying the red velvet cushions in one corner, who, at sight of her, instantly threw his cigar away.

The train rushed on through the sudwy, monotonous landscape; she kept her eyes persistently closed. Two or three times she raised her eyes with a sudden start, when her husband addressed some indifferent question to her. She felt warm cut in body and mind, as if she were on the verge of a severe illness. She could no longer think clearly.

She clasped her hands together, inside her muff, and in the confusion of her thoughts she asked horrible things of God, to whom she was praying.

A railroad accident—but then so many innocent people must suffer! But is it then really so great a sin for a person to take his own life?

She saw the railroad before her; far down in the distance the two lines ran together, and there, at the end, shone two glowing red sparks, and the sparks came nearer and nearer, and she waited with a wild joy for the hissing, fiery engine to crush her, as she lay there on the rails. She started up again; a shrill whistle; the train stopped and the conductor shouted out the name of the station. "The carriage-door was opened, and "Eight minutes here!" was the announcement.

There was a confusion of voices outside; men ran about the platform, talking and shouting; the train hands went along the train with the oil-can, and pounded on the wheels; freight trucks, piled high with trunks and boxes, clattered along. At last the noise subsided a little, and the conductor put his head into the carriage to count the passengers—he was going to shut the door.

"Is there a Herr Adalbert Becher from Westenberg here?" asked a telegraph-messenger.

"Certainly," replied Becher. "What is it?"

"A despatch, sir."

"What?" He took the paper, unfolded it and read it, and a look of dismay spread over his countenance. Then he looked across at Lora, who had listlessly watched the proceedings. "It is nothing," he said; "your brother sent it for a joke. I will tell you about it to-morrow morning." And he smilingly struck her muff with his glove, and thrust the paper in the pocket of his fur coat.

She made no reply. What was it to her? She turned her head to the window and saw the lanterns on the station disappear, and the lights of the city. And they went on and on through the wintry landscape. Once she looked round at him; he had settled himself comfortably, and, tired of her silence, he had gone to sleep. She looked at his face with her great, searching eyes, with an expression of disgust about her lovely, firmly-closed lips. Then she looked at the young officer. He was gazing fixedly at her. She blushed crimson, as if he might have guessed her thoughts, and she quickly put down her veil.

"A miracle!" she prayed again. "O God, send a miracle to save me!"

Every moment it became clearer to her that it would not be possible for her to endure existence with him; that her disgust for him was stronger than the strict sense of duty, which had kept her up during her engagement, that had given her strength to-day to utter "Yes," at the altar.

The train slowed up in the station at Berlin.

"Here we are!" cried Adalbert, waking up; he offered Lora his arm, on which she laid the tips of her fingers, and led her to the carriage which was to take them to the hotel. After a short drive they stopped at the door of the Kaiserhof. In the entrance the usual welcomes from the waiters of the hotel; the rooms were warmed and lighted. They were assured, and two waiters and a porter hastened to lead the way upstairs.

Again Becher offered his arm to his wife. She overlooked it, and gazed with longing eyes through the great panes of glass out into the street, in which the life of the great city was flowing by, men and carriages in endless confusion. Oh, to go out there! to be able to fly away through the strange, unknown streets—far away to that poor little house of her father, there to be hidden away forever! And to know that the present was only a horrible dream!

"Lora."

"Go on," she said hoarsely.

But instead of yielding to her wish, he drew her arm within his own, smilingly, it is true, but impatiently and roughly, and held it pressed tightly against his side, as he accompanied her up the stairs.

She submitted. Behind them came the porter with the wraps and bags; before them were the waiters.

The rooms were on the second floor. A gentleman and a lady came toward them on the red Smyrna carpet of the corridor, both young and both happy. The gentleman was humming a song, and his pretty wife, clinging closely to his arm, cast a wondering glance, as she passed, on Lora's deathly pale countenance.

The waiter in the meantime had opened a door, and she crossed the threshold of the elegant little salon, which seemed to offer her a warm welcome, with its crackling wood-fire, the breakfast table all spread, and the fresh odor of violets streaming from a large bouquet of her favorite blue flowers.

But she did not notice this. She crossed mechanically over to the window, and looked out on the street. Her husband's voice came to her as if from a great distance. He ordered the supper, scolded because the bouquet was not elegantly arranged, and declared it was as cold as a barn. "Bring the tea at once! We are half frozen after such a journey; aren't we, wife?"

At length she was alone with him, and she turned toward him. Her manner seemed to have gained a sudden decision. She leaned against the window; her face stood out like ivory against the dark red velvet of the curtain, and her eyes followed every movement of her husband.

