For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd)

Grace Leighton slowly, quitted her sister's boudoir, and a few moments later had entered the sick-room with a cluster of freshly-cut roses in her hands.

"How is she this morning, Mrs. Burke?" she asked, gazing anxiously at the beautiful, dusk, gypsyish face nestling against the snowy pillows.

"Pretty bad, Miss Grace," said the housekeeper slowly; "she's been out of her head ever since she was brought up to this room."

While Grace Leighton stood there, Gay's dark, bright, feverish eyes slowly opened, and her lovely rosy lips parted in a piteous moan.

"You will not let them part me from my love!" she sobbed. "I am all alone in the world but for him; if I lose him, I would pray to Heaven to let me die. The world is so dreary—so dreary!"

"You must not listen to what she is saying, Miss Grace," said the housekeeper quickly; "sick people have all sorts of strange fancies, you know. Why, at one time she imagines herself standing alone in the midst of a dark, roaring river, with the water rising higher and higher around her, and that some fair-haired lover is stretching out his strong arms to save her; then again, she is crying out that some one must prevent some imaginary duel; then she believes herself standing before the altar in a dim old church, with strange, dark shadows infolding her."

"Oh, Mrs. Burke, do you think she is married?" broke in Grace, eagerly, "why, she can't be a day older than I am."

"Of course she's not married," returned the housekeeper, promptly, "if she were a wife there would be a wedding-ring upon her poor little burning-hot hand. These things she talks about are only the fanciful ravings the fever produces—you must pay no attention to what she says."

"I wonder where her friends are?" said Grace, tenderly putting back Gay's soft dark curls."

"It's my opinion—judging from the way she was found—that she hasn't any," returned Mrs. Burke, laconically.

For dreary weeks Gay lay at the point of death in the elegant mansion home of the Leightons.

The raging fever reached its height, broke, and then the tedious hours of convalescence began.

Little Gay arose from that sick-couch so changed that her best friends would have found difficulty in recognizing her—her glorious velvety eyes were as dark and starry as of yore, but the soft, black hair that had clustered round her head in glossy, curling locks, had fallen a prey to the havoc of disease; and in its place fair golden hair grew—it was the nature of the fever.

This difference in the color of her hair made a marvelous change in Gay's face.

The dusky face had whitened like the pearly, velvety petal of a lily—tinted in cheek and lip with the tender pink of the soft blush-rose.

Gay was pretty before, now she was as dazzling beautiful as a poet's dream, with her great, dark, velvety eyes and lovely golden hair, that clustered about her head in shining rings.

Grace Leighton was delighted with her. Jane looked on in the bitterest envy that ever rankled in a girl's heart.

"If men were to see her they would rave over her beauty," she thought. "Oh, dear, why was that girl ever brought to Leighton Hall?"

With Gay's first conscious breath, she had pleaded with the housekeeper for pen and paper, and propped up with pillows, wrote a long, loving letter to Percy Granville a letter in which she poured out all the loving, passionate longing in her young heart, begging him to come to her as soon as he received it, for she could not endure another week's separation from him and live.

Dear Little Gay! how she laid her tender cheek against the white page and kissed it because it would be in her darling Percy's hands, and his bonny, blue eyes would rest in every line that her little weak fingers had fluttered over so carefully.

Her handsome young husband with all the strength of her girlish heart. She would have laid down her sweet young life for his dear sake.

She had never been the same since he kissed her that night in the old graystone church; her heart had left her then and had gone out to him.

The whole world would have been nothing to her without Percy's love. She adored him after an idolatrous fashion of her own.

She gave her letter to the housekeeper to mail for her—and by noon that day the letter was speeding on its way to Percy Granville.

When Sadie Leighton had cheerfully said Gay her name, she had answered simply, "Well," giving but the last portion of her name, and the name Nell clung to her.

Gay's letter reached Redstone Hall just as the golden sun was setting in crimson glory in the western sky, and was placed upon Percy's desk in the library with numerous other letters that also arrived by the same mail.

Was it the evil hand of fate most cruel that caused Evelyn St. Claire to call at Redstone Hall that afternoon? And was it fate that caused the servant to show her into the library?

She had not been at Redstone Hall for long weeks before; she had come now on a very peculiar mission, and her face paled slightly as she sent up her card.

