Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XIV. (Cont'd).

He drew it away sharply, and his lips twitched, then—as she looked at him half startled by his sudden gesture—he slid his hand back and laid it on her arm.

"You—you forget all that you have done for me, Decima." He bit his lip. "I beg your pardon, Miss Deane." The name slipped out. "I—I hear your brother a-calling you so—so often."

"But does it matter?" she asked, smiling at him innocently. "Why shouldn't you call me Decima, if you like? It is better than Miss Deane. And Decie is better still."

He looked at her steadily, his lips compressed. She was torturing him, and all so innocently!

"I'm afraid that—that it wouldn't be quite the thing," he said. "But—well, you must let me think of you as"—the name seemed too dear, too sacred to be spoken—"as Decie—sometimes."

As he walked up with them to The Woodbines he gained another half hour with her by doing so—he gave some keys to Bobby.

"Use anything there as if it were your own," he said, in a casual way. "The woman cooks very fairly, and can manage a little dinner-party; it's more comfortable than dining at the club. You'll write to me for anything you want." And so on, and Bobby could only stammer his thanks.

Decima said not another word, but as he wished them good-bye, she gave him her hand and looked at him with all her grateful soul in her lovely eyes.

He took the look home with him—it haunted him as he sat, smoking endless pipes, in the chair she had bought for him. It followed him to his room, where, having dismissed Hobson, he stood with her ribbon in his hand.

"I am a fool!" he said. "I am living in a fool's paradise, and I shall wake presently to find myself in the other place. I'll burn this. Yes; I'll burn it—and—and try to forget her." He held the poor little ribbon to the candle—but drew it back with something like a moan on his lips. The ribbon slept on his heart that night and every night; and his heart said to it: "I love her I love her!" and the ribbon murmured back, "I know it."

CHAPTER XV.

In the morning he cursed his folly. Was this the way to forget her? To brood in the solitude of the great house over his secret love? After breakfast he came to a sudden resolution. He would go into society; he would meet the people he had avoided, see fresh faces, "divert his mind." In the afternoon he had out his mail phaeton and pair and drove round paying calls. The Cattermoles, the Pettergills, and all the rest of them received him with great, and scarcely concealed, joy. They thought him rather absent-minded and grim, but they were only too delighted to have him in any mood. He came back scared to death, and in a very bad humor; and in a few days the usual invitations poured in. He accepted them one and all, and went the round of the dinner-parties and festivities which, all too palpably, had been got up in his honor. And he did his best to be agreeable, and, harder still, to be amused and diverted. There was a large family—mostly girls—at the Cattermoles', and they were all mad over him. Gaunt was the sort of man to catch a girl's fancy. They raved about his good looks, his distinguished manners, his travels and adventures, his very grimness for sometimes when he was more than usually bored Gaunt was almost as grim as death was voted an added charm; and his reputation for wildness grew well, when women come to be women, and only then, will the wickedness of man lose its fascination for them.

He kept away from The Woodbines, and avoided the village where he was going through the ordeal of "coventry" and making the attempt to forget her. But instead of forgetting her, his mind dwelt on her day and night. She came upon him as he sat at a big dinner-party, and would lay down his knife and fork and look straight before him with an expression of abstraction which not seldom scared the lady who sat beside him, and to whom, a few months before, he had seemed all attention.

He avoided Decima. But one day she met her coming through the village. He was riding alone, his head bent gloomily, the dogs running silently at his heels. How quick the dogs are to understand and harmonize with their master's moods—he saw Decima coming toward him. She had a small basket on her arm, for she had been visiting some of her sick people.

At the raised his eyes, something shot through his heart—a dull, aching pain—for a moment she looked pale and sad. But her sweet face brightened as she saw him, and her eyes darkened with pleasure as he stopped and regarded her awkwardly and in silence, for the sight of her unnerved him.

"You have been in those cottages again. There is measles or something, isn't there?" he said, by way of greeting.

"Oh, yes; but I've had the measles long ago. And they're nearly over now, you know. But you haven't been into the village lately, have you?"

"No," he said, looking away from her, "I have been busy."

"I know," she said, quickly. "We have heard of your visiting and—and dining out; and I am so glad."

"Glad! Why?" he asked, moodily.

"Oh, because it must be so pleasant for you," she said.