He had just opened the trunk, and then he went to the looking-glass, close beside Lora. He laid down, on the marble console before it, his cigar-case, his note-book, match-box, meerschaum, and the papers out of his pocket, and arranged his beard with a dainty comb.

She waited for him to speak to her, with a beating heart, but with courage. She thought she had made up her mind what she would say to him, quite calmly; she would ask him how he knew that she loved that other man, and why he as he did know it, had still dared to stretch his hand out toward her? and would tell him that she was thus forced to believe that in seeking her he had only desired a suitable mistress of his house. She would certainly conscientiously do her duty by him in that respect, but beyond that—

Her thoughts were checked suddenly, and a deep flush overspread her face. He had seized her hands, and was looking with smiling tenderness into her beautiful, angry eyes. His looks seemed to her like an insult.

"Do not touch me!" she cried, freeing herself hastily.

But she could not go on.

"Come, Lora," he interrupted with a laugh. "It is my turn to speak now." And standing a little way off, he leaned against the glass, and began to speak. It sounded like a school-boy saying his lesson. A long stream of words flowed past Lora's ears, on the trust that married people should have in one another, that she should have in him—yes, must have, for he was a good fellow—a very good fellow, upon his word, Lora." Only one thing he could not hear—such a haughty expression as it pleased her to put on, and especially to-day. And it was his earnest desire to make her happy, and he loved her madly, and he would insist upon it that trust was the chief thing, and, as far as he was concerned, his heart lay open before her. He was always a good fellow, and she could twist him round her finger if she only went the right way to work.

She could not follow him closely; she only heard the frequent words, "Love, trust, happiness, good fellow——"

Her lips, which had been scornfully pressed together, opened when at length he ceased. "I must have time to learn to put my trust in you," she said quietly, "just now—I hardly know you——"

She stopped. The waiter came in; taking the finger tray from his shoulder, he began to set the table quickly and noiselessly.

It seemed to Lora as if her limbs would no longer support her; she sank into a chair, frightened and crushed by the pitiless expression of her husband's eye, who was now stalking angrily up and down, like a maddened animal. She felt that there was no escape for her; that she had been foolish to think there could be; that he had his rights, and that it would be useless to appeal to his delicacy or chivalric feeling. She feared him, his tough, his flashing eyes.

She kept her hands folded in her lap, her head bent down. A horrible longing for her father seized upon her at this most miserable moment that can come to an unloving wife. The old man had been the only one who had felt that she was sacrificing herself. She seemed still to hear his question: "Lora, are you sure you will be happy with him? Tell me the truth, my girl."

She could see again the sorrowful look, the last she had met, as she looked out of the carriage once more up to the window at which he stood. This farewell greeting had moved her so strangely, as if it were the last.

She started up. The waiter had left the room; she rushed at her husband in desperation.

"I suppose you have been considering how to continue your delightful speech?" he said with a disagreeable blandness; "isn't it so, my love? But what if you should at length make up your mind to take off your hat and come to the table? You can continue your first curtain lecture quite comfortably during the meal. I am a man of great patience, and wonderful consideration for such a beautiful woman—in a word, a very good fellow." He laughed, and turned to the table to inspect the dishes.

She did not hear anything else he said. Her eyes rested on a half open paper on the console. At first the blue letters had no significance for her; she read, quite mechanically:

"—If Lora would see him alive—come at once. "RUDOLPH."

Even now she did not comprehend. She stretched out her hand for the paper, as she might have done for a newspaper, to read it while the others were eating or writing.

"I do not feel like eating anything," she murmured, unfolding the paper. "Papa—apoplexy—if Lora would see him alive, she must come back at once."

She had read it at length, and understood it, although the despatch was snatched out of her hand with a half-muttered curse.

"My father!" she screamed.

She sprang up and rushed to the door. There she felt herself detained.

"Come, Lora, don't make a scene—for Heaven's sake! It can't be so very bad," he cried, crimson with anger—at dread.

She thrust him away and stood before him trembling in every limb, and with terror in her eyes.

"That was the joke," she gasped—"that!"

All the quality of his concealment broke upon her at once. She tried to speak, tried to go—but that she despised him, hated him, who would have deprived her of her father's last look, but no word crossed her lips. Silently she turned away and walked to the door.

She heard his words: "I wanted to save you from sorrow, child. God knows you would have heard it soon enough. Where are you going? No train leaves now. Lora, what will the people think? Confound it! Do be reasonable!"

She was already flying down the corridor, and she hurried out through the great vestibule, past the wondering porter, into the street.