She paced up and down the floor nervously a moment, then her keen, steel-blue eyes fell upon the letters lying on Percy's desk, and her face paled to a ghastly gray as her gaze encountered the small, square, white envelope among the many buff ones, which was turned face up, revealing the delicate chirography in a pretty girlish hand.

"Heavens! what if it should be from Gaynell Esterbrook!" she thought with a guilty start of terror. "The little fool may not have been buried up in that fire as Harold Tremaine wrote me, after all.

"If she has escaped, she would be sure to write to Percy sooner or later, then all that I have schemed and toiled, yes, stooped my very soul in the blackest crimes, to accomplish, would have been done in vain.

"I must, I will know who this letter is from. If it should prove to be from Gay, I think I know a way to effectually silence her forever. I am playing a desperate, reckless game—all for love's sake—and I will win in the end, or die!"

Steps sounded in the corridor without, and like a flash the beautiful, guilty heiress seized Gay's letter in her jeweled fingers and transferred it to her bosom. Just as the door opened and Percy Granville entered the library.

With many girlish blushes and coy hesitancy Evelyn St. Claire made known her errand.

She had received an invitation from one of her school-mates of college to attend a masked ball at Leighton Hall.

Her friend had written her that Percy Granville was to attend it also; could she ask if he would mind escorting her there?

"We are such very old friends, I hope you will not be surprised at such a request, Percy," she said, flushing hotly.

"I shall be very pleased to escort you, Evelyn," he said. "You did quite right in speaking of the matter, of course."

CHAPTER XV.

When Evelyn St. Claire reached home, she hurried at once to her own boudoir, and securing the door to prevent intrusion, drew forth the letter from her bosom and sunk down on a cushioned divan by the lace-draped window to read it.

With eyes fairly glowing with rage, she breathlessly perused every line on the pink-tinted page. Strangely enough, Gay had refrained from making any allusion to the fact that she was his wife in her letter to Percy.

She wrote him on every line, almost, how dearly she loved him with all her heart, ending the missive in these words: "Come to me, Percy, darling, as soon as you receive this, or write me when you will be here. Your loving Gay."

The letter had been mailed at a way-station a mile distant from Leighton Hall, and there the housekeeper called each day for the reply Gay was expecting.

Gay had made up her mind not to accept the hospitality of the kind old squire one day longer than was absolutely necessary, and had taken this precaution in directing her letter in case she should not be at Leighton Hall when the reply came.

The old squire would not hear to Gaynell's leaving the Hall in her weak state. Thus another fortnight passed slowly by.

Each day Gay had watched the housekeeper depart on her kindly errand with an expectant, beating heart. She never left her seat by the window; her anxious face was pressed wistfully against the cool pane until the woman returned.

At last she saw the welcome envelope in her hand. Percy had replied to her letter at last.

The poor little bride who had been so cruelly separated from her young husband by the hand of Fate, or rather through the foulest and darkest of conspiracies, almost flew down the long corridor and out into the garden to meet her.

She took the letter from the housekeeper's hand with the blithest, happiest laugh that ever fell from girlish lips.

"I hope it will bring you good news, my dear," said Mrs. Burke.

Gay flitted on toward the rose-arbor, holding Percy's precious missive close to her heart.

The housekeeper turned in the path and watched her with troubled eyes.

"I hope it will be all right," she muttered, "but if signs come true, and omens mean anything, the letter will bring bad news, for twice on my way home a white rabbit crossed my path and a raven fell dead at my feet as it was flying by on the wing. I—I almost felt like throwing the letter in the creek as I ran over the bridge, I felt so frightened."

Breathless with excitement Gay reached the rose-arbor and flung herself down on a rustic bench, covering the seal with passionate kisses ere she opened it. Ah! sweet lips that were pressed to the most cruel death-warrant ever written.

The bright sunlight fell through the lattice-work of crimson roses upon the curly, golden head, the lovely flushed face and dark bright eyes, with an almost pitying light in them, though it knew and could understand that soon it must witness the breaking of a human heart.

Gay opened her letter with smiling lips and hands that trembled in her great happiness, and these were the lines she read:

"Miss Esterbrook,—I read the letter you wrote me with much surprise—surprise that you should express yourself so freely in regard to myself. It is my duty to thank with you—you can never be anything to me. It was but a passing fancy which I entertained for you. If we should ever meet, it must be as strangers; do not force me to repeat verbally what I have written here. My respect for you died in the day you left the village in company with Harold Tremaine. I love another, therefore do not hope to ever hold a place in my heart.

