

The Mystery of No. 13.

Janin lifted the child with trembling hands, and set him on his knee. He saw that Daffy's heart was aching, and it felt like lead in his little bosom, and it is a mistake to think that a child's heart cannot break, it can, and does sometimes.

Janin sat perfectly still, something picking and working at his own heart, as if that were breaking too.

"Don't cry," he said, huskily, and then Daffy looked up, and the blue and the brown eyes met.

"It's very miserable, Janny," said Daffy, sorrowfully, "Daddy's gone away, O' this ever and ever so long, and mother says p'rhaps he'll go away further—she don't quite know how far—and mother, she never laughs and plays now; and Mrs. Chick she said to Rose she 'spected,' Daffy's lips quivered convulsively, "they'd take mother away in the black box soon!"

"Mrs. Chick's a fool," said Janin savagely.

"Mother must be welly bad," said Daffy, shaking his head; "she ackshally forgot to feed the Pink un—only fink of that! You see, I was so very busy, I forgot him too. Dear little feller!"

But there was not the usual lively pride and joy in his voice, when speaking of his pet.

"Mother never looked the door on me before," said Daffy, looking up earnestly at Janin, "not never. I called to her through the keyhole, and said I was wolly lonely, and mother always bears m—does you think m' h'ers dead, Janny?"

"Master Daffy," cried Janin, starting up suddenly, and setting the child down.

"Then me will die too," said Daffy, with a gleam of hope on his sad little face, "mother 'ud want somebody to take care of her up there! You see—poor mother's a little deaf—and she might lose her way, if she hadn't got me."

Janin shivered as he looked down on the drooped golden head, and seemed to see the mold being heaped above it.

"Curse her!" he said between his set teeth, and Daffy looked up alarmed.

"Is you angedy?" he said, slipping his hand into Janin's; "don't take me 'em yest! Let's 'ave a little walk in the park!" he added, with a sudden burst of inspiration.

"But you have no hat," said Janin, who felt indeed that horses would not drag him to the door of that house where Elizabeth lay waiting for the message of Jack's life or death.

"Tie a handkercher on," said Daffy, jumping down; "never wore no 'at in the country!"

Janin got up slowly, and went to a coat that was hanging up, drawing from its pocket a very large white silk handkerchief, far too fine in texture to belong to a shoemaker's assistant.

This he tied round the child's head, and tucked the ends into the bosom of his little pinafore, after which he put on his coat and hat, and like one in a dream, suffered himself to be led out by Daffy, who trotted on air.

The news were deserted, it was only when they got into the street that led to the square, midway to the park, that people noticed the oddly-matched pair, and stared and wondered.

But the man evidently meant no harm to the child who clearly rejoiced in his company, chattering nineteen to the dozen; so they reached the park in safety, and presently sat down not far from the Serpentine to rest.

The cloudless sky, the warm, brisk, sweet air, the sense of liberty, and a vague suspicion that he was very naughty affixed Daffy to exhilaration; he laughed, he rolled on the dry grass, and he talked in his own delightful way to his heart's content.

Thus an hour passed, then his spirits suddenly flagged, and he drew in close to Janin, who had been sitting with eyes that looked straight before him, and face cold and still as marble.

When that soft little figure stole under his coat, and nestled close to him, mechanically he put his arm round it, then a strong shudder ran through him from head to foot, and he shook like a reed in the grasp of a moral and physical convulsion that terrified Daffy.

"Janny!" he cried, "Janny! Is you going to be sick too—like poor mother?"

Janin sprang up, the child in his arms, and walked swiftly across the grass in the direction of the gate opening on Park Lane. People stood aside as he came on, stood aside as from an avenging fate, or a pitiless power that is bound to fulfill itself for the good or evil; and some thought that he looked like Lucifer bearing away an angel on his breast; others that a light—not of hell, but Heaven—shone in the steady eyes that seemed to look on something afar off, to which his winged feet were bearing him. But when he reached the road he stood still, and called to the first cabman that he saw.