"To the Anhalt station," she cried to the nearest cabman; "I must get the express train to Hamburg."

"It goes in half an hour, madam."

"Drive fast—for Heaven's sake!" she entreated.

As she was getting in she felt herself supported, and her husband sprang after her into the carriage.

"You will allow me to accompany you?" he asked sarcastically. "Only on account of the people, you know. It is not customary to run away from one's husband in this sudden manner. It's a charming evening, too! And what is it all about? Of course it is only a false alarm. The old man has probably drunk too much champagne."

Lora put her hands before her face, and suppressed a cry of horror.

When they reached the station she escaped into a ladies' carriage, and there she lay during the journey, despairing, praying, demanding only to find him living, to look once more in those dear, faithful eyes, only to hear her name once more from his lips.

The train reached Westenberg at midnight. She encountered an icy wind as she left the warm coupe. She drew her veil over her face, and hurried across the platform into the well-known street that led to the town. What did she care for the low mutterings of the man who strode after her—for the fierce winter night, which blew ice and snow into her face? She had only one thought—her father! She fairly flew, leaving her husband far behind; and breathless and full of dread, she at length reached the little house. There was a light in her father's sitting-room. But in the adjoining bedroom both windows were open to the cold air.

She knew what that meant, and she was so overcome that she hardly had strength to pull the bell.

And then steps slowly approached from within, and the door was opened. Her mother stood before her, holding the lamp high above her head.

"Mamma!" cried Lora, gazing at her mother, who seemed to have grown years older in the last few hours.

"Lora, is it you?" cried Frau von Tollen. "But you are too late."

Then the young wife turned, and pushed the bolt in the outer door. Then she remained standing, her hands clenched, and in her eyes a terrible look of bitter hatred for the man who now was trying to open the door from the outside.

"Why, Lora, what are you doing? Isn't it your husband that——"

She held her mother's arm with a strong hand, as she attempted to open the door. "Come," she said, "take me to papa."

"Why, Lora, what——"

"No, no, mamma! He shall not, he must not," she declared; "he must not go to papa." And she drew her mother up the stairs with her, and sank down by the death-bed, and laid her face on the stiff, cold hands of the old man, and bitter tears rolled down her cheeks.

Her wish was granted—she was at last home in her father's poor little house; but so—she had not wished it to be so.

(To be Continued.)

THE PEARL OF HUSBANDS.

Declared to be the French Husband—But He Makes a Mistake.

The Matin's female authority on husbands and wives has now reached her own country in her studies of marriage only in various lands.

She begins with a quotation from the "irreverent Schopenhauer": "That inseparable animal that is called 'lady,'" and goes on: "In England, in Germany, in America and other places I have seen women—women of fashion and women of the house, good women and bad. I have seen great ladies and even gay ladies.

"But the 'lady,' that product made of affections, conventions and vanity, I have only met with in France. It is the French husband with his endurance, his devotion and his courtesy toward his wife who has created her.

"Poor French husband! so calumniated, so slandered by the story books, and especially by women's books—what ingratitude! Husbands in the other countries must be known in order to appreciate his worth; this poor husband who is always quoted as a rover in love affairs, as fickle as splenetic and a despot.

"In reality he is truly the pearl of husbands, limiting his desires to his own hearth, grateful and overjoyed to obtains in return for his toil and devotion a meal served at the right moment, and a kindly welcome from the 'lady' who presides over his habitation.

"But his misfortune is this, his hobby is always conjugal admiration, an irresistible necessity of always admiring his wife. At any price he must persuade himself and all his world that he has married a woman quite out of the common.

"This touching but dangerous folly is the mark of every French husband from one end of the ladder to the other. Let me tell you, says the artist or writer, 'It's my wife who inspires me.' The small clerk is ready to collapse with joy because his wife wears her clothes so well.

"Down to the most insignificant housewife, even to the most uncomely kitchen wench, there is not one whose husband does not contrive to find some rare merit, some means of consecrating her as a superior woman.

"What happens? She, woes naturally believe it. The less true it is the more they believe it. I know a certain author's wife who is convinced that she writes her husband's novels. The doctor's wife thinks in all good faith that she cures his patients. And all wives say: 'What would this man do without me?'

"From this to posing as victims, to crying aloud over the slightest peccadillo and making the house unfit to live in, so that the poor man is driven, even against his will, to seek consolation elsewhere, is but a step.

"Unlucky French husbands, I long to do you justice, and if you will accept the word of advice let me tell you this: Take these ladies down from their pedestals and you will see how much every one will profit by the act."

KITE FIGHTING.

