A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was hot at Wood Green; but it was hotter still in Mayfair, where the season was drawing to a close with all the signs of a long-spun-out and exhausting dissolution. Women were waxing pale under the prolonged strain of entertainments which for the last week or two had been matters of duty rather than pleasure, and many a girl who had entered the lists of society a blushing and hopeful debutante with perhaps a ducal coronet in her mind's eye, was beginning to think she would have to be content with, say, the simpler one of a viscountess, or even to wed with no coronet at all. Many of the men were down at Cowes or golfing at St. Andrews; and those unfortunates who were detained in attendance at the House which continued to sit, like a "broody hen," as Howard said, longed and sighed for the coming of the magic twelfth of August, before which date they assured themselves the House must rise and so bring about their long-delayed holiday.

But one man showed no sign of weariness or a desire for rest; Sir Stephen's step was light and buoyant as ever on the hot pavement of Pall Mall, and on the still hotter one of the City; his face was as cheery, his manner as gay, and his voice as bright and free from care as those of a young man.

There is no elixir like success; and Sir Stephen was drinking deeply of the delicious draught. He had been well known for years; he was famous now. You could not open a newspaper without coming upon his name in the City article, and in the fashionable intelligence. Now it was a report of the meeting of some great company at which Sir Stephen had presided; at another time it occurred in a graphic account of a big party at the house he had rented in Grosvenor Square. It was a huge mansion, and the rent ran into many figures; but, as Howard remarked, it did not matter; Sir Stephen was rich enough to rent every house in the square. Sir Stephen had taken over the army of servants and lived in a state which was little short of princely; and lived alone; for Stafford, who was not fond of a big house, and still less fond of a large retinue, begged permission to remain at his own, by no means over-luxurious but rather modest rooms.

It is not improbable that he would have liked to have absented himself from the grand and lavish entertainments with which his father celebrated the success of his latest enterprise; but it was not possible, and Stafford was present at the dinners and luncheons, receptions and concerts which went on, apparently without a break at Clarendon House.

Indeed, he was in very [illegible] he should be present and in attendance on his [illegible], who appeared at every function. Maude was now almost as celebrated as Sir Stephen; for her beauty, her reputed wealth, and the fact that she was engaged to the son of Sir Stephen, had raised her to an exalted position in the fashionable world; and her name figured in the newspapers very nearly as often as that of the great financier. She had stepped from obscurity into that notoriety for which we all of us have such a morbid craving, almost in a single day; and she queened it with a languid grace and self-possession which established her position on a firm basis. Wherever she went she was the centre and object of a small crowd of courtiers; the men admired her, and the women envied her, for nowadays most women would rather marry wealth than rank, unless the latter were accompanied by a long rent roll; and in these hard times for landlords too many English noblemen have no rent roll at all, [illegible].

Excepting his father's, Stafford went to very few houses, and spent most of his time, when not in attendance on Maude, in the solitude of his own chambers, or in the smoking-room of one of the quieter of his clubs. Short as the time had been, the matter of a few weeks only since he had parted from Ida, he had greatly changed; so changed that [illegible] bright and buoyant and [illegible] Stephen seemed to be younger than his son. He was too busy, too absorbed in the pursuit of his ambition, in the steering of the enterprise he had so successfully launched to notice the change; but it was noticed by others, and especially by Howard. Often he watched Stafford moving about his father's crowded rooms, with the impassive face which men wear when they [illegible] like the Spartan boy concealed the fox which was gnawing at his vitals; Howard came upon him in a corner of a half-deserted smoking-room, with his eyes fixed on a newspaper which was never turned.

By that unwritten code by which we are all governed nowadays, Howard could not intrude by questioning his friend, and Stafford showed no signs of making any voluntary statement or explanation. He suffered in silence which [illegible] even his closest friend; and Howard pondered and worried in a futile attempt to guess at the trouble which had changed Stafford from a light-hearted man, with an immense capacity for enjoying himself, to a moody individual to whom the pleasures of life seemed absolutely distasteful.