Daffy did not understand the instructions, given, but he stole out from under Janin's coat, and laughed for joy as they drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER XV.

"And when will ye come home again, Dear Willie tell to me?"

"When the sun and moon dance on you green,

And that will never be."

The jury were long absent, and those who waited in court had become weary, and ceased to talk.

Weariest of all was the prisoner, who had not left the dock, in which during the past few hours he had surely passed through the utmost extremes of despair and joy possible to a human being.

Calm, morally and physically capable of bearing the lot, he had deliberately chosen, he had entered the dock

that morning, anxious only that the formality of his trial should be over as quickly as possible, and the closing scene of all fixed for an early date.

Long ago he had acquitted Elizabeth in his mind of any taint of wrongdoing with his friend; in the silence and meditation of his days and nights she had gradually resumed the likeness in which he knew her, and for that one mad moment born of fierce faithfulness to him, her husband, in which she had snatched the pistol from Barry's hand, and slain him, he had forgiven her.

Such was his attitude when Mr. Lemaire's cross-examination of Rose revealed a probability that had never occurred to him, insanely preoccupied as he had been with Elizabeth's guilt.

Then, indeed, honey-sweet life had smiled to and beckoned him; and drenched with joy, and the knowledge of Elizabeth's innocence, it had seemed to him an easy thing to walk out of the dock free, to go to her on his knees to beg her forgiveness, and in her arms to forget this awful interlude that had marred the whole and perfect fabric of their love.

He had listened impatiently as the trial proceeded, for were they not keeping him from Elizabeth? And gradually, and with what cruel, relentless coldness, the conviction had come to him, that his folly had tied the knot too firmly about his throat for the fingers of love to loose it, and that innocent, save of his deadly wrong to her, he must die, leaving her with a stigma attached to her reputation that his had been the hand to affix, and which his death would but make the more indelible.

As that death stole nearer, and life receded, all Jack's lusty strength and manhood, now the cause for self-sacrifice, was swept away, cried out in him against annihilation, against the parting from Elizabeth, from Daffy, from the many good and pleasant years they three might have spent hand in hand together.

The sun shone brightly in on the court, the notes dancing flippantly on the dusty seats and the people, who had grown curiously quiet, all with eyes turned to that bowed head in the dock, which had not moved a hair-breadth since it first sank down.

Vaguely they felt—these people who had come to see a play—a creature of human flesh and blood, with ears strained for the sound of footsteps that herald a message of life or death.

They came at last, those steps, and immediately the court was thronged. The judge sat down in his place, and the prisoner stood up, the crest of his dark hair rising above the pale manly face that looked out calmly at the strained and breathless crowd—knowing the worst, and had Elizabeth been there, she would have been proud of her husband then.

The jury having answered to their names, in the midst of a dead silence, the question was asked:

"Have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"Guilty—but strongly recommended to mercy."

The judge sighed, Mr. Lemaire sat with his powerful head bent down, and one arm thrown across a bench, he neither looked up nor moved, but his attitude expressed more anger than regret.

Looking past all the faces, Jack saw only Elizabeth's as she stood at home waiting for the verdict, seemed to see her fall, to hear Daffy's sobs, and then...

... what miracle was this, or did he indeed hear his boy's voice joyfully shouting out "Daddy!" at the top of his voice?

He clutched the rails before him, and Mr. Lemaire started up, and the judge, in act of adjusting the black cap, paused and leaned forward to stare as through the crowded court a man in holden pushed his way, carrying in his arms a rosy, pinafored child, who clutched him round the neck with one arm, and pointed at his father with the other, laughing for joy, as they came nearer to him, so near that by stopping down, Jack could have touched them.

No one had let or hindered the pair since Janin had said a few brief words to an usher, words that cut-ran him and passed from lip to lip, till they reached even the judge, who sat frowning and perplexed, the black cap forgotten, and awry on his head.