"Pleasant!" he said, grimly.

"Isn't it?" she said. "I think it must be to meet new and nice people. And it was so dull for you at the Hall—all alone, and seeing no one."

"It was not dull," he said, trying to speak more cheerfully; "and if you think that a course of dinner-parties is provocative of pleasure—Ah, well!" He looked round. "Is everything going on all right?" he asked, as he walked beside her.

Decima nodded brightly. She had been pale and sad a moment or two ago—he was sure of it. Was she pleased to see him?

"Oh, yes; we have gone on just as if you were here. Mr. Bright wanted to ask you about things; but I begged him not to worry you, but to let you go on enjoying yourself."

"Thanks!" he said, through his closed teeth. "That was very kind of you."

Enjoying himself!

"Yes, Mr. Bright agreed with me. He is so delighted at your going out so much."

"Oh! he is?"

"And did you hear from Bobby?"

"Yes," he said.

"He wrote me such a long letter. And he told me all about your rooms. They are beautiful, he says, only much too handsome and rich for him. And he is so proud of being a member of that fashionable club, and I was to try and thank you, because he never could. He says he is working hard, but having such a good time."

"I am pleased to hear it," he said. There was a silence.

His heart was beating with the joy of being near her, the delight of hearing her voice again. They reached the bridge which spanned the narrow, rippling river, and they stopped and leaned on the rail, looking at the stream.

"I am going to have a big dinner," he said. "I have to feed those who have fed me, not wisely but too well. I want you to come."

Decima shook her head and smiled.

"Oh, I don't think so," she said. "Bobby's not here, you know, and father—and father would be lost in a big party. He never goes anywhere. No, I do not think I will come, thanks."

"I want you to," he said. "It will be the only thing that will make it tolerable." He paused. "The Mershons will come, I hope. You know them?"

"Oh, yes," she said unsuspiciously. "We see more of Mr. Mershon than ever. He is always at The Woodbines. Father and he are engaged in—well, I don't know what it is; but they spend a great deal of time poring over papers. And Mrs. Sherborne is often there. I have gone out driving with her several times. It has been rather dull lately. I suppose I miss Bobby," she added, innocently.

He glanced at her.

"Well, the dinner-party may amuse you," he said. "I hate the thought of it; I shall hate it worse if you will not come."

"I will come if you wish it so much, of course," she said, with a simplicity that smote him. "Oh, look at those waterlilies!" she exclaimed, pointing to a bunch floating near the edge of the water.

"I'll get you some," he said.

He went off the bridge and knelt on the bank, and slipped back his coat and shirt-sleeves from his left arm. Decima was watching him with a soft smile in her eyes. It was nice to have met him, to see and hear him—although he seemed so grim and stern. The day appeared to have grown brighter; and yet the sun had been shining, just as it was now, when she met him.

Suddenly, as he plunged his arm into the water and drew up the lilies by their long stems, she caught sight of some black marks or scars on the bare flesh.

"What are those marks on your arm?" she asked.

He was busy cutting the stems, and was off his guard for a moment.

"Oh, nothing," he said, pulling down his sleeve. "Caustic marks. I got a scratch or two from a young lion— There are the lilies. Let me put them in your basket."

She stood stock still, the blood rushing to her face and then away from it again, her eyes fixed on his face with a strange look in them. She remembered the Zoo and the young lion, the swift outstretching of his arm to save her, the sound of the rent cloth. The lion had torn his arm, then! For a moment something beat in her heart, a pulsation which almost deprived her of breath. She longed to take the arm and press her lips to the black marks; for he had got them in saving her. They should have been on her arm instead of his. Her eyes grew hot, and filled with tears, and the first thrill of love ran through her veins. Troubled, perplexed, fighting against this feeling with all a girl's instinctive dread of passion, she held out the basket; then, as soon as he had placed the lilies in it, she turned her head away.

"I must go!" she said. "It is late, and—Good-bye!" and she left him suddenly, her whole being quivering. He had not seen her face—he had been engaged with the lilies—and he suspected nothing of the emotions which had swept over her young heart.

