A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Yes, my father bought the place," said Maude. "I asked him to do so, and he consented at once. I could not have let it pass to strangers. You see, I had been so happy here; it was here that you asked me to be your wife. And father has offered to settle it upon us," she blushed slightly, and her eyes became demure. "He is no longer opposed to our marriage; he knows that I would marry you if all the world cried 'No!'"

They had been sitting talking for nearly an hour. She had recovered from the shock of his sudden presence, and was seated beside him—so close that she could touch him with her hand—calm now, but with a glow in her usually pale cheek, a light in her eyes which had been absent for many a weary month past. He had given her, mostly in answer to her eager questions, a very abbreviated account of his life in Australia; telling her less even than he had told Ida; and it is needless to remark, saying nothing of the cause of his hasty return.

"Ah, well," she said, drawing a long breath, "it is all over now, Stafford. Ah, it is good to have you back safe and sound. You are well, are you not? You look pale and thin and tired. But I suppose it's the journey. Yes, it is all over; you need not wonder any longer; you have come back to me, have you not, dear? If you knew how I have missed you, how I have longed for you! And now you will settle down and take your place in the world and be happy! Do you think I shall not make you happy, Stafford? Oh, do not be afraid," her eyes sought his and her hand stole towards his arm.

He rose and leant against the mantelshelf.

"I only know that I am quite unworthy of you, Maude," he said, gravely.

She looked up at him and laughed.

"Are you? Who cares? Not I! I only know that I love you so dearly that if you were the blackest villain to be found in Portland it would make no difference to me."

He winced with shame and self-reproach and turned away his head that she might not see the shame in his eyes.

"How did you come?" she asked, presently. "If my father were only at home! You could stay with us, then."

"I am staying at 'The Woodman,'" he said.

She regarded him with some surprise.

"Last night? Late, do you mean? Did you meet—anyone?"

There was a dawning suspicion in her eyes, and she regarded his averted face keenly; she noticed that he hesitated and was ill-at-ease.

"No one you know," he replied, feeling that it was impossible for him to speak Ida's name.

"How do you know?" she asked, with a quick glance. "Who was it?"

"I mean Miss Heerondale of Heerondale," he said, trying to speak casually, and wondering why he would say, hoping fervently that she could ask no more questions.

The blood rushed to her face, her eyes flashed and her lips tightened; but she did not ask, she moved away to the mantelpiece, where he had gone to her the moment he had returned; what did it mean? But she dared not ask; for she knew from his tone how slight was the chance he was giving her. With an effort she repressed the rage, the hot jealousy which threatened to burst forth in violent upbraidings and accusations; and in a minute or two she turned to him, outwardly calm and smiling.

"Have you made any plans, Stafford?" she asked. "My father was speaking of your return; he thought of writing to you. There must be no reserve between us now that you have come back, you know, I speak quite frankly. My father thinks that our marriage should take place at once. He has withdrawn his objection, and you will not threaten him, Stafford? It is hard for me to have to say this; but, but you will understand."

"I understand," he said in a low voice. "I am glad to spare your father. Our marriage will take place as soon as you please—it is for you to fix the date, Maude."

She rested again him and touched his coat with her lips.

"I am ashamed of myself," she murmured; "but, oh, well, love conquers all shame."

A servant knocked at the door.

"The horse is round, miss," he announced.

"I was going for a ride," she said, "but I will send the horse away instead. You will ride with me. You will, Stafford?"

"Certainly," he said, glad of the interruption to this tete-a-tete which had been to him a positive torture.

"I will not be five minutes," she said, breathlessly. "Would like to go over the house? There shall bring you something to drink in the smoking-room, or here, if you like; you are lord and master."

She went up to her room, and, when she had rung for her maid, paced up and down, fever-ishly. He had gone to that room to be alone; he had come to her, she was racked with hate and jealousy, which were the harder to bear because she knew she must hide them within her bosom, that no word or look of hers must let him see that she knew of her rival. Some time after they were married, she would tell him, but not till she was safe. She got into her habit quickly and went down to hall; he was standing where she had left him, and as she entered the room she saw, before he had time to turn to her, with a smile, how haggard and haggered he looked.

"You have been quick," he said.

"Yes; I am learning one of my wifely duties, not to keep my husband waiting."

They went out, and Pettinger standing by the horse, touched his hat and grew red with joy at sight of his master.

