Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued).

"I am glad you have come to see me so soon," she said. "It is only right that you should know, at the earliest possible moment, that my niece desires to withdraw from her engagement to you, Mr. Mershon."

Mershon started from his chair, and reddened.

"Wants to—to break it off!" he said, huskily. "Why? Why should she want to break it off?"

With her usual directness and strict regard for truth, Lady Pauline answered gravely:

"My niece does not love you."

Mershon's pallor was startling. Then he laughed, uneasily.

"I think I understand," he said. "She—she thinks this scandal—that I shall be angry and cut up about it. Well, so I am; but it won't make any difference to me. Of course, I don't like it; no man would like to have his future wife mixed up with such an awful business as this, and some fellows won't want to draw back; but I'm not that kind of a man. Tell Decie that I stand by my word; yes, that I say that even now, when I don't know why she went to Gaunt's rooms, or whether she expected to see him or not. Just tell her that, Lady Pauline."

Lady Pauline rose. The man's vulgarity and meanness simply amazed her. Why, why had Decima promised to marry a person who was not even a gentleman?

"I will tell my niece what you say, certainly," she said; "but it may be some time before she is well enough to receive your message, and I think I may assure you that it will not have the effect upon her which you expect and desire. She will not marry you, Mr. Mershon."

He reddened and plucked at his gloves. "She—she was off her head—she didn't know what she was saying when she told you she wanted to break off the engagement," he stammered.

"On the contrary, she was quite conscious, and her words were perfectly lucid and final," said Lady Pauline. "I fear I can not remain away from her any longer, Mr. Mershon."

She rose, and Mershon, almost too furious to mutter the conventional adieu, left the house.

Had there been anything between Decima and Gaunt? he asked himself. His jealousy arose and tore at him, vulture fashion, as he thought of Gaunt's and Decima's friendship, of the way in which she had helped to restore the Hall and carry out Bright's plans. And then she had come up to London all of a sudden and had gone to Gaunt's rooms! A fierce hatred and suspicion of Gaunt took possession of him.

He went straight to his lawyer, a sharp city attorney who had acted for Mershon in many risky cases.

"Terrible affair this, Mr. Mershon," he began, for he knew of Mershon's engagement to the Miss Deane who was mixed up in the "murder in Prince's Mansions," and he suspected that Mershon had come to consult him, and he was right.

"Yes," said Mershon, abruptly. "Look here, Gilsby; I'm in this, after a fashion. I want you to act for me. Of course this fellow, Lord Gaunt, is the murderer."

Mr. Gilsby looked rather startled.

"Well, the evidence—"

"Is enough to hang any man," broke in Mershon. "When's the inquest?"

"To-morrow. I shou d imagine; I can ascertain."

"Do so. And, see here, brief one of the sharpest common-law barristers. Get the best Old Bailey man you can, and let him represent me at the inquest."

Mr Gilsby nodded and waited.

"If that man Gaunt did it, he ought not to get off," continued Mershon, avoiding the lawyer's eyes. "He's a swell, a 'noble lord,' and all that, and they—his friends—will move heaven and earth to get him off. Now, I say that it would be a miscarriage of justice if—they succeeded. A man who'd shoot a woman in cold blood is murder ought to be hung."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Mr. Gilsby. "But you need have no fear, Mr. Mershon. The Treasury will prosecute—"

"I know all that!" broke in Mershon, fiercely. "But I want to help. Get the best man you can, and let him appear at the inquest, and—and see that there's no attempt to hoodwink and bamboozle the jury. See?"

The sharp city attorney did see. He nodded, and rang a bell.

"Boskett is our man, Mr. Mershon," he said, quietly. "I'll brief him. And you think Lord Gaunt is guilty?"

"I'm sure of it," sneered Mershon. "I'm staying at the Grand," he added, as he flung on his hat and left the office.

Mr. Gilsby looked at the closed door thoughtfully. It opened again suddenly, and Mr. Mershon entered.

"You've got all those bills of Mr. Deane's, haven't you?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Right. I may want to recover on them. May want to do so all in a hurry. If I were act, you'll drop down on Deane Bee."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The inquest was held on the following day. The room was crowded with lawyers, reporters, and as many of the curious public as could force and squeeze their way in. Not for many years had so sensational and "interesting" a murder been committed, and the world was watching the developments of events and waiting for every detail with an eagerness which even the most enterprising of the newspapers could not satisfy. And some of them, it must be admitted, had done their best. Short, and charmingly inaccurate biographies of Lord Gaunt had appeared, together with portraits hideously unlike him.