The Japanese and Chinese love kite fights. In the kite fights the kite strings are coated with a preparation of powdered glass that gives them all along their length tiny saw teeth, and the object is for one string to fall sawlike over another so as to cut it. Great skill is displayed in these fights. Young men handle their kites wonderfully, steering them here and there in a way unheard of outside the Orient. A kite, as if alive, suddenly darts down and to the left, it crosses the track of another kite, the two strings come together with a humming sound, and in a jiffy the under kite, its cord broken, falls like a shot bird to the ground. A Japanese or Chinese expert thinks nothing of sending up a kite so that for hours it shall fly directly above his head.

The Home

TESTED RECIPES.

Oyster and Vegetable Stew — Cut scraped red carrots in half-inch dice to measure one pint, and boil in slightly salted water until almost done. Add one pint of potatoes similarly diced, which have been parboiled for five minutes, then drained. Season with salt and pepper and keep at a gentle boil until both are tender, but unbroken, allowing the water almost to cook away. Pick over, rinse and drain three dozen small oysters. To the vegetables add a pint of white sauce (made with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and a pint of milk with salt and pepper; when it begins to simmer add the oysters and continue the cooking until they plump and ruffle. Then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and serve at once.

Steamed Bloaters—Wrap each fat bloater in dampened coarse brown wrapping paper, lay on a flat pan and place in a hot oven just long enough to make very hot through. Send to the table without removing the paper.

Flank Steak with Tomatoes—From a good-sized flank steak trim off any bits of adherent gristle, score well on both sides with a sharp knife and rub thoroughly with salt, pepper and a cut clove of garlic. In a brazing or covered dripping pan, put a layer of sliced onions and carrots, and on this lay the meat, sprinkling the top with two tablespoonfuls of chopped suet. Pour round it half a can of thick tomato soup, or a well-seasoned tomato sauce. Cover and cook in a moderate oven for 2½ hours. Serve with the sauce slightly thinned; if nearly evaporated in cooking use the remainder of the can of soup.

Ham Noodles—In a bowl drop three eggs, beat just enough to mix; add two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one cupful and a half of finely chopped cold boiled ham and a quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika. Mix to a very stiff dough with sifted bread flour. Divide in three or four parts and roll each out very thin; then put a floured napkin or cloth under the paste and roll again until as thin as paper. Sprinkle with flour and let stand while the other pieces are being rolled, then let them rest for half an hour to dry slightly. Roll up like a jelly roll and with a sharp knife cut off in the thinnest of shavings. Cook for fifteen minutes in boiling chicken or veal broth, drain and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. If liked, a portion of the broth may be slightly thickened and poured over the noodles when in a serving dish.

Apples Baked with Pork—When the roast of fresh pork is half done take it from the oven and pack round it, cut side down, tart apples which have been quartered and cored without paring. Return to the oven and finish the roasting. When done transfer the apples carefully to a hot vegetable dish, and serve with the meat. This is a better accompaniment than the traditional apple sauce.

A Relish for Cold Meats—Tie one teaspoonful each of whole cloves and broken stick cinnamon in a bit of thin muslin. Place in a saucepan with two pounds of brown sugar and one pint of good vinegar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then boil for five minutes. Add two pounds and a half of large seeded raisins, draw to the side of the fire, cover closely and simmer very gently until they are plump and tender. Put up in small jars and serve with cold meats.

A good Luncheon Dish—Select smooth good-sized potatoes, scrub and wash well, then dry. Brush all over with a little melted butter, then bake in a moderate oven until tender. Take out a few at a time, cut out part of one side and quickly scoop out a cavity the size of a large egg. Sprinkle the inside well with paprika and a thick layer of grated cheese; drop in a raw egg, lay on a hot platter and cover with a hot metal cover. When quickly done, the heat of the potato wall is sufficient to melt the cheese and set the egg without returning to the oven. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

A Good Scallop—Fill a buttered baking dish with alternate layers of boiled rice, canned tomatoes (the thick, pulpy portion), and canned corn. Season well with salt and pepper and dot with bits of butter. Sprinkle thickly with buttered crumbs and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven.

Salad of Celery and Chestnuts—To 1½ cupfuls of finely cut celery add one pint of boiling water, one teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Boil gently until the celery is tender, then add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine which has been soaked in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain into a wetted border mould and stand in the icebox until firm. In the meantime, shell and blanch one pint of large Italian chestnuts and simmer in boiling water until tender, then drain and chill. Quarter them and marinate with a French dressing and let stand for at least two hours; then drain off the remains of the dressing and mix with thick mayonnaise. Turn out the celery jelly on a dish covered with blanched lettuce leaves and heap the chestnuts in the centre, garnishing with bits of the mayonnaise.

