

The Mystery of No. 13.

CHAPTER XVII.

"O, she's down on her bendit knee, I wat she's pale and wearie; O, pardon, pardon, noble king, And give me back my dearie."

"Hush!" said Jack, as in the dusk he turned the latch-key in his own door, and softly let himself and Daffy in.

Daffy had learned his lesson as he came along, and now struggled down out of Jack's arm, beat with impetuous little hands on the door that had not been unlocked all day, while Jack slipped out of sight and waited.

"Mother!" said Daffy at the key-hole, "mother!" and the joy in his voice, some fresh new joy surely, brought a gleam of hope to Elizabeth's miserable heart and scumbly she rose and unlocked the door.

It was quite dark now, but the two saw one another very well, and sprang into each other's arms.

"Where have you been all this while, my sweetheart?" she said, quite unaware of his having been out, a fact of which Mrs. Chick had not dared to inform her.

"O! playin!" said Daffy, feeling himself to be a very deceitful person indeed, and huggin' her with all his strength. "Poor mother left all by lone self—hours an' hours! Wonder what Daddy 'ud like for dinner?" he added, suddenly forgetting his part.

"Daddy will not be home to-night," she said, with a catch in her voice, knowing that if good news had been abroad, it would have reached her long before this.

Daffy chuckled, as if enjoying some private joke hugely, and kissed her with even more intoxicated delight than before, as she turned to kindle a light, which showed with cruel distinctness the strained eyes, the worn young face, the slight figure, shrunk to a mere nothing, in her black serge gown.

The shadow outside stole nearer to the door with a gesture of passionate pity, of longing that merged themselves into an ecstasy.

For did not she love him still? Would she have wasted to this poor ghost for a man who had earned only her contempt and hatred, without having the power to make her suffer?

"Shouldn't wonder if Daddy did come to-night," said Daffy, gravely, "s'posin' a little bird come and told me so—what would you say to that?" he added, loudly and triumphantly.

Elizabeth trembled—she knew how clever Daffy was, how seldom he made a mistake in his facts, and some faint, delicious glimmering of hope dawned in her eyes, as putting him from her, she said:

"Rose has come back—she told you something, Daffy?"

"Rose a naughty ooman," said the boy, shaking his head; "heard Janin say so—somefin' about your blue stones—somebody else told me Daddy was comin' to-night!"

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, wildly, desiriously, like one long ravished with cold and hunger who is suddenly confronted with warmth and plenty, "where are you, Jack, where?"

"Here," said Jack, coming swiftly in, but only just in time, as beneath the mingled rapture and agony of the moment she fell senseless to the ground.

All through the hours of that long day she had never once lost consciousness but wide-eyed and vividly alive, she had drunk her bitter cup drop by drop to the dregs, and now Nature took her revenge, denying her the power of tasting her joy, while yet it was barely at her lips. Jack kissed her pale mouth as he laid her down, a mere feather weight now in his strong arms, and chafed her little hands as he knelt beside her, Daffy looking on, with heaving breast, sorely cast down at this sad reception of his glorious news.

But soon Elizabeth opened her eyes, and stole an arm round Jack's neck. Why, on that fatal morning, had not heart met heart, and eyes met eyes, as they were meeting now?

"Jack!" she said in a whisper, "why have they let you come here to say good-bye? I never blamed you, dear— you all the more for it—to be so jealous how much you loved me—if I had been you, and you me, I would have done it myself. . . . are you not shocked to see how wicked your little Elizabeth has grown? And because, having done it, you could take your punishment without a word of complaint, though you were hard upon me, dear—very hard."

She was smoothing the hair from his forehead as she spoke, satisfying by the mere touch of him, the body and soul hunger with which she had longed for him through the last terrible weeks.

Jack dropped his head down beside hers on the pillow. If she could love and cleave to him thus, believing him guilty, was he not indeed the richest man on earth? Presently he would tell her—presently.

Daffy, who had always an exquisite sense of when he was in the wrong, had slipped out of the room, and gone down to the overjoyed Mrs. Chick to help to get something very nice for dinner.

"If, for one brief moment," said Elizabeth, with her lips to Jack's cheek, "you suspected me of having disloyal thoughts to you, you must very soon have known how impossible such a thing could be. I could bear all the rest, but not that—not that—not that! He was our friend, and I trusted and honored him."