Some of the sketches of his life represented him as a man who had spent most of his days in the society of savages, and was therefore just the man to commit a peculiarly ferocious murder.

Bobby and Bright had almost to fight their way into the room, and it was some minutes before they could reach the table, where Mr. Pelford, the head of the firm of Gaunt's lawyers, was sitting beside the famous counsel, Sir James Beaton, whom Belford & Lang had retained.

Mr. Belford nodded to Bright.

"We've got Sir James, you see, Mr. Bright," he said in a hurried undertone, "and everything will be done that can be done for Lord Gaunt; but"—he shook his head gravely—"the case looks very bad. Do you see that Mr. Boskett is here?" and he glanced toward that eminent gentleman. "He appears for Miss Deane."

Bobby started.

"I—I am not engage him," he said. "I never thought of it."

"He is instructed by Mr Gilsby," said Mr. Belford in rather a dry voice. "He is Mr. Mershon's solicitor. Mr. Mershon is just behind that partition. You can not see him from here. Yes, the case looks serious, but—well, Sir James will do all that can be done, rest assured."

After the usual formal preliminaries, the police began to call its witnesses; and as one after the other appeared and told his or her story, Mr. Bright's anxious face grew more anxious and care-worn. Brick by brick, as it were, the solicitor for the Treasury was building up the case against Lord Gaunt.

First came the page, who told how he had let in Miss Deane. Then Jane, who had admitted Lord Gaunt and the deceased.

"Is Miss Deane here?" asked the coroner.

Mr. Boskett rose with the leisurely air which marked his terrible keenness.

"I appear for Miss Deane, sir," he said.

"I doubt your locus standi," interrupted the coroner, "but go on."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Boskett. "I have at present only to state that Miss Deane is very ill and quite unable to be here. She is, in fact, unconscious, and I produce the doctor's certificate."

He handed it in and sat down. The coroner read it, and nodded gravely for the witness to proceed.

Jane told her story very well. She had taken tea in for Miss Deane, and she had not seen her since.

She was there, in the room, when Lord Gaunt had entered, and Jane had heard their voices talking together. Then the deceased had arrived. No, she did not usher her into the drawing-room. The lady inquired for Mr. Deane, and on being told that he was not in she had said she would go and sit down and wait for him, and as she knew the way, Jane need not trouble. She had seen the deceased and Lord Gaunt together; but she had heard them talking, and once—here she hesitated for a moment—they were speaking so loudly there was a kind of cry—that she knocked at the door thinking she was called.

She had not entered. A little later, it might be half an hour, Lord Gaunt had come down the corridor from one of the other rooms, and passed her on his way out. She was talking to the porter in the lift. Lord Gaunt had no overcoat. She had felt ashamed at being caught gossiping, and had run away into the kitchen. No one else came that night. They waited for Mr. Deane until past eleven, then went to bed. She had looked into the room to see to the fire, but had not noticed any one there, or seen anything unusual. In the morning she found the deceased lying on the couch as the doctor had described. She was dead; there was a wound right above her heart, and the dagger, which the policeman showed her now, was lying on the floor. The portrait was lying smashed in the fire-place. The deceased was covered by a fur coat. Yes, it was the master's, Lord Gaunt's; but she was certain, quite, quite certain, that he could not have done it.

The coroner stopped her with uplifted hand. The solicitor for the Treasury asked a few questions of small details, and then Sir James rose.

"You heard no cry for help, no screaming or shrieking?"

"No, sir. Only loud talking; the deceased's voice, not Lord Gaunt's."

"Did the deceased ask for Mr. Deane?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen the deceased before?"

"Oh, yes," said Jane. "She had dined with Mr. Deane at a dinner-party with Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Trevor. No, she had never before seen Lord Gaunt with the deceased. Did not know that he was married; didn't quite believe it even now."

Mr. Boskett got up, and in the softest and blandest of voices asked:

"Now, will you tell us—don't be afraid—you heard voices at various times that evening. Did you hear Miss Deane's voice after—mind, after—the deceased had entered the room?"