One afternoon Howard sauntered into Stafford's room and found him sitting in his easy-chair with a book turned face downward on his knee, and his pipe in his mouth. Tiny, the black-and-tan terrier, who was lying coiled up in a cushion at his master's feet, heard Howard's step on the stairs, and barked slightly for a moment, then glancing at Stafford, with a reassuring air, curled himself up again and subsided into spasmodic growls and whines of welcome; for the mite was fond of Howard.

"Asleep, Staff?" he asked, as he dropped his hat on the table and sank on to the couch. "By Jove, you have the best of it, [illegible] out of the sun, at any rate, [illegible] that dog can lie on a stuffy cushion! I thought you were going down to Lady Brooke's, at Richmond, this afternoon?"

"Was it this afternoon?" said Stafford. "I'd forgotten. I'm sorry; but my father will be there and will look after Maude."

Howard glanced at the weary-looking face as he helped himself to a cigarette.

"You're well out of it! A lady who would give a garden-party on such an afternoon as this, is, indeed, la belle dame sans merci! Good heavens! when I think of the suffering votaries of fashion undergo in one season I've no pity left for the benighted Hindoo women who sacrifice themselves to Juggernaut. Which reminds me that there is a tremendous swagger function on at Clarendon House to-night; isn't there?"

Stafford nodded, and refilled and relit his pipe.

"Yes," he said. "I had forgotten it; but Maude sent me round a note to remind me of it, and, of course, I must go. I envy you, Howard; you can stay away."

"That's what I can't do," said Howard, with a whimsical smile. "I am drawn into the vortex; I am dragged at the chariot wheels of that wonderful father of yours. I am the victim of a peculiar kind of fascination which is as irresistible as the mesmeric influence or hypnotism. I feel towards Sir Stephen as I should feel towards Napoleon the Great, if he were alive. I follow and gaze at him, so to speak, with my mouth agape and a fatuous smile over a countenance which I at once flattered myself was intelligent. I am dazed, bewildered by his genius, his audacity, his marvellous courage and resource. Do you know, Stafford, I think it would be an excellent idea to abolish the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the monarchical government, and place the whole business in the hands of a board to be presided over by Sir Stephen."

Stafford drew at his pipe grimly and said nothing; and Howard went on in the gentle monotone characteristic of him:

"By the way, the mysterious and proverbial little bird has whispered to me that Sir Stephen will not be Sir Stephen much longer. In fact, that they are going to make a peer of him very shortly. And upon my word they couldn't find a better man for the place; for, unlike some noble lords you and I could mention, Staff, he will wear his robes and coronet—do they ever wear them now?—right nobly; and for once the House of Lords will get a man who knows his own mind, knows what he wants and the way to get it. And if you won't take offence, Staff, and throw things at me, I should like to remark that his son will prove a worthy successor. Can you fancy yourself in a peer's robe with a velvet-lined coronet, Staff?"

Stafford grunted for reply, and there was silence for a minute, during which Howard turned over the pages of one of the illustrated weeklies which lay on the table, and suddenly he looked up and exclaimed:

"Have you seen this?"

Stafford shook his head.

"I mean this portrait of Miss Falconer," said Howard, in a low voice. "It is wonderfully good," he went on, as he contemplated the full-length picture "wonderfully like her."

He handed the paper across and Stafford looked at it. It was an admirable reproduction of a photograph of Maude in evening-dress and made a truly splendid picture; and looking at it, one felt instantly how well a coronet, even a ducal one, would fit those level brows, beneath which the eyes looked out upon the world with a scarcely masked hauteur and disdain. A man might well be proud of such a woman for his future wife; but there was no pride in Stafford's face as his eyes dwelt moodily on the almost perfect face, the tall, svelte figure, in its long-trained robe. The splendor of her beauty oppressed him with a sense of shame; and with an involuntary exclamation, which sounded something like a groan, he let the paper slip from his hand, and drooped still lower in his chair. The sight of him was more than Howard could bear in silence, and he rose and laid a hand upon Stafford's shoulder.

