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A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Stephen closed the door after him, then went back to the room and stood looking down at Falconer, who leant back in his chair with his cigar in his mouth and eyed Sir Stephen under half-lids with an expression which had something of mastery and power in it. Sir Stephen's thick black brows lowered, as he stood, he knew how to begin the interview and Falconer waited, without a word, for the inevitable offer of assistance. At last Sir Stephen said:

"Perhaps I ought to explain first how I came to be in your room. Perhaps I ought to explain the circumstances under which I came to be in your room."

"Yes," assented Falconer, his eyes gleaming still more brightly. "Yes, I suppose you ought."

"Would your lordship have been the same as mine—friends?" asked Sir Stephen in a low voice.

Falconer was silent for a moment. He said:

"It occurs to me I have been. If ever a man had cause to regard another as an enemy, I've had cause to regard you as one."

Sir Stephen flushed then went pale.

"There is no use in taking up the past," he muttered.

"Not a bit," he said. "I've no need to make it up; it's all right enough, without raking," replied Falconer, and he touched his forehead with his thick forefinger. "I'm not likely to forget the trick you played me, and likely to forget the man who played it on me and robbed me."

"Robbed!" echoed Sir Stephen, with a dark frown.

Falconer turned his cigar in his mouth and looked at it.

"Yes, robbed. You seem to have forgotten, my memory is a better one than yours, and I'm not likely to forget the day I tramped back to the claim in that godforsaken Australian hole to find that you'd discovered the gold while I'd been on the trail to raise food and money to work it and—and clear—discovered it and—and out—and clear—of course."

His eyes flashed really and his mouth twisted as his teeth almost met in the cheroot he was smoking.

Sir Stephen threw out his hand.

"I heard you were dead," he said, hoarsely. "I heard that you had died in a street row—in Melbourne."

Falconer's heart—if he was distorted it—a secret, [illegible] I don't believe you; you couldn't."

"As Heaven is my witness——!" exclaimed Sir Stephen, but Falconer went on:

"I didn't wait to see if it were true or not. I thought you took precious good care to make inquiries. No, directly my partner's back was turned, you—you got the price and levanted."

Sir Stephen paced up and down, his hands clenched behind him, his fine head bent; then he stopped in front of the chair and frowned down at the scowling face.

"Falconer, you wrong me—it was not as it looks, as it looked. It's true I did—I did—but I swear that I intended sending half for you. But news came to us that you were dead—a man brought in that you were dead—a man said that he had seen you fall, that you were dead and buried. I had to leave the camp the night the money was in—it would not have been safe to remain. You know what the place was, and the men who were known to have gone there to make my hand, I tell you, I tried to get back for you, I tried to send you your share, I hoped south. Remember a month had passed—the money had gone—I had lost all—I had no doubts of your death—it was too late to inquire; it was too late to do anything as I tell you, I have been—[illegible] But I hadn't any—I thought you [illegible]

[illegible] the luxurious [illegible]

But you appear to have prospered, you are again, you are my friend, [illegible] feet again and [illegible] you find out sweetness of revenge, I'd rather or dead?"

[illegible] a space, [illegible] and met the [illegible] unflinchingly.

"[illegible] truth, Falconer, [illegible] course for me. [illegible] my place—[illegible] his brow as if [illegible] upon it. "The [illegible] was dead [illegible] for a time, [illegible] I had [illegible] you and [illegible] completely as [illegible] changes at all. [illegible] the tramp, picking up a day's work and again at [illegible] one day I saw a Kaffir in [illegible] with some [illegible]

Falconer nodded.

"[illegible] I've read and accepted the terms Sir Stephen Orme's [illegible] with a [illegible]

"[illegible] start, the comfort [illegible] from the evening I took those [illegible] in my hands—[illegible] the place now, the dirty brute [illegible] has stood [illegible] turned [illegible] business [illegible] I bought [illegible] the land in [illegible] Then [illegible] you've heard [illegible]

Falconer nodded.

