

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

CHAPTER I.

It was quite the end of the season, some twelve or thirteen years ago, and for some months the British public had breakfasted, dined, and supped full of the most abundant crop of horrors ever supplied to its readers by the busy pen of an industrious press. The session had been enlivened by animated debates on the part England ought or ought not to take in the war then devastating eastern Europe, and bitter personal abuse levelled at each other by contending orators. Now, politicians were counting the days till prorogation should set them free to use their tongues still more unscrupulously at county meetings and local dinners.

In the town residence of a wealthy widow, the Honorable Mrs. Saville, Stafford Square, Belgravia, a note of preparation had sounded. The house-keeper had remarked to the butler that they had not too much time to get things ready before going down to the country.

Indeed, Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing table in her private room, a richly-furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white combed back in the style that used to be called a "l'Impératrice," and surmounted by a tiny cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small, thin, hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm chair at the other side of the table, and who was rather gorgeously attired in out door dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously: "my eyes are very tiresome. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis." "Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you; they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This scare about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chose the navy," said the visitor, "I should think the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't suppose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a good-humored smile.

"Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often: I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black eyes, "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising. "I wish I could say the same of my George! However, he has taken to admire married women lately, which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everton just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin, Captain Brydges, on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everton is to be found. He is coming to visit September. We go down to Herondyke on the 20th." "Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good-morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomerys' to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society."

"My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law (which was their relationship) shook hands and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is!" she murmured to herself; "not even a well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another! yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains to achieve. Still, I do not complain: had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool! you are a wisacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh though

he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you please, m, Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her previous visitor.

"What will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land?" Whereupon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed."

"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid who has just left me was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read French,—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod. I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task! You must give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates: I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances: they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their proteges. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a provincial paper—"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman,—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this, the quest of Holy Grail plain sailing," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my son lately?"

"Of which may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice, I think."

"I know that, and it makes me very uneasy. Why does he stay there? It is not the season."

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? I don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something much worse,—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Saville, stroking the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time ago (in the winter you know he made the acquaintance of a horrid old gambling, disreputable friend of Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventurers. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother: Miss Hilton would not look at me.' I at once saw some deep scheme in this: don't you?"

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature,—feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson; your regard for him strengthens the old ties that your excellent service has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?" "Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my poor wild lad. It's owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But, Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?" "Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little huffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way; so, when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I felt not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson, suddenly.

"Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself, I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in the Times. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name, because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell if it be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a salver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service" and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville.

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I knew it would come in this unexpected way. Is it not maddening that he should be absent?" As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and, exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, July 20, 187—.

"Sir—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H.M.S. Vortiger, flagship of Admiral Wardlaw, on the West Indian Station.

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th instant for Port Royal, Jamaica.

"If H.M.S. Vortiger has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,
ROBERT BROWN,
Secretary to the Admiralty.

"To Lieutenant Hugh Saville.
Stafford Square, S.W."

"There, that is just the opening Hugh has wished for,—lieutenant of the flag-ship on the West Indian Station. Why, if this threatened rupture with Russia comes to anything, the West Indian squadron would most probably be ordered to the Black Sea,—nothing is more probable; then he might have a chance of distinguishing himself. I want to see my son an admiral! How infinitely provoking that he should be absent!"

"You must telegraph to him without a moment's loss of time," said Mr. Rawson. "If he starts to-morrow, or to-night, why he'll be here in thirty-six or forty-eight hours,—say Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Then he may have two days to get what he wants and catch the P. & O. boat on Saturday. Very little time need be lost. Shall I wire for you?"

"Oh, yes, please; and reply to this, too. Let them know he is coming."

"Well, there is little danger of your son being caught now, Mrs. Saville. If Venus herself had her hand on him he must break away, when such a summons may mean fighting. Good-morning. Leave the telegraph to me and accept my best congratulations." Mr. Rawson bowed himself out. Mrs. Saville mechanically rose and rang the bell. Then she stood in a thought for a minute, and rang again.

This time the butler presented himself.

"Atkins," said his mistress, "I expect Mr. Hugh on Wednesday or Thursday. He will only stay to collect his luggage, and goes on to join the ship to which he has just been appointed. I want you to look out his chest and all his things. Let me know whatever you can see is wanting and order the carriage immediately after lunch. Send Jessop to me."

"I really think I might as well go to the Montgomerys' this evening," she thought; "I feel so relieved and even a glimpse of Hugh en passant will be delightful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWISS WATCH SCHOOLS.

The Instruction Pursued in These Unique Institutions.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. Their methods, which are doubtless the secret of their success, will be found very curious and interesting. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least 14 years of age in order to enter. After being admitted, the student is first introduced to a wood-turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool handles. This exercise lasts for several weeks according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw-drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools. He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch frame perhaps a foot in diameter, and after learning how this frame is to be shaped, he is given a ready cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care. The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them. This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the stem-winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand. Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanisms for which the Swiss are famous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Blessing for China.