"Well, Pettinger! Glad to see you," said Stafford; and he was genuinely glad. "You're looking well, and the horse is too. Hallo! you've put the side-saddle on Adonis," he added, as he went up and patted the horse.

Pettinger touched his hat again.

"Yes, sir; Miss Falconer's been riding him, and I did not know that I ought to change the saddle. I can do so in a minute."

"No, no," said Stafford, "never mind. I will ride the hunter, as you have the saddle on him. You like Adonis, Maude?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Though I'm not quite sure he likes me," she added, with a laugh.

Stafford put her up, and noticed, with some surprise, that Adonis seemed restless and ill at ease, and that he shivered and shrank as he felt Maude on his back.

"What is the matter with him?" he said. "He seems fidgety. Does the saddle fit?"

"Yes, sir," said Pettinger, with a half-nervous glance at Maude, followed by the imploring expression of the trained servant who cannot speak out.

"He is troublesome sometimes," said Maude, "but I can manage him quite easily."

"Oh, yes," assented Stafford; "he is as quiet as a lamb; but he is highly bred and as highly strung."

As they were starting, Pettinger murmured:

"Don't curb him too tightly, miss."

Maude ignored the warning, and she and Stafford rode out. The rain had ceased, the clouds had passed away, and in the joy of his nearness, her spirits rose, a feeling of triumph swelled in her bosom.

"How little I thought yesterday, even this morning, that we should be riding side by side, Stafford," she said. "How little I thought I should have you back again, my own, my very own! Don't all these months you've been away seem like a dream to you? They do to me." She drew a long breath. "Let us ride across the dale."

"You will find it wet there, kid; you not better keep to the road?"

"No, no," she said; "Adonis is dying for a gallop; see how he is fretting."

Stafford looked at the horse curiously. He was champing his bit and throwing up his head in a nervous, agitated manner which Stafford had never seen him display before.

"I cannot make the horse out," he said, more to himself than Maude. "Perhaps he'll be all right after a gallop."

They crossed the road at a trot, which was an uneven one on Adonis's part, and got on the moor. Maude, still in high spirit, still buoyed up by her feeling of triumph, talked continuously; telling him some of the London news, planning out their future. They would have a house in London, Stafford should take his proper place in the world; they would step back into the high position which was his by right, as a peer of the realm. Stafford was scarcely listening. A question was haunting him, a question which he could not thrust from him; he was going to marry Maude Falconer, going to take the hard and stony road of duty which Ida, in her noble way, had pointed out to him. Ought he not to tell Maude about Ida and his broken engagement to her; would it not be better for both of them for all of them, if he were to do so? He would have to tell her that he could not live at the Villa; she would want to know the reason; would it not be better to tell her?

He raised his head to begin; when suddenly he saw, going up the hill in front of them, a horse and horsewoman. She was walking up slowly, and, long before her figure stood out against the clear sky, he saw that it was Ida. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that his heart stood still. That she should have appeared before him in his sight, at such a moment, while he was riding beside his future wife—his future wife—filled him with bitterness. His face must have paled, or Maude must have seen him start, for she looked at him and then turned her head and looked in the direction in which his eyes were fixed. She recognized Ida instantly; the color rushed to her face; her hand tightened on her rein spasmodically; for a moment she felt inclined to turn aside, to ride away, escape from the girl she hated and loathed. And then she was moved by another impulse; the demon of jealousy whispered: "This is the moment of your triumph; why not enjoy it to the full; why not let her feel the bitterness of defeat? There is your rival! Let her see with her own eyes your triumph and your happiness." The temptation was too great for her, and she yielded to it.

"Who is that riding up the hill?" she said, controlling her voice admirably. "It is Miss Heron, is it not?"

"Yes, it is," he said, as impassively as she could.

Her lips curled scornfully at his assumption of indifference.

"I have seen her and met her," she said, "but I have not been introduced to her. Let us overtake her, and you can introduce me. I should like to know her."

He looked straight before him, his face grave and set.

"Is it worth while?" he said in a low voice. "Some other time——"

"Why not now?" she asked. "We can catch her quite easily."

The moment had come for him to tell her.

"Not now," he said, huskily. "I have something to tell you, Maude; something you ought to know before—before you make Miss Heron's acquaintance."

She turned to him with a low laugh.