Deviled Cheese—Mix together a half-pound of Philadelphia cream cheese, three ounces of the prepared Roquefort which comes in jars, ten stalks of chives, finely minced, a half teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of paprika, one drop of tabasco, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Work and blend together thoroughly, using a wooden beetle. Pack in jars and cover and keep in a cold place. It is good as a sandwich filling, to spread on saltines for the salad course or to serve with water crackers after coffee.

Little Orange Cakes—Cream one quarter of a pound of butter with six ounces of sifted powdered sugar; add gradually one well-beaten egg, the grated rind of an orange, one half of a cupful of cold water and one cupful of pastry flour, sifted twice with one scant teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Beat steadily for ten minutes—then turn into little fluted patty pans, well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven until nicely colored. When cold, ice with fondant flavored with orange extract, and on the centre of each cake make a daisy with strips of blanched almonds, the centre filled with finely chopped candied orange peel.

Macaroon Sundae—Make a boiled custard with one cupful and a half of milk, three eggs, a pinch of salt and one scant cupful of sugar; strain and cool. Add one pint of rich cream, five drops of almond extract, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and one cupful of stale fine macaroon crumbs. Freeze and let stand packed for at least two hours. In the meantime have ready one pint of thick whipped cream some halved pecan nut meats and a maple sauce made by warming slightly a scant pint of maple syrup, adding six tablespoonfuls of rich cream, mixing thoroughly, then chilling on ice. To serve, half fill the punch or champagne glass with the frozen cream, add a spoonful or two of the whipped cream, garnish with some of the nut meats and pour a little of the sauce round the base.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Brush Doily Fringes.—Keep a small new scrubbing brush to brush fringe on doilies when ironing.

Tomato Juice for Rust. — Wet rust spots on clothing with tomato juice and spread in the sunshine. Repeat until the stains entirely are removed.

Securely Seal Bottles.—Do not waste lime filling corks to catsup and chili sauce bottles, but dip a piece of strong white cloth into melted sealing wax and tie over the top.

Make Line Reel.—Make a reel for your clothes line by crossing two pine sticks and nailing them at the intersection. Wind the line about this in a ball, and you will never be troubled with kinks and knots.

To Hang Wash Skirts.—After washing a skirt hang it on the line to dry, folded in the middle of the front, and it will hang straight, otherwise it will not; this is especially true of woollen skirts.

Chamois Skins. Soiled chamois skins may be cleaned by soaking for a little while in gasoline, then squeeze and rub until all dirt disappears, then rinse in clean gasoline and lay in the sun to dry.

To Test Custard.—Always test a custard with a silver knife or spoon. When boiling custard the knife becomes thickly coated when the custard is done, and in baked custard the knife should come out clean when custard is baked.

Use Base Burner to Iron.—If you have a base burner, have you ever tried putting your irons in on the fire? In that way you can, with no detriment to the fire, iron continuously with no smudge or smoke in the room, as you open the stove door only long enough to set an iron in or take one out.

Use Gasoline in Washing.—To loosen the dirt and assure whiteness in your clothes, boil with the soap water a tablespoonful of gasoline to each half boiler of water. This is better than kerosene, as no odor remains and there will be no signs of grease.

Correct Way to Wash Dishes.—When clearing the dining-table, scrape all the dishes thoroughly. Tumblers that have contained milk should not be washed in hot water, as it clouds the glass permanently. Arrange the dishes for washing and wash in the following order: Glass, silver, cups and saucers, finally the plates and dishes. Always wash the cleanest first and a few at a time. Two pans should be used—one for washing, one for rinsing, and have an abundance of water in each. Have plenty of clean, fresh towels. The dishes should always be washed out afterward in fresh water and hung in the sun whenever possible.

BABY ON A WRECK.

Thrown From the Deck to a Tossing Boat and Lived.

How an English baby, sixteen months old, was thrown from the roof of a wrecked ship into a lifeboat while a heavy sea was running and how it lived for a week in an Indian canoe was told by Colin Watson, a ship's apprentice, who has been four times wrecked, and who has just arrived at Dover, England.

The vessel was the British steamer Glencairn, wrecked off Cape Horn in July. She went on the rocks in a heavy gale, accompanied by fog and snow. Two men were drowned in getting out the lifeboat, which, after a night of great anxiety, was successfully launched at the second attempt. The captain's wife, Mrs. Nicholls, was placed in the lifeboat with her baby. So heavy was the sea that the lifeboat could find no place at which to land, and returned to the wreck.