A new industrial and commercial epoch seems likely to begin in China with the ratification of the treaty of peace, for, according to its provisions, the country will be opened up to foreigners, who will be permitted to establish warehouses and factories. The abolition of the odious tax known as "likin," imposed on foreigners transporting and selling goods in the interior, will have a most important effect upon the trade of the country. In fact, the treaty will effect a complete readjustment of the commercial relations of China with the outer world. Before many years have elapsed the war is likely to be recognized as the greatest blessing that ever befell the Celestials. The Japanese are determined to follow up their victories by civilizing their enemies, and the world will observe any progress that is made with interest and pleasure.

Encouraging.

Dora—I hope that photographer will take a good picture of me.
Cora—I guess he will. They say he is very successful in taking works of art.

The total cordage required for a first rate man-of-war weighs about eighty tons, and exceeds \$15,000 in value.

THE HOME.

Care of the Baby.

If there is a class of educators who need preparation for their high and holy calling, it is those who assume the responsibility of parents.

Every child has not only the right to be well-born, but to be intelligently cared for.

It is claimed that one-tenth of all the children born die during the first and that four times as many die during the second month. This is appalling, and shows us that the most thoughtful, loving care must be given them.

To the young and inexperienced mother, the care of her first-born comes something in the nature of an experiment. During the first six months of her baby's life she will probably spend many weary hours in learning how best to care for him, and will also shed many bitter tears over her own weakness and ignorance, and baby's crossness.

But tears are worse than useless, for if the mother nurses her child it largely depends upon herself whether or not the baby will be good. An even temper is necessary, for if the mother is irritable and fretful, the babe is apt to be the same. If the mother works hard, and when very warm nurses the child, he is unpleasantly affected, because the nature of the breast milk is thereby changed. Babies do not cry without cause, but the cause is often difficult to ascertain. There is not much danger from pin-pricks if a good kind of safety pins are used. But if a baby is nursed too often, much discomfort is caused, and he proves that his stomach is over-loaded by throwing up his milk.

Colic is often caused by over-feeding and cold feet. Regular hours should be observed in nursing baby; about every third hour in daytime, and every sixth at night. How long could grown people retain their health, if they ate something every hour or two, and then, when the stomach was too full for comfort, take something more to relieve it? That plan is just as sensible as is the nursing of babies every time they fret or cry. Use common sense about feeding baby, and many of his ailments will disappear as if by magic.

The first six months keep his feet wrapped well in a flannel burrow coat, even though the weather be warm. But if colic comes, as it sometimes will, first warm his feet thoroughly, then wrap in hot flannel, and give a little warm sweetened water, or a bit of catnip tea. Never, under any circumstances, give tea made by using gin, brandy, or alcohol in any form, nor any drug containing opium.

Heated flannels laid across the bowels are also excellent for colic, but avoid jolting and trotting in the mistaken notion that you relieve his pain, for how would we like such treatment when suffering? Turn him on his stomach sometimes as that often relieves colic in older people. Do not allow people to sit holding baby with their heavy hands resting upon the tender little back or stomach and don't practice it yourself. It is very exasperating to watch some people take care of a helpless infant. They are such defenseless little creatures that even if a "Sairey Gamp" gets hold of them they have no redress except an occasional crying spell.

Walking with baby is a foolish practice, and if it is not commenced during the first few months, will probably never be learned; the mother needs her strength too much to use it in such a useless manner.

How to Use Old Newspapers.

When spring cleaning time arrives old papers are called for to put under the carpet. Several layers of them make a good carpet lining, and if a thicker padding is desired, straw can be used between two layers of paper. This makes a very elastic lining and a very inexpensive one which can be renewed every season. Cut in long, narrow strips, old paper makes good stuffing for chairs cushions and pillows. It may not be equal to down, but it is quite as good as inferior hair for this use.

Several thicknesses of paper placed between cotton batting make a warm, light bed-comforter, and iron holders and kettle holders are made in the same way, the paper being laid between and the whole covered with calico.

On very cold winter nights we put a newspaper coverlet over our house plants, and never have known them when so protected to be pinched by Jack Frost's icy fingers.

It was an old nurse who found out how to replenish noiselessly a coal fire in the sick room. She had the coal brought to the room in a strong newspaper with the corners gathered up and tied. When fresh fuel was needed she could place the paper just as it was on the fire, with scarcely a rustle. If she could only invent some noiseless method of poking the fire with a newspaper, her name would be held in honor in our household, at least, forevermore.

If you have doors leading to porches, etc., which are not used during the winter, you may find that the wind whistles through, no matter how securely they are locked and bolted. Fold newspapers in long, narrow strips and press them firmly in all cracks with a thin-bladed knife, and the whistling wind will not trouble you again from that source. If you find it stealing in beneath the window sash, raise the window, place a fold of paper on the sill, then close and lock the window.

Recipes.

