For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER X.

We must now return to Percy Granville, whom we left convalescing slowly at Redstone Hall.

On the second day, which followed the visit of Evelyn St. Claire to the Hall, Percy had written a long letter to Gay begging her to come to him for he could endure the separation no longer.

"Meet me in the shadow of the lime-trees near the western wing, precisely at eight o'clock, my darling," he had written.

And, although it was widely at variance with the doctor's express orders that he should not leave the house for another week at least, eight o'clock found him pacing restlessly up and down in the shadow of the waving trees.

The moments dragged slowly by, still no Gay appeared.

"By George!" he muttered, turning very pale, upon consulting his watch and seeing that an hour had slipped by; "I cannot stand this a minute longer. I must go to Gay at once, since she will not come to me."

With a careless fear clutching at his heart, a dark shadowy fear like the premonition of coming evil, Percy made his way through the hazy October sunlight to Gay's humble home, censuring himself, the while, that Gay, his darling little bride, was living so plainly, while he was surrounded with all the luxury taste could suggest or money procure.

He had determined to call for Gay upon some pretext. "Surely her sister, Hazel, will not refuse me one minute alone with my darling," he thought. It was rather a bold undertaking and might cause comment; still Percy was reckless of all consequences, he must see Gay at all hazards.

He leaped up the narrow stairway that led to her humble home three steps at a time. Once—twice—thrice he knocked at the door, receiving no answer to his summons.

"That's strange," he mused, his handsome face paling, "exceedingly strange."

Hardly knowing what prompted him to do it, Percy turned the knob; it yielded to his touch, swinging slowly back on its creaking hinges.

For one moment he gazed wildly about him.

"Good Heaven!" he ejaculated, pale as death; "these rooms are empty—Gay has gone!"

He leaned heavily against the doorway, bathed in the cold amber moonlight that streamed in upon the bare floor through the uncurtained window, pushing his hand to his brow like one who had received a heavy blow.

The here words seemed to take up the cry he uttered, and answer mockingly:

"Gone!"

The blow was so sudden and unexpected that he was completely bewildered; his brain was in a whirl.

At that moment he saw a woman in the hall below.

He called to her in a strange, unnatural, hoarse voice:

"I was looking for Miss Esterbrook and her sister Gay," he said. "I find their rooms empty; can you tell me, my good woman, where they have gone?"

The landlady, for it was she looked at the handsome young man before her.

"Miss Hazel's dead and buried, sir, over a week ago," she replied, "and as for the other one, that pretty will-o'-the-wisp they called Gay, the report is that she has left the village for good."

The double intelligence was an astounding blow to him.

He thanked her and turned away.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself when he reached the pavement. "Surely, my dark-eyed, innocent little love does not wish to keep her abode a secret from me; yet why has she not told me Hazel is dead, and that she intended leaving here?

Suddenly the hot blood mounted to his temples.

Perhaps Little Gay regretted having married him so hastily and had fled from married him so hastily and had fled from him.

The thought was so bitter it almost took his breath away.

Percy loved his little bride so madly so passionately, so blindly, he vowed to himself he would search heaven and earth but what he would find her.

And in that terrible hour the young husband tested the first draught of the cup of bitterness which he was to drain to the very dregs.

Poor Percy; he little knew that this was but the first stroke of the double vengeance planned upon him to separate him from Little Gay forever.

In vain Percy made every possible inquiry through the village.

No one had seen Gay Esterbrook for over a week past.

She had left the Pagoda Mills after Hazel's death, none knew whither.

Hours later the bells in the belfry of an adjoining city were just on the stroke of the midnight hour, as a pair of horses, flecked with foam, drew up before one of the principal detective offices on Avenue A.

The famous detective sat in his private office, although the hour was late, trying to unravel the intricate meshes of a bank robbery that his attention had been called to and his services secured to unravel the mystery.

He heard hurried footsteps in the outer office, but he did not raise his eyes from the notebook before him.

He had no fear of being interrupted, for the great, staring, gilded letters on the door, "No admittance" barred out all intruders.

For it did not prove effectual in this case. The knob was hastily turned, and a young and handsome man with a white, haggard face stood on the threshold.