"[illegible] you to hand over so many thousands—[illegible] miles to [illegible] chance for a [illegible]

"No," said Sir Stephen, slowly, "I got [illegible] but I dare-[illegible] it doesn't matter. Then I married [illegible] position a girl [illegible] who [illegible] trusted me; who [illegible] you and [illegible] rather have died [illegible] have known anyone [illegible]

[illegible] truly buried it." [illegible] I can see [illegible] blossomed [illegible]

Sir Stephen [illegible] towards the door, [illegible] had shut it and [illegible] white as [illegible] to Sir Stephen, [illegible] millionaire, the gentleman with [illegible] secrets and his [illegible] as. Sir Stephen [illegible] spare maker—[illegible] how naturally [illegible] as you had [illegible] partner. The [illegible] Orme was to [illegible]

[illegible] stretched out his [illegible] imploringly. [illegible] he said, [illegible] speak of her! [illegible]

[illegible] shoulders. [illegible] he's as [illegible] was of course." [illegible]

[illegible] "He—he [illegible] me—what [illegible] Falconer [illegible] from humiliation [illegible] what I am, [illegible] understand [illegible] than that [illegible] should think [illegible] I have made a [illegible] your hands. [illegible] I appeal to [illegible] white shape, [illegible] child of your [illegible] as mine is [illegible] to-night and [illegible] she moved [illegible] with the look [illegible] her eyes on [illegible] his fore-[illegible] smoked con-[illegible] an indifferent [illegible] which [illegible] madden-[illegible]

After a pause, [illegible] words would [illegible] opened my [illegible] to-morrow [illegible] all I know of [illegible] when he [illegible] Steve. Even [illegible] assurance. [illegible] it. And as [illegible] his hash [illegible] would do [illegible] soul. I don't [illegible] I've had [illegible] it as a sweet [illegible] Yes, I've [illegible] it. I've been [illegible] critical moment, [illegible] and it strikes [illegible] that it has [illegible]

Sir Stephen's face grew strained, and a curious expression crept into it.

"If you ask me why you should not, I can give you no reason," he said. "If you were poor I should offer you money—more, a great deal more than I received for the old claim; but I can see that would not tempt you to forego your revenge, Falconer, you are not poor; your daughter wears diamonds——"

Falconer shrugged his shoulders.

"No, I'm not in want of money. You're not the only man who has had a change of luck. No, you can't bribe me; even if I were hard up instead of rather flush, as I am, I wouldn't take a hundred thousand pounds for my revenge."

Sir Stephen rose. There was an ominous change in his manner. His nervousness and apprehension seemed to have suddenly left him, and in its place was a terrible, stony calmness, an air of inflexible determination.

"Good!" he said; and his voice had changed also, changed from its faltering tone of appeal to one of steadfast resolution, the steadiness of desperation. "I have made my appeal to you, Falconer, and I gather that I have failed to move you; that you intend to exact your revenge by—denouncing me!"

Falconer nodded coolly.

"And you think that I could endure to live under such a threat, to walk about with the sword of Damocles over my head? You ought to know me better, Falconer. I will not live to endure the shame you can inflict on me. I will not live to tempt you by the sight of me to take your revenge. I shall die tonight."

Falconer eyed him intently, and carefully selected a fresh cigar. Then he had as carefully lit it, he said callously:

"That's your business, of course. I shouldn't venture to interfere with any plan of that kind. So you would sneak out of it, eh, Orme? Sneak out of it, and leave that young fellow to bear the brunt? Well, I'm sorry for him! He seems the right sort—deuced good-looking and high-class—yes, I'm sorry for him!"

Once again Sir Stephen's lips twitched and the big drops of sweat stood on his brow. He stood for a minute looking from right to left like a hunted animal at bay—then with something between a groan and a cry of savagery, he sprang towards Falconer with his hands outstretched and making for his tormentor's throat. Before he could sweep the table aside and get at him, Falconer whipped a small revolver from his pocket and aimed it at Sir Stephen.

"You fool!" he said in his harsh, grating voice, "did you think I was such an idiot as to trust myself alone with you unarmed? Did you think I'd forgotten what sort of man you were, or imagined that you'd so changed that I could trust you? Bah! Sit down! Stand back, or, by Heaven, I'll shoot you as I would a dog!"

Sir Stephen shrank back, his hand to his heart, his eyes distended, his face livid as if he were choking and sank into a chair. Falconer returned the revolver to his pocket, and with his foot pushed the inlaid Oriental table towards his host and victim.