"No," said Jane. "There were only two voices after that, the deceased's and Lord Gaunt's."

"And you did not see Miss Deane leave the Mansions? She might have left a few minutes after the deceased had entered?"

"Yes, sir; I think she must, because I didn't see her go afterward; and, of course, I was waiting to be run for to let the visitors out as usual."

"And Miss Deane asked for her brother and not for Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm sure the young lady doesn't know anything about it. She is the sweetest—"

The coroner stopped her again, and Mr. Boskett, with an encouraging smile and a glance at the jury, resumed smoothly: "No one suspects her!" Then, aloud, he said: "Now, tell me, you found the inner door of the drawing-room locked? On the bedroom side?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no one entered the drawing-room, so far as you know, after the deceased? You must have heard them—"

Sir James rose.

"Really, that is scarcely a fair question," he said.

"We want all the information we can get," remarked Mr. Boskett, blandly.

The coroner nodded, and Jane said:

"No; no one had come in afterward."

"And now, did you notice anything peculiar in Lord Gaunt's manner when he passed you in the corridor on his way out?"

Jane hesitated.

"His lordship looked upset and—and worried, sir."

"Anything peculiar about his dress? Think!"

"He—he knows something," whispered Mr. Belford to Sir James. Sir James did not move a muscle. Jane hesitated, and looked distressed.

"Come, speak out," said Mr. Boskett, gently and persuasively, and Jane, with a kind of sob, said:

"There—there was blood on his wristband."

A thrill ran through the crowd. Mr. Boskett glanced at the jury in a casual kind of way.

"The porter was with you as Lord Gaunt passed?"

"Yes," said Jane. And she was allowed to stand down.

The porter was next called, and gave his evidence clearly. So far as he knew no one had entered Lord Gaunt's flat after the deceased.

Yes, Lord Gaunt had looked haggard and upset; and he, the porter, had noticed the blood-stain on the wrist-band.

So also had Wilkins, the butler from Morlets. He carried the grim story a point further—he outlined how he had sent the luggage to Southampton, but had heard Lord Gaunt, when leaving in the morning, direct the cabman to drive to Charing Cross. Had remarked that Lord Gaunt did not wear his fur coat when he returned the preceding night, and had been informed by Lord Gaunt that he had left it at his club.

The crowd exchanged glances, and murmured significantly.

Then Mr. Morgan Thorpe was called. He was a piteous spectacle. The usually pleasant and youthful face was haggard and drawn; his eyelids were swollen, and his lips tremulous and pale. He had been drinking, but not enough to steady his shaking hands, and voice. As he raised his eyes and glanced round the court with a shrinking look, Bobby could scarcely believe that it was the same man who, only a few days ago had swaggered and ruffled it with such self-assurance. Every answer had to be dragged out of him. Yes, the deceased was his sister. She was married, secretly, to Lord Gaunt, who married her under the name of Barnard. He did not known Barnard's real name and title. His sister and her husband had separated soon after the marriage, and she had lived with him, the brother, since then. Her husband had disappeared, quite disappeared. She had not seen him to his, Morgan Thorpe's knowledge, between the hour of their parting and the night of the murder—

Sir James looked up.

"Do not use the word 'murder,' Mr. Thorpe," he said, sharply. "The jury have not yet given their verdict."

Morgan Thorpe glared at him resentfully.

"It was murder, foul and cowardly murder—"

"Silence!" said the coroner, sternly. "Confine yourself to a statement of what you actually know."

Sir James rose.

"You say, Mr. Thorpe, that, so far as you are aware, your sister did not know the whereabouts of Lord Gaunt?"

"She did not; I swear it."

"You knew she was going to Prince's Mansions the night of the 6th?"

Thorpe hesitated. Could he venture to deny it? As he paused, Sir James carelessly picked up a blue paper from the table, and Morgan Thorpe's eyes dropped.

"I knew it."

Sir James handed him the bill.

"This was found in the pocket of the deceased. It is a bill, unsigned, for two hundred pounds. Can you explain ....."

Thorpe glanced at Bobby, and his face went white.

"My—my poor sister was in want of money. She—she thought Mr. Deane would lend it to her—" His voice grew inaudible. Bobby hung his head as every eye in court was directed to him.