She paused a moment and then went on again.

"Once I loathed and hated him, but I have suffered so much since that morning, and I have forgiven him now. Sometimes I have thought that not knowing I was sleeping there, he came down to speak to you. . . . but you know best. It is true I had

a little secret with him, my husband, and it concerned you. I could not bear to see you worried for money, and I might not sell those miserable sapphires, though I broke that vow afterward, and I asked Barry to help me sell a reversion to which I was entitled, and he was finding out all about it for me, and two or three times we met to talk it over. That night I sent him a note—just two or three lines, telling him he might conclude the matter for me, and I gave to Rose to place in his room. I never once woke during that night, and in the morning, she paused, trembling.

"How I hated him as I saw him lying there, when once I had looked in your eyes! O, my God, that look of yours brings the color to my face whenever I think of it!" God forgive me," groaned Jack. "How could I be so vile a thing, and in so short a time? I was angry—I could not have kneed to you then. Afterward"—her head sank lower.

"Elizabeth—my little love, my darling," he said, taking the small, pale face in both his hands "try and remember my sweet. After Rose went down stairs that morning did she burn anything when she came back?"

"Yes—I smelt something like paper burning, but I didn't notice I was listening for your step on the stairs. Oh! Jack! How long are they going to let you stay with me?"

Jack looked down very solemnly and earnestly into Elizabeth's blue eyes—bitter and sweeter now, surely, than they had ever been before.

"Elizabeth, little wife," he said, "I did not kill poor Barry. I thought—don't take your arms away from me, child—don't shy away from me. I thought that you killed him. Stay! forgive me for once more! I thought you had allowed him to admire you, for he loved you, Elizabeth, O! he loved you! and that he had misunderstood you, and you, in your horror and anger at his appearance there, had Elizabeth lay like one stupefied, gazing at Jack.

"Cat you forgive me, love?" he said, "that I could live with you, know your character, and all your sweet goodness, yet believe you capable of such a brutal act of madness as that? And I came to actually exult in it as a proof of how dearly you loved me; but my only fear was that when you accused yourself they would believe you."

"And so you would die for me?" said Elizabeth, with trembling lips; "you could not speak to me, but you could die for me—all guilty, and worthless as I seemed. O! what am I to deserve such love! And I could think that you—you committed murder—"

She grew paler yet, her heart almost stilled by stress of emotion, then she whispered:

"Who did it?"

"Rose's lover," he whispered back; "it was an accident—he came to steal your sapphires."

Elizabeth laughed, and at the delicious sound Jack's heart bounded.

"Those sapphires," she said. "What did you always say about them?" Her voice changed abruptly. "Barry—poor Barry!" she said. "O! Heavens, how I have wronged him!"

The slow tears fell heavily down her white cheeks. "Might I not have known that it was impossible for him to change so. . . . and he loved Daffy, and Daffy loved him. But how did he get your pistol?" she added, suddenly.

"I lent it to him only the week before. After being in those riots in Ireland, he fancied himself shadowed over here, and carried firearms."

"Then how came that man from Scotland Yard to find it in your possession?" said Elizabeth, touching pitifully one of the hollows in Jack's young face, aged beyond belief during the past weeks.

"When everybody had gone, and I was in the room alone, I saw something bright shining between the bed and the wall. It was the pistol I had lent poor Barry. I had barely hidden it, when I turned and saw Mr. Skewton."

"And so Rose drugged me that night," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully, "and it was at her suggestion I first started sleeping down stairs—which you never liked. But I had a horror of that low-ceilinged room at the top. O! Jack, if only we had not let poor Barry in!"

"It's no good looking back," said Jack manfully "it was all a miserable chapter of accidents—for Janin never meant to kill him. But he is sure of a light sentence."

"Who is Janin?" said Elizabeth, so emboldened by happiness that she began to remember she had not broken her fast that day.

"Rose's sweetheart. And but for much, that he actually confessed, more to make the little chap happy than to save me. I do believe—I should not be here to-night."

"God bless Janny!" echoed Daffy's voice from the door, as, tied up in Mrs. Chick's apron, he first ran in and kissed them both, then asked what they would please to like for dinner? Because," he added, with a shout of triumph, "us is going to cook it!"

CIVIC AND MILITARY POWERS.

