

The Mystery of No. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What sudden change is this," quoted Elizabeth to love most subject, but she still did it defy?"

Jack had given up his tense attitude of listening for those light steps which never came, but that he had expected all the same, with a long-drawn-out sigh, and a long-drawn-out sigh that turned to aching as the days went by.

He had sent Elizabeth a message which would not see her at any time, the prison officials would not address her, no matter how loudly and how often she beat for admission, and she was not to be seen by him for more than a few minutes at a time.

The churning also, but the austere separation will be where the temperature is

Elizabeth was very proud, and she had shut the door against her prayer for the reversal of his sentence would ever cross her lips. The woman who clamors in vain, in vain, on herself a double pang, for the loss of self-respect is even more bitter than the refusal of what she desires.

And Jack could not call her back. In these long days of loneliness he was thinking over again the time when he and his little Elizabeth had dwelt together in a world out of which every one else was shut, save Daffy; when he was as sure of her love and faithfulness as his own; when his knowledge of her goodness, for who could give with and doubt her? made him think tenderly of all women for her sake, and in the best sense of the word, she had made his house a home, and had shrined him deep in the purest heart he had ever known.

Whatever thing is defaced and broken was it not clean and whole again? There must be a beginning to all moral defilement; but looking back, Jack could find no lightest sign to mark the decadence of all things loved, and of good repute, in Elizabeth. He thought of her always now as the thought of somebody dead, for the woman who had risen in her stead was not Elizabeth, and he knew her not.

He wondered if her mother's love had gone by the board with the rest of the same breath hoped that Daffy was taking good care of her, Daffy, whose firm conviction it was that she needed a great deal of taking care of, and whom he consequently led over crossings, to his own imminent danger, and hers, very often. He was also most particular to explain everything said by the shopman who served her, and his high, clear little voice often brought some amusement, and a good deal of gentle commiseration down on the head of Elizabeth, whose chief misery in her misfortune was the constant reminder of it she got whenever she moved abroad or saw new faces. Daffy did not know this, but he secretly felt himself a much older and more experienced person than his mother, and never failed, on going out, to tell the servants "to take care of mother," as if she would be in serious jeopardy until he came home again.

But strange and true as it was, that the moment those little feet came into the house, however far away Elizabeth always felt and knew they were there, and she could always hear his voice a long way off, though a wall seemed built round her to ordinary sounds.

Night and day Jack thought of these two—his only two in the world—and sometimes he wondered if they prayed for him now. . . . they did, they must, just as his own lips framed the same prayer each night that they had done in the days of his happiness.

One prayer he had added, that on the day of the trial he should not look up to behold her face. The sight would unman him, and he required all his strength; still, if he had been able to endure what he had done, his back would grow to the burden of the rest. If, indeed she were there, he wondered at which face she would wear—the one that he had known and worshipped, or the other, all disfigured and branded, as it had been that awful morning, with the terrible stamp of—his thoughts seldom got further.

Often, too, he thought of Barry, the fast friend of over twenty years, who had remained his friend long after both had outstripped the ephemeral friendships that had strewn their paths, and whom he had taken into his house as carelessly and securely as if he were his other self.

True they had met but seldom. Barry dined each night at his club, and their morning hours of going out were not the same. It had, moreover, been an understood thing that there was to be no running in and out of each other's rooms, and a message was always to be sent to know if one could receive the other. This rule had always been adhered to, and Jack could scarcely have told how it was that such meetings had become rarer and more rare—only one day, when Elizabeth was sitting working apart, too far off to hear their voices, shut in within those walls of deafness in which she sometimes sadly dwelt, and in whose coldness she must have perished, but for the love that surrounded her, Jack caught a look on Barry's face, quite unconscious, but betraying such a hunger of love and devotion as flashed upon him an altogether disagreeable and unexpected revelation.

The look was gone in a moment; the next Barry presented the spectacle of an ordinary young man intently watching a young woman in the act of threading her needle, threading it, too, as if she loved it, as Elizabeth assuredly did.

Jack had pondered long over the circumstance, loth to put into words

what he had seen, and supposing Elizabeth to be perfectly unconscious, he felt it impossible to speak to her on the subject. And Barry? He thought he had not known his friend's heart all these years for nothing. Then a few weeks had gone by, and suddenly without the warning of a moment, had come the catastrophe.

He saw before him now that friend's face, vivid in death, and in his ears a desolate voice rang out, "His sun went down while it was yet day."

Ay! but it had not gone down, it had been quenched all too soon, as it rode in mid-heaven, and the pity of it would overcome Jack at moments, as with all the strength of his soul he would wish his friend back, and that one lightning moment of crime undone.