"Do you think I don't know?" she said, between her teeth. "I have known all along! I read the letter you wrote to her—I got it, stole it, if you like from Pottinger. I have known all along—do you not think I have been very patient, very discreet? Even now I bear no malice. I can forget the past, forget and forgive. Why should I not, seeing that I am assured of your love and good faith? You will see how completely I forget, how little importance I attach to your fancy for the girl; a fancy which I am sure you have quite outgrown. Oh, I can trust you! We will join Miss Heron by all means."

His face was dark and heavy.

"Do not, Maude, until you've heard all," he began, but with a scornful laugh that yet had something doubting and desperate in it, she sent Adonis on. He sprang forward nervously and shivering under a stroke from her whip, and swiftly lessened the distance between him and Rupert, who heard his approach before Ida did, and who neighed a welcome. Ida turned and saw who was following her; saw Stafford just behind, and gathering her reins together she rode Rupert quickly to the top of the hill.

"Miss Heron!" cried Maude, in a voice of covert insolence, but almost open triumph. "Miss Heron, stop, please!"

Ida did stop for a moment, then, feeling that it was impossible for her to meet them, that day, at any rate, she let Rupert go again. By this time Stafford had almost gained Maude's side. His face was dark with anger, his teeth clenched tightly. He knew that Maude intended to flaunt her possession of him before Ida. In a low but perfectly distinct voice, he said:

"Stop, Maude! Do not follow her!"

She looked over her shoulder at him, her face flushed, her eyes flashing.

"Why not?" she demanded, scornfully. "Is she afraid, or is it you who are afraid? Both, perhaps? We shall see!"

Before he could catch her rein she had struck Adonis twice with the sharp, cutting whip, and with a shake of his head and a snort of rage and resentment, he stood on his haunches, for a moment, then leapt forward and began to race down the hill. Stafford saw that the horse had bolted, either from fear or anger; he knew that it would only increase Maude's peril if he galloped in pursuit behind her; he, therefore, checked his horse and made a slanting line, for a point towards which he judged Adonis would go. Meanwhile, Maude was swaying in her saddle, in which she could only sit by clutching at the pommel; the horse itself must fall and throw her like a stone down the steep hill.

Ida, the moment she had got over the top of the hill, had ridden quickly, and, of course, quite fearlessly and safely, and had Rupert so well in hand as usual, that when she heard the clatter behind her, and turning, saw the peril in which Maude had put herself, she was able to pull Rupert up. It was almost a repition of what had occurred the other day; but this time Maude Falconer's peril was infinitely greater; for her horse was half maddened and racing down the steep hill-side, rendered doubly dangerous by the loose stones, and was all too evidently indifferent whether he stood or fell. And yet another risk lay just below; for William had been digging in that spot for stones to mend the bank, and even if the maddened horse saw the hole, it was more than probable that he would not be able to pull up in time.

Such moments as these form the criterion of true courage. There was only one way in which Ida could save, or attempt to save, the white-faced woman who was drawing towards her at breakneck speed. What she would have to attempt to do would be to ride straight for the oncoming horse, sweep almost as she reached it, and keep side by side with it until she could succeed either in turning it away from that horrible hole, or stop it by throwing it. She did not hesitate for a moment.

It may be said in all truth that at that moment she forgot that the woman whose life she was going to save was Maude Falconer; she did not realize the fact—or, if she did, she was indifferent to it—that she was risking her own life to save the woman who had robbed her of Stafford. There was the life to be saved, and that was enough for Ida. She slipped her foot almost out of the stirrup, fell Rupert's mouth firmly but gently, leant forward and whispered a word to him, which, it is very likely he understood—perhaps he saw all the game even before she did—and, with an encouraging touch of her hand, she let him go.

He sprang forward like an arrow from the bow, as they drew near the flying horse. Ida shifted her whip to her left hand, so that her right should be free, and, leaning as far in the saddle as she could with safety, she made a snatch at Adonis's rein at the moment she came alongside him. She would have caught the rein, she might have stopped the horse or turned it aside, but as her fingers almost grasped it, Maude, steadied in her seat by the nearness of her would-be rescuer, raised her whip and struck Ida across the brain and across the outstretched hand. The blow, in its finish, fell on Adonis's reeking neck. With a snort he tore away from the other horse and swept onwards, with Maude once again swaying in her saddle. Ida gazed at her in speechless terror for an instant, then, as if she could look no longer she flung her arm across her eyes.