A Boer field cornet is usually the Magistrate of the neighboring country wherein he resides, and is invested with the power to command all able-bodied men on such an occasion as the present war.

ENGLAND'S HEBREW SOLDIERS.

There are quite a number of Hebrew soldiers fighting with the British troops in South Africa. Sixteen Jewish officers and nearly 200 men are to be numbered among the regulars and colonial troops.

DEFENCES TO PRETORIA.

A Formidable Circle of Forts, Mines and Entrenchments With Redoubts.

The despatch of a siege train from England to South Africa is an indication that the British Government anticipates the investment of the Boer capital before the war is brought to a conclusion. Considerable interest, therefore attaches to a description of the defences of Pretoria, which, according to report, are of the most modern description and formidable in their completeness.

They consist of five powerful forts and five lines of mines and enormous entrenchments with redoubts, the mines being so laid as to cover all the approach to the principal points of the defence. The centre of the system of forts lies about 1,200 yards to the westward of the northern end of Pretoria, and has a radius of something more than 7,000 yards. The centre of the city itself is only about 3,800 yards, nearly due south, from the fort on Signal Hill, which is about 400 feet above the plain on the west side of the railway to Johannesburg, and about 4,900 yards from the fort on the hill to the east of the railway and the Apies River running to the north.

Between this fort and the river are the fountains that furnish the water supply of Pretoria. The distance between the forts on either side of the railway is 2,700 yards. The railway station where the lines from Johannesburg on the south, Delagoa Bay on the east, and Pietersburg in the north form their junction, is immediately outside the city on the south side. The railway to Pietersburg, after winding some distance to the westward, passes out of the plain on which Pretoria is situated, through the Daspoort or defile in the range of hills behind the city, through which also the Apies River runs, the railway and river running together across the plain through the Winderboom Poort, under the guns of a large fort 7,100 yards, and a little to the eastward of north, from the centre of Pretoria.

THE WESTMOST FORT

is on the range of hills behind Pretoria, and lies at a distance of 10,500 yards northwest of the centre of the city. The powerful redoubt to the southwest of Pretoria, 3,800 yards from the centre of the city, on the range of hills through which the transport road to Johannesburg passes, completes the circle of the larger works defending the Boer capital. Behind this redoubt are the principal magazines, one excavated out of the solid rock with a bomb-proof roof, and the other built into the kloof, also a bomb-proof. Communication between the redoubt and the last mentioned magazine is by means of a covered way. Roads connect all these forts with the capital, and they have pipes laid for water, as well as electric cables for the search lights.

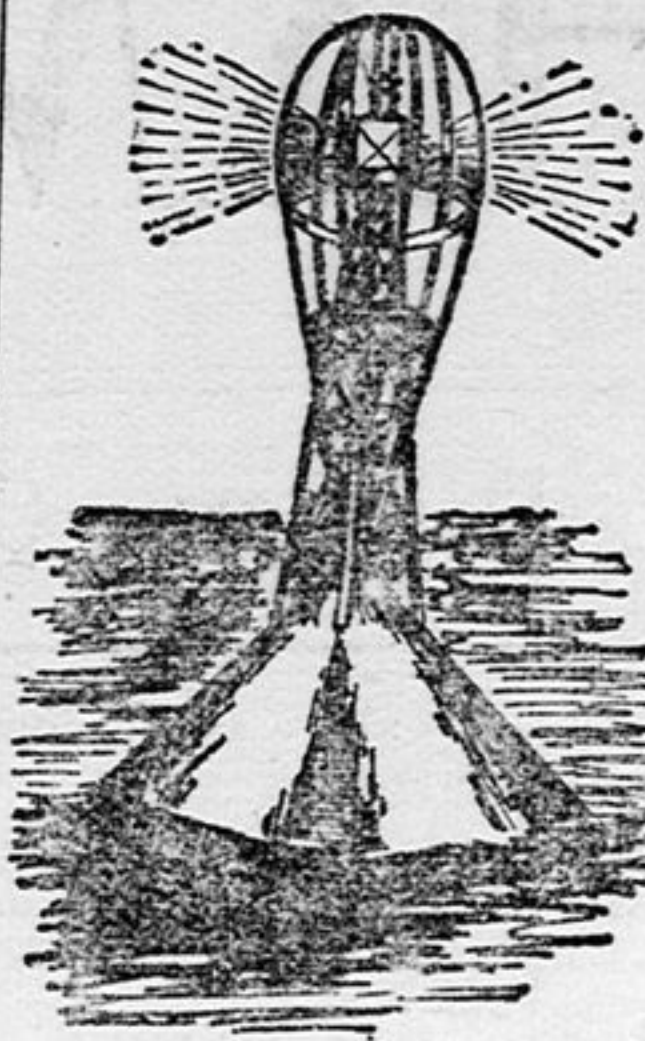
The number of guns mounted on the forts and redoubts is said to be 120 of large calibre and quickfiring of different kinds. It is stated that some of the guns are of 23 centimetres calibre, but this is doubtful; it is known, however, that there are quite a number of 15-centimetre guns of French make from the Creusot works and of long range, as has been shown by their performance at Ladysmith.