"May I take it that you sent her on this errand?" said Sir James.

Morgan Thorpe raised his head and stared at him insolently.

"You may take it as you please," he said, defiantly.

"That is sufficient," said Sir James, gravely.

Mr. Boskett rose.

"One moment, Mr. Thorpe. Were you aware of the real name and rank of the deceased's husband? Oh, don't hesitate please!" he added, with the first note of sharpness in his voice, and Thorpe nodded.

"Yes? And you kept your knowledge from your sister?"

Thorpe looked round like a hunted animal seeking for some means of escape.

"I—I did. I thought it best."

Mr. Boskett turned his glittering eyes upon him.

"Did not Lord Gaunt undertake to pay you a sum of money to keep his identity secret? Answer, please."

The reply was scarcely audible.

"Good. Now, Mr. Thorpe, you remember a certain scandal in Paris in the summer of '98? A scandal in which a lady was concerned. Was not that lady your sister?"

"Yes," said Morgan Thorpe; and Mr. Boskett turned to the jury.

"I regret to have to allude to this matter, but I desire to show the cause of Lord Gaunt's desertion of his wife."

"Not desertion!" said Sir James, quickly.

"Separation, if you like!" said Mr. Boskett. "In a word, Mr. Thorpe, did not Lord Gaunt separate from his wife because he discovered certain facts in connection with her life before her marriage?"

Morgan Thorpe moistened his lips.

"If any one has been saying—he began; but the coroner interrupted him.

"Painful as this question must be to you, Mr. Thorpe, you must answer it."

"Well, yes—so he said," replied Thorpe.

"And these facts you concealed from him? Did you conceal from him this other fact, that you had suffered three months' imprisonment for fraud committed two years before you made his acquaintance?"

"Where did he get all this?" asked Sir James, testily, of Mr. Belford, while the court was waiting on Thorpe's reply.

"If I am to submit to having all my past life raked up for the amusement of a crowd—" pouted Morgan Thorpe.

"Answer, sir!" said the coroner, sternly; and Thorpe's livid lips formed the "Yes."

"Did you conceal the identity of her husband, and his whereabouts, from the deceased because you feared his violence if they should meet?" asked Mr. Boskett in gentle tones.

It was scarcely a permissible question, and Sir James was on his feet in a moment; but Thorpe had got his answer out before he could be stopped.

Larkin Cheered by Admirers When Released From Prison.

"Yes, I did!" he said, with a suppressed eagerness. "Gaunt was a violent man, one of the hottest-tempered men I have ever met. I wanted to protect my poor sister—"

The coroner stopped him; but it was too late. The jury had got the impression Mr. Boskett had desired to give them.

"I have finished with you" he said with that air of satisfaction which a clever counsel can make so telling.

One or two other witnesses were called, and the doctors who had been summoned after the discovery of the body were recalled by Mr. Boskett.

"I wish to ask these gentlemen a question, sir," he said to the coroner. "A young lady, Miss Deane, who is now, I regret to say, lying unconscious and seriously ill, is unfortunately connected with a case by one of those accidents to which we are all liable. I do not think that the slightest suspicion had been directed toward her; but, never be less—perhaps because I feel in my d ty to protect her from any further suspicion—I desire to ask a question on her behalf. I ask you, sir," he turned to the first doctor, "if in your opinion it would be possible for a young girl to have lifted and placed the body on the couch, as it was discovered?"

"No; certainly not," was the reply; and the second doctor repeated the answer.

Then the coroner wound up; and so with the skill of experience he linked the evidence together. Bright and Bobby felt as if a chain were being wound round Gaunt.

The crowd listened with breathless attention to every word, and when he had finished, turned their eyes upon the jury with hungry impatience.

The jury did not leave the box, but gathered together and whispered for a few minutes, then pronounced the verdict.

They found Edward Bernard Gaunt, Earl of Gaunt, guilty of wilful murder of his wife Laura.

Mr. Bright rose white and trembling. Bobby let his head fall in his hands. Some one touched him on the arm, and looking up, he saw Mershon beside him.

(To be continued.)

THE RAINIEST SPOT.

Almost a Daily Shower in England's Lake Region.