Signed "PERCY GRANVILLE."

Slowly the dark, horror-stricken, velvety eyes had traversed every line of the cruel letter. She sat quite still—as statue, carved in stone or marble was ever more silent or motionless—then she rose from the garden seat, fleeing from the arbor, through the pleasure-grounds, through the poppies, and into the deep green heart of the lonely wood.

No human being was near, but the birds were soon startled by the passionate cries of a broken heart; cries that fell freely and clearly on the soft, sweet air, and seemed to rise to the very face of the blue heavens—bitter, passionate cries, that took with them the burden of a wrecked soul.

"I cannot bear it," she said to herself. "Oh, God, why did I not die—die believing my love loved me—die with my faith in him unshaken—rather than live to suffer this?"

She lay sobbing on the ground, where she had flung herself in the frenzy of her grief. Tears fell like rain down the lovely face lying in the long grass, and buried themselves deep in the golden hearts of the velvet pansies.

"Oh, my love, my love, it would have been better had you left me to die in the cold, dark water rather than saved me and taught me to love you, only to break my heart in the end!" wailed Little Gay piteously.

Even Evelyn St. Claire might have been moved to something like remorse if she could but have gazed on the fruits of her evil work at that moment.

Now Gay lay there in the deep heart of the lonely wood, with the fatal letter clenched tightly in her white hand, she never knew.

The kind old housekeeper, feeling anxious over her long absence, started out to search for her at length—on through the rose-arbor, the pleasure-grounds she went, her face full of keen alarm. When she reached the coppice she saw Gay lying there dead in the long grass.

"Oh, I knew it—I knew it!" she cried, hurrying toward her, her face pallid with terror; "the poor child has heard bad news—ravens are ravens, and omens are omens."

Gay was not in a swoon, as she had at first supposed; the dark eyes, glazed with anguish, were wide open, over the white lips low moans were breaking. Gaynell struggled hurriedly to her feet at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Oh, here you are, my dear," cried the housekeeper, pretending not to notice the death-white face and tear-swollen eyes. "I have been looking everywhere for you. Miss Ione sent me for you; she is in the morning-room; she wants you to help trim the ball-room with roses and smilax."

"I will go to her at once, Miss Burke," replied Gay, and she was startled at the sound of her own voice as she turned abruptly away.

"Poor child; I'm afraid she's grieving herself to death over some fair-haired, fool-ish lover," thought the old housekeeper, as she walked quickly back to the house. "I'm sure that letter was in a man's hand. Circumstances worth shedding a tear for. They're saying nothing but trouble to young girls. If ever a woman lived who had a hard opinion of men in general, it was Mrs. Rocke; she was always expecting no end of mischief where they were concerned.

Gay sought the Hall by another path, to avoid the observation to bathe her tear-swollen face in the cool water of the fountain, ere she made her appearance in the morning-room where Ione Leighton awaited her.

Gay was just about to step from the porch through the open French window into the room, when the sound of her own name, spoken in a shrill, angry voice, caused her to pause voluntarily, then shrink back, stabbing as if spellbound, to the angry dispute the two sisters were having over her.

"For shame, Ione," Grace was exclaiming excitedly, "that you have prevailed upon both papa and mamma not to invite Nell to the masked-ball; you are mean and selfish; it wouldn't have detracted one whit from your pleasure to have let the poor girl come in for one brief hour and enjoy herself."

Ione Leighton laid down the Nile-green silk she was decorating, with an angry flush firing up into her cheeks.

"Will you be kind enough to attend to your own affairs?" she retorted. "Do you think I am going to have a Miss Nobody at my ball of mine? No, indeed! I shall take good care to let her know that if she keeps her own room on that particular evening it will meet with my approval decidedly."

"Oh, you are afraid she might catch handsome Percy Granville, the lion of the evening, for her beau, and that he might fall desperately in love with her when the time for unmasking came and he caught sight of her pretty face," said Grace saucily.

Perhaps the arrow shot home with telling effect, for Ione's face flushed as scarlet as the great cluster of passion flowers in the tall, silver vase beside her.

"You can depend upon it, he shall never see her," said Ione Leighton, decidedly. "I would be a fool to throw a pretty girl in Percy Granville's way. He is heir to a million. I am going to make the greatest effort of my life to attract and win him," she declared defiantly.