Among the others there are Krupp's, Maxims and other machine and quick-firing guns.

The forts are open to the rear toward Pretoria, and are of masonry heavily faced with earth toward the open country. On the east side of the circle of defence there was no regular fort in existence when hostilities began, but it is probable that since then the ridge to the eastward of the city, by which the railway to Delagoa Bay runs, has been fortified.

THE SIEGE TRAIN

Just shipped from England for South Africa, presumably for Pretoria, is the second sent out during the last forty-six years. The last occasion was when sixty-five heavy guns and mortars were sent from Woolwich for the siege of Sebastopol where with fifty shignips, they took part in the bombardment of that city in conjunction with the French siege train. The Russian defence, however, developed so rapidly under the inspiration of Tolstehen, that before the final assault which placed it in the hands of the allies, the number of guns in position in the besieging batteries had been raised to 806. The train now on its way out from England comprises thirty howitzers, fourteen of 8-inch calibre, eight of 5-inch, and eight of 4-inch. The number is not formidable in itself under the old conditions in regard to explosives, but if they are, as may be inferred, intended to throw lyddite shells, it is an exceedingly formidable armament and, unless the Boers are in possession of some similar high explosive with which to respond to the British fire, the siege of Pretoria should not be of very long duration. It is calculated that the investment will require fully 42,000 British troops, leaving the remainder of the army to guard the strategic points and operate against that part of the Boer Army not required for the defence of Pretoria. This part of the Boer Army is expected to fall back into the north in the Zoutpansberg Mountains which the Boers are reported to intend to make their stronghold, and where they expect to carry on the war against England indefinitely.



A Danger Signal.

Just as the lighthouse is a signal of danger to sailors, and the red light to railway men, so has nature equipped individuals with danger signals of one kind or another when their physical condition is not quite right. It may simply be a tired feeling, a slight cold, weakness of the muscles, a fickle appetite or some other slight at first—which indicates that your condition is not a healthy one. If the danger signal is not heeded, serious results will follow and a complete collapse may occur. In nine cases out of ten the direct cause of the trouble is impoverished blood, or weak nerves. You need something to brace you up—to make your blood rich and your nerves strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this promptly and effectively. They strengthen from first dose to last.

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THE INFLUENCE OF FOOD.

WHAT AN ENGLISH PHYSIOLOGIST SAYS ON THE SUBJECT.

Several Important Truths Discovered Regarding the Effect of Articles of Diet on the Disposition.

What influence, if any, has food on human character?

For some time certain European physiologists have been trying to find a satisfactory answer to this question, and now, one of them, an Englishman, announces that he has discovered several important truths, and one of which is a clear proof that human beings are influenced to a greater or lesser extent by the food which they are in the habit of eating.

Every kind of food, we are told, produces a distinct effect upon the character of the person who consumes it. Thus, if a man were to eat nothing but beef for a few months the inevitable result would be that he would become abnormally energetic, courageous, and, perhaps, foolhardy to the verge of insanity. If he were to continue this beef diet for some time longer, he would become as untamable as a wild bull, and it would be dangerous for any one to approach him. This would prove true, even though he might naturally be a man of the mildest character.