It was Percy Granville.

"I am in great trouble; I wish to see you about a lovely young girl who has—who has—"

Here Percy stopped short in the greatness of confusion, breaking down completely.

The famous detective smiled grimly under his gray mustache.

"I thought as I said before, nothing to do with a love affair," he mused, looking at the handsome troubled face. "If young man would only be more candid," he thought; "they are always in trouble about their love affairs. They do the most absurd and unreasonable things, then come to me to right them. Some angry papa has nipped an elopement in the bud, and spirited off the pretty daughter, no doubt."

"There and a hundred thoughts probably just as wide of the mark passed through the detective's brain, as he courteously waited for the young gentleman to regain his composure and proceed.

"I have a strangely curious story to tell you, sir," he said at last. "I am quite sure you will say that it is more like a romance than reality. No book ever contained such a strange story, but I assure you that it is true."

The detective smiled.

He however uttered no word; and, true to his business instincts, he looked very sympathetic and profoundly interested.

"The young girl whose whereabouts I wish to possess your valuable services to discover, is—my wife," said Percy hesitatingly. "She has left me suddenly—she has fled, leaving no clew by which I may trace her—left me suddenly without word or note."

It hurt Percy Granville's pride cruelly to make this admission, and a satin'n flush crept up to the fair rings of hair on his white forehead.

The detective was decidedly amazed. He could not understand how any sane young woman could leave so handsome a young fellow as the one before him. In most cases the slipper was on the other foot. But he was too thoroughly master of his business to express surprise in his face. He merely said:

"Go on, sir, go on."

And Percy did go on—never sparing himself in describing how he urged Gay to marry him, when they were preparing home together from the wreck of his fortune, and how she had hesitated, fearing with her until at last she consented. How they had wanted with kisses and fond caresses at the consummation of his happiness. Then through which he had worshiped faithfully to his poetic little bride, every day, receiving no replies—and how at length he could endure it no longer, and had come in desperation to Gay's home only to find it empty and his lovely little bride gone—none knew whither.

"But I will find my darling," cried Percy, with energy. "I shall search the world over for her. If it takes every cent of my fortune, I shall find Gay."

For some moments neither spoke.

"Somehow," said the detective, breaking the silence, "there was a previous lover in the case."

"I am sure there was not," replied Percy, quickly.

"But the idea is new to him. He adores his pretty little Gay with a mad, jealous love, and a love so intense is susceptibly to the poisonous breath of doubt. Jealousy ran in Percy Granville's veins.

"He could not endure the thought of Gay's having a lover; the very thought was maddening.

"Well," said the detective, as Percy rose to depart, "I will do all I can for you. Leave me your address, please, in case I should wish to communicate with you."

He jotted down the address, feeling actually sorry for the handsome young husband clinging to such a frail straw of hope.

In his own mind, long before Percy had concluded his story, he had settled his opinion—that from some cause the young bride had fled from him with some girlish bitterly repenting her mad, hasty marriage.

"I will be able to trace the young lady if any one can," said the detective, bowing the young man to the door.

"I have the utmost faith in your acknowledged ability," said Percy, grasping the hand that was stretched out to him. "I shall rest my hopes upon your finding Gay. I cannot. I will not believe she is false to me. I would as soon think of the light of Heaven playing me false as my sweet little love."

Percy Granville returned to Redstone Hall half distracted. All that night he paced the floor of his room battling with the mightiest pain that ever racked a man's breast.

He pushed away his breakfast untasted, and he had barely risen from the table ere Evelyn St. Claire was announced.

It was a very pretty picture that he saw as he stepped in to the morning-room to greet her, the tall, slender figure standing in the sunlight, holding her blue plush riding-habit thrown over one gauntleted hand, holding a dainty pearl riding-whip with the other. Her snowy plumes drooping coquettishly over her yellow curls, her blonde face fresh and blooming as the morning itself.

She guessed at the first glance at his handsome face that he must have discovered Gay's departure from the village.

"How he must love her to grieve for her like this," she thought bitterly, striving to keep the wrath that was devouring her. "Now is my time to sow the first seeds of distrust and hatred in his heart against the girl that has come between me and his love."