"Oh, I'm so tired of hearing you talk of lovers and riches," cried Grace, stamping her little slippered foot impatiently. "I do hate to hear love weighed against wealth as if it were a purchasable article. According to your idea, if a fellow was worth a hundred thousand you might deign to love him moderately—but if he was a handsome young millionaire, you could afford to adore him."

"That's about the way of it," assented Ione, coolly.

"For shame!" answered her younger sister, in a hot fury. "If a really nice young man loves you and you love him, you ought to marry him if he hadn't a dollar in his pocket."

"I would rather have just what I have planned out for myself," retorted Ione maliciously; "handsome Percy Granville for my husband, and be a million-aire bride."

There was a low, gasping piteous cry from the lace-draped window, but neither of the sisters heard it.

Poor Gay was blind and stupefied.

She groped rather than walked down the long porch to the corridor.

Who cared that her heart was broken? Who cared that the cruel stab had gone home to her tender, bleeding heart, that the sweet young face was whiter than the petals of the star-bells tossing their white plumes against the casement?

Slowly, blindly, with one hand grasping the balusters, Gay went up the broad staircase to her own room.

When the door was closed she stood motionless, trying to understand and realize what she had heard.

Percy, her Percy was coming to the grand masked ball, he would be beneath the same roof with her on the morrow!

Then she remembered the cruel letter which she had just received from him, which had crushed her heart and blighted her life. Her first impulse was to fly at once from Leighton Hall.

Then another impulse strong as life itself, swept over her heart.

She could not go away until she had looked upon his face—looked upon it for just one little minute—then it did not matter much what became of her—where she went after that.

Gay never remembered how the hours that followed passed.

Late that afternoon Ione Leighton rapped impatiently at her door.

"I came to ask you to please help sew on my ball-dress," she said imperatively; "it is not quite finished, and the seed-pearls must be stitched in before I can wear it."

"Sew on a ball-dress which this haughty beauty was to wear, hoping to attract Percy to it—ah! how could she do it," was the thought that welled up into the breaking heart of the poor, deserted little bride—but she followed Ione to her boudoir, making no remonstrances.

Gay sat up toiling over the shimmering satin and misty lace for long hours—many a tear was buried among the glistening pearls. It was long after midnight before Gay finished it and laid it aside with a bitter sigh.

The white pillow on which that golden curly head rested that night was wet with bitter tears.

The sun was shining into her room ere Gay opened her tired, tear-swollen dark eyes, and the first thought that flashed through her heart and brain was, ere that golden sun should set she would have looked once more upon the face of Percy Granville.

(To be continued.)

HUGH CLARK'S JOKE.

Hugh Clark is known as a very funny man.

As editor of the Kincardine Review, the genial member of the Commons representing South Bruce is never at a loss for a dry and humorous reply to any old kind of question.

Hugh is the colonel of the 32nd Bruce, and as such is some entertainer. During a recent camp he was host to Hon. W. J. Hanna Provincial Secretary for Ontario. There were big times around the

Col. Hugh Clark.

colonel's quarters between the guests, and the newspaper men and the P.S. had a fine time sleeping out and telling stories.

One morning about two o'clock several privates of late leave, who had been down city celebrating, got past the guards and wandered about the streets of the white village singing "The Holy City," with a vengeance on the chorus, and before long the crowd was augmented by a couple dozen from the various regiments.

Mr. Hanna heard the noise and turned over on his cot. Next morning he asked Colonel Clark what the rumpus was.

"Oh," said Hugh, and he never cracked a smile, "I'll find out." He went out and gathered a coterie of newspaper men and officers back to his guest's tent for the fun. When all were comfortable Hugh started:

"Did you know that Hanna was given a 'tremendous' ovation by this camp last night?" he said, and all listened for the news.

"Yes," he continued, "it was an immense ovation for him. During the night there were throngs passing and repassing his tent crying 'Who's Hanna? Who's Hanna? Who's Hanna to the King.'"

Toilers' Meagre Diet.

Complaints are heard on all sides in Paris that tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, squashes—nearly everything except potatoes—have become luxuries beyond the reach of the vast multitude of working people whose earnings do not exceed 80 cents or $1.

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HOME

Selected Recipes.