French Fried Potatoes.—Peel the potatoes and cut into small rhomboidal lengths. Fry in deep, smoking-hot fat. This should be hot enough to fry the potatoes to a delicate brown before they become greasy soaked, yet must not burn them. Skim them from the fat as soon as they are a golden brown, and drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Canning Asparagus.—Select firm, even-sized stalks of asparagus, and if necessary wash it. When drained put it carefully into jars, heads up, packing as closely as possible. Fill the jars with boiling, slightly salted water; steam for half an hour and seal at once.

Baked Onions.—Select even-sized onions. Cover with hot salted water and simmer thirty minutes without removing the outside skin; when ready to bake carefully remove this thin membranous skin, place the onions in a baking-dish and bake until tender, basting often with melted butter. The onions must be thoroughly done, but should not lose their shape.

Deviled Ham.—It is impossible for canned meats to be prepared at home as they are in large manufacturing, where the processing is done by steam and under high pressure. The division of labor makes rapidity, precision, and skill especially possible. But potting in the English household is as much an every-day affair as is hash in America. There they use the left-overs in that manner. Chop the cooked ham and fat together very fine; pound and press to a paste. Season to taste with cayenne pepper, salt if necessary, and mustard. Put into a baking dish and heat in a very moderate oven for half an hour. Press the meat into small jars and pour over the top a layer of clarified butter or drippings, sufficiently cool to begin to harden quickly and not to percolate through the meat. Cover with paper and put away in a cool place.

CANADA AND THE EAST.

The New East Should Afford a Big Market for Canadian Manufacturers.

If Japan has caught the true Western spirit, as she seems to have, and if she succeeds in inoculating China with it, as she seems bent on doing, results of the highest consequence to this continent will spring from the war between the two powers. The conversion of China and Japan to Western ideas would be like the discovery of a new continent. The two Eastern nations revolutionized by our trading and industrial methods, would speedily become to America what America became to Europe. The discovery of this continent was the making of the great western ports of Europe, and especially of the United Kingdom. Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow sprang from obscurity to greatness as a result of the shipping trade the discovery of the New World called into being in the west. Before that Britain's trade was entirely with the east, and that, of course, gave her

A ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT.

But once America began to be colonized, and the settlers began to send their grain, their furs, their cotton, their tobacco, and other products to the Motherland, fishing villages on Britain's western shores started on their career as great seaports, where the produce of the new land was received and whence manufactured articles in payment for them were despatched. In the same way the development of the latent resources of China would build up the seaport towns on the western shore of this country. Japan has already a foreign trade of \$165,000,000. This is very small for a nation of 40,000,000 inhabitants, being less than three-fourths of that done by this country with only one-fifth of Japan's population. Also, China's foreign trade, with four hundred million people more than we have, amounts to only about the same as ours. There would be a marvellous expansion of this trade if the seeds of Western progress were once well rooted in the East. It would change the Pacific from a little frequented ocean to

A HIGHWAY OF TRAFFIC

rivalling, probably exceeding, the Atlantic in the volume of merchandise transported across it. The new East should afford a big market for Canadian manufacturers. Already we have developed an export cotton trade of respectable dimensions with China, having shipped to that country in 1894 2,770,343 pounds of cottons, averaging 3 1-4 to 3 1-2 yards to the pound. In machinery, implements, hardware, textile fabrics, boots and shoes, provisions, we could get on as good a footing to do a big export trade as our neighbor. We are already not badly furnished to begin, having a transcontinental railroad and a line of steamships touching at Japanese and Chinese ports. As Japan adopts and extends Western culture and ideas the markets on that side of the world will grow, and Canada will be likely to benefit greatly by results yet unborn of the late war between the two Eastern Empires.

The Black Death.

The special symptoms of the disease seem to have been everywhere the same. Carbuncles, sometimes as large as hen's eggs sometimes smaller, appeared in the axilla or the groin, accompanied usually, but not always, with gangrenous inflammation of the throat and lungs, with spitting of blood. This latter was the fatal symptom. "From the carbuncles and glanular swellings," says a contemporary writer, "many recovered; from the blood spitting none."

The infection was so swift, and deadly that the slightest contact, even with the clothes of a sick person, served to communicate it. Boccaccio tells a story to the effect that the rags of a poor man just dead, having been thrown into the street, two hogs came by at the moment and began to root among them, shaking them in their jaws. In less than an hour they both fell down and died on the spot.

Another Italian writer, himself a sufferer from the pestilence, relates his personal experience. "And here," he says, "I can give my testimony. A certain man bled me, and the blood, flowing, touched his face. On the same day he was taken ill, and the next he died; and by the mercy of God I have escaped."

Early in 1348 the great pestilence reached Italy. Some plague-stricken vessels from the East brought the infection to Genoa and Venice, and from these two places the disease quickly spread over the entire country. At Venice seventy out of every hundred of the population died, while at Genoa hardly one-seventh of the inhabitants were spared.

Twenty million dollars' worth of bank notes leave the Bank of England daily.