She forced a smile to her lips, holding out her dainty gloved hand to him.

"I was out for an early morning canter, and I could not resist the impulse that prompted me to run in and see how you were getting along," she said sweetly.

"You are very kind to take so much interest in me," he replied with grave courtesy. "I thank you, Miss St. Claire."

The girl flushed hotly at the coldness in his words and tone.

At that moment her sharp eyes espied the postman advancing up the broad pebbled walk.

Shortly after the servant placed these letters on the silver salver on the centre-table.

No flush dyed the fair, blonde face of Evelyn St. Claire, although she had recognized instantly one of the letters as the one which Harold Tremaine had inclosed with one to herself, asking her to mail it in the village post-office, that it might bear the village post-mark, thus completely throwing Percy Granville, to whom it was addressed, off his track.

Evelyn St. Claire knew the contents well.

It was the arrow which was to give the death-blow to an already sore and bleeding heart.

How she longed to have him read it in her presence, that she might note its effect upon him.

"Do not let me interrupt you in looking over your morning mail, Percy," she said gayly. "I see you are more than anxious to peep into those white missives."

At that moment he gave a quick start of surprise; he had recognized the writing on the uppermost envelope, which was addressed to himself as Harold Tremaine.

He bowed to Miss St. Claire for her kind permission, and, taking up the fatal envelope which was to his death-warrant, hurriedly broke the seal.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had passed since the memorable night Percy Granville had secured the services of the famous detective in unraveling the deep mystery that shrouded the sudden disappearance of Gay.

If the earth had opened and swallowed her, she could not have been more completely lost to the world; not the faintest clew could be obtained; the great New York detective was completely baffled.

During that week, however, Gay was passing through thrilling experiences—commencing with the night she stood in such deadly peril, facing the occupants of the stone cavern.

For a moment a death-like silence reigned.

The girl had surprised the counterfeiters in the very midst of their nefarious work, and Harold Tremaine realized, with a thrill of horror, even before they spoke, that the doom of the beautiful, fearless Gay was sealed.

He turned upon them haughtily.

"Lower your revolvers, comrades," he said. "I will hold myself responsible for this young girl's appearance here."

"She was spying upon us, chief!" they cried hoarsely. "You know how we are bound by our iron-clad oath to deal with a spy, though it be a brother or a wife."

Harold Tremaine held up his white hand with a gesture of silence, his eyes flashing fire at the muttering group around him.

"I will be responsible in this case," he repeated sternly. "She shall never leave this house; the discovery she has made renders this imperative; furthermore, she shall be forced to take our oath of secrecy—"

"Never!" burst out Gay, chillly, facing them in all her proud, defiant young beauty. "As soon as I can make my escape from this horrible place I shall let the whole world know your terrible trade, that you may be brought to speedy justice!"

Hoarse cries answered this fearless remark.

"As you will force it," cried Tremaine, springing forward and grasping her white wrist so tightly that she winced with pain. She flashed him a look of uncutterable scorn from her great dark eyes.

"Do not touch me!" she cried. "I despised you before; now I loathe you, knowing what you are."

He set his white teeth hard together, smiling grimly.

"Come with me," he said abruptly, drawing her back into the passage.

He did this so forcibly that the dark curly head came in sharp contact with the rude hand held in his right hand.

There was a gasping cry from the girl's white lips, a spout of crimson blood from the jagged, bleeding temple, and she sank back without a moan into Tremaine's arms.

"Out of my way!" he exclaimed harshly, gathering the slight girlish figure in a closer embrace. "I will give her into Chloe's hands for the present," he said. "Before we disperse to-night we will settle the defiant little beauty's future."

With dark muttered threats they fell back, and Tremaine strode heavily down the subterranean passage toward the apartment Gay had so lately quitted.

She had not fainted, as he had at first supposed. The dark eyes were looking into his own with defiance and horror in their lovely depths.

He placed her in a chair, standing with folded arms before her.