"There! Take some brandy! You're too old to play these tricks! That heart of yours was never worth much in the old days, and I daresay it's still more groggy. Besides, we're not in a mining camp or the backwoods now." He sneered. "We're in Sir Stephen Orme's palatial villa on Lake Bruderhere."

Sir Stephen stretched out his hand and felt for the decanter, as if he were suddenly blind and could not see it, and poured himself out some brandy. Falconer watched him narrowly, critically.

"Better? Look here, Orme, take my advice and keep a guard on your emotions; you can't afford to have any with a heart like that." He paused and waited until Sir Stephen's ashy face had resumed a less deathly pallor. "And now I'll answer your appeal—I don't intend to denounce you!" Sir Stephen turned to him with a gesture of incredulity. "Sounds strange, doesn't it? Humph! Doesn't it strike you that I've had my revenge already? If there is a sweeter one than to see the man who has sold you grovelling at your feet, and praying for mercy, then I don't know it! The great Sir Stephen Orme too!" He laughed sneeringly. "No, if I'd meant to give you away, Orme, I should have done it to-night in your swell drawing-room, with all your swell guests round you, with your son—ay, and my daughter—to hear the story—the story of Black Steve! But I didn't mean it, and I don't——"

Sir Stephen drew a long breath of relief, and drank some more brandy.

"Thank God!" he murmured. "What can I say—what can I do—to express my gratitude, my sense of your forbearance, Falconer?"

Falconer, with his eyes narrowed to slits, looked at him keenly.

"Oh, I'll dispense with your gratitude, Orme. We'll agree to forgive and—forget. This is the last word we'll say about it." Sir Stephen, as if he could scarcely believe his ears, gazed at his magnanimous foe in silence. "No half measures with me—you remember me of old," said Falconer. "The subject's done with," he moved his thick hand as if he were sweeping it away. "Pass the whisky. Thanks. Now, let's have the chat you kept me up for."

Sir Stephen wiped his lips and forced a smile.

"Tell me about yourself, what you have been doing since we—er—all this long time."

Falconer shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, it isn't as interesting a story as yours," he said. "I've just rubbed along with bad and good luck in streaks, fortunately for me, the good ones were thicker and more frequent than the bad ones. Like yourself, I married; like yourself, I'm a widower; I've one child—Maude. She's been at school and under the care of some people on the Continent, while I've been at work; and I've come to England now to settle down. That tells enough of my story. I know yours, as the rest of the [illegible] does. You're famous, you see."

There was a pause, then he looked over his glass, and said:

"What's your little game at the present moment, Orme?"

Sir Stephen looked at him interrogatively confusedly, as if he were still rather confused by the terrible scene which they had gone through.

"Why have you built this place and got all these people here?" said Falconer. "I know enough of Wirsch and Griffenberg and the Beltons to be aware that they wouldn't come down to the Lakes at this time of the year unless there was something worth coming for, something—and a pretty big sum—to be made."

Sir Stephen looked down at the floor for a moment, as if he were considering; then he leant forward.

"I'll tell you," he said, with an air of decision, and with a return of his usual coolness and aplomb. A dash of color rose to his face his fine eyes grew bright; he was the "man of affairs," the great financier again. "It's Africa this time," he said, in a low voice, and with a glance at the door. "I've another treaty——" Falconer nodded. "I am making for a concession—a charter from the Government."

Falconer nodded again.

"And I want a railway from Danville to Bualbec." His voice almost sank to a whisper. "Griffenberg, Wirsch, and the rest are with me—or nearly so—I have got them down to clench the matter. There are millions in it—if I can bring it off; there is what is worth more than millions to me——"

Falconer nodded.

"A peerage for Sir Stephen Orme," said Falconer, with a grim smile.

"For Sir Stephen Orme's boy," said Sir Stephen, with a flush, and a flash of the dark eyes. "It is for his sake that I am making this last throw for my boy's, Falconer. For myself, I am content—why shouldn't I be? But for him—ah, well, you've seen him. You'll understand." Falconer leant back and smoked in silence. "Plaistow is working the Colonial Office, the Beltons are feeling their way in the city; Wirsch—but you know how the thing is done! I've got them down here that they may work it quietly, that I may have them under my eye——"

"And the lords and ladies—they're to have a finger in the pie because, though they can't help you in the African business, they can in the master of the peerage?"