A moment afterwards, a shrill scream, that rang in her ears for many a day afterwards, rose above the clatter of Adonis's hoofs, and before the cry had died away horse and rider had fallen with awful force into and across the hole. Then came a dead silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's iron shoes as he kicked wildly, and pawed in a vain attempt to rise. Ida rode up, and flinging herself to the ground, tried to approach the struggling animal. But, indeed, it was horror and not fear that struck her motionless for a moment; for horse and rider were mixed in awful confusion, and already Maude Falconer's graceful form was stained with blood, and battered by the madly kicking animal, now in its death-throes.

An instant after, before she could recover from her paralysis of terror—the whole affair was one of a moment and had passed as quickly as a flitting cloud, Stafford was by her side, and at work extricating woman from horse. It was not an easy task, for though Adonis was now dead, of a broken back, a part of Maude's body lay under his shoulder; but with almost herculean strength Stafford succeeded in getting her clear, and lifted her out of the hole on to the grass. Kneeling beside him, Ida, calm now, and trembling, raised Maude's head on her knee and wiped the blood from the beautiful face. Its loveliness was not marred, there was no bruise nor cut upon it, the blood having flown from a wound just behind the temple.

Stafford ran to the brook for some water and tried to force a few drops through the clenched teeth, while Ida bathed the white brow. Suddenly a tremor ran through him, and he put his hand over Maude's heart. It was quite still; he bent his cheek to her lips; no breath met them. For a moment or two he could not speak, though he stayed Ida's ministering hand, and looking up at her, said:

"It is of no use. She is dead!"

(To be continued.)

"To Fight Till Men Slay Men No More"

The following poem was written by a young officer—Lieut. Stanley C. S. Kerr, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers company, 20th Battalion, a son of Senator J. K. Kerr. It is entitled "To England."

To England!

Oh! mightiest mother of nations,
Thy peoples hear thy call.
Strike with thy sword and vanquish
Thy foe that's the foe of all!

Steady thy hand for the struggle!
Hark to thy peoples' strain!
That the lives which are lost in the battle
Have passed, but not in vain.

For the grave can gain no victory,
The sting of death must cease;
For the lives that are lost for freedom
Are gained for a blessed peace.

From the swollen lips of the dying,
Parched with a fevered thirst;

Lieut. Stanley C. S. Kerr.

From the broken hearts of thy peoples
Comes a cry 'gainst the Prussian curse.
For the sake of thy unborn children,
For the grief of thy womenkind,
Who sit and suffer in anguish,
Whom the dead have left behind.

For the life of thy love and honor;
For thy Empire's snow-white name;
For thy kith and kin who have perished
In the war 'gainst gruesome gain:
Let thy cannon roar with anguish,
Let thy armies strive and strain,
Till the Prussian breed is broken
And his race hath ceased to reign.

Fight on to the end and conquer!
And run thy course to the last.
Is the cry of all thy peoples;
Is the prayer of those who've passed.
Purge out the pride of this Caesar!
Humble him down to the dust!
Strike out his sword from its scabbard!
Leave it to mould and rust!

Fight on! Fight on! To the finish.
While our lifeblood flows within,
Till we've crushed and conquered Caesar,
And we've cleansed his blood-ful sin;
Till freedom's cause has triumphed,
Till men slay men no more,
Till the sword is smashed forever,
And the nations cease to war.

—Stanley C. S. Kerr.

Brace up.

The following advice is not new, but it deserves to be repeated and borne constantly in mind:—"Resist the first inclination to stoop. Brace up whenever the shoulders settle in the least. To place oneself sidewise before a mirror and allow the back to curve forward, then gradually to straighten it will convince anyone that, with every inch that is raised, ten years seem to be taken from the apparent age." Women adopt many and varied methods of holding on to a youthful figure, but this is by far the best, for it involves no deception or artificiality. Some people are quite as attractive in old age as they were in their youth, but it is not those who "let themselves go" and sink into an appearance of having lost their interest in life.

His First Company.

An English recruit was stopped in the street recently by an officer for failing to salute. The young fellow confessed his ignorance of the regulations (having only just enlisted), and received an impromptu lesson. The dialogue concluded the recruit saluted correctly. "By the way," said the officer, "to what company do you belong?" "Please, sir, to the Wigan Coal and Iron Company," was the reply.