"What's wrong, old man?" he enquired, in a very low voice. "You are out of sorts; you've been off color for some time past. Of course, I've noticed it. I've seen the look you wear on your face now come over it at moments when you ought to have been at your best and brightest. I've seen a look in your eyes when your lips have been smiling that has made me—uncomfortable. In short, Staff, you are getting on my nerves, and although I know it's like my cheek to mention the matter, and that you'll probably curse my impudence, I really should be grateful if you'd tell me what ails you; still more grateful if you'd let me help you to get rid of it. I know I'm an interfering idiot, but I'm fool enough to be fond of you—it's about the only weakness I've got, and I am ashamed of it; but there it is."

He laughed with a touch of self-contempt, with an attempt at his old cynicism; but Stafford understood the fictitious character of the laugh, and as he leant his chin in his hand, he gave a short nod of acknowledgment.

"Howard, do you remember that time when you and I were at Palermo?" he said, in a low voice, and as if he were communing with himself rather than answering his friend. "Do you remember that Italian we met there; the man who seemed so gay and careless, the man who appeared to have everything a fellow could desire, and to be the embodiment of prosperity and success? Do you remember how once or twice you and I saw a strange look on his face, perhaps while he was at dinner or fooling with the women in the salon—a look as if he had suddenly remembered something, as if something had flashed upon his mind in the midst of the laughter and music and brought him face to face with hell? You pointed him out to me one night; and we wondered what was the matter with him until he fell off his horse that day you and I were riding with him? Do you remember how, when we had unbuttoned his riding shirt, we found the 'D' that had been branded on his chest? We knew then what was the matter with him. He had been a deserter. The pain of hot iron had died out long ago, but the scar remained. He was no longer a common soldier; but rich and prosperous, a social success with, perhaps, his ambition gratified; but the 'D' was there all the time, and every now and then, even while he was 'enjoying' himself, he could feel the hot iron burning into his flesh, and he knew within the miserable little soul of him that he was a cur and a coward, that driven by fate, perhaps by some devilish accident of circumstance, he had lost his honor and sold himself to the devil."

Howard's face went pale and grave.

"I don't see where the application comes in, Staff," he said. "I don't see that anything in your case position resembles that poor wretch's."

Stafford rose, his face grim and stern.

"No; and I can't show you, Howard," he said. "Do you think that poor devil would have bared his breast and shown that 'D' to even his dearest friend? Good gracious, man, why do you badger me! Am I to wear the cap and bells always, do you expect me to be dancing like a clown, every moment of the day? Do I not play my part as well as I can? Who gave you the right to peer and pry—"

He recovered suddenly from the fit of fury and gripped Howard's arm as he almost shrank back from the burst of despairing rage.

"Forgive me, old man! I didn't mean to turn and rend you like this. I know you see there is something wrong. There is. But I can't tell you or any other man. There are some things that have to be borne in silence, some marks of the branding-iron which one dare not show to even one's dearest friend."

Howard turned aside and began to put on his gloves with great care. His hand shook and his voice also, slightly, as without raising his head, he said:

"Sure there's no help for it, Staff?"

"Sure and certain," responded Stafford. "Not even your wit and wisdom can be of any avail. I won't ask you not to speak of this again; it isn't necessary; but I will ask you never, by look or sign, to remind me of what I have just said to you. It escaped me unawares; but I'll keep a better watch on myself for the future, and not even the knowledge of your sympathy shall lure another moan out of me." He made a gesture with his hand and threw his head back as if he were sweeping something away; and in something like his usual voice he said, with perfect calmness: "By the way, Maude asked me to tell you not to be late to-night; to come before the crush arrives. I think she is relying on you to help her in some way or other."

Howard nodded, and speaking with his usual drawl, said:

"'Wake and call me early, mother.' I will be there in good time. Miss Falconer does me the great honor of permitting me to flatter myself that I am sometimes of some slight service to her. I imagine it is something about the cotillon, concerning which I am absolutely ignorant, and am therefore capable of offering any amount of advice. I am a whale at giving advice, and my only consolation is that no one is ever foolish enough to follow it; so that I can humor my little foible without suffering the terrors of responsibility. Au revoir, my dear Stafford, until this evening. Good-bye, Tiny! What a selfish little beast it is; he won't even raise his head!"