In fancy Barry once more walked beside him, as in those constant days of companionship when they, and the world, were young, and their hearts were fresh as their hopes were high; when they mapped out their lives in the glorious fashion, and vowed to make themselves known by all manner of brilliant deeds, and great thoughts, and now—Barry had died before ever attaining to fame, and Jack's only grand achievement, as he thought it, was when he persuaded deaf little Elizabeth to be his wife.

Would he have loved her so much if Nature had extended her cruel stepmother's touch on the girl's ears to the lines of her face and figure? I know not. Men will do a great deal for what pleases them, but nothing at all for that which pleases them not. And deafness is an unbecoming thing, and needs much love and patience in those who have to bear with it.

Poor Elizabeth used to say that deaf people were sent into the world to practice patience themselves, and discipline others to patience also; but Jack would not have changed her for the most perfect person, mentally and physically, in the world. But that was then, and this was not. And on the morrow his cell would be empty, and he standing in the dock.

CHAPTER IX.

"O, gentle Maurice, still my bairn, O, still him with the keys!"

"He winna still, fair lady, Let me do what I please."

A message from Elizabeth to Jack was even now outside his door, though he did not know it, and indeed, he seemed to come out of a stupor, in which he had heard no sound of locks unbarred, to see a light figure all in white, save where the gold of his hair was shining, come dancing in, and flutter into his arms, with an ecstatic cry of "Daddy!"

Jack thought himself mad at last, but here was no visionary touch, only a very real pair of loving arms throbbing his neck, and soon he realized that this was indeed his own little child in the flesh, and nestling his head into the soft neck and curls, could have wept for the joy and anguish of the moment.

"Daddy," said the boy, "my own, dear daddy, won't you come along 'ome with me, and see mother?"

Jack did not answer, only pressed his face down closer, and smoothed with hungry hand the soft head lying so close with lips warm against his throat.

"Poor mother," said Daffy, with a catch in his voice, "she's grown quite thin, and said she was so welly tired she couldn't jest come out to-day."

Jack's broad chest was heaving, he was struggling for the mastery of himself, and when he had got it, he unloosed Daffy's arms, and put him back so he might kiss him.

"How do you like my new house, Daffy?" he said.

"O—oh!" said Daffy, looking round with much interest, and speaking in the wise little voice he usually affected, when not quite sure that he knew his subject, "there's lots of room for bat and ball. Shall us 'ave a little game, Daddy?"

"Another time, my boy," said Jack, steepling his voice; "but who brought you?"

"Rose! She's outside with such a funny old man—got such lots and lots of keys! I wanted to bring the mouse," he went on; "he's so full of tricks, and growed such a ridiculous person!" He paused to laugh indulgently. But mother thought he might get out—and she have cared for him so and fed him every day."

Daffy looked exquisitely cared for, and a very picture of health and happiness as he sat on his father's knee.

He had been born healthy, and passed triumphantly through all the lovely gradations of a joyous babyhood to the sweet dignity and majesty of four years old—the most delicious age, probably, to his mother, in a child's young life.

Jack felt the soft warmth of the dear little boy like the blowing of a soft wind on a poor wretch scrambled with cold and hunger, and for awhile he only held him fast, saying no word.

But presently:

"Did mother send any message?" he said.

"O course!" said Daffy, holding up to his father's gaze a face upon which the very print of Elizabeth was set, "lots and lots of kisses, and thanks with complements!"

"Thanks with complements," was Daffy's invariable formula for extra fervid love.

"Daffy," said Jack, holding the little fellow away from him, "are you quite sure? Can you remember if it was only one kiss or heaps and heaps?"

Daffy knitted his soft brows, and put the best part of a tiny kid glove in his mouth, to assist memory, but at last committed himself to the bold assertion that his mother had said thousands—no, heaps and heaps.

Jack sighed.

"I've got a message for mother," he

said. "Will you tell her, Daffy?—now try and remember it—that I read in a paper the other day that some things are sold how to make people hear—and I should like her to buy some. I'll write the address down, and put it in your bosom, and you'll be sure and give it her?"

"O course," said Daffy with an important air. "New ears for poor mother—but she always hears me."

Jack wrote the address down—just that, and no more—and pinned it against the boy's soft, warm neck.

Did he think, as he did it, of how little she would care to hear, when he would be deaf to all sound for ever? Of how her life was to go on, while his was violently cut in twain before her eyes? And possibly his message came more in cruelty than in love.

"Were you frightened at coming down to this strange place?" said Jack, presently.

"O, no!" cried Daffy, with a burst of glee. "Me dancy down the steps in the city!"