That afternoon Bobby walked into the Orient—walked with the sense of proud possession which the young man feels in his first club. He made his way through the imposing hall, with its solemn porter and stately footmen, into the handsome smoking-room, and took up a paper; screen from which he could look at the other members who were present; for Bobby was a stranger, and everyone who belonged to the Orient was of interest to him. He knew most by sight, or from their photographs displayed in the shop windows—for there are some famous men in the club—and he was wondering whether he should get to know any of them personally, when two men entered through the great glass doors.

Bobby looked at them curiously. One was a tall, fair, very fair man, with a clean-shaven face, frank-looking blue eyes, and lips wearing a peculiarly pleasant and winning smile. The other was a younger man—of Bobby's age—with red hair and a pale face. He was plain, but there was something of suppressed force in the rather sullen-looking face, which was noticeable. His eyes were somewhat blood-shot, and, as he looked from side to side, they had a suggestion of ferocity, of savageness held in check by their owner which made them still more remarkable.

Bobby took a second glance at him; then, with an exclamation, rose to his feet. For he had suddenly recognized the young man as a fellow school-fellow.

"Hallos, Trevor!" he said, holding out his hand.

The young fellow eyed him with a frown for a moment, then he said, without any great display of joy:

"Hallloo, Deane! Didn't know you were in town?"

"No," said Bobby in his bright way. "It's a long time since we met."

"Not since we left that beastly Rugby," said Trevor, gloomily. "Are you staying up for any time?"

"For a month or two," said Bobby.

The fair man stood looking at them with a pleasant smile in his blue eyes and on his well-cut lips.

"A meeting of old friends, Trevor?" he said in a soft musical voice. "Will you introduce me, my dear fellow?"

Trevor glowered for a moment at the thick Turkey carpet as if he had a grudge against it; then he said, sullenly:

"It's an old school-fellow of mine, Mr. Deane. This is a friend, Deane—Mr. Thorpe, Morgan Thorpe."

Mr. Morgan Thorpe held out his hand with a winning smile.

"Delighted to know any friends of Trevor's," he said. "And very glad to find you are a member of the old club, Mr. Deane."

There was something flattering in the speech and its manner which made Bobby flush with pleasure.

"And what are you doing—just on a pleasant visit to the little village?" asked Mr. Thorpe. "Shall we sit down, Trevor? Mr. Deane, will you join us in a drink?"

Bobby said he would have coffee, and it was brought in in company with the soda and whiskies of the other men.

"I'm grinding for Sandhurst," said Bobby.

"Ah, I envy you!" said Mr. Thorpe in the same flattering way. "Nothing like the service. I was in it for some years."

"What regiment?" asked Bobby, who of course knew his Army List by heart.

"Not an English one, alas!" said Mr. Thorpe, blandly. "I was in foreign service. A free lance, indeed! I have my brevet colonelcy—but of course I don't use it here. I am a civilian in England, but over there—"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Bobby would have asked where "over there" was, but didn't like to.

"Deane—Deane? Let me see, are you one of the Deanes of Leamington?" continued Mr. Thorpe.

"No," said Bobby. "I live at a place called Leafmore."

"Ah, I know the Deanes of Leamington very well. Leafmore?" He shot a swift glance from his blue eyes at Bobby. "Leafmore in Downshire? I've heard of it. Now, what shall we do? What do you say to a game of pool?"

Bobby had to confess that he didn't know billiards.

"Never too late to learn, my dear fellow!" said Mr. Thorpe. "I'm a deuced bad player myself or I'd teach you; but, Trevor is a first-class performer with the stick and the spheres. Come on, Trevor, and give us both a lesson."

Trevor got up with a kind of reluctance, and they went into the billiard-room. Trevor and Thorpe played, and Bobby took his first lesson—in marking. Thorpe played, as he said, indifferently, and appeared to take more interest in chatting with Bobby than in the game. He talked—well. Bobby thought he had never met a more charming man, or one more frank and candid, and really, almost child-like—in his genial simplicity. In the course of an hour Bobby felt as if he had known Mr. Morgan Thorpe for years. Trevor said little, but played with a kind of moody absorption, and made some splendid breaks.

Presently Mr. Morgan Thorpe glanced at his watch.

"I say! time—time! Dear me, how quickly it has flown. That's thanks to you, Deane." He had dropped the Mr. already, which was really very friendly of him. "We must be going, Trevor. We dine early, you know. Oh, by the way, Deane, I wonder whether I could persuade you to waive ceremony and come and dine with us—I mean my sister and myself—and Trevor of course. We shall be quite en famille, you know, and I can assure you that my sister will be very pleased to see you. A friend of our dear Trevor has the passport—eh, Trevor?"