Janin looked up at Jack, then without a word lifted up Daffy, who jumped into his father's arms with a shout of joy, and rapturously kissed him.

"My lord," said Janin, directly addressing the judge, "it is I who should be standing there—not him. I killed Mr. Ross. I knew that Mrs. St. George possessed valuable sapphires, and in an evil moment, when Rose and I were lamenting that we could not marry and go home and settle in our own country, she suggested to me that we should steal them. Her mistress did not really care for the jewels, she said, and her master hated them, and there would be no great search made after them. If she stole them, she would for certain betray herself, so I must do it, make my escape dispose of the stones, as abroad, and she would join me later. I was in a city office as correspondent, I hated the work—and I was willing to do as she proposed. Formerly when young, I was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and when she discovered that any one could easily get into Mr. St. George's house from the cobbler's she suggested that I should go there as apprentice, and as Trubshoe's happened to be in want of one, I applied for the situation, and got it. Mrs. St. George said, and in the most unlikely places, without being caught, when she slept down stairs, as she sometimes did, and usually at the suggestion of Rose. On that particular day, she sent

me a note saying she meant Mrs. St. George to sleep down stairs that night, that I was to be on the leads by eleven, watch the house, and when all was quiet, climb through the second drawing-room window, which was easily reached from below, take the sapphires out of her dressing-gown pocket which would be hanging beside her on a chair, and then go down the front stairs, where Rose would be waiting to let me out. The only danger I had to avoid was Mr. Ross's return, but he was going to a ball, that night and would probably be very late. I was then to go straight home, regaining my room in the same way as I had left it.

"All fell out as she had planned—with one exception. We had not planned murder, yet it was done. I just went back to my lodging, had tea and put my boots outside the door as if retiring to bed early.

"My room was on the ground floor overlooking a back yard that opened on some mews and I easily got out by the window unobserved and slipped into Trubshoe's place. I let myself noiselessly on to the leads of Mr. St. George's dining-room, and watched the house. It was a dark night, and at eleven o'clock Rose stole out to me through the staircase window to tell me that all was safe and as soon as I saw Mr. St. George's light pass up the staircase, I could go in.

"Soon after eleven the cook and housemaid went up stairs.

"At twelve o'clock I saw, being close now to the staircase window, Mr. St. George turn out the gas over the drawing-room door, and go up stairs.

"I concluded Rose to be down stairs, waiting for me, and keeping guard.

"After a little while I decided to get into the house.

"It was more difficult than I expected, and it must have been while I was struggling with those difficulties that Mr. Ross came in, and passed up the stairs without my hearing him.

"In getting through the window at last, I struck against a small table or something that fell over with a loud crash. The very next moment I heard some one running quickly down stairs, and opening the outer door; so, not knowing where to hide, I turned to the recess, where Mrs. St. George lay asleep, and tried to pull the folds of her dressing-gown round me as I crouched behind the chair. There was very little light in the room, but enough to show me the folding doors flying open and a man coming in in his shirt sleeves who made straight for me though I could see him far better than he could see me.

"There's somebody here," he said, groping about with his arms, as if he didn't know the place very well, and then he came close to the foot of the bed, which was a very low one, and stopped short staring down at the lady as if he were struck silly, or as if wondering how she came to be there.

"I saw then that he had a pistol in his hand—a mere toy thing—but not knowing how he might use it—and sure that he would see me when he took his eyes off the lady, I sprang up meaning to snatch it out of his hand and all taken by surprise as he was, he pointed it at me, and I struck up his hand, and it went off on the instant, and he fell over with his head on the foot of the bed—dead."

Janin paused, and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Janny's tellin' a story," said Daffy, in an awed voice—"what's it all about?" adding, in the same breath:

"O! look at that funny 'ole man in a cap!" and he pointed his forefinger at the judge.