For so small a country, Great Britain shows a surprising variation in rainfall between different places. Generally speaking, the western side of the island is the wetter, since it is next to the Atlantic, and is also more mountainous. But even on that side the variation is considerable. Devon and Cornwall, jutting far out into the ocean, get generous drenchings both winter and summer. Farther north, where Ireland bears the brunt of the sea-winds, Wales and the adjacent country receive somewhat less; but the mountainous counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a little farther north, actually suffer from the attentions of Jupiter Pluvius.

That is the famous lake region, the beauty-spot of England. It is a popular region with tourists, but that is an extraordinary summer in which the traveler does not have to face there a business-like daily downpour, or else a succession of wild thunder-storms.

High up above Borrowdale, on the way over from lovely Derwentwater to a wild, little-visited lake named Wastwater is the tiny village of Seathwaite, the rainiest spot in England. It is a place of gray stones and gray rain. The roads are of loose gray stones, the fences that divide the little pastures are of bigger gray stones, and the dozen or so houses are of still bigger gray stones. The mountains rise close about it,—Scawfell, Great Gable, Glaramara, beloved by Wordsworth,—and many more gray and misty giants. A little brook rattles among the stones, and on the dark sides of the mountains you see here and there a milk-white streak where some stream pours down in what the people call a "force" or "ghyll."

But it is a singular fact that up on the mountain-side above the village, in Sty Head Pass (Sty is Cumbrian for ladder, and it is an appropriate name), there is a little strip of ground that for some reason catches a positive deluge whenever rain is falling anywhere in the neighborhood. On that narrow ribbon of territory, only about two hundred and fifty yards long by a few yards wide, the rain-gauge shows an average rainfall of about two hundred inches annually. Outside that little space, there is an immediate drop of some fifty inches in the annual rainfall. Of course there is a reason, but it is not plain to the eye, or to the experience of the natives. If you ask the shepherds, who form almost the whole male population of the region, they will tell you, "Ah, dinnot can tell 'ee, maister. It main allus reeans terble-like up on t' ould Sty, seesta (seest thou) when t' daal do be gettin' a swoakin'."

Silent.

"What are you grinning at?" snapped Mrs. Gabb.

"A funny bit in this paper," smiled Mr. Gabb.

"What's funny about it?" asked Mrs. Gabb.

"It says a woman has been made a silent partner in a business firm," replied Mr. Gabb.

Keep tab and you will discover that at least half your disappointments are blessings in disguise.

HOME

Favorite Recipes.

Baked Lima Beans.—Soak over night in cold water a pint of dried lima beans, in the morning rinse and again cover with cold water and let heat slowly to the boiling point; then let it simmer until nearly tender, adding at the last a teaspoon of soda. Drain and rinse with cold water. Put a layer of the beans in a baking dish, sprinkle with sweet red peppers chopped fine, and a little salt, also a slice or two of bacon cut in tiny pieces. Continue the layers until the beans are used. Have ready stewed and strained tomatoes. Add the tomato sauce to the beans until they are well covered. Bake in a hot oven about two hours.

Breaded Veal Baked.—Two slices of veal from the leg, cut about one-half inch thick. Remove the bone and cut into suitable pieces for serving. Dip each piece in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry to a golden brown in hot dripping or other frying material. Remove from the skillet and arrange the pieces in a single layer in a roasting pan. Season well with salt and pepper, and pour over enough milk to just cover the meat. Place a cover on the pan and bake in a moderate oven about one and one-fourth hours, or until the milk is entirely absorbed. The meat will be deliciously tender, and is a good substitute for fried chicken. Will serve six people generously.

Spaghetti with Bell Peppers.—Here is a recipe for cooking spaghetti. Put two handfuls of spaghetti into enough boiling water to cover, salt to taste, and when tender allow it to boil dry. This is preferable to draining, as it retains all the nourishment. In another sauce pan slice two ripe tomatoes, add one onion, chopped fine, and two chopped bell peppers; put in a pinch of salt, half a level teaspoon of sugar, and four tablespoons of olive oil. When this mixture is done pour it in with the spaghetti and let simmer slowly for fifteen minutes.