Sir Stephen smiled. "You'll stand in with us, Falconer? Don't refuse me! Let me make some reparation—some atonement for the past!" He rose and stood smiling, an imposing figure with his white hair and brilliant eyes. Falconer got up slowly and stiffly.

"Thanks. I'll think it over. It's a big thing, as you say, and it will either make you——"

"—or break me!" said Sir Stephen, but he laughed confidently.

Falconer nodded thoughtfully.

"I'll go up now," he said.

Sir Stephen went to the door with him and held out his hand.

"Good-night, Falconer!" he said. "Thank you—for my boy's sake!"

Falconer took the warm hand in his cold one and held it for a moment, then dropped it.

"Good-night!" he said, with a nod and a sidelong glance.

Sir Stephen went back and poured himself out another liquer glass of brandy and heaved a sigh of relief. But it would have been one of apprehension if he could have seen the cruel smile which distorted Falconer's face as he went through the exquisitely beautiful hall and corridors to the luxurious room which had been allotted to him.

There was in the smile and the cold glitter of the eyes the kind of look which the cat wears when it plays with the mouse.

(To be continued.)

DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

NEWS FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told in a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

There are 30,000 fruit trees on the ranches at Hatzic, B.C.

A $20,000 opera house is being built in Cumberland, B.C.

The labor market is said to be badly overcrowded in Dawson.

Maple trees from Manitoba are being planted in Kaslo, B.C.

The cannery at Sunderland, B.C., will treble its output this year.

A company for raising foxes has been organized at Whitehorse, B.C.

A lot on Third Avenue in Prince Rupert was recently sold for $15,000.

A carload of dairy cattle from Ontario was sold at Chilliwack, B.C., for $140 each.

A weird monster of the deep, half fish and half animal, was caught in the sea near Prince Rupert, B.C.

It is reported that six feet of zinc ore was struck in the U.S. mine in the Jackson Basin of the Slocan.

All Asiatics are now prohibited from entering Canada unless they are tourists, students or merchants.

At Vancouver a Chinaman was arrested charged with passing counterfeit money, the same being a Prince Edward Island bank note.

It is estimated that 3,000 carloads of fruit and vegetables will this year be shipped from the Okanagan, B.C., valley.

Burglars at Penticton, B.C., blew a safe and made off with nearly $12,000 in bills and valuable papers from the post office.

Fred Young, proprietor of the Kamloops, B.C., Standard, was overhauling some guns when one of them was accidentally discharged, and Mr. Young died as the result of a wound received.

A Vancouver Chinese had a suspicious mark on his thumb, and told a magistrate it was caused by a boil. The magistrate decided the mark was made by using an opium needle, and fined him $50 and costs.

The Westminster, B.C., Gas Company received a shipment of 500 tons of coal from Tacoma, U.S., causing indignation among the coal dealers of Vancouver, who claimed they could have delivered 10,000 tons of coal on short notice, if asked to.

Merchants of Vernon, B.C., want lower fire insurance rates. They say they pay more than $27,000 a year in premiums on the four blocks of the principal business streets, and that never, in any of the last four years, has the total fire loss exceeded $4,500!

It was stated at Vancouver that many of the Hindus who had lost their places in the B.C. sawmills, owing to whites being employed in their places, have made application to be admitted into the U.S., and that many have already crossed the border.

The City Beautiful Association, of Vancouver, sent a protest to the City Council against the proposition to erect a temporary market on the old hospital grounds. The said market, if erected, would interfere seriously with the association's plans for beautifying the city.

John P. Babcock, government expert with the B.C. fisheries, has discovered a new way of hatching out fish eggs. He burried 200,000 of the ova under six inches of sand and gravel, with the result that 88,000 of them were alive and the healthiest ever produced in the hatchery.

At a wedding of foreigners in Vancouver it came out in police court proceedings afterwards that every one of the guests who attended had a knife in his pocket, prepared for trouble. One man who was stabbed, was given judgment for $150 and costs against the man who carved him up.