HOME

Vegetable Left-Overs.

The English have an odd way of using left-over vegetables for a very pretty as well as a palatable dish. It is called vegetable mould and can be made from almost any combination of vegetables. Rub cold cabbage through a wire sieve, also some cold carrots and turnips, keeping each vegetable separate. Add to each a little melted butter and season with pepper and salt. Grease a small mould and put the vegetables in in layers. Then bake or steam until the mould is hot all through. Turn out carefully and serve. Other vegetables may be used in the same way, and the lighter the color of the vegetables the more unusual and attractive the mould will be.

"Colcannon" is another English dish, simple to prepare and seldom seen in this country. This is made from cold left-over cabbage and potatoes. Cut the potatoes in slices and fry brown in dripping; when they are browned add the sliced cold cabbage and fry lightly together. Season well and serve.

A puree of peas, made in very much the same manner, offers a solution for left-over peas, and may also be made with the dried peas if they are soaked and boiled a sufficiently long time. Mash and press the boiled peas through a sieve. Place them in a saucepan and stir into them enough hot milk and pepper and salt to well moisten and season them; add also butter and very little sugar. This may be served like mashed potatoes, or, if preferred it can be turned into a baking dish and slightly browned in the oven.

Uses for Stale Bread.

Not a crust of stale bread should be thrown away, for it is not only useful for the crumbs which every householder keeps on hand to use in frying and scalloping, but may be used in countless other ways. Toast, of course, is always better when made from yesterday's bread and to make good toast is no mean art. Buttered toast, which makes a very good luncheon dish, is made from slightly stale bread. Heat a dish and stand it over hot water; toast several evenly sliced pieces of bread and spread them generously with slightly softened butter. Sprinkle with salt; place them in the hot dish and stand for a minute or two in a hot oven; serve in a covered dish.

Milk toast is delicious when properly made, but it is so simple that people are apt to make it carelessly. Here is a recipe that, faithfully followed, makes perfect milk toast. Make a dry toast, spread with butter and sprinkle with salt. Place it in the dish in which it is to be served. Pour over it a little boiling water; cover and place in the oven for a few minutes to steam.

Put into a saucepan one teaspoonful of butter. When it bubbles, stir in a teaspoonful of flour and let it cook without coloring. Add slowly, stirring all the time, one cupful of milk. Cook until slightly thickened and add a saltspoonful of salt. Pour this thickened milk over the softened toast just before serving.

Stale bread as crumbs or soaked in milk, custard, or stock, may be used in the making of many sweet puddings, such as bread and butter pudding, apple Betty, plum pudding, cheese pudding, etc.

Useful Hints.

Whiting and ammonia are best for cleaning nickel.

Vinegar placed in a bottle of dried-up glue will moisten and make it liquid again.

To keep irons from rusting rub with mutton fat and wrap in brown paper before putting away.

Cereals will not become pasty in cooking if they are stirred with a plated fork instead of a spoon.

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

Faded silks may be restored in color by immersing them in soapsuds to which a little pearlash has been added.

Nail stains may be removed from wood by scrubbing with a solution of oxalic acid, half a pint of acid to a quart of boiling water.

Colored handkerchiefs should be soaked in cold water for a short time before they are washed. This will prevent the colors from running or fading.

When baking, the scissors are useful; a snip and the biscuit dough is quickly apportioned; a quick out and the drop cooky falls into place on the baking tin.

The celery and cheese sandwiches are delicious. A little mayonnaise is mixed in with the cheese, which is finely grated, the celery being put through the mincing machine.

To keep curtains from blowing out the windows, conceal thin iron washers in the hems and corners. It will make the curtains hang evenly and without constant stirring in a breeze.

Don't buy a chicken if the eyes are not bright. When the eyes are dull and sunken, you can be sure that the fowl has been killed some time.

If you have any icing left over after the cake is iced, spread it on buttered crackers and sprinkle with nuts, raisins or dabs of peanut butter.

If the turkey is not very fat, avoid its being dry after roasting by spreading butter over the outside, and baste it frequently while it is roasting.

Dresses that have been laid away in drawers for some time often become very much creased. Hang them in front of the fire for a while and the creases will disappear.

A teakettle should be given frequent baths, else lime and other salts will settle on the sides. Keep an oyster shell in the kettle to prevent this.