The ignorance of the child, his unconsciousness of anything strange in his father's surroundings, brought tears to Jack's eyes.

"And mother," he said, with trembling voice, "does mother play and have games with Daffy now?"

"Mother tries," said the boy, the corners of his lips falling, "but she says—mother says she don't fink she's quite so young as she used to be."

"Does she ever go out?" said poor Jack.

"Not never; and it's welly lonely," went on Daffy, shaking his head, "and Mr. Woss has gonaded away; but my dear little white mouse is so pretty—prettier nor ever!"

A warning knock came at the door.

"Speet that's Rose," said Daffy, wrinkling up his nose expressively; "she always hurries me; she won't let me talk to Janny."

"Who is Janny?" said Jack, snatching him up, and covering him with kisses, some of which surely must find Elizabeth.

"He takes the pains out of my shoes," said Daffy, as the door opened a very, very little way, as if a kindly hand sought to gently remind him time was up.

"I wish," he added, wistfully, "he could take mother's pain away, too, she says it aches just here," and he spread his hand out expansively above his smart sash.

The door opened wider; Jack clasped the boy in a last embrace, and sat him down.

"Tell your mother," he said, "your mother—"

In the distance was heard Rose's voice calling to the child.

A sudden impulse seized Jack; he strode to the door, and there, just behind the gaoler, stood the French maid, her face white in the dusk as she cowered away at sight of his master. What did that look and attitude mean—of what was she in fear? A poor wretch who might beat his own life out against his prison bars, but who had no power to harm her or any other now?

"Your mistress is well, Rose?" he said.

"She is as well, sir, as she can be."

He did not remove his eyes from her face.

"Time's up," said the gaoler not unkindly, and Daffy recognizing him intuitively as an enemy, clung round his father and hid his face in his knees.

Did those little tender hands make Jack think of those others that he had so remorselessly unbound a few short weeks ago?

I know not—but when Daffy was borne away sobbing bitterly by the woman whom Jack felt he could no longer trust, with a newly added pang the husband realized how utterly alone and friendless his little Elizabeth was now.

To be Continued.

NIGHTCAPS FOR GRANDMA.

Every year, as long as the dear woman lived, I used to knit her two nightcaps, one of white cotton for summer, and of bright worsted for the colder months. My mother once knit her one of thread, but that was beyond my childish fingers.

The number of stitches is determined by the size of the thread. Cast on enough to make the strip of work four inches wide. Knit one, put the thread over, widening one, and leaving an eyelet, and narrow, or knit the next two as one. Continue to end of every needle before binding off the top of the crown. With darning needle and similar thread, sew the crown into the front, pulling it slightly at top and sides. A narrow bow-pleating of washable ribbon around the face and neck is left with ends to tie in bow-knot under the chin.

Garters knit from white domestic yarn with tassels of the same are also valued by an elderly woman.

PRODUCTS OF THE SUDAN.

There is already talk in England of developing the natural resources of the Sudan through scientific exploration. Immense forests line the banks of the Blue Nile along its upper reaches, extending to the Abyssinian frontier. The ebony-tree is met with along that river and also near the Sobat. On the White Nile the india-rubber creeper, a valuable source of rubber, abounds. There are large forests in the Bahrel-Ghazal province. Gold was once mined in some of the mountains of the Sudan. Search will be made for coal.

THE SHOP WINDOWS.

One Among the manifold Attractions of a Great City.

"Surely one unfeigned delight of a great city," said a stranger, "must be its shop windows. I should think you would never get tired of looking at them."

The stranger was right; they are a delight and people never do tire of them, and the city dweller pauses to look at the novel and varied and beautiful displays with even greater frankness than the visitor does. He wants to see these things and he has no hesitation about stopping to look at them; not the slightest fear that anybody will think him gawky. These things are put into the windows to be looked at, to invite attention, and if they interest him he stops and looks.

Putting out of the question the displays of articles of feminine apparel and of goods for such use, which especially attract the attention of women, it may be said that, taking one time with another, many men linger in front of the sporting goods window, where guns and fishing rods and that sort of thing are seen, to scan the things there displayed and to dream of vacation times and days when they shall exchange work and the crowded, roaring streets of the city for woods and fields and splashing brooks. There are many lovers of nature, people of all ages, grown men as well as children—who stop in front of the bird store windows to look at the birds, and they stand and regard them earnestly; there is something about the birds that draws them; they love to look at them.

There are few windows that attract more observers than those of THE PICTURE STORES, and your elbow neighbor may have a better or a poorer coat than your own, for the pictures draw all kinds of men, rich and poor, and these free small picture galleries present often pictures of interest, and the displays are frequently changed.