"I know now what little respect you have ever had for me is dead," he said in an agitated whisper, "but I must tell you the fatal consequence your discovery has brought down upon your head. There men intend to show you no mercy—the sentence they will pass upon you will be either death or imprisonment in this gloomy house on the river road for life."

Gay was young and brave; life seemed sweet to her. She realized what he said was perfectly true—these men who could thus defy the law of man would have no scruple in braving the law of God. They would murder her here in this isolated place, because she had by chance discovered their terrible secret, and the world would be none the wiser.

She held out her white arms to the star-gemmed sky with a bitter cry, and Tremaine's rare knew no bounds when he heard his rival's name upon her quivering lips.

"What shall I do?" gasped Gay, wringing her little white hands. "Oh, Heaven help me! what shall I do? Peril beets me on every side; the hand of fate is directing me on to my doom!"

"There is no time for useless speculation," returned Tremaine. "I must save you—you must fly with me from this house. I will make you my bride within an hour. When daylight breaks we will be far away. Trust yourself to me."

"What would be flying from one peril to myself except in a greater one," sobbed Gay. "Would it be of any use to kneel to you, to pray you to take me from this house and let me go free?" she urged. "I will bind myself by the most solemn vow that ever was uttered, never to reveal what I have seen or heard, or when I have been since the night you so cruelly forced me to accompany you here."

"It would be worse than useless for you to plead with me to give you up, my beautiful Gay. You are mine!" he cried passionately; "you cannot change the fate destiny has marked out for you. You are mine by all the powers of love, mine you shall be while you live."

"I could not—indeed I could not—"

He interrupted her with an exclamation of impatience.

"I will return in half an hour for you," he said; "be ready—we will have no time to lose. I will have a close carriage in waiting in the cedar-wood by the Heron's Pool. We will leave this place together to return never more. You may look on how well I love you, my beautiful dark-eyed Gay—I give up everything for your sweet sake and fly with you."

A wild hope sprung up in Gay's heart while he was speaking. He would conduct her from this terrible house. When the air of freedom blew across her face would not Heaven show her some way to escape from him in the impenetrable darkness?

It was her only hope, and she grasped at it as a drowning person catches at a straw.

Tremaire was completely deceived by her ready consent.

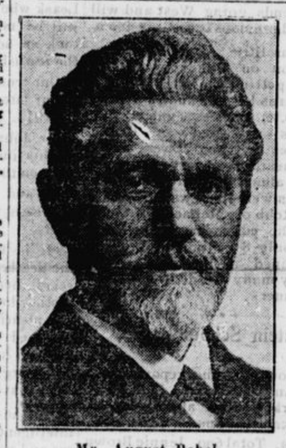
(To be continued.)

AUGUST BEBEL.

A man who has defied and beaten Bismarck, and who has caused the Kaiser more qualms than any of his other subjects, must be a remarkable personage, and such, indeed, is August Bebel, the famous leader of the German Socialists, who has just published the story of his life.

Though 73 years of age, Bebel is still active, and his influence was never greater than it is to-day. He has possessed a seat in the Reichstag for close on half a century, and he is one of the founders of the German Social Democratic movement, which polls 4,250,000 votes and sends 110 members to the Reichstag.

Bebel was the son of a workingman, and his childhood was spent in dire poverty. He was apprenticed to a turner, and had to work for 13 hours a day at the lathe for a wage of eighteen pence a week. He was an orphan before he reached his



Mr. August Bebel.

teens, and even as a child he was faced with the problem of how to educate himself. What spare moments he could snatch he devoted to reading romances which included "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Scott's novels. After completing his apprenticeship he tramped from city to city as a journeyman in search of work. Ultimately he was able to start as a mately he was able to start as a but when he became a political agitator he lost many of his best customers.

When Bismarck passed his repression laws Bebel was confined in a fortress for three years, but whilst undergoing detention he was elected to the Reichstag by big majorities, and throughout his career he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm and loyalty amongst his followers.

Animals as Thermometers.