Simmered Sausages.—Select plump sausages, prick with a fork and place in a frying pan, with barely enough water to cover the bottom. Cook gently till browned all over, turning constantly, and serve with a gravy made from the drippings in the pan.

Chicken Italian.—One fowl, six green peppers, two onions, two cups tomato pulp, salt and pepper, three tablespoons olive oil. Boil the fowl till tender, then disjoint and skin it. Shred the peppers and onions and cook till softened in the olive oil. Add to the tomato pulp, season highly, and pour very hot over the chicken.

Baked Cheese.—One-half pound cheese, salt, pepper, mustard, milk, butter. Slice the cheese thin, place in a shallow baking dish, barely cover with milk, dust with salt, pepper and a bit of mustard, dot with butter and bake in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Serve on toasted crackers.

Soft Ginger Cookies.—One cup molasses, one and three-quarters teaspoons soda, one cup sour milk, one-half cup melted butter or lard, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon salt, four or five cups of pastry flour. Add soda to molasses and beat. Add milk, ginger, salt and flour until mixture is so stiff it will just drop from spoon. Then add melted shortenings; set aside to chill for a few hours. Then divide mixture, roll lightly to quarter inch thickness, shape with round cutter and bake on buttered sheet about eight to ten minutes.

Sponge Bread Pudding.—Two cups soft bread crumbs, one quart milk, three-fourths cup sugar dash salt, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon soda dissolved in one tablespoon warm water, one-half teaspoon flavoring. Scald crumbs in milk. Separate eggs, beat yolks and whites separately and add the former to the milk mixture, with the salt, sugar, soda and flavoring. Fold in the egg whites, pour into a buttered pudding dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake gently until a knife, when inserted, will come out clean. Serve with melted jelly.

Old-Fashioned Pork Pie.—Three pounds blade pork, one-fourth cup sliced onions, bit of bay leaf, one pint sliced potatoes, short biscuit crust, salt and pepper. Cut pork in pieces suitable for serving. Brown with the onions, add bay leaf and water to barely cover, and simmer till nearly tender, about thirty minutes. Butter a baking dish, add potatoes and seasonings to the meat, and thicken to desired consistency with a little flour dissolved in cold water. Cover with biscuit paste cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven till the crust is browned.

Baked Veal Chops.—Two pounds veal chops, one-fourth pound bacon, bit of bay leaf, crumbs, one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Boil chops gently for five minutes in water containing a little sugar and the bay leaf. Drain thoroughly dip in melted butter, sprinkle with the Worcestershire and set and spread with the crumbs, set in a baking pan and place a small piece of bacon on each chop. Bake in a hot oven until the bacon begins to crisp, then add a little water to the pan and cook more slowly till the chops are tender. This will take about twenty-five minutes.

Banana Cake.—One cup sugar, three tablespoons melted butter, one egg, one-half teaspoon orange extract, one-half cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, few grains salt. Beat the sugar, butter, egg, extract and salt together. Mix the baking powder with the flour, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in two layers and put together with banana filling, ice with plain frosting.

Banana Filling.—Four bananas, two tablespoons sugar, few grains salt. Put the banana pulp through the potato ricer, and scald with the sugar and salt. Cool, add the lemon juice, and use as a cake or sandwich filling.

Useful Hints.

A good and simple orange salad is made of sliced oranges on lettuce leaves, covered with French dressing.

Don't let leaky vessels on the range, or spill cold water on it.

Never let ashes accumulate in the ash pan of the cooking range. They absorb the heat before it reaches the oven.

In planning the winter breakfasts be sure to have fruits to balance the heavy meats, such as sausage and scrapple.

To boil finan haddie soak it for a little while before putting it over the coals, and put plenty of butter on it afterward.

Apples baked with very different seasonings — cinnamon, cloves, maple sugar, lemon or orange, make a delicious change.

When you spill tea on the table cloth cover the stain with common salt. When the cloth is washed the stain will be gone.

A housekeeper can save time by using casseroles of attractive earthenware, in which food may be both cooked and served.

A pie-crust marker is another handy thing to save the piemaker's time when she wishes to mark the edges of her pies.

Grease sweet potatoes before they are put into the oven to bake; they will bake in half the time and the skins will be soft.

Toughness of angel cake is often due to the fact that the eggs are not beaten properly. They should be beaten so stiff that they will stand alone."