Stafford laughed and picked up the dog by the scruff of its neck, and it nestled against him lovingly, and licked his cheek. Howard went downstairs, still putting on his gloves, and as he opened the door, he swore under his breath fervently.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In obedience to Miss Falconer's command, Howard presented himself at Clarendon House at a comparatively early hour that evening. There were some guests staying in the house, among them Lady Clansford, who was still obliging enough to play the part of presiding genius; but they were all resting, or dressing for the ball, and the drawing-room, into which a couple of superbly liveried footmen showed Howard, was empty. But presently he heard the frou-frou of satin, and Maude Falconer swept in; her beauty, the splendor of her dress, the flashing of the diamonds in her hair and on her neck and arms, her queenly presence, almost made Howard catch his breath.

She came in with a languid grace, the air of hauteur which suited her so well, but as she saw that Howard was alone, the languor and the hauteur almost disappeared, and she came forward and gave him her hand, and he saw a look on her face which reminded him of that upon the ill-fated Italian, though it did not resemble it. For the first time he noticed a shade of anxiety on the level brow, something like a pathetic curve in the perfectly moulded lips; and he fancied that the gloved hand, which he held for a moment quivered.

"Is Stafford not with you?" she asked. "I thought he was coming early. His father expected him."

"No, I came alone," replied Howard. "But no doubt Stafford will be here presently."

She stood, calm and statuesque, but with her eyes downcast for a moment, then she raised them and looked at him.

"About this cotillon," she said; then she broke off: "Do you know what is going to happen to-night? It is a secret, but—but I feel as if I must tell you, though I am betraying Sir Stephen's confidence. He tells me everything—more than he tells even Stafford. Strange as it may seem, he—he is fond of me."

"That does not seem strange to me," said Howard, with a little bow.

She made a slight gesture of impatience.

"It seems extraordinary to me," she said, with a touch of bitterness. "So few persons are fond of me."

Howard smiled.

"For once I must be guilty of contradicting a lady," he said. "When I reflect that to-night I shall form one of a band of devoted courtiers who will throng round you in the hopeless pangs of despair—"

She repeated the gesture of impatience.

"Have you seen Stafford to-day?" she asked, looking down.

"I saw him a few hours ago," he replied, "at his rooms."

"At his rooms," she repeated, with a slight frown and a quick glance; "He promised to come to Richmond. Why did he not do so? Is he—ill?"

"Ill?" said Howard, raising his brows and smiling, for he knew the meaning of loyalty to a friend. "I never saw him in better spirits in my life, he was quite hilarious."

Her eyes flashed upon him keenly, but he met them with his slow, cynical smile.

"He must have been very different to what he usually is," she said. "I have not seen him laugh since since we left Bryndermere." Her lips came tightly together, and she looked at him and then away from him. "Mr. Howard, you are his friend, his closest friend, I want you to tell me— But, no; you would not speak if you were on the rack, would you? No one sees, no one speaks; it is only I who, always watching him, see that there is something wrong. And I—I am so helpless!"

The outburst was so unlike her, the dropping of the mask of pride and self-possession was so sudden that Howard was startled; but no sign of his emotion revealed itself upon the placid face, upon which his serene smile did not waver for an instant.

"I think you are availing yourself of a lady's privilege and indulging in a fancy, Miss Falconer," he said. "Stafford is perfectly well, and, of course, is perfectly happy—how could he be otherwise?" He bent his head slightly. "Perhaps he may be a little tired. Alas! we are not all endowed with the splendid energy which the gods have bestowed on you and Sir Stephen; and the heat is enough to take the backbone out of anyone less gifted."

She checked a sigh, as if she understood that it was useless to appeal to him, and after a pause Howard said:

"You haven't told me the great secret yet."

She seemed to wake from a reverie, and said, listlessly:

"It will not be a secret for many hours. Sir Stephen is expecting the peerage to-night. The official intimation should have reached him by midday; but the prime minister did not return to London till this afternoon and the formalities were not completed. I thing it will be announced to-night."

(To be continued.)

An Incident of the War.

French cavalrymen aiding a wounded comrade.

REVENGE AFTER 44 YEARS.

How the Second Battle of Sedan Was Fought.

During the strategical retreat of the allies southward from the Belgian frontier, the French troops exacted from the Germans bloody revenge for the French defeat at Sedan 44 years before.