In cooking rice, if you wish to keep every grain separate, cook in rapidly boiling water, with cover off the vessel.

To remove stains from white flannel shirts and similar things, smear with equal part of yolk of egg and glycerine. Leave for an hour and wash them in the usual way.

Never throw away cake, no matter how dry, but the next time you bake a custard, slice the dry cake on top just before you place it in the oven. This makes a delicious caramel.

Bake pastry in a hot oven; this will expand the air in it and thus lighten the flour. Handle pastry as little and as lightly as possible. Use rolling pin lightly and with even pressure.

Flannelette may be rendered nonflammable by rinsing it after washing it in alum water. Dissolve two ounces of alum in a gallon of cold water.

FOOD THE ANCIENTS LIKED

NOT SO VERY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM OURS.

Cooks Held in High Esteem After the Simple Life Had Been Pushed Into Shade.

The Ancients, by whom we mean the Greeks and Romans, ate very much the same food that we eat today, and with the same appetite. They looked upon the process, perhaps, with an eye of greater decorum. In Homeric times the gods took their share of every banquet, and in a later age of the placing of the guests, the conduct of the symposium, were of equal import with the choice of the meats and the wines.

"He dines not who eats alone," was a maxim which never fell upon dishonor. That we should note similarity rather than difference, as we look backward, is but natural. The craving for well-cooked food is wholesomely human, and if the palate grows more delicate as the appetite becomes less gross the change is not peculiar to this country or that. As in poetry, so in food, the love of simplicity is the proof of a golden, if primitive, age.

The heroes of Homer, for instance, were not nice feeders. They seem to have had the healthy plain food and plenty of it. They had neither butchers nor cooks. They slaughtered their own beasts and prepared their meat as well as they could. They had little taste for fish, which they ate only when there was nothing else to be had and they looked upon game as no better than the food of necessity. Nor were vegetables pleasing to their sturdy palates. Meat, bread and wine were their staple fare, and they asked for no accessories. Pork and mutton and goats' flesh they ate willingly.

Pork Was Highly Esteemed.

Indeed, the beast which, to some is still unclean, was very much to the taste of the Greeks, and was highly esteemed at their banquets unto the end. Athenaeus writes in lyrical strains of a pig that once was served to him and his friends, the half of which was carefully roasted, the other half boiled gently, as if it had been steamed, and the whole stuffed with thrushes and other birds. But best of all the Homeric heroes liked beef, cut into pieces and grilled upon spits. And it was only on occasions of sacrifice that their desires were wholly satisfied. Though the gods, to be sure, claimed the daintiest morsels, there was enough left to appease the stoutest hunger. Nor did they demand any adornment to such feasts as these save fruit.

As the years passed the Greeks grew daintier and more critical of their food. The three meals which broke their day were not unlike those which still obtain. Their first breakfast was simple enough, consisting of bread dipped in neat wine. Their luncheon was taken about noon, and their dinner was as late as ours. Spoons and forks they knew not, nor tablecloths nor napkins; but, if their service was bad, in the fifth century luxury had already invaded Athens.

There is no better proof of the delicacy of the Greek palate than the honor in which cooks were held. They plied their trade with the greatest freedom, and, not being attached to this master or that, they were called in by the rich on occasions of brilliant festivity.

What wonder then the cook's was a respectable profession, becoming a free man!

When we turn to Rome we find the same progress from simplicity to gluttony.

The Ancient Roman.

like the Scot, grew strong upon porridge. Puls was the staple of his diet. But foreign victories brought foreign manners, and luxury made an easy conquest of Rome, which presently adopted the three meals of the Greeks, to divide the day. In the early morning the Roman was satisfied with bread, dried fruits and cheese. Then at noon came the prandium, which consisted, in simple households, of the broken meats from yesterday's dinner table, with a pleasant addition of eggs, vegetables and wine.

But it was the cena to which the epicure looked forward as the very climax of his day, when he might take his ease and indulge his fancy. The cena, indeed, was an elaborate meal, which followed a rigidly prescribed plan. First came the gustus, devised to stimulate the appetite, not satisfied of it, as we call it, resembled the Swedish than the Russian. There were and vegetables.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio, which, it should be remembered, was not a mere banquet, but a burlesque, and a multi-millionaire, as we call him to-day, the guests have served the most modest dinner. A donkey of bronze held two baskets, white on one side, black on the other. The former were covered with honey and hot sausage, the latter with plums and pomegranates. But, as with Trimalchio, so with Lucullus, and the dinner was separate and distinct.