Trevor did not respond with a smile to the smile, but glanced at Bobby, and then sullenly made a red hazard.

"Thank you," said Bobby. "I shall be very pleased."

"Now, that's very good of you," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe, gratefully. "We dine at seven-thirty. Early, isn't it? But you won't mind just once in a way. My sister—well, my sister is rather delicate, and goes to bed early. Seven-thirty. How stupid of me! I had forgotten the address."

He took a card from his case and gave it to Bobby, with a charming smile. The card bore this inscription:

"Mr. Morgan Thorpe,
31 Cardigan Terrace, S.W."

Bobby put the card in his pocket, said he would be punctual, and the two men left the club.

When they got outside, Trevor said, gloomily:

"Why the devil did you ask him to dinner? It wasn't necessary. I don't know much of him—an old school-fellow."

Morgan Thorpe smiled.

"My dear fellow, that's no reason why you shouldn't know more of him. I've taken a fancy to him—have indeed. Besides, he will be a pleasant addition to our petite partie."

Mr. Thorpe hummed a bright little air, and Trevor muttered something under his breath. They walked to Cardigan Terrace, and Thorpe stopped outside No. 31.

"No use asking you to come in, I suppose?" he said, blandly.

Trevor looked, with a kind of savage wistfulness, up at the windows, then shook his head.

"No. I shall be there at seven-thirty."

"So long, then, dear boy," said Thorpe; and he went up the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a maid-servant, a middle-aged woman with the unmistakable face and manner of a French woman.

(To be continued.)

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Lucky Thing for Some People—Case of the Beech and Birch.

Our forefathers had many theories about lightning. According to them no one could be struck by lightning while asleep, and no tree struck by lightning could be burnt. Splinters from such a tree, diligently chewed, were an infallible cure for toothache, and were, of course, pleasanter to the taste than the dentists' forceps, says the London Chronicle.

And the old time schoolboy firmly believed that if he were rash enough to mention lightning directly after a flash, the important part of his raiment would be immediately torn off. And many were his attempts to land his fellows in that predicament.

To be struck by lightning is still a most lucky thing for the Greek peasant—if he is not killed. Such a man, says J. C. Lawson, "may indulge a taste for idleness for the rest of his life—his neighbors will support him—and enjoy at the same time the reputation of being something more than human. This is an inheritance from ancient days. Artemidorus, an authority on occult matters who flourished in the time of Marcus Aurelius, commented on the fact that while a place struck by lightning had an altar erected upon it, and was thenceforth both honored and avoided, "no one who has been struck by lightning is excluded from citizenship: indeed, such a one is honored even as a god." The election of Quintus Julius Eburnus to the Consulship in 116 B.C. is attributed to his having been favored thus by the gods.

Some have had physical reasons to rejoice that they had been struck by lightning. De Quatrefages mentions the case of a telegraph employee at Strassburg, who was struck senseless and remained paralyzed until the next day, but thereafter enjoyed better health than ever before. In Martinique a M. Roalde was deprived by lightning of the use of his limbs for three hours, but having previously been a man of weak health, was much stronger from that time on. Several authors refer to cases in which rheumatism was cured by lightning. And in this respect, also, trees seem to be as men. Arago saw a poplar, one of an avenue of 1,500, near Tours which, having been struck, developed such vigor that its trunk soon far surpassed in dimensions those of all its neighbors.

Lightning is said to differentiate between trees as well as men and women. Some years ago Mr. McNab, a fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, investigated into the generally received opinion that neither the beech nor the birch is ever struck by lightning. He collected information regarding lightning struck trees throughout Great Britain, and found no single instance of either of these species being struck. Investigation in North America gave similar results. He found, indeed, that in the forest regions there a beech tree was regarded as the safest place in a thunderstorm.

Ready to Quit.