Crickets have a tendency to chirp synchronously or in time with one another. It is claimed that they chirp more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. The increase has even been rated at four chirps a minute for each degree the temperature increases. Certain animals appear to act as barometers, says Harper's Weekly. It is said that while frogs remain yellow nothing but fine weather may be expected, but that should their coats begin to assume a brown hue bad weather is approaching. A spider seen spinning its web in the morning heralds a fine day; if seen in the evening, then at least the whole of the night, and the following morning will be fine. If it is raining and the owl screeches, better weather will ensue.

Unique Birth Register.

In Holland births, marriages and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by windmills. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are all furled and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

Many a man stands in front of a bar and swallows his pride.

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HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Lemon Egg Sauce.—One tablespoon flour, one-half cup sugar, one cup boiling water, one egg well beaten. Mix sugar and flour thoroughly in saucepan. Add boiling water and boil three minutes. Then add one tablespoon of lemon juice and pour mixture slowly over a well-beaten egg. Serve warm.

Eagle Cake—One cup of sugar; scant half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup of chopped raisins (seeded, of course), one egg, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk; half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a quarter teaspoonful of ground cloves, half a grated nutmeg. Bake slowly, covering with paper until the cake has risen to its full height.

Buttermilk Cakes.—One quart of buttermilk, one level teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, flour to make a thin batter and one teaspoonful of baking soda. Beat up the eggs well, add to them the buttermilk, then add the salt and mix thoroughly. Dissolve the soda in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, then stir it into the buttermilk. Now gradually add the flour, stirring all the time, until you have a batter that will pour smoothly from a spoon. Give a good beating and bake quickly on a hot, well-greased griddle.

Sardine Salad.—Take some cold cooked fish, haddock will do, free it from skin and bone and flake it. Place a layer of this in a dish and sprinkle it over with minced gherkins and a few bruised capers, arrange on this layer of sliced German sausage and arrange on the top of the pile sardines freed from skin and bone and split in halves. Cut some lettuce hearts into quarters, place round the dish with hard boiled eggs, also cut into quarters. Then pour over the following sauce: Take the flesh of three sardines and rub to a smooth paste with the yolk of two hard-boiled eggs, a pinch of cayenne, a grate of nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls each of olive oil and vinegar. Beat the sauce well before adding it to the salad.

To Cook Tough Beefsteak—If you want it for an early dinner, get your steak ready about 9.30 or 10 o'clock a.m. Pound it well with a potato beetle. Sprinkle liberally with flour, salt, and pepper at discretion and fry to a nice brown in the usual way. Then lay in a covered roaster, cover with water and cook slowly (covered) until noon. If the water boils away too much add more from the boiling kettle from time to time. You will now have a deliciously tender steak. Take it up, thicken the gravy with browned flour and send to table in a gravy boat.

Fresh Oyster Soup.—One pint oysters, one pint cold water, slice onion, stalk celery, dash mace, three cups of milk, two and one-half tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste, two egg yolks. Wash oysters, chop fine, add onion, celery and water and simmer twenty minutes. Scald milk and thicken with butter and flour rubbed together. Add oyster liquor, straining out oysters, mace and salt and pepper as needed and pour on to beaten egg yolks. Let reheat, but do not boil.

Old-Fashioned Chicken Potpie.—One (3-pound) fowl, one-half cup fat salt pork (diced), three cups boiling water, four tablespoons flour mixed with one cup cream, salt and pepper to taste, short biscuit paste. Clean and disjoint chicken. Heat a small iron pot and put salt pork into it. Try out fat, then toss in fowl, and cook until well browned. Add water, cover and let simmer, on back of range or in oven till tender. Season, add flour and cream blended, let boil up once, and set paste in position as follows: Cut strips of paste in 2-inch widths, and line inside of pot. Pour in chicken. Set a round cover in place, over top of boiling liquid, pinch the two edges together, set in oven, and bake till light and brown. Invert on platter, and serve surrounded with peas.

Sandwiches.

French Cheese Sandwiches—Brown bread, cream cheese, jam, marmalade, or preserved ginger. Slice the bread thinly and spread it with a layer of the marmalade or jam. Strawberry or peach flavor should be used for the best results. Spread a layer of fresh cream cheese over the jam and cover it with another slice of bread. Press and serve for afternoon tea.