Filling for Sandwiches.—Here is a delicious filling for sandwiches. Get a piece of beef (from the neck preferred), cover with boiling water, and cook slowly till very tender. Let it stand over night in the liquor it is cooked in. In the morning take meat out and put through meat grinder. The liquor now will be like jelly; mix it into the ground meat, season well with salt, pepper, and mustard and enough vinegar to make the meat spread well. Put a crisp lettuce leaf on a slice of bread and spread the meat on the other side quite generously, and put together.

Spice Cake.—One-half cup butter, one and one-half cups sugar, cream butter and sugar together. Add three-fourths cup milk, two whole eggs and yolks, one cup mincemeat, one rounded teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, one teaspoon vanilla, two and one-half cups of flour, two rounded teaspoons baking powder, pinch of soda, and a pinch of salt. Bake in loaf or layer. Icing: Two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one tablespoon butter. Cook until syrup hangs from fork. Pour while hot over stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Add nuts or cocoanut and one teaspoon extract of vanilla or lemon as desired. Beat until stiff.

Useful Hints.

A delicious sweet sandwich is made of thin slices of white bread spread with jam, topped with cream cheese.

It is best to give linens a long soaking before washing. If this method is followed, stains will wash out easily.

If the bright parts of the kitchen range turn black from heat, dip a cloth in vinegar and rub on the blackened parts.

A few drops of paraffin added to shoe-blacking will impart a good polish to damp shoes and also help to preserve leather.

Time will be saved if a frying pan or griddle is wiped with a piece of newspaper to remove the surplus grease before it is washed.

When hats have become greyish and shabby they can be brightened by rubbing over them a flannel sprinkled with a few drops of kerosene.

If the enamel inside a rusty teakettle is not cracked, it may be thoroughly cleaned by putting in soda and cold water and bringing to a boil.

To clean a brass plate without soiling the woodwork around it, cut a piece of cardboard the shape of the plate and place it around it when cleaning.

Clean white enamelled furniture by dissolving one tablespoonful of baking soda in a pint of warm water. Saturate a soft cloth and wash the furniture.

To keep milk toast from becoming soggy, serve the boiling buttered milk in a covered pitcher, so that each person may himself pour it on his toast.

Aluminum ware can be polished with a mixture of borax and ammonia and water applied to the article with a soft cloth. Rinse well through several waters.

A very good filling for layer cake is made by mixing a pound of finely minced shelled almonds with two eggs, a cupful of confectioner's sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Try rubbing the scorched marks on linen with half a raw onion, then wash in the usual way, and if the scorch is not a very bad one the linen will be white again.

Delicious sandwiches for the afternoon are made of raisins and nuts chopped together very fine, moistened with a little whipped cream and seasoned with a little salt.

When icing runs out it back on the stove, on top of an asbestos mat, and stir until proper consistency is restored. This can be done after syrup is added to the white of the egg.

Stains on blankets and other woollen goods can often be removed by using a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and yolk of egg. Spread this on the stain, leave half an hour and wash.

Cream cheese lends itself to garnishing as well as being palatable. Its softness makes it easy to mould in any shape, and it can be mixed with various condiments into delicious sandwich paste.

A fresh mildew spot can be removed with lemon juice and exposure to the sun. If it is an old spot dissolve a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four parts of cold water and soak the fabric.

Putting a coat of varnish on the linoleum yearly will make it last for years and look bright and new.

If white potatoes are inclined to turn black with cooking, try adding a few drops of vinegar to the water.

THE WILY CHINESE.

Schemes They Adopt to Get Into Australia.

Australia has to resort to all sorts of measures to prevent the Chinese from landing there, and in spite of all precautions the wily Chinaman seems to be able to get through. The attractions of Australia are so great that organized efforts are made to effect a landing, and to evade the customs' officers.

There is evidence that Chinese syndicates are operating between Australia and China, for the purpose of "smuggling" Chinese into the country. There are, of course, prohibited immigrants. Australia is striving to maintain her high percentage of British. To-day 96 per cent. of her people were either born in the United Kingdom or are descendants of those who were born in Great Britain. A favorite method of the Chinese to gain admission is the personation of Chinese to whom exemption certificates have been issued. About five months ago a Chinese, whose name is unknown, landed at Brisbane without being required to pass the dictation test. He presented a certificate issued at Freemantle, bearing his own photograph and an impression in ink of his own hand, and was readily passed by the examining officer. A more careful scrutiny of the certificate, however, showed that it bore the appearance of having been "faked," and accordingly it was sent to Freemantle to be compared with the duplicate in the possession of the Customs boarding staff there. The photograph on the duplicate did not correspond with that on the original certificate. The man who had "bluffed" the Customs officers at Brisbane had removed the first photograph and had replaced it with his own, and over the hand impression he had made an imprint of his own very much larger hand. This wily person is being anxiously sought after.