HOME

How to Reduce the Meat Bill.

The meat bill is the first place for the average housewife to look for large expenditures, and this is largely because Canadians have not yet learned the art of using everything that is left over.

It is not an attractive combination of words, "left overs," when applied to to-morrow's luncheon or dinner, but when used with judgment, one's most intimate friend would not recognize them.

In the first place impress upon your cook the fact that the best chefs in the world—the French—never throw away even a teaspoonful of vegetables. Everything is saved and transformed into some delicious tid-bit—not to-morrow, as the uninitiated have a prejudice against "hash" and other homely dishes. But if a day or two elapse between the roast and "Marguerites" the family never knows that the much lauded "French creation" is a concoction of Jane's made from a small piece of the mutton or a croquette or any bit of meat which was left over, a few of the outside pieces of celery, scraped and cut very fine, a couple of tablespoonfuls of tomato, a cup of soup stock, and some cold mashed potatoes.

To three cups of cold mashed potato add sufficient flour to make a rather stiff dough; turn on a board and roll to the thickness of an inch, then with a round cutter, about three inches in diameter cut into rounds. With another cutter, three sizes smaller, cut the centres from the rounds, taking care not to cut all the way through; take out the potato with a fork and bake potato cakes on griddle until a golden brown. Place in oven until ready to use. Mince the meat and add it to the celery, which has already been cooked until tender. Make a sauce of the soup stock and tomato, thickening with a heaping teaspoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed to a smooth paste; when cooked to the consistency of very thick cream add the celery and meat. Allow this to get very hot, then season with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper and paprika. Fill the potato cakes, heaping the mince a little. Serve on platter with sprigs of parsley.

Some Rhubarb Dainties.

Here are some good ways to make rhubarb dainties. Also our favorite macaroni tomato dish.

In preparing rhubarb do not peel it, simply cut in small squares and wash clean. This gives it that rich, red color which cannot be secured if same is peeled.

Apple and Rhubarb Jelly.—Wash and slice ten stalks of rhubarb, cut and core three medium sized apples, then stew apples and rhubarb together. Hang up in a jelly bag. For every pint of juice take a pint of sugar. Boil till it jellies and pour into tumblers.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade.—One quart rhubarb cut in small pieces, four oranges peeled and cut fine, six cupfuls of sugar. Take orange peel and run through meat grinder. Make a syrup of the sugar and some water until it threads. Put ingredients in and simmer for an hour. Put in jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

Tomato Timbale.—Boil half a pound of macaroni twenty minutes, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mold; line the mold with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mold with a mixture made of one pound of tomatoes, one pound of mushrooms and a quarter-pound of grated cheese, all pounded together with four ounces of butter and the yolk of an egg, season with a little salt and red pepper. Put a paper round the mold and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick gravy, or tomato sauce, round. This makes an excellent first course dish for luncheon.

Household Hints.

When peeling onions hold a cork between the teeth and the eyes will not become affected.

Corks may be made airtight and watertight by keeping them immersed in oil for five minutes.

Pickles may be kept from becoming mouldy by laying a little bag of mustard on the top of the pickle-jar.

Crackers covered with grated cheese and toasted in the oven are good served with salad for luncheon.

A little vinegar placed in the rinsing water on washing day will prevent the hands from becoming rough and chapped.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

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.

When boiled and unboiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin quite fast, while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin round once.

Powdered oatmeal is excellent for the complexion. A little of it thrown into the water in which the face and hands are bathed has a softening and whitening effect.

No matter how much dripping is used, fish, when being fried is apt to stick to the pan's bottom. A tablespoonful of dry salt rubbed over the pan will prevent this.

To clean a white knit sweater or shawl put it into a flour bag containing equal parts of flour and salt and shake well. No washing will be required after this process.

Sal-ammoniac will clean a furred kettle. Fill the kettle with cold water, add a little sal-ammoniac to it and boil. All the fur will dissolve. Well rinse the kettle afterwards.

When ironing it is a very good plan to get a clean brick, a white one if possible, as a stand. The iron will retain heat much longer than if an open iron stand be used.