Next day the boat was again launched; Mrs. Nicholls being lowered into it by a rope. The captain, taking the baby, went to the stern, the lifeboat meanwhile tossing violently a little way off. The second mate balanced himself in the bow with arms outstretched.

Shouting a warning, the captain threw his child from the Glencairn's stern. The baby was safely caught by the mate, and placed in the bottom of the boat, where it began a tour of exploration among the men's sea boots.

When the shore was reached Indians welcomed the refugees and led them to a primitive camp, where they remained for a week. The baby was dressed in skins, and the mother carried it on her back in the Indian fashion. After an adventurous journey across country, the party reached a missionary's house, whence they made their way to Rio Grande, sixty miles distant. Punta Arenas was at length reached, and all returned to England on the steamer Orita.

SURNAMES NOT USED BY KINGS.

Only Christian Names Signed by Majority of Members of Royal Houses.

The origin of most royal houses was similar throughout Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly, never had or used surnames. They signed their Christian names alone, says T. P.'s Weekly.

So universally was this the case that it became rigid etiquette that a person of royal birth should not use a surname, though there have been numbers of cases of dynasties, like our own Stuarts, like the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden or like the Bonaparte family, who undoubtedly and indubitably had inherited surnames. But it has always been a puzzle why the cadet members of our own royal house do not subscribe themselves as peers by their peerage designations, as do other peers.

However, the fact is they do not, but it has not been discovered what are the rules which govern their signatures. The sovereign signs by the Christian name and usually adds "R." or "R. and I." Princes and princesses sign by their Christian names and sometimes, but not always, add the letter "P." When or why this is added or omitted is not known.

But the habits of royalty lead others into strange happenings. There was an occasion upon which Queen Victoria after a "function" was asked to sign a visitor's book. Her Majesty wrote "Victoria R. and I." Princess Henry of Battenberg then wrote "Beatrice P." The turn of the local Mayoress came next and she signed "Elizabeth." The surname has hastily written in the following day, but too late to prevent the story gaining currency.

Undergraduate (after slapping the wrong man familiarly on the back): "Oh, pardon me, sir! I thought you were someone else." Stranger (with icy coldness): "You are quite correct, sir."

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

SOME EXPERIENCES ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.

Insanity and Death in the Lonely Tower—The Rush of Birds by Night.

A French writer, telling of the life of the lighthouse keepers along the coast of Brittany, thinks it strange that any of them escape insanity. The system of relief that prevails in this country has no equivalent in the French service, and with short intervals, months apart, a French lighthouse keeper may spend forty years of his life tending the lamps in one station, with a single companion, and that station may be on a rock out in the channel or the Bay of Biscay, which boats can approach only in fine weather.

As a matter of fact, the men often do become insane or at least develop monomania. Sometimes it takes the form of hatred of each other.

In one case, at Teremice, one of two men was found by a party who came off from the shore in response to signals lying dead in his bed with a long, keen-bladed knife through his heart. His companion's story was that he had committed suicide after a long period of melancholia. There was no proof to the contrary, but after examining the wound the authorities doubted the truth of the story.

On another occasion, where father and son tended an isolated beacon together, the young man was seized with

AN ATTACK OF ACUTE MANIA.

When the time came to light up he planted himself in front of the stairway to the lantern and refused to allow his father to ascend.

The old man attacked his son, and finding he could subdue him in no other way, so that the lights on which so many lives depended might be kindled, strangled him to death. The next day he signalled to the shore for help and gave himself up to the police, telling what he had done.

Sickness and death are no strangers in the lighthouse. There is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, no chance of medical aid and the well man prescribes from the medicine chest for the sick one as best he can. He also does double duty until his partner recovers or relief comes.

There are not infrequent cases when the survivor has to sew up his dead comrade in a hammock and launch the weighted body from the rocks into the sea. Then come long nights of lonely watching.

In winter time the lamps must be tended and the clockwork kept going for fourteen to fifteen hours. The lantern is unheated except for the glow of the lamps up in its ceiling and the Government allows the watcher no chair

LEST HE FALL ASLEEP.

Then when day comes it brings no rest to the solitary man, for the lamps must be replenished and glasses and reflectors polished.

It is no wonder that wild fancies come to the men. They hear voices calling from the sea, and see drowned men and women looking up at them from the breakers. One of their terrors is of the birds that dead against the windows of the lantern at night attracted by the glare.

Just as is the case with our lighthouses, the feathered armies that migrate at night beat against the walls and balconies of the beacons with their wings and dash against the panes of the lantern, sometimes breaking the glass with their beaks. As their eyes shine in the glare they seem to express anger or bloodthirstiness to the men within.