WALK UPSTAIRS BACKWARD.

If Your Heart is Weak—Prevents Tendency to Hurry.

Walking upstairs backward was urged by a London physician as a useful practice in case of heart weakness and as helping in a more equal distribution of muscular wear and tear.

"Firstly and most important," he said, "walking upstairs backwards would prevent any tendency to hurry. No matter how inveterate a 'stair-rush' a man might be, he would have to moderate his pace if going backwards. This enforced deliberation would, of course, be of great value in heart disease.

"The second effect would be to relieve the strain from the ordinary walking and climbing muscles (those on the front of the thigh), and to press into service those on the back of the leg, which ordinarily do no work in climbing stairs. The total result, therefore, might be a saving in muscular wear and tear through a more economical distribution of effort. This, of course, would also be of value in cases of heart weakness."

Obeying the Injunction.

"You should mend your ways," said the good man, addressing the light-fingered gent, who had been caught at it. "Why don't you conduct yourself in accordance with biblical teachings?"

"I do. I never let my left hand know whose pocket my right hand is picking."

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KEEPING SERVANTS IN JAPAN

More Difficult to Hold Them Than in This Country.

Housewives who find the servant problem a source of endless worry may find some consolation in the fact that in no country is the matter a perfectly simple one. Miss Evelyn Adam in "Behind the Screens" in Japan, describes some of the difficulties of keeping servants in that country.

The maid servants are untrustworthy, but they are gentle and cheap—while they stay. Unfortunately, they are fond of playing the vanishing trick upon their mistresses. A lady in Tokyo had a valuable servant of somewhat mature years who rejoiced in the poetic name of "Oharu San"—the Honorable Miss Spring. One day at teatime Miss Spring did not appear. The kitchen was deserted, the kettle was cold; half the luncheon-plates lay immersed in a bowl of soapy water, the other half stood on the sink, ready to be put away. The next morning, Oharu San reappeared, and demanded the fragment of wages due her since the beginning of the month. The lady asked why she was leaving so suddenly.

"Oh," replied Miss Spring, "just as I was washing the dishes yesterday, I remembered that Saito San, the pawnbroker, wanted a wife. Therefore I went out and married him."

If corrected sharply, a maid will leave at once. Hence any lecture must not slide over the line that divides it from a scolding; it should be delivered with a smiling face, and should be interrupted with frequent laughs, just to show that it is really not a scolding at all.

Sometimes even that is more than a servant will bear. A woman friend of mine, an artist, had a very good man servant—a perfect treasure. Every day when she went to the woods to paint, this treasure carried her easel. One afternoon he forgot to bring an important part of it. Although greatly annoyed, the lady said nothing, knowing that her "pearl," like most of his race, was sensitive to criticism. But the effort at self-control was entirely wasted, for the next day the man came to give notice.

"Why do you wish to leave?" the mistress asked, in deep distress. "Surely you are not upset on account of the easel? I said nothing about it, did I?"

"No," the man admitted, "but you made a difficult face."

And he went before luncheon.

WOMEN IN AFRICA.

Have the Privilege of Marrying Whom They Please.

Although woman in Africa is regarded as property she has certain rights which are seldom infringed upon, and of these the most important is her right to marry whom she pleases, or rather to refuse to marry one who does not please her, says the Southern Workman.

There are two reasons for this. First, women married against their wills have been known to commit suicide. Second, women married against their wills have murdered their unloved husbands, usually strangling them when asleep. So, in forcing one's self upon one of these women there is liability to a great loss—the loss of valuable property or of no less highly prized life.

The young girls are well cared for, partly that they may be comely and draw many suitors. Every girl will tell you frankly that she wishes to marry and have a good husband and children. Every father is anxious to have his daughters marry well. To obtain a wife one must pay a dowry in cattle to the father, or, should the father be dead, to the nearest male relative. If a girl is much sought after, her father naturally asks a larger dowry. When the man has paid part of the dowry the father may give consent to a provisional marriage and permit the couple to live together. Should the husband be too slow in paying the remainder of the dowry his wife is taken from him.