Medicine stains can almost always be dissolved by alcohol.

Use paper bags for covering pitchers with food in them.

When breakfast muffins are left over split and toast them for lunch.

Chocolate stains can be removed by washing in soap and tepid water.

Water the fern dish at night in the bathtub and leave it there to drain.

The cereal left from one breakfast should be fried in slices for the next.

Worn table napkins should be saved to dry lettuce in when preparing the salad.

Extra deep pudding pans, pie plates and the like are preferable to shallow ones.

A measuring cup and flour sifter should be kept in the flour barrel to save time.

Some coffee needs boiling and some does not—one must experiment to find out.

Loaf pans for bread should be narrow to insure thorough baking of the bread.

Don't let a coal stove get red hot suddenly if you want it to last. It should get hot gradually.

NO LONGER FOR POOR MAN.

But Still Many Yukon Sections Not Yet Prospected.

Henry Pinkert, who used to be a merchant in San Francisco and went to the Klondike in 1897, and has been in business in or around Dawson City ever since, says there are no mining opportunities in the immediate neighborhood of Dawson except for men and companies with big capital.

"Dawson is not growing," said Mr. Pinkert. "In the early days there were all kinds of mining right there on the ground for the individual, but now, for a radius of about fifty miles around the town, the territory is so worked out that only big corporations can make money working it, and these have taken up a great deal of the land. The big operations in the neighborhood are being carried on by a South African company, which owns or practically controls all the claims within that fifty-mile radius that the Guggenheims do not control.

"In the days of the gold rush a man would stake his claim, which would run 500 feet. The moment he got that worked down to low grade he was up against a proposition that required dredges and hydraulic machinery to work on a profitable basis. The majority of small claimholders sold out, and some gave options. A few are still holding out for their prices. The Government gives a man the right to hold his claim so long as $200 worth of work is done on it in a year.

"But the situation at Dawson does not find the Klondike for the prospector by any means. I should say that part of Yukon territory is still in its infancy as a gold producer in spite of the millions that have been taken out. The great difficulty has been getting into the interior. Small boats go up the streams now for hundreds of miles, but still there are regions practically unprospected. In the past few years the Canadian Government has helped transportation by subsidizing those craft, and this makes it possible for miners to carry up their grub in the fall and continue their work in the winter. In my opinion, one of these days we shall hear of discoveries up there that will make the Klondike finds seem insignificant. From Dawson to White Horse it is 410 miles, and there are numerous regions on both sides of the way that never have been prospected."

HOW EARTH IS DRYING.

Number of Lakes in Zurich 200 Years Ago, 149. Now 76.

When water is recomposed by radiation or by ultra-violet rays it produces hydrogen and peroxide of hydrogen, but it does not form electrolytic decomposition forms oxygen.

A German investigator bases a new theory relating to the drying of the earth on the fact that one form of decomposition produces oxygen, while the other form does not. Part of the water vapor emitted by the seas is decomposed by the ultra-violet rays of the sun; the hydrogen formed rises toward the high atmospheric strata, and all the water does not return to the surface. Therefore, the quantity of water on the face of the globe is always diminishing, and the earth is incessantly, if gradually, drying.

To cite one example: On the north side of the Alps there is a continual falling off in the depth of the lakes and a gradual formation of swamps. Two hundred and fifty years ago there were 149 lakes in the canton of Zurich; to-day there are 76. The destruction of the forests and the cultivation of the land partially explain this, but the loss of hydrogen is an important factor. The hydrogen accumulated in the higher atmosphere is diffused in interstellar space.

A rich gentleman, having engaged a new coachman, went to the yard to instruct him as to the treatment of the horses. After doing this he met the coachman's seven-year-old son. "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?" inquired the gentleman. "Oh, yes," replied the boy. "You're the man as rides in father's carriage!"

"Captain," said a wealthy passenger who was about to take his first trip across the ocean, "I understand this ship has got several water-tight compartments?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Captain," the passenger went on decidedly, "I want one of those compartments—I don't care what it costs!"

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HOW GREAT ARMIES ARE FED

WHILE ON THE MARCH THEY SOMETIMES FARE BADLY.

Information About the Work of the British Army Service Corps.