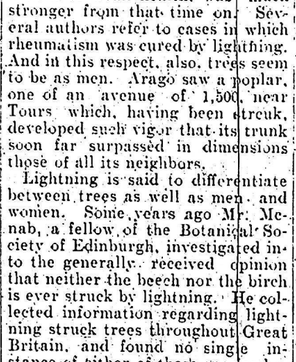
Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to 11 o'clock and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a smoke." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it, when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly moving his pipe from his mouth, he said, "Be-e-gorra, Oi've wor-rked wid Germans and Hengarians, and Oi've worked with Ooitalians, but if a man wid a face like that comes down to work beside me Oi gets up."

Maybe.

Gabe—Who was it that said:—"It is better to give than to receive"?

Steve—Some bachelor who was buying wedding presents for a friend, I guess.



UNANSWERABLE.

"Mother, do doors talk?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard you tell Mary to answer the door."

HOME

Seasonable Recipes.

Chow-Chow (plain).—Cut a medium sized cauliflower into small clusters; peel half a pint of small onions; put with them six green tomatoes sliced, six green peppers sliced; one pint little cucumbers; two large cucumbers sliced. Arrange a thick layer of vegetables in an earthen crock; strew with salt; make another layer of the vegetables and of the salt and continue in this way until all are used. Pour in cold water to cover, laying a weighted plate on top of all. At the end of three days pour off the brine, pick over and rinse the pickles, cover them with fresh cold water, and leave them in this for one day. The pickle vinegar is made as follows: One teaspoon each of celery seed, white mustard seed, whole cloves, whole black peppers, whole mace, and grated horseradish, one cup and a half of brown sugar, one gallon of vinegar. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes, drop in the pickles, and boil together for thirty minutes. Put up in air tight jars.

Chow-Chow (mustard). — Prepare vegetables as in preceding recipe up to the stage when the pickle vinegar is made. To the ingredients named add two teaspoonfuls of ground mustard, cook all together for five minutes, and put the pickles into the vinegar. Simmer for five minutes, take the pickles out with a skimmer, put them into a stone crock, pour the vinegar over them, and leave them in this for two days. Drain off the vinegar, heat it again, add a tablespoonful of curry powder, boil up once, pour over the pickles, and when they are cold put them in small jars and seal. Not good to eat under a month.

Chili Sauce.—Peel twelve large, ripe tomatoes and four good sized onions; seed two green peppers and chop all together until fine. Put them in a saucepan and stir into them two teaspoonfuls each of ground allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, and a quart of vinegar. Boil steadily for two hours and when cool bottle and seal.

Tomato Catsup.—Boil together until soft eight quarts of tomatoes and six large onions; press through a colander, and strain the liquid that comes from them. Put this over the stoves with a dozen sprigs of parsley, two bay leaves, and a half teaspoonful of grated garlic, a tablespoonful each of ground cloves, mace, black pepper, salt, and sugar, a scant teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and a tablespoonful of celery seed tied up in a bit of cheesecloth or gauze. Cook five hours, stirring frequently and watching that the mixture does not scorch. By the end of the time it should be reduced to half the original quantity and thick. Take out the bag of celery seed, add a pint of vinegar, and bottle and seal when the catsup is cold.

Cucumber Catsup.—To one quart of peeled, seeded, and grated cucumbers allow two green peppers, seeded and chopped; one grated onion, one gill grated horseradish, two teaspoonfuls of salt; put over the fire and simmer an hour; Add one pint of vinegar, bottle, and seal.

Pressed Beef.—Four pounds of beef neck, wash thoroughly, boil until it leaves the bones, salt while cooking. When it is done, take out in a chopping bowl and chop about as fine as for mincemeat; Add pepper to taste. Use pot liquor to moisten it well. Put in a crock and place a plate and weight on it. Let it remain for three or four hours, and serve cold.

Quick Cinnamon Cake.—Three-fourths cup butter melted, one cup granulated sugar, four eggs, one cup milk, one cup flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in a dripping pan; sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and chopped nuts before baking.

Chicken Fricasse.—A tough, lean, old chicken can be bought cheaply at any time, and treated this way is as attractive and tasty and tender as a more expensive one: Cut up into the usual joint pieces and mince half-pound salt pork and two small onions. Put a layer of the minced pork in the bottom of kettle, then a layer of the cut up chicken, then a layer of onion, and repeat till material is all in the kettle. Set this on the stove to simmer until tender, which may take three hours or more, without any water, as the onion and pork will soon furnish moisture enough to keep the meat from burning. When tender add salt and pepper to taste. Add water and flour to make gravy.