On this same battlefield, according to the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail, the Germans suffered one of the worst defeats of their present invasion. They were led into a trap which cost them thousands of men, he says. The French could have held their position indefinitely, but strategy required them to continue falling back with the remainder of the allies along the line. Here is the story of the second battle of the Sedan, as told by the correspondent:

"The French general ordered his troops to fall back across the river and take up positions on the opposite heights. The bridges were mined, but were left standing in order to deceive the Germans into thinking that the French were retreating hastily. The ruse succeeded. The Germans advanced across the bridges in close formation. When several German regiments had crossed, the French blew up the bridges and the French artillery started firing at a hundred German columns, which retreated hastily to the river, only to find the bridges gone.

"The French regiments then advanced with quick firers and the merciless slaying continued until dusk. Many Germans threw down their arms and attempted to swim the river, and large numbers were drowned. When nightfall came the French brought up searchlights and continued the work of carnage.

"The artillery threw shells at the rate of a dozen rounds a minute into the German ranks, and varied its tactics by throwing incendiary shells into the forest where part of the German force had taken refuge. The burning woods lit up the whole front of fifteen miles.

"In the morning an armistice of two hours was granted to allow the Germans to bury their dead. The French had suffered the loss of only a handful."

One on the Other—Doctor—You should take three or four eggs daily for a month to build you up. Patient—But doctor, I cannot afford it. Doctor—Well then you must take a trip to Europe.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Ten-Minute Cabbage.—Chop a cabbage as fine as for salad. Have ready a kettle of boiling water. Salt the water and put the cabbage in. Let the water boil exactly ten minutes, and then drain it off. Season the cabbage with pepper, salt and butter.

Cider Apple Sauce.—Boil four quarts of new cider until it is reduced to two quarts. Add enough pared and quartered sweet apples to fill the kettle. Cook slowly over a moderate fire for four hours. Cassia may be added if desired. In a cool place this apple sauce may be kept in a stone jar without sealing. It may be served with almost any kind of meat, but it is particularly good with roast pork.

Liver and Bacon Entree.—Cut four slices of fried bacon, four slices of fried liver, and two medium-sized boiled potatoes into very small squares; add two cupfuls of toast crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and a little savory. Place the mixture in a baking dish, and pour over it one pint of milk with which you have mixed two well-beaten eggs. Sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake until brown. Do not allow it to become too dry.

Salmon and Green Peas.—Drop a can of salmon into boiling water and thoroughly heat. Open the can, drain off the liquid, break the salmon up and spread on a hot platter. Have ready one can of cooked peas. Make a white sauce and heat the peas in it. Pour over the salmon and serve hot.

Sour Cream Cake.—One cup sugar creamed with one heaping tablespoon butter, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup sour cream. Stir one scant level teaspoon of soda into the sour cream and one rounding teaspoon of baking powder into two cups of flour. Bake either in layers or loaf and frost with marshmallow frosting.

Baked Iced Cream.—Lay a sponge cake one and a half inches on firm thick pasteboard and place it upon a granite biscuit pan. In the centre of the cake place a brick of ice cream. Cover the cream closely with a meringue of beaten whites of two eggs, with two tablespoons of sugar. Be careful that the meringue covers every particle of the cream. Sprinkle with chopped almonds or sliced marshmallows. Place in a hot oven till slightly browned. Serve at once. Cut in slices on ice cold plates.

Molasses Cocoanut Wafers.—Boil two cupfuls of molasses and one cupful of butter together for half an hour. Add one-half cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of desiccated cocoanut, and one teaspoonful of soda. Boil the mixture ten minutes, and stir it constantly. Drop it in small lumps on a buttered pan, and bake the lumps until they bubble. They should be well separated from one another, for they spread much in baking. To prevent the wafers from sticking to the pan, remove them as soon as you take them from the oven. Use this receipt in cool weather.

Simple Pineapple Dessert.—Pour one can of shredded or one jar of preserved pineapple into a deep dish. Add about one-quarter of a pound of marshmallows cut in quarters. If canned pineapple is used, allow more marshmallows; if preserved pineapple, less marshmallows, for they sweeten the dessert. Let the mixture stand overnight in a cold place. When you are ready to serve it, whip half a pint of thick cream, and two-thirds of this to the mixture, and stir it in thoroughly. Serve it very cold in punch cups, with the rest of the cream to garnish the top.