Pork as an exclusive diet is not rated any higher than beef. Much of the modern pessimism may, perhaps, be rightly ascribed to it, for we are told that it breeds melancholy and sadness, and that overindulgence in it is likely to lead to suicide. Even the more refined persons become

COARSE AND BRUTAL

under its influence, and the most inveterate gourmand will in time become disgusted with life and its pleasures. Unhappy too, will speedily become the mental condition of those who feast constantly on lamb. No matter how bright and clever they may be, they cannot long resist the influence of the sportive but stupid little animals which have gradually become part of themselves, and imbeciles they will surely become, if they do not in good time recover their lost intellect by three square meals a day of some food less debilitating than lamb.

A constant diet of veal is not desirable, as it tends to make the muscles too soft and the character, too effeminate. Prize fighters, soldiers and all others who have need of physical or intellectual courage are advised to abstain from it. There is a tradition that from time immemorial henpecked husbands have been consumers of veal. If this be true, their lack of courage on critical occasions is easily explained.

Milk and eggs diet is recommended by this fine de siecle physiologist as a constant diet for any young lady who desires to obtain a very beautiful, soft and white skin.

PURE COWS MILK

he says, never exercises any bad influence either on the body or on the characters of human beings. Sheep's milk, being more oleaginous, has an exhilarating effect on the system, and anyone who consumes an unusually large quantity of butter daily will gradually become very pacific and lazy, and will in the end suffer constantly from fatigue, from which he will find it impossible to arouse himself. Strong cheese, if eaten in moderation, is said to be excellent as a sedative, and is recommended to persons who are too nervous and excitable, but if eaten constantly and in large quantities, it is said to produce the same obnoxious effect as pork. Those who would strengthen their intellect and their muscles at the same time are advised to eat many

eggs daily, and those whose main object is to improve their memory and to retain it unimpaired up to the day of their death are assured that it is their bounden duty to take a large quantity of strong mustard with every meal. Fish as a constant diet is not recommended to anyone. Indeed, it is anatomized in rather bitter terms. "Persons who eat nothing but fish," are the warning words, "will soon be on a level with the fish-eating inhabitants of the north of Siberia, who are the stupidest creatures in the world."

AS FOR POTATOES,

experience shows that an exclusive diet of them produces indescribable ennui and a feeling of intellectual and physical weariness. Indeed, an exclusive diet of vegetables is said to produce most lamentable results, and vegetarians are informed in pretty plain language that they are undermining their constitutions by abstaining wholly from animal food. The value of vegetables is admitted, but only when they are used with other varieties of food. When used alone and constantly they invariably make the flesh soft and the muscles flaccid, and, at the same time, the eyes begin to lack lustre and vigor departs even from the roots of the hair. Wore, still, the brain gradually loses its cunning and is powerless to do any durable work. Quite the contrary is the case when fruit of any kind forms the frequent diet of a person. Excellent, we are told, are fruits, one reason being because they produce a most pleasant exhilarating effect, without enervating the brain, as alcohol does. What the effect of a constant and long-continued diet of fruits would be we are not told, but, from the manner in which they are praised, it seems safe to infer that they are regarded by certain modern physiologists with more favor than either animal or vegetable food.

THE THINEST MAN.

Welshed But Forty-Five Pounds and Wore Padded Clothing.

Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Aubroise Serrat, who was exhibited in 1825, was such an extraordinary personage—that no less than 70,000 persons visited him in a few weeks. Serrat was born in 1797, and was, therefore, 28 years of age when he made his appearance as a "freak."

Mr. Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the throng who poured into the building in which Serrat received those who were anxious to see him, and in writing of which said: "Serrat is without doubt the most mysterious being I have encountered. His face is that of an ordinary man, somewhat emaciated, perhaps, but not remarkably so. His eyes are bright, and his voice pleasing. Seen in his ordinary costume of the day, he in no way differs from the average foreigner. But stripped of his padded clothing, he presents an astounding spectacle.

"His arms were mere bones covered by parchment-like skin, and muscle and flesh he appears to have none. He is therefore scarcely able to move his arms and legs, and walks, though without apparent effort, with extreme difficulty. On measuring his chest measurement I found that his chest measurement was 39-4 inches, which is fair; that his weight was not more than 45 pounds, the bones being much smaller than those of an ordinary man of his stature, who might weigh 150 pounds. In appearance, indeed, he so much resembles a skeleton that a shortsighted person might easily mistake him for one."

Serrat's food consisted of two or three ounces of bread and meat daily, and sometimes he took a little wine. He was remarkably intelligent and well read, and picking up English rapidly. On arriving at places where he was not known he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes, and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of 10 years he resembled any ordinary boy, but that he suddenly wasted away. He died in 1849, aged 52 years.