Cream cheese, mixed with boiled salad dressing and minced chives, makes a most delicious salad if rolled into balls and served on lettuce or cress with French dressing.

Cayenne pepper is excellent to rid cupboards of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve tar so that it can be rubbed off.

To extract ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, dip in spirits of turpentine and let remain for several hours. Then rub thoroughly between the hands and the spots will disappear without changing either the color or texture of the goods.

When machining your thin silk blouse put a piece of paper underneath while you stitch. Then it will not drag, while the paper pulls off easily without any damage. This also applies when sewing other thin fabrics, such as net, ninon and delicate laces.

A refreshing night's sleep is almost an impossibility if the bed has been carelessly or improperly made, and one rises in the morning unfit for the day's duties, no matter what form the occupation takes. To a tired worker it is an absolute luxury to lie on a cool, comfortable bed, with just the correct amount of clothing, and each article properly arranged.

A salad of green peas is made with cold boiled green peas, a fresh firm lettuce, a sprig of parsley, minced; a few leaves of fresh green mint, and, if liked, a chive or two finely minced. Wash and trim the lettuce, and break it small. Put it into the salad bowl, and sprinkle the peas thoroughly among the lettuce; add the other ingredients, and pour over a simple dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt.

WORLD'S GREATEST BANK.

Lloyd's Now Leading Institution of its Kind.

With the recent acquisition of the Wilts & Dorset Banking Company, Lloyd's Bank of London becomes probably the greatest financial corporation of its kind, as its deposit and current account now aggregate more than 500 million dollars, says the Wall Street Journal.

Lloyd's Bank has a history extending over a long period of years, as the private bank out of which it was formed was established in 1765, and the present banking corporation was formed in 1865. Including its latest acquisition, the bank has absorbed no less than forty-eight other banking houses since 1865, and of these thirty-five were private banks, one of these dating back to 1677. The bank is represented in forty-five out of the fifty-two counties in England and Wales, and a subsidiary company was formed in 1911 to open a branch in Paris, an old French private banking house being taken over.

It is unusual for an English joint stock bank to organize a subsidiary company for doing business in a foreign country, but this plan had to be adopted. Under the French law, to conduct a banking business in France would have rendered the entire capital of the bank, no matter where located, subject to taxation. In all Lloyd's Bank now has 880 separate offices. While an incorporated bank, the traditions of the private banking days yet remain, and practically all officials of the bank and its branch managers were educated in private banking houses, and preference is always given to men so educated in taking on new employes.

Deaf and Dumb Professor.

A wonderful story of pluck and determination is revealed by the announcement that Mr. Anand Mackenzie is one of the new Masters of Arts at Cambridge. Mr. Mackenzie is deaf and dumb, and is the first individual so afflicted to take the degree of M.A. at an English university. His record is still more remarkable owing to the fact that he paid the fees out of his own earnings.

Politeness, taken in its best sense, is the graceful expression of respect, kind feeling and goodwill.

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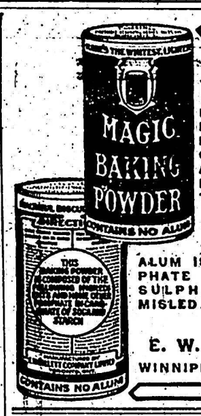

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BRITAIN'S CANAL RIGHTS

STATES IS IN HONOR BOUND TO TREAT NATIONS ALIKE.

Britain Seized Greytown in Nicaragua, and Clayton-Bulwer Treaty Followed.

How it came about that Great Britain was in a position to protest successfully to President Wilson against the proposed exemption of American coastwise shipping from the Panama Canal tolls, even though the United States has constructed the canal at enormous expense, is thus told in the Kansas City Star:

Back in the forties the United States was engaged in viewing with alarm—to use the words of the party platforms—the expansion of British possessions in Central America. The British Government owned, and still owns, a strip of Godforsaken country just south of Mexico on the Caribbean coast, known as British Honduras. In the decade immediately preceding the middle of the last century the British statesmen started in to acquire additional territory under the familiar guise of establishing a 'protectorate' for the benefit of a handy tribe of Indians.