New England Frozen Pudding.—Toast steamed brown bread until it is crisp, then roll or grind it in a chopper until it is fine. Allow one-half of a cupful of bread to each pint of cream. Shell and blanch filberts, roast them slightly, and grind them exceedingly fine. Allow one cupful of nuts to each pint of cream. Beat the white of two eggs until it is dry and stiff, and add slowly a syrup made of one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of water cooked to 238 degrees. Continue to beat the mass until it is stiff and cold; add the pint of heavy cream, beaten stiff, and the nuts and bread. Put the mixture into a mould, pack it with ice and salt, and leave it for four or five hours.

Whole Wheat Gingerbread.—Four tablespoons sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, two eggs, two cups flour, two cups whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful baking soda, one-half cup seeded raisins, one-half cup chopped walnut meats, three tablespoons chopped citron, one and one-half cup syrup, one-half teaspoon ground mace, one teaspoon ground ginger, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-quarter cupful sour milk. Mix flour, add spices, citron, raisins and nuts. Melt butter, syrup and sugar, then cool. Add them with well-beaten eggs and sour milk in which soda has been dissolved, to dry ingredients. Mix well and bake in a well-greased and floured tin in moderate oven for one hour. When baking graham bread or whole wheat bread raised with yeast, if three tablespoonfuls of syrup and a half teaspoonful of baking soda are added, instead of sugar, the bread will remain moist longer and will not crumble so easily.

Mending Hints.

If a glove splits at the thumb or near a seam a sure and permanent way to repair it is to buttonhole the kid either side of the split, then sew the buttonholed edges together. The result will be a new firm seam that will never tear again. When buttonholing be sure to take a good hold of the kid, otherwise the stitches will pull out from the kid.

All stockings, no matter whether of silk, lisle thread or cotton, should be darned with darning silk. It makes a neater darn and is never hard on the foot, and also it wears better. Darning cotton is usually poor stuff.

When a hand-embroidered blouse begins to show wear and little holes appear, simply buttonhole around the tear or embroider a dot over the worn place. The effect will be good and the blouse will last much longer if repaired in this way.

Household Hints.

Clean tarnished silver with a piece of common raw potato dipped in baking soda.

Tin and iron should not be cleaned when hot, as they rust. They should be well dried.

Linoleum which has been rolled and put away can be prevented from cracking by placing it for a few minutes in front of a fire before it is unrolled.

When ironing have a number of coat hangers upon which to put waists, children's dresses, etc.

Before cleaning knives on a knife-board dampen them slightly. They clean more quickly and gain a better polish.

To bake potatoes quickly, put them in salted water and boil ten minutes, then put them into the oven and they will be heated through and so will take less time in the oven.

Ripe tomatoes are exceedingly good for the complexion. They may be rubbed on the face, neck and hands and allowed to dry, then washed off with clear water. They are very bleaching.

If peach stains are removed at once they will come out readily; if not, a bad brown stain will be left. Wet the spot with cold water, spread on a thin layer of cream of tartar and lay it in the sun.

For delicate persons who are weak and anaemic the nourishing qualities of linseed tea will be quite a revelation. It produces flesh, is soothing and laxative and easily digested.

Little squares of blotting paper hung in the dress closet, moistened once a week with perfume, will be found to be most efficient sachet, for the odor seems to permeate and remain in the garments longer.

It is a good plan to pepper a carpet thickly just where any heavy piece of furniture has to rest on it, as this helps to keep the moths and other insects away.

Never throw away cake no matter how [illegible]—but the next time you bake a custard slice it on top before putting into the oven. This makes a delicious caramel crust.

Before darning stockings, hold the card or skein of wool over the spout of a kettle full of boiling water. The steam shrinks the wool, and when the stockings are again washed the mended portion will not shrink and tear the other parts.