The Home

TESTED RECIPES.

Roast Pig.—About three or four weeks is the right age, to roast whole; cut off the toes, leaving the skirt long to wrap around the ends of the legs, and put it in cold water. Make a stuffing, with about six powdered crackers, one tablespoonful of sage, two of summer savory, one chopped onion, half a pint of cream, two eggs, with pepper and salt. Mix these together and stew about 15 minutes. Take the pig from the water, fill it with the stuffing and sew it up. Boil the liver and heart, with five pepper corns, chop fine, with a pint of water and a tablespoonful of salt. When it begins to roast flour it well and baste it with the drippings. Bake three hours.

Chicken Pie.—Cut up a nice plump chicken into joints, which lay upon a dish, and season lightly with chopped parsley, white pepper and salt; then lay them back, cut into three pieces, at the bottom of a pie dish, with the two legs on either side; have half a pound of cooked ham or bacon in slices, a layer of white cover over them lay in two wings, and over them the breast, cut in two pieces, which, with the remainder of the ham or bacon, form into a dome in the middle; pour half a pint of white sauce over, if handy or a little broth or water; cover with paste, and bake as directed for the last. If no white sauce, dip each piece lightly in flour.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Peel and core eight tart apples; in each hollow stuff sugar and a blade of mace or a little cinnamon; make a batter of a pint of flour, a spoonful of corn starch, a large teaspoonful of baking powder, milk or water, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix almost as thick as drop cake, pour over the apples and bake three quarters of an hour. Eat with sauce. To make richer pudding stew the apples first, but gently, and hot so as to break them, stuff them with sugar and citron, pour over a sweet custard and bake. Boil it two or three hours and serve with wine sauce.

Macaroni With Tomatoes.—Boil one half pound of macaroni till tender, pour off all the water, then add one half cup of sweet cream, one third of a cup of butter; pepper and salt; let simmer for a short time, but be careful that it does not become much broken, turn into vegetable dish; have ready one pint of stewed tomatoes, season with butter, salt and pepper, pour over the macaroni.

To Cook Squash.—If very young and tender, merely cut in pieces and core; otherwise peel and core, and stew it with a small amount of water. When tender press out the water through a sieve or in a coarse cloth, mash it fine, and dress it with butter, pepper and salt.

Apple Sauce.—Pare, core and slice some apples; stew them with sufficient water to prevent burning; when done, mash them through a colander, sweeten to taste, add a small piece of butter, a little nutmeg or lemon.

Bacon Omelet.—Beat up some eggs, according to the quantity required, then add salt, pepper, some finely cut parsley and green onions, and a slice or two of bacon cut into very fine mince meat; mix all well together, fry and scorch the top with a red hot poker.

Spare Ribs, Roasted.—Joint it down the middle; sprinkle it with fine sage, salt and a little flour; put it in the oven and baste it well. Serve it with apple sauce, egg sauce or white sauce.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

For burns nothing is better than the white of an egg beaten to a foam and mixed with a teaspoonful of lard. Five drops of carbolic acid make it better. A dressing that will prevent scarring, and give immediate relief is one dram of bismuth subnitrate to an ounce of vaseline with five drops of carbolic acid. Before applying this wash the surface with a solution of one dram of common soda to a pint of common soda. Squeeze this from a cloth upon the burn, then apply the dressing.

Dr. Patchen, of New York, says: "If every living person were to diminish 90 per cent. the amount of sugar he now consumes and maintain its use at this standard, in less than one generation the number of physicians now practicing would be diminished by one-half, and two-thirds the present number of drug stores would be closed."

A barrel of flour will make about 250 loaves of bread. Bakers, by "tricks known to the trade," increase the number to 300 and even 315 loaves.

Bread, like butter, very readily absorbs odors, especially those of soap and washing powders. For that reason washing day shouldn't be taking day if it can be avoided.

Steam collects on the windows and effectually converts them into frosted glass these days. To prevent, and keep them free from ice, rub the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

You can tell whether nutmegs are fresh or stale by pricking them with a pin. If fresh the oil instantly spreads around the puncture.

In cold weather it is expedient to considerably increase the amount of yeast used in setting the bread-sponge on account of the slower growth of the