After the gustus came the courses (ferculae they were called), which might be served, in the houses of

The Satirist

and, as we know, condemnance, which vastly under the empire, and the wealthy Romans sought priceless delicacies from the earth. Satire had effect than sumptuary banquets of rich and wealthy freedmen. First came the fish, which a necessity of the barbel and the turbot were the favorites, as was not disagreeable. Oysters were brought to Rome as in modern times they were brought by the Britain to be taken from the Lucrine Lake. Dormice were in esteem were snails and field-larks were sought for in Rome as in the days of Aristophanes.

But no banquet would be complete without wine, entailed upon the guests the ceremonial of drinking with a libation. A tray with a wine jar upon it, wreathed with two little wings, was handed full of drinking cups. Rose-leaves made of silver were thrown into the wine, so that the guests should be sure that they were not drinking water. And a big bowl was carried into the room, and the guests dipped into it the cups they had filled.

A Large Number

It was a fine suggestion, but we cure, but we today call a spade a spade and the Romans called it a spade by the preference of the rest be goat, or a dainty fed on chestnuts and they finished the array of dishes were well-nigh life, but we may see, when we parsici appetite no more than the palate.

Yet if we compare modern times with Rome, we shall find differences. We do not observe the triclinium; we are not keeping clear our hands for forks to finger, of man has not gone 2,000 years, and it would be a fortune to the his table would suffice sion and but small

ORIGIN OF THE DOLLAR MARK

SIGN USED IN PORTUGAL IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Was Called "Pillars" and Last Letters of Word Mean Thousands.

Of all the theories explanation of the original mark not one is satisfactory and original source has often been but the fact that it is in Spain is at least an indication that it may be tough.

The following theory presented as it seems has aspects of probability it seem worthy of The sign $ was used in early as 1644 now must cannot at present say. ed circa 1680 and circa is merely live). The Portuguese not use it originally to represent a monetary pears from the dollar given in the Portuguese of Viera. Portuguese Dicionario C. published which say the sign serves to separate the from the hundreds, as, 3008506, and that se an abbreviation for five hat 7458 the same a

THE ROYAL BANK

ISSUES ITS STRONGEST STATEMENT.

Cash on hand reaches record level 17.93% and liquid assets to 46.16% of liabilities to public. Bank writes off half a million on value of investments. Surprising results under exceptional trade conditions.

The great care which has been exercised this year by the large banks of Canada in maintaining the strongest possible position, and in this way being able to guard against any developments which might arise in the country, is strikingly illustrated by the showing made by the Royal Bank of Canada in its annual statement for the fiscal year ending Nov. 30th, 1914.

A close study of the general statement of assets and liabilities would seem to indicate that the management kept its every consideration for the strengthening of its position in cash and immediate liquid assets, rather than in the extension of credits, a policy being rendered advisable by the very unusual conditions brought about in Canada by the outbreak of the European war. In order to maintain such a position, with opportunities for profits which have appeared to some extent, but in view of the statement, as a whole, is one of the strongest ever issued by the Royal Bank and at the present time it should be satisfactory to shareholders as it is reassuring to the public generally. Under the conditions it enables the bank to play a prominent part in helping the Dominion through the unprecedented situation.

New Record of Cash on Hand.

The part of the liquid assets which is of particular interest is that which shows cash on hand and in banks and the liquid assets at the end of the fiscal year. The cash on hand reached the record figure of $7,703,555, which represents 17.93% of liabilities to the public. The account exceeds by over $1,000,000 the cash on hand at the last year, which was the highest in the history of the bank, or an increase of over 100%. The cash on hand and in banks including the cash in vault, reached a total of $8,886,112, equivalent to 20.68% of liabilities to the public, as against $4,943,504 or 11.52% last year. The total amount available for immediate liquidity, with the profits added, amounts to $23,064,262. Of this sum $2,000,000 was transferred to the rest fund; $250,000 written off the premises account, $200,000 contributed to patriotic funds, $500,000 for depreciation in investments, $1,000,000 to profit and loss account, $1,000,000 to Government for War Purposes, $1,000,000 to Government for War Purposes, $1,000,000 to Government for War Purposes