"I picked up the pistol and tossed it away—it fell between the bedclothes and the wall, and the poor young lady slept soundly on looking as innocent and sweet as an angel, but it didn't seem to me strange—then."

"I never thought of the sapphires; I had clean forgotten them. I only wanted to get away from that—and I slipped out of the room and ran down stairs and out of the house so fast that Rose wasn't quick enough to stop me as she came out of the dining-room, so she thought I'd got the stones and didn't know anything about the murder till the next morning."

"I went back to my lodging, I kept on at the old life. I knew if I ran away I should be suspected, and I believed I could hold out till all danger was over. But I didn't reckon on Mr. St. George being found guilty, and when Rose, always pestering me and blaming me for not having taken the sapphires, brought her master's little child with her, I stopped and something seemed to half choke him—got to love him, God bless him, and so I've come here today, to set his father free."

"You'll kiss me, Master Daffy?" he said, in a lower voice, looking up at the boy; "p'raps it'll be for the last time," he added, but Daffy did not hear him.

When his father held him down to the pale man he clasped Janin's neck with both hands, kissing him with all his heart, his golden curls falling over, and half hiding both their faces.

"Going to take Daddy home to mother now—come and see you 'morrer!" he said, "and we'll 'ave another little game together!"

But Janin knew better.

To be Continued.

MADE IT WARM FOR HIM.

The young man, making a social call, found himself in a pleasant sitting room, surrounded by a bevy of dear, delightful creatures, who proceeded to assist the base burner to make it warm for him.

In fact, it was altogether too warm for the young man.

This is the hottest room I ever got into, he exclaimed at last, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. It really makes me sick. I'm afraid I'll have to throw up—

Wha-a-!—

—the window, he went on,



How to be Healthy In Winter.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims.

Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Dossie, Greenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

GEN. H. MACDONALD.

Hopes to Complete in South Africa a Career Brilliantly Begun.

Gen. Hector Macdonald, who is to go out to take the place in the staff vacated by Col. Wauchop's lamented death, must be known by name to every reader of the newspapers. His name in the army is "Fighting Mac." Where all are fighters, what a meaning that fact has! He was, after Lord Kitchener himself, the hero of Omdurman. Some indeed would have for him no second place, and say he saved the army from a great chance of disaster. He certainly held a critical position with his black regiment.

Gen. Macdonald has seen South African service before. In fact, he was at the battle of Majuba Hill, and the wonder is that he survived that battle. This fact was referred to in a highly interesting manner at a dinner given in his honour. The Duke of Athol, who was in the chair said:—

"It was a remarkable career, that of Col. Macdonald, beginning at the lowest rank of the army, and on the point of reaching one of the highest—that of brigadier-general—without having skipped a single grade. In his conduct during the only unlucky fight in which the guest had been engaged, that of Majuba Hill, the Duke, found subject for praise and fun. 'Fighting Mac's' company was almost annihilated, and the Boers approached to capture the remnant. The first Boer thought the sporan of Lieut. Macdonald, as he then was, would be a pretty piece of loot, but he received a kick in the stomach, which convinced him that his opponent came from a land where football was not unknown. Another Boer was about to shoot the gallant Highlander; but the first, generously forgiving the kick, struck up his comrade's rifle, saying: 'No, he is a brave man—too good to kill.'"

As the Duke of Athol said, Gen. Macdonald rose from the ranks. His father was a small crofter in Ross-shire, and the future soldier tended the few cattle on the croft in his early boyhood. At thirteen he was a draper's apprentice. He enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders at nineteen, and joining that regiment in India distinguished himself by his judgment, coolness, and gallantry in the Afghan campaign. He took his South African work, including that notable experience at Majuba on his way home; and afterward served in the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. He made soldiers of the Egyptian army, and led them in the way we have seen at Omdurman. He is still only forty-seven, and as much a "Fighting Mac" as ever.

THE SELFISH THING.

No, mamma, sobbed the unhappy young wife, George doesn't love me. I found it out last night.