Nut Molasses Cookies.—One-half cup butter, one-half cup sugar, one cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls warm water, two and one-half cups bread flour, one teaspoon ginger, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, one-half cup nut meats, enough more flour to make a stiff mixture. Drop from teaspoon and bake fifteen minutes.

Home Hints.

Satin, after washing, will retain its gloss if a little borax is put into the last rinsing water.

A little turpentine put into the water for washing windows or mirrors is an excellent method.

To soften brown sugar when it has become lumpy, stand it over a vessel filled with boiling water.

Brown bread, instead of white, when making bread pudding, gives a most unusual and delicious taste.

Mildew is obstinate and difficult to remove. If lemon and salt or javelle water do not remove it, nothing will.

When plants droop, try adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to three quarts of water and water the plants fully.

Any chance of tins rusting is prevented by placing them near the heat for a little while after they have been washed.

Fine linens and all pieces of handsome lingerie should be wrung out by hand and never through a wringer.

Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture. Kerosene on waxed or oiled furniture gives better results.

A mixture of kerosene and ammonia cleans porcelain bathtubs and sinks instantly, and does not injure them as greatly as acid substances do.

When grease is spilled on the table pour cold water with a little lemon juice on it immediately. The grease will harden quickly and you can remove it with a knife, without leaving a mark.

If a cork is too large for a bottle in which you wish to use it, lay it on its side and with a little board or ruler roll it under all the pressure you can put it. It will be elongated to fit in a very few minutes.

When the coal-oil lamp has a tendency to smell badly saturate the wick with good vinegar and allow it to dry perfectly before putting it into the lamp. It will never smell, no matter how small the flame.

When washing new curtains you will generally find that they are full of lime. A great deal of trouble may be saved by soaking the curtains over-night in water, in which a little salt has been dissolved. The salt draws out the lime and makes the curtains easy to wash.

This is a good way to clean carpet. Get one ounce of wormwood salt from the druggist; put it into a pail of warm water; then wash your carpet as you would the floors, or, if very dirty, scrub it. When finished, all the dirt and grease spots have disappeared and the carpets looks like new.

When the travelling bag becomes dirty, wash it all over with tepid water and a little soap. After it is dry, put a little oxalic acid in a cup of hot water and wipe the bag well with a soft cloth dipped in acid. When dry, brush the bag with the white of an egg and it will look fresh and new.

A very good plan to clean knives without putting the handles in water is as follows; Have handy a jug or vessel with soda water, and as soon as possible after the knives have been used stick the blades in the soda water, leaving the handles on the outside. This will cleanse and quickly remove stain and rust.

BRITISH SOLDIER'S PAY.

Cannot be Sued for any Debt or Damages Under £30.

Although Tommy Atkins is an honorable person, and is not in the habit of repudiating his just debts to civilians, still he is not compelled to discharge them if they amount to less than a certain sum, says London Tit-Bits. This is because by military law he cannot be sued for any debt or damages under £30 in value. Accordingly, if Private Atkins can persuade a confiding tradesman or stockbroker, or perhaps an accommodating financier, to give him credit up to £29 19s. 11¾d. there is no legal machinery that will recover the money. It cannot be stopped from his pay or deducted from his pension.

In order to protect civilians from possible loss by giving tick to soldiers, a system is in force of crying down credit. Whenever a regiment arrives in a fresh station the commanding officer has to issue a public proclamation to the effect that anybody who permits the troops to run up bills will do so at his own risk. The course generally adopted is to send a color sergeant with a drummer and a couple of privates through the principal streets the day after arrival. Every quarter of an hour or so the party halts, the drummer sounds a warning tap, the non-com. expands his chest, clears his throat, and calls on the inhabitants to take notice that "the lieutenant colonel commanding —— regiment hereby declares that he will not be responsible for any debts incurred by the officers, non-commissioned officers, or men of the regiment; and that any civilians giving them credit are not entitled to recover the amounts when under £30 in value."

This exemption, however, only applies to the professional pay and allowances of a military debtor. Consequently, if a soldier has a private income, or a gold mine, or a parcel of gilt-edged securities, or wins a £500 "Heads or Tails" prize, such property can be seized to satisfy a judgment summons. Of course, most soldiers are not in such a position, or have anything more than the bare pay of their rank.