Cream of Chicken Sandwiches.—Half cupful of white chicken meat, one teaspoonful of gelatin, half pint of whipping cream, one cupful of milk, seasoning of salt, buttered white bread. Dissolve the gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pound the chicken finely and add the liquid gelatin and salt to taste. Put over the fire and stir until it begins to thicken; then remove from the fire and add the cream, previously whipped, a little at a time. Stand away to cool, and when very cold spread on thinly cut, buttered bread.

Tips to Housewives.

When peeling a pineapple always leave the top on to hold it by.

For pumpkin pie use one egg and three tablespoons of fine cracker crumbs to a pie. It is better than when more eggs are used.

To dry a woollen sweater so it will not lose its proportions, shape it while it is wet and lay it flat on a folded Turkish towel. A vest should be hung on a coat hanger.

A few scraps of fat meat that have been saved will brighten up a dying kitchen fire. Then put on a few bits of charcoal and when this is burning add the hard coal.

To remove perspiration stains from waists, sponge the place with a clean rag wet in clear cold water. Then cover with powdered chalk and brush off carefully with soft brush.

Water bottles and decanters can be cleaned with salt and vinegar. Put a dessert spoonful of rough salt into a decanter and moisten it with vinegar; then shake the decanter until the stains are removed.

Ink stains on boards may be removed by vinegar or salts of lemon. Another recipe, if the above fails is, scour the board with sand, wet with water in which a few drops of oil of vitol are mixed.

When stitching chiffon or any such material on the machine, use the finest possible thread and put a strip of thin paper under the goods and stitch them together, then tear away the paper when the work is done.

When you launder madras curtains, they may be easily dried by hanging them on their own rods, with a heavy brass rod run in the bottom hem to hold them steady. The rods should first be covered with some white cloth.

BRAZILIAN PIGS.

An Explorer Describes a Battle Between Them and a Jaguar.

The wild pigs of Central and South America have a reputation for ferocity and indomitable pluck that any forest creature might envy. They travel in large droves, and well-informed hunters know that they are exceedingly dangerous enemies to meet. Here is a pig story from Mr. J. Bigg-Wither's "Pioneering in South Brazil." Elliott, the explorer, and a Brazilian companion named Lopez, were camping in the forest between two Brazilian rivers.

Suddenly they heard, close at hand, a tremendous uproar of grunting and squeaking.

"Pigs!" exclaimed Elliott. "Roast pork for supper!"

"Come on!" was the only comment of Lopez, and he led the way, in the bright moonlight, toward a little open space among the pines. In a few minutes they came to the edge of the clearing, and there they saw, not one pig, but a drove of fifty or sixty, all furious with rage, and vainly endeavoring to get at a jaguar that was sitting in fear and trembling on the top of an ant-hill, about five feet above the ground.

"Don't fire," said Elliott. "Let's wait a minute. We haven't got too much ammunition, and we can't afford to waste any."

The jaguar, with his tail well up in the air out of reach of the foe, was tottering about on the top of the ant-hill, with is four feet close together, and turning first in one direction and then in another, to meet successive attacks.

"How long is this going to last?" said Elliott.

"Till the pigs get tired of waiting and go away, or the jaguar gets tired of his uncomfortable position, and makes a dash through the herd," replied Lopez.

Just then the jaguar let his tail drop. In a second the pigs had laid hold of the unlucky appendage, and had pulled the beast into the midst of them. A terrible battle ensued. From time to time the massive yellow body of the jaguar would rise above the rolling herd of pigs, and his paws could be seen dealing out deadly blows on every side. Then he would sink again, and be buried under the bodies of his raging foes After a while the noise began to subside.

"Where's the jaguar?" asked Elliott. "I can't see him anywhere."

"Nor I, either," added Lopez.

One by one the excited pigs moved off. When they had all departed, the two men descended into the arena. There were fourteen pigs lying dead or dying on the ground, but there was no jaguar. Presently Lopez stooped down, picked up a fragment of something yellow, and holding it up, remarked, "Here he is!"

He had found a bit of the jaguar's skin, almost the only fragment of his body left. He had been literally torn to pieces and devoured by his vicious foes, and nothing was left of him except a few scraps of skin and hair.