Oh, my poor child, the mother exclaimed, what has happened? Ah, I see it all. You found a letter in his pocket!

It wasn't that, the miserable young woman answered, he came home and told me that he had had his life insured.

Well?

Well, if he really loved me, wouldn't he have had mine insured instead of selfishly going and insuring all this protection upon himself?

RETURNED A HUNDREDFOLD.

Wycke—I can't understand how Starbord became so rich.

Wytt—Well, you know, he was born aboard ship, and lived there nearly all his life.

Wycke—Exactly. That's why I can't understand his wealth.

Wytt—Oh! I don't know; "bred up on the waters" you know.

MODERN ARTILLERY.

Is Furnishing Some Excellent Lessons in the South African War.

Military men who are closely watching events in South Africa declare that never in its history was artillery more efficiently served than in the present campaign. Reports of experiments had with modern French field guns, in comparison with infantry fire, show that four French batteries possess, at ranges of 1,000 to 1,200 yards, the man-killing effect of a full division of infantry. This estimate holds good, the French found, whether based on the number of rifles which a division can at any moment put in line, or the amount of ammunition carried by the infantry and artillery respectively.

In arriving at comparative data the French employed 100 infantry and a battery of six field guns of ninety-millimeter caliber. The infantry fired in volleys, by half sections and independently. Similar targets were employed. The ranges varied from 800 to 1,800 yards. The artillery used shrapnel. Starting at 800 yards and up to extreme ranges the killing powers of the artillery were found superior to that of infantry, rising from double at 800 yards to sevenfold at 1,800 yards.

The French field guns, it must be known, are very efficient in shrapnel service, and it is the shrapnel fire of the French Le Creuset guns that the British are encountering in South Africa. A French gun throwing a projectile of about 20 pounds' weight, filled with shrapnel balls, will, at a range of 4,800 yards, place 50 per cent of the small balls in a rectangle measuring 50 yards by 42 yards. The field shrapnel projectiles carry about

200 SMALL BALLS.

One of the greatest artillery authorities of modern times, the late Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, Director of the Artillery College in England, declared that what English officers must bear in mind is the fact that the English army has never met in the field an enemy provided with well-served rifled artillery, nor has good shrapnel fire from rifled guns in large numbers ever yet been seen on the field of battle. Omdurman presented one of the first instances of really efficient use of shrapnel, and in that engagement the Derwishes were mowed down at ranges of 3,000 yards. Omdurman, however, was fought after Brackenbury's statement was made.

Some of these lessons of Brackenbury seem to have been forgotten by artillery officers in South Africa, and what he so clearly foresaw a few years ago as likely to happen in certain conditions has been fully borne out in recent engagements. Brackenbury believed with Prince Kraft, of Germany, that artillery must be pushed well forward with infantry. But Brackenbury warned artillerymen to have a care for the protection of the horses. At the action of the Tugela River Long's artillery was lost owing to the decimation of the teams.

The opinion is fast gaining ground that field artillery must carry ground shields if it is not to be driven from position by the fire of a few sharpshooters. Brackenbury argued for shields fully 10 years ago. The shields of the Boer infantry and shrapnel fire is lending additional emphasis to the necessity for such protection.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING.

I'm sorry about this war in South Africa.

It doesn't affect you personally? Yes it does. Half a dozen girls have told me that it was going to make diamonds more expensive. Maybe it was my egotistic imagination, but every one of them seemed to have a newish—the-time-to-buy engagement rings look in her eye.

RIFLE PITS.

Nearly always, too, the defenders of

TERMS USED IN WAR TIME

THE PROJECTILES AND EXPLOSIVES NOW BEING USED.

How Guns Are Classified and Defensive Words Are Known—Some Interesting Facts About Matters That Are Mentioned Daily in the South African Campaign.

There are many more or less technical military terms brought into prominent and constant use by the war, the exact meanings of which are probably by no means clear to the average civilian. There is Lyddite, for instance.