One of the most pitiful stories of a lighthouse life is told of the keeper at Pointe en Penisserre, who kept all alone a station on an isolated rock a couple of miles out from the shore, but so surf beaten that only once a month or so was a boat sent out to it with supplies. The cabin in which the keeper made his home was in the shore opposite his lighthouse and his recreation, the most enjoyed one, was watching it through his telescope. He could see the people go in and out and the children playing in front of it.

One day he saw something buffeting from the doorjamb. He was puzzled. Then it flashed on him that it was a crape and that some one

WAS DEAD IN THE HOUSE.

Was it his mother, he wondered, or his wife, or one of his daughters? He counted the children later in the day and they were all right.

The wind blew and the water raged. No boat could come near him and he watched the crowd of sympathizing friends come and go. Then he saw the funeral. He recognized the cure at the head of the procession by his white surplice and the altar boys walking beside him. Then came the coffin carried by six men.

As the mourners walked after it he strained and strained his eyes, trying to identify each and thus determine the missing one. But in vain; all walked with bowed head; the women's faces were buried in their handkerchiefs, the men held their hats before them. He could make out nothing characteristic.

The men who, eight days later, risked their lives to row out to him and break the news of his wife's death found him a physical and mental wreck from sleepless anxiety. But he had kept the light burning faithfully all the time.

The French lighthouse keepers receive from 700 to 950 francs a year—$140 to $190. When they are worn out they retire on a pension of $6.80 a month.

FEATS OF POLICE DOGS.

In Paris Police Dog Competition Wonderful Efficiency is Shown.

In the Paris police dog competitions just held, some of the most remarkable feats ever performed by animals have demonstrated the efficiency of dogs as auxiliary police. All of the most famous dogs in France, Holland and Belgium are taking part in the exhibitions, and crowds watch the dogs daily when they are taken into the streets to display their ability.

One of the French dogs has shown himself an excellent sleuth when it comes to catching burglars. In one of the competitions, the dog, a large hound, was sent into a house to search for a "thief." He smelt about every room in the place and then started to jump from a window. As the hound put his head out of the window he saw the "burglar" on the roof. The dog promptly clambered to the roof over the eaves and captured the criminal. He dragged the man to the ground and held him till the officer arrived.

Athos, who claims the title of champion police dog of the world, yesterday attacked a man who interfered with him while he was guarding some contraband goods which had been taken from a "smuggler" and left in his care.

The Farm

MAN OR OATS.

In consid[illegible] the Ath[illegible] be used in [illegible] a Lafayette [illegible] governed [illegible] the amount [illegible] contains. There is, of [illegible] ence in [illegible] with respect [illegible] tability, but [illegible] common [illegible] to Dakota [illegible] ration for [illegible] cows, the [illegible] tent is [illegible] factor. [illegible] is to select [illegible] one [illegible] get the [illegible] most economical [illegible] the least [illegible] The [illegible] tell cost [illegible] shes the [illegible] kind [illegible] a ration [illegible] profited [illegible] the feeder [illegible] cheapest [illegible] for it [illegible] protein [illegible] As between [illegible] oats, [illegible] shes not [illegible] tein per [illegible] that it is cheap [illegible] present [illegible] In 100 [illegible] there are [illegible] pounds of [illegible] nutritive [illegible] by which [illegible] ratio [illegible] the calculation [illegible] the pro[illegible] as 1:37; the [illegible] pound [illegible] there are [illegible] of carbohydrates [illegible] 100 pounds [illegible] oats there are [illegible] of protein [illegible] its nutritive [illegible] The [illegible] of corn [illegible] readily [illegible] therefore [illegible] will more [illegible] by balance the [illegible] that oats [illegible] the fact that [illegible] had cost [illegible] per ton more [illegible] between [illegible] and oats [illegible] out any [illegible] a very [illegible] balanced ration [illegible] cows, [illegible] is altogether [illegible] price [illegible] feeding it.