Big battles have been fought on all sorts of provender, as Lord Roberts Answers. Before Waterloo our English troops had nothing for days but filberts and roots dug out of the hedgerows. Omdurman was won on bullybeef and biscuits; the Turks, before Plevna, had nothing but maize porridge, and very little of that.

Taking it all round the British forces have usually had the best commissariat. So long as the days of Good Queen Bess the allowance for a foot soldier was two pounds of bread daily, a pound of meat or cheese, and two pints of beer or one of wine to wash it down.

It is to be feared that they did not always get it, for the "provident-niaster" was not a better master as his successor of the Army Service Corps. It was Wellington who really brought the commissariat into a state of efficiency, and he had to threaten to get the great Soyer himself out to the Peninsula to draw up menus for armies in the field.

To-day British soldiers are allowed each three-quarters of a pound of meat daily, and it is cooked out with vegetables and dealt out in the form of stew. The meat is generally cooked into "sea pie" or "cottage pie," or some similar dish. Each man gets a ration of tea or coffee together with sugar or salt and other condiments.

Provisioning is easily managed while a regiment is in barracks. On the march it is a very different matter and only the most perfect organization can manage satisfactorily.

On the March.

The regimental transport of an infantry regiment in India must not be cut down below twenty vehicles. These include one gun, four ammunition carts, one Maxim gun, one medical store, one baggage cart, one store wagon, and one water wagon. These require four horses and eighteen drivers.

A cavalry regiment on the march has its transport reduced to fourteen vehicles, with fifty-one horses and twenty-one drivers. Neither of these scales allow for tents or cooking utensils.

The Army Service Corps dates from 1870, when, after the inefficient and ill-organized commissariat and military training which had been displayed in the Crimea. The "Tommy Atkins" of the Crimea, Tommy calls the splendid body of men who look after his "grub." "Muck," it may be mentioned, is merely a corruption of the word "moke" or mule.

The muck train ranks as a unit, but, of course, is not considered valuable to be placed in the fighting line, except in dire necessity. There are about five hundred men in a strong, with a large reserve of mules, and is subdivided into thirty-two sections.

Cooks in Class.

To each four battalions of troops is attached one company of Army Service Corps. The officers have to collect and receive all foodstuffs—bread, meat, vegetables, groceries and forage—and account for the same, replenishing reserves as they become exhausted. They have in charge all the miscellaneous implements for the killing and dressing of meat, and the regimental butchers are among their responsibilities. They provide transport for the baggage of the company and generally give effect to the wishes of the commissariat officer.

At Aldershot the Army Service Corps cookery school, which is about to be removed to Ashford, Kent, is the most complete establishment of the kind in the world. Here officers and men undergo a course of training as cooks.

AWAKENING IN CHINA.

Great Changes About to Take Place in That Country.

China has always been rather than which means more than the half developed against the wisdom for which and honored in the past, greatest people at present is on between fanaticism and individualism. At present agitation will bring about a change. Before it has had time to adjust itself to that change, which will be founded on Christianity rather than Confucianism, the time that is coming when the women may help to regulate the affairs of state, which is impossible now. The men of China are ignorant, and the women are worse. Things have changed since the Chinese Christian Association of Shanghai was created. Its object is to bring about a change from within the country.

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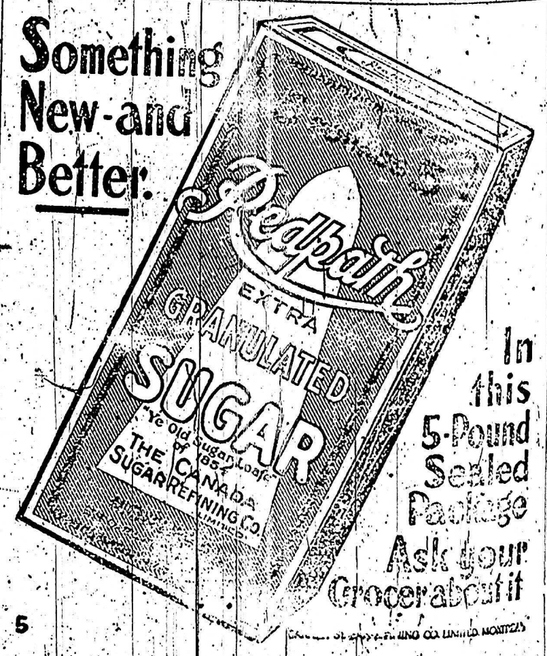

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