Berberine Belief.

Everything that goes wrong is attributed by the Berberines, a tribe of the Sudan, to the devil. Ethel S. Stevens, in "My Sudan Year," quotes a story told her by Bishop Gwynne of his "boy's" coming to him one day and announcing, "The devil is in the house."

"Oh," said the bishop, "that is very interesting! When did he arrive?"

"He came in with the cook from the souk market yesterday evening."

"Really?" commented the bishop, puzzled.

"Yes, and in the night he came out of the cook and passed into me."

"Oh, and what did he do?"

"He went to the cupboard and broke a plate and the top of the jam jar."

A light broke in on the bishop.

"Oh, he was after the jam! I suppose he ate some?"

"Yes," said the boy, "he did!"

The idea of devil-possession is not merely an elaborate form of excuse; the native servant really believes in it.

THE KING'S MESSENGERS

THE SILVER GREYHOUNDS AND THEIR DUTIES.

Carry Despatches to the Various Governments—Must Not Be Delayed.

King George has none, in all his army of servants, whose duties are invested with such mystery and romance as those of his Foreign Service Messengers, whose numbers, it is said, he is about to reduce, says London Answers.

The very name by which they are known—the "Silver Greyhounds"—suggests their readiness to spring at a word from the "leash," and their unresting speed until their destination is reached and their duty discharged.

Night and day they must hold themselves alert for the call to any point of the compass. Dining or sleeping the scheme may come; but within an hour or may be a few minutes, the Silver Greyhound is off with his despatches or what not on his ride across Europe—to Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, or whatever destination may be, and nothing must be allowed to check him once he gets there.

To all appearance he is in no way to be distinguished from any other gentleman travelling for his pleasure. He has at hand his official uniform of blue, with its gilt buttons and braiding, his peaked cap, displaying its crown and Royal monogram in gold, which, however useful in time of war to protect his office to the world, are not in times of peace.

His Badge of Office.

But he carries with him his badge of office—a silver greyhound, surmounted by an imperial crown, pendant from a red ribbon, and the sight of this is sufficient to bring the most dilatory or obstructive railway official with delays limp to submission. He also carries with him his courier's passport, which will make his way as smooth in foreign lands as that of an ambassador.

The King's messenger, as he is also one who must journey swiftly by travels light. His only luggage is a small portmanteau, always kept ready packed, and a leather bag to hold his despatches, which are sealed and labelled for their different destinations. He carries, moreover, a brace of revolvers, ready for immediate use if they should be needed.

As for his cattle, they are principally to convey despatches between the Foreign Office and the various ambassadors abroad, and to carry letters and presents from their Majesties to their friends and relatives at foreign Courts. Thus, on one journey out Greyhound may be the bearer of an autograph letter from King George to his cousin the Kaiser William; on the next he may be speeding across Europe with despatches of the gravest importance, on which the issue of war or peace hangs, and for a steed which some would give a small fortune.

Mid-Sea Perils.

In olden times much more trivial duties fell to his lot: as when a messenger, who was jokingly asked by a friend whom he had met on his journey what his bag contained, answered, "Nothing more precious than the ambassador's old boots which I am taking home to be mended." Or when, on another occasion, a messenger was sent post-haste to Constantinople with a brace of plum-puddings to grace an ambassador's Christmas board.

That these journeys do not lack excitement, Captain Windham, who has recently retired from the service, testifies.

"Once," he says, "when I carried the treaty between Russia and Great Britain to this country I was shadowed all the way. On another occasion during the riots in Russia, I was told before we left that they were afraid the railway was mined. In the middle of the night the train stopped, and I had to walk through the snow in my pyjamas and an overcoat, carrying my belongings."

Naturally an office so romantic and responsible is much coveted, although, as Captain Windham says, it is one of the worst paid in his Majesty's service, with a paltry £250 for salary. To qualify for this poor remuneration a candidate must have powerful friends at his back, he must know several tongues intimately, and he must have a wide range of qualities, from strong nerves and a cool head to the tactfulness of an ambassador, and the exterior of a gentleman.

Uniformity.

"What variety of sweet corn is this?" asked the summer boarder.

"The corn, tomatoes, and peas," replied the hired man, "are all the same variety this year—canned."

THE PROMOTION