[illegible]ING EWES [illegible]

The [illegible] to get the [illegible] early [illegible] that has been [illegible] number [illegible] most successful [illegible] It was [illegible] laws:

About [illegible] weeks before [illegible] you [illegible] feed the [illegible] different [illegible] and [illegible] feeding the [illegible]

[illegible] PRODUC[illegible]

After [illegible] Farm [illegible] practice [illegible] Come [illegible] 1. [illegible] 2. [illegible] 3. [illegible] 4. [illegible] 5. [illegible] 6. [illegible] 7. [illegible] 8. [illegible] 9. [illegible] 10. [illegible] 11. [illegible] 12. [illegible] 13. [illegible] 14. [illegible] 15. [illegible] 16. [illegible] 17. [illegible] 18. [illegible] 19. [illegible] 20. [illegible] 21. [illegible] 22. [illegible] 23. [illegible] 24. [illegible] 25. [illegible] 26. [illegible] 27. [illegible] 28. [illegible] 29. [illegible] 30. [illegible] 31. [illegible] 32. [illegible] 33. [illegible] 34. [illegible] 35. [illegible] 36. [illegible] 37. [illegible] 38. [illegible] 39. [illegible] 40. [illegible] 41. [illegible] 42. [illegible] 43. [illegible] 44. [illegible] 45. [illegible] 46. [illegible] 47. [illegible] 48. [illegible] 49. [illegible] 50. [illegible] 51. [illegible] 52. [illegible] 53. [illegible] 54. [illegible] 55. [illegible] 56. [illegible] 57. [illegible] 58. [illegible] 59. [illegible] 60. [illegible] 61. [illegible] 62. [illegible] 63. [illegible] 64. [illegible] 65. [illegible] 66. [illegible] 67. [illegible] 68. [illegible] 69. [illegible] 70. [illegible] 71. [illegible] 72. [illegible] 73. [illegible] 74. [illegible] 75. [illegible] 76. [illegible] 77. [illegible] 78. [illegible] 79. [illegible] 80. [illegible] 81. [illegible] 82. [illegible] 83. [illegible] 84. [illegible] 85. [illegible] 86. [illegible] 87. [illegible] 88. [illegible] 89. [illegible] 90. [illegible] 91. [illegible] 92. [illegible] 93. [illegible] 94. [illegible] 95. [illegible] 96. [illegible] 97. [illegible] 98. [illegible] 99. [illegible] 100. [illegible]

[illegible] STOCK [illegible]

[illegible] have a [illegible] walk [illegible] fast [illegible] Milk [illegible] one [illegible] house [illegible] Bad [illegible] fine [illegible] produce [illegible] are [illegible] It [illegible] want [illegible] short [illegible] keep [illegible] order [illegible] letter [illegible] Cow [illegible] poor [illegible] quality [illegible] it [illegible] cow [illegible] ity [illegible] bran [illegible] do [illegible] dairy [illegible] Although [illegible] breeding [illegible] that [illegible] a profit [illegible] less, [illegible] breed [illegible] less [illegible] purpose [illegible] able [illegible] owed [illegible] Growing [illegible] ing [illegible] fat [illegible] It is [illegible] lose [illegible] easily [illegible] there [illegible] cates, [illegible] tion of [illegible] ing [illegible] tant [illegible] other [illegible] extra [illegible] sist [illegible] In [illegible] taken [illegible] more [illegible] clean [illegible] pecially [illegible] fruit [illegible] alls [illegible] poor [illegible] which [illegible] hard [illegible] make [illegible] horse [illegible] at [illegible] bitter [illegible] to relieve [illegible] being [illegible]

MARCONI'S GRE[illegible]

New System Is Now [illegible] Withou[illegible]

A despatch from [illegible] Scotia, says: Many [illegible] spondents were present [illegible] afternoon at Port Ab[illegible] commercial wireless [illegible] Canada and Ireland [illegible] by Signor Marconi. The [illegible] changed were sent by [illegible] ner, Lord Strathcona [illegible] ne, the Lord Mayor [illegible] other notable men.

Marconi said that [illegible] words had been [illegible] Thursday and [illegible] he repeated. The [illegible] had in thing [illegible] loved it he would [illegible] the press, [illegible] in a few days, [illegible] would be [illegible] kees and [illegible] messages may [illegible] possible for Marconi [illegible] anywhere at [illegible] the wireless [illegible] Marconi at [illegible] under sealed [illegible] received in [illegible] at the Clarendon [illegible] was made [illegible] the ship.

NO INTE[illegible]

[illegible] Good [illegible] to be [illegible] a fake [illegible] the mother [illegible] ing apparently [illegible] Two [illegible] the [illegible] Ph[illegible] consistency [illegible] plaster, [illegible] to the part [illegible]

For New[illegible] a nutmeg [illegible] narrow ribbon [illegible] enough to [illegible] tural oil of the [illegible] skin and effect [illegible]

Cough Syrup [illegible] teaspoons in one [illegible] Down to one pint [illegible] cups of granulated [illegible] sliced, and boil [illegible] out lemons, strain, add [illegible] spoons glycerine.

For Chapped Hands [illegible]

Cracking a joke doesn't necessarily impair its value.