"Pursuing this laudable end, her Majesty's forces seized the Nicaraguan town of San Juan del Norte, and re-named it Greytown. Now, Greytown was no ordinary banana village. It was at the mouth of the San Juan River, and at that time it was universally supposed that the only possible route for an Isthmian canal was by way of this river to Lake Nicaragua. If England controlled the mouth of the river it would control the short cut across the isthmus.

"Public opinion in the United States was aroused to a high stage of indignation. To ease the situation the Taylor Administration negotiated a treaty with England to stop further expansion of English territory in the neighborhood of the site of the canal and to insure its freedom from British control when it should be constructed. John M. Clayton, Secretary of State, conducted the negotiations for the United States, and Sir Henry Bulwer, British Minister, for Great Britain.

Terms of the Treaty.

It must be borne in mind that the United States at that time did not dream of undertaking the work of constructing the canal, and its sole purpose was to induce Great Britain to surrender the advantage of canal control which its seizure of territory would otherwise give it. Accordingly the treaty pledged each power not to assume dominion over any part of Central America, not to obtain exclusive control over any canal, wherever constructed, and not to erect fortifications overlooking the canal. Besides, the two powers agreed to guarantee the neutrality of the canal and to allow their war vessels to pass through it without molestation in the event of war.

"The treaty was ratified in 1850. It was understood in the United States that with the ratification the British protectorate in the neighborhood of the canal site would be abandoned. But England did not so understand the treaty, and it was not until 1860 that it met the expectations of the American negotiators.

"For many years the treaty remained wholly satisfactory to the United States, since it was interested only in preventing any British expansion in Central America. But when, along in the eighties, the question of the construction of a canal by the United States came to be agitated the treaty at once loomed up as a source of irritation. The shoe was then on the other foot. The United States no longer wanted to use the treaty to restrain England. It desired to have it abolished so as to release the American Government to act as it might see fit.

In Honor Bound.

For years there were threats of abrogating the treaty. But the treaty embodied no method for its termination, and England always protested that it had made substantial concessions in carrying out the treaty, so that the United States was bound in honor to observe it.

"Thus it fell out that when the American Government was ready to go to work in earnest on the canal it had to induce England to agree to a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This modification was the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, negotiated in 1901. The concession which England exacted for consenting to abandon the older treaty was the paragraph for equality of treatment in tolls to the ships of all nations. On this condition it agreed to surrender its rights over the canal.

"Thus the tolls controversy is founded on conditions growing out of British aggression in Central America more than 60 years ago."

COLD STORAGE EXPERIMENT.

Will be Made all Over France this Summer.

In the course of the summer a huge series of experiments will be made all over France with regard to the system of preserving foodstuffs in cold storage, by a commission, under the supervision of M. d'Arsonval, president of the French Cold Storage Associations, and with the support of the Ministers of Agriculture and Public Works.

From the first to the fifteenth of June cherries and meat will be tried at Sollies Pont. At Roscoff, on the Brittany coast, choice vegetables will be used, and at the beginning of July the commission will again experiment with fruit at Perpignan. The second half of July will be spent among the peaches, and the whole of August will be devoted at Concarneau to the various methods of preserving sardines, both for tinning and immediate consumption. September 1 will find the scientists at Nancy at work on beer and other stuffs, and the latter half of the month will be given to trials on fish at Boulogne.

In the middle of October the third Cold Storage Congress will be held at Rheims, and the year will be wound up by freezing turkeys, ducks and chickens in the Sologne country. Nothing before has been attempted on so elaborate and vast a scale, and the results should be watched with great interest by all interested in this colossal industry.

A Kiss Classified.

Marcella—Mr. Beanbrough is the most awkward person I know. Whenever he kisses anybody it sounds like a pistol shot.

Waverly—Seems to me it's more like a blunderbuss.

Paying Him a Compliment.

"I heard a woman flattering you yesterday, dear."

"Is that so? What did she say?"

"She was telling another woman that I married you for your money."

"Isn't Deeds, the lawyer, a rather extravagant man?" "By no means. I've known him to make one suit last for several years."

The last red cedar in North America is now held by British Columbia, and it is predicted that, within the next five or six years, hundreds of mills will be erected to saw the trees and prepare the wood for market.

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