Trial marriages are common and can be set aside by either party. Their principal objects in marriage are mutual helpfulness and the perpetuation of the race.

Pappooses No Longer.

Teacher—"Yes, children, an Indian's wife is called a squaw. Now, what are the little Indian babies called?"

Bright Pupil—"I know, miss, squawkers."

Easy Mark.

Madge—"I hear he's very sweet on you."

Marjorie—"Rather! He's good for about two pounds of candy every week."

Nothing over pleases his neighbors more than to see a man get what he deserves.

NOTES OF SCIENCE

Since [illegible] Japan has more than [illegible] deaths [illegible] of [illegible]

Seventy [illegible] of the world's cork [illegible] in Spain and Portugal.

China [illegible] more than [illegible] miles of [illegible] and is building 2,273 miles [illegible]

Rotterdam [illegible] have the world's largest [illegible] harbor, 700 acres in area [illegible] deep.

Edinburgh [illegible] established a monopoly [illegible] and distributing [illegible] great white way of the city.

An expert [illegible] for the study of [illegible] manufacture [illegible] established at Moscow.

For ka[illegible] there has been invented [illegible] to screen and polish [illegible] at the same time.

Australian [illegible] which an aviator [illegible] officers to [illegible] in making all kinds of [illegible]

More [illegible] gas [illegible] United States last year.

Hardwood [illegible] dried and sterilized [illegible] heat, is being introduced [illegible] Germany for dressing wounds.

Dangerous [illegible] with rubber plugs [illegible] to prevent their wearers [illegible] being [illegible] a novelty.

The [illegible] Wireless [illegible] to be connected [illegible] by a [illegible] mile [illegible] an electric railroad.

An organization [illegible] will be held to measure [illegible] and distribute atmospheric [illegible] Birmingham and other [illegible]

More than [illegible] pictures copy representing [illegible] at London's first exhibition [illegible] industrial art [illegible]

The City [illegible] London [illegible] corporation [illegible] works [illegible] the production [illegible] tar and [illegible]

The P[illegible] planned [illegible] system of wireless [illegible] Lisbon [illegible] and the Europe and [illegible]

The open[illegible] a new railroad [illegible] German [illegible] year will [illegible] miles of [illegible] with a population of 10,000,000.

Carlsbad, Germany, by [illegible] requires all [illegible] to be as nearly fireproof [illegible] with the result that [illegible] firemen are almost of their wages as chimney sweeps.

An iron monument in the form of a globe [illegible] erected at Leipzig to [illegible] the German [illegible] ministry.

Year rings [illegible] are used in Norway and Sweden to determine [illegible] whether they are [illegible] full growth and when they [illegible] spawn.

The Chilian Government [illegible] much attention [illegible] of the coal [illegible] which in time [illegible] to produce enough fuel to supply the home demand.

For destroying [illegible] Italian army [illegible] have [illegible] shells carrying [illegible] gas [illegible] numbness [illegible] heavy [illegible] blackening [illegible] the lungs [illegible] and [illegible] mixture [illegible]

To detect [illegible] has been invented [illegible] rat operates [illegible] power for a [illegible] lamp, the [illegible] indicating that [illegible] gas.

No Choice in the Matter.

The [illegible] place during a [illegible]

"I tell you [illegible] believe a word [illegible] said the judge [illegible]

"Yer may do [illegible] the latter [illegible] to."

Angel Lord.

Mrs. Nicker [illegible] for breakfast.

Mrs. Bocker: [illegible] phonograph record of a cackle.

Coogan, the Cutcoast—There's as much nourishment in a pint of peanuts as in two pounds of the steak. Grogan the Butcher—But there's no gravy, an' nothin' for the cat, an' no hash the next day.

Jimmy and his pals were playing marbles as the new minister came along. "Boy, can you show me the way to the post-office?" Jimmy pointed the way and then returned to his marbles. "Little man, don't you know it is wrong to play marbles? That is a form of gambling. Come with me and I will show you the way to heaven." "Ah, cheese it, mister; you show me the way to heaven! Why, you don't even know the way to the post-office."