It would cost a lot of money to buy the flowers of which one may enjoy the sight for nothing, by simply looking in at the windows of the flower shops. He may not get the odor of them through the plate glass window, but he can stand within a foot of the most gorgeous blossoms, and feast his eyes, at least, upon their beauty; and many people do just this; and it wouldn't follow that they were not buying them if they wanted to. Perhaps the greater number of those who stop could not buy the costlier ones, anyhow; but they all stop to look because the flowers are beautiful, and it may be observed that the specimens that are thus placed in the window to attract attention for this free display are likely to be choice specimens, to make the attraction the more striking, which means that the passerby who pauses to look gets not only a free view of this thing of beauty, but the things that he is thus enabled to see free are the best of their kind.

There are windows for the young as well as for the old; dolls and toys and that sort of thing; wondrous displays that are fascinating to the youthful beholder. There are displays of fruit and of food in many forms that must gratify the epicure and delight the eye of all; and as for various articles of convenience and of comfort and luxury for all the wants of man, these are to be seen on every hand. Among articles of luxury, come especially those displayed in the windows of the jewelry establishments, and particularly the diamonds, which attract attention always, and more than ever at night when they scintillate so brilliantly under artificial light, and when people out to stroll, or bent on pleasure have time to stop and look.

THE LAUGHING-PLANT.

It Does Not Laugh Itself, But Makes People Laugh.

The laughing plant grows in Arabia, and derives its name from the effect produced by eating its seed. It is of moderate size; has bright yellow flowers, which grow in tufts, and leaves of a dark green color. Its fruit is a pod or capsule, stuffed with a velvet-like padding, in which lies snugly imbedded two or three seeds resembling small black beans.

The natives dry these seeds, and then reduce them to powder. When administered in judicious doses the powder produces effects very much like those arising from the inhalation of nitrous oxide, or, as it is called in common parlance "laughing gas."

The person to whom the powder is given shouts, laughs, sings, dances, and acts in a ludicrous way. His merriment lasts for about an hour, then he quietly falls asleep. After several hours he awakens, and has not the slightest recollection of anything that he said or did while under the influence of the powder.

It is said that an overdose of laughing-plant powder is likely to cause serious results, but a small quantity does no harm. The powder is sweet, and it is a common joke to put a little of it into the coffee of some unsuspecting person, in order to have a laugh at his expense.

MIGHT THINK SHE MEANT IT.

Nell—Charlie proposed again last night, and I refused him for the last time.

Belle—Hadn't you better be careful, dear? He might take you at your word.

Dreaded Diphtheria.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SHATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall Suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades," is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the News recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N. S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the News man, Mr. McDougall said:—"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health."

HOW MUMMIES WERE MADE.

The Three Methods of Preserving Human Bodies Practiced by the Egyptians.

There were three different ways of mummifying the body, the price being the ancient Egyptians, the price being the chief mark of distinction, and cause for the differences. In the first and most expensive method the brain was extracted through the nose by means of an iron probe, and the intestines were removed entirely from the body, through an incision made in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone. The intestines were cleaned and washed in palm wine, and after being covered with powdered aromatic gums, were placed in Canopic jars. The body was then filled up with myrrh and cassia and other fragrant and astringent substances, and was laid in natron for seventy days. It was then carefully washed and wrapped up in strips of fine linen smeared with gum. The cost of mummifying a body in this fashion was a talent of silver, about \$1200.

In the second method the brain was not removed at all, and the intestines were simply dissolved and retained in a fluid state. The body was also laid in salt or natron, which, it is said, dissolved everything except the skin and bones. The cost of mummifying in this manner was 22 minae, or \$450. The third method was employed for the poor only. It consisted simply of cleansing the body by injecting some strong astringent, and then salting it for seventy days. The cost was very small.

If the friends of the dead were too poor to go to the expense of even the cheapest of these methods, the body was soaked in salt and hot bitumen, or in salt only. In the salt and bitumen process every cavity of the body was filled with bitumen, and the hair disappeared. Clearly it is to the bodies which were preserved in this way that the name "mummy" derived from the Arabic mumiya, or bitumen, was first applied. The salted and dried body is easily distinguishable. The skin is like paper, the features and hair have disappeared and the bones are very brittle and white. It may be noted that the eyes were sometimes removed and their places supplied by others of ivory or obsidian. The hair was also removed and made into a packet covered with linen and bitumen. At a late period the flank incision was covered with a metal plate, on which a symbolic eye was engraved. The linen bandages employed to swathe the body were 3 or 4 inches wide; the length was sometimes as great as 400 yards.

CANNOT SINK THEM.

It is said to be almost impossible to sink a modern battle ship constructed on the best models.