As soon as the celery has a fine flavor combine it with oysters for a salad course for your Sunday night tea. Fry half a dozen large oysters rolled in cracker or bread crumbs in a small tablespoonful of butter and set them away to cool. Then add six tablespoonfuls of celery and salad dressing.

A Lesson to Him.

A man who was extravagantly fond of his dogs one day saw his youngest son kick a favorite pup. "You unmannerly young cub," roared the irate parent. "How dare you kick my dog? I'll teach you how to behave yourself better!" When the offender had been soundly thrashed the father wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Let this be a lesson to you," he said, "how to treat any dogs! And, now that I think of it, you've been disrespectful to your mother of late."

A rifleman in telling a story said—"My aim is always to tell the truth." "Yes," said a brother private, "but you're the worst shot in the regiment."

THE AMAZING GERMAN ARMY

AN ARTICLE SHOWING ITS WONDERFUL DETAIL

United States Newspaper Correspondents Write of It.

Six American newspapermen representing various newspapers and news associations—Irvin S. Cobb, Roger Lewis, John T. McCutcheon, James O. Bennett, Harry Hansen and Arnold Dosch—[illegible] arrested [illegible] by the Germans in Brussels [illegible] within the German lines. They have been permitted to follow the German army provided they keep twenty miles away from the firing line.

They are having the time of their lives. They are extremely well treated by the Germans. One of the letters smuggled [illegible] contains the following interesting details of the thoroughness of the German army organization:

"Before the present war began no one outside of a few in the army knew the color of the uniforms that were to be worn. Four million new uniforms made of the peculiar dust colored grey that blends so completely with a landscape, awaited the men who were to wear them.

Double Buttons.

"An item in the making of these uniforms illustrates the German ingenuity and thoroughness of attention to minute details. Suspender buttons were sewn doubly fast on trousers instead of singly, so that in case of the bursting of a button under the strain of moving artillery, a soldier simply moves the suspender along to the next button.

"In four million lockers in barracks throughout the empire were these uniforms, each locker marked with the name of the man who was to use the contents. In each locker was a complete uniform, underclothing, socks, boots, [illegible] already loaded and [illegible] ready for instant use, and a canteen [illegible] filled with fresh water. Each day this water has been replaced by fresh water.

"In each locker was a stout paper bag with string attached, and on the bag was written the address to where it should be sent. When the order to mobilize came every man subject to the first call to duty consulted his badge and found that he was to go at once to a certain locker in a certain place, and in that locker he would find his complete equipment.

Amazing Detail.

"Arriving at the depot he was to put on his uniform, and in a few minutes he was a soldier, complete from the soles of his heavy boots to his cap. Almost instantly he was ready for the field.

"He was then to wrap his civilian clothes in the paper, already addressed, and leave the bundle in the locker, from where it would be collected and sent to his home.

"By means of such a thorough system the German army was mobilized so quickly and systematically that the world was amazed. Complete regiments, officers, horses, men, even the band, were ready for service at the end of the first twenty-four hours.

"Even the German in distant countries knows that his uniform is waiting for him in a locker for which he carries the key.

"The secret of German military efficiency," said a German officer, "was to good infantry, good cannon and good cooking. Every morning the soldiers are given a hot breakfast. They march or fight until noon, when they are given a hot lunch; then they march [illegible]

RHEUMATIC MISERY

Can Only Be Cured Through the Blood—Liniments of No Use

In no disease does the blood become thin so rapidly as in rheumatism. Not only does it become thin, but it is loaded with impurities, rheumatic poisons. Without proper treatment these poisons increase, the inflamed joints swell, and the patient becomes a cripple. There are a number of methods of treating rheumatism, most of them aiming to keep down the rheumatic poisons until nature can build up the blood sufficiently to overcome them. But unfavorable conditions of cold or dampness may give the disease the advantage, and a relapse or renewed attack follows. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up the blood [illegible]

Breakfasts of Other Days

ran something like this:

Ham, bacon [illegible] fried potatoes; [illegible] and coffee—prepared by overworked mother.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or [illegible] poached egg or [illegible] toast; and a cup [illegible] —a royal starter [illegible] day.

Quick, easy to [illegible] petizing, and [illegible]

"Mother" has it [illegible]

—Sold, by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Windsor, Ont.