This terrible substance is practically identical with the French melinite and the German soburite, the base of all three being picric acid, which, in its turn, is a preparation of picric acid. It derives its name from the village of Lydd, in Kent, where was conducted the series of elaborate experiments which resulted in its adoption as the "high" explosive of the British army. Lyddite is not used for charging shrapnel but is tightly packed into thin cylindrical bombs of forged steel. These burst into hundreds of fragments, which fly in every direction with incredible velocity. The bursting of a large Lyddite shell means almost certain death to every living thing within 50 yards' radius, while absolute safety cannot be counted upon at a less distance than 1,000 yards. The fumes given off are deadly within a twenty-foot radius.

PACKAGES OF DEATH.

Six different kinds of projectiles are known to modern artillery officers. They are common shell, shrapnel, case, galliser, segment and star shell. Only the three first-named, however, are likely to be used extensively in the present war. Common shell is a hollow, elongated, conical projectile, having at its head a percussion fuse, which ignites on impact. The interior is filled with cordite. It is used against fortified or entrenched camps and towns, and against masses of troops in the open. Shrapnel, on the other hand, is used almost exclusively against troops advancing in extended order. The fuse, as well as the bursting charge, is situated at the base of the shell, the whole interior of the forward part being filled with from 200 to 600 half-inch bullets, according to the caliber of the gun. The fuse is a "time" one, and can be "set" to explode the shell at any time between five and thirty seconds after it has left the gun. It should explode, by rights, about 20 or 30 yards in front of the enemy. The bullets then spread out fanwise, doing fearful execution. Case is only used at close quarters. It is merely a hollow metal canister, in appearance not unlike a small oil-drum or a large preserved-meat can, filled with a number of bullets. The shell is burst and the bullets scattered by the gun's discharge.

VARIETIES OF GUNS.

Guns are either mountain, field, garrison or siege. The former are, generally speaking, the lightest and smallest of all; the latter are the heaviest. Among the former are "four-pounders"—that is to say, guns throwing a shot of four pounds' weight. Among the latter are found gigantic 110-ton pieces of ordnance, capable of throwing a steel shot, weighing three quarters of a ton, to a distance of nearly 12 miles. Guns are officially classified according to (a) the weight of the projectile; (b) the weight of the gun; or (c) the diameter of the bore. Thus, the pieces of naval ordnance which were used by the British at Ladysmith were spoken of as 47-inch guns, meaning, of course, that they measured 47 inches across the interior of the bore at the muzzle. This particular type of gun, by the way, is about the best all-round weapon, for it is a quick firer, a breech loader, and can take indifferently shells charged with either Lyddite, cordite, or ordinary black powder. Its larger sister, the 6-inch quick-firing gun, is capable, of course, of throwing a heavier projectile, but, on the other hand, it is infinitely more cumbersome and cannot be fired so rapidly.

SAFEGUARDING A POSITION.

A permanent position, once taken up, is safeguarded by the defenders in various ways. The Boers "go into laager," which means, in plain English, that they surround themselves with a sort of zeriba, or wall of wagons. This is an excellent defense where the attacking force is unprovided with artillery, but shell fire quickly plays havoc with it, besides sending deadly splinters of iron and wood among the defenders. Trained troops, supplemented by a more or less elaborate system of wire-entanglement. The latter is constructed of telegraph wire, crossed and recrossed, and fastened firmly to pointed stakes driven into the ground to a height of about 18 inches. To the advance of cavalry a properly-constructed wire entanglement offers a well-nigh insuperable barrier, while even to infantry it proves sometimes very annoying, especially at night-time, and when, as constructed by the Spaniards in Cuba, it is made of barbed wire, it is the most troublesome clog to the enemy's progress that could be devised. Earthworks are usually strengthened by gabions—cylindrical baskets having neither top nor bottom—and sand bags.

RIFLE PITS.

Nearly always, too, the defenders of