Taking Eskimo Census.

The "work" ahead was to find out how many Eskimos and other human beings lived along the barren coast of Hudson Bay, between Fort Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet. It was only one small end of the gigantic task of making an official Government census of all human life in the 800,000 square miles of wilderness and Polar barren between Hudson Bay and the Great Bear, on the east and west, and the fifty-eighth degree and the Arctic Ocean on the north and south. The work was begun more than two years ago, but it isn't completed yet, except in the 100,000 square miles along the west shore of the great bay.

Left Workman's Wife $75,000.

Mrs. Langson, the wife of a shipyard laborer, of Dunston-on-Tyne, near Gateshead, has come into a fortune of $75,000, left to her by a youth whom she once befriended by giving him food and shelter before he went to Australia, where he prospered as a farmer. As all his relations had died he left all his property to Mrs. Langson, who intends going to Chili, of which country her husband is a native.

Uncle Josh Says:

"In this here season," said Uncle Josh this morning, "I'm allus glad Nature didn't give me ears like a jackass fer they must suffer like sixty w'en they git cold all th' way, by jinks!"

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WOMEN IN THE WAR.

Two Heroines, Miss Alt and Mme. Schneider, Care for Wounded.

One bright feature of the Balkan war stands out, the heroic and, better still, the efficient work of a self-sacrificing little band of men and women who are devoting their lives to the alleviation of suffering, writes a Constantinople correspondent.

Their names, which deserve to be written in letters of gold, are as follows: Miss Alt, Mme. Schneider, the Rev. Robert Frew, the Hon. Maurice Baring, Mr. Hoffman Philip and Major E. S. Ford.

Miss Alt is a frail, aged Swiss lady, with snow-white hair, and Mme. Schneider is a little Hungarian woman of about 60. Mr. Baring is the well-known writer, journalist and playwright; Mr. Frew, the pastor of the Scottish church; Mr. Philip is first secretary to the American Embassy, who volunteered for the noble work because he could not induce the red Crescent representatives to undertake the task; Major Ford was in charge of a ward for wounded, but gave up that work for the far more arduous and perilous work of tending the cholera patients.

Of Miss Alt, what can one say to do justice to her? Picture a grand, white-haired old lady, with bent back, going to and fro amid the stricken soldiers, handling them in their filthy, uncared for condition, feeding them, giving them medicine and doing everything in her power to increase their comfort on the cold, hard ground.

Picture beside her a cheerful-faced little grey-haired lady, Mme. Schneider, going about with a heavy pail of hot soup.

Before these Europeans, and these two heroic women were the first, took over command of the camp, uninvited, the conditions were unspeakably worse even than they are to-day. The dead were left on the ground, untouched, untended, unmoved. There was filth everywhere.

STRANGE REGION OF THE SEA

Phenomena on Line Between Madeira and Brazil.

Mariners say that in the midst of the Atlantic, about where the twenty-fifth meridian west from Greenwich crosses the equator, there lies a region of mystery. It is on the line that ships take from Madeira to Brazil. Only within the past half-century has it been sounded, and its strange phenomena reported.

One investigator declared that he saw the sea about half a mile from his vessel suddenly disturbed. For about two minutes it boiled up violently as from a subterranean spring. Throughout the day there were observed great patches of discolored water, which had exactly the appearance of extensive shoals.

These and similar phenomena are frequently observed in this part of the ocean. Often a ship reports that she has experienced a violent shock, similar to that which is felt when a rock is struck. Sometimes a great rumbling is heard, like that of a heavy chain running through the hawse-pipes, and the vessel quivers like a leaf in the wind. At another time, in smooth water, a vessel has been known to heel over suddenly, as if she had run on a sand-bank.

Before this part of the ocean was as thoroughly sounded and surveyed as it is now, these phenomena were attributed to the presence of unmarked sand-banks and rocky shoals, and the old charts were marked accordingly. But it must have astonished the mariner somewhat to find that he got no soundings with his deep-sea lead immediately after experiencing one of these shocks.

It is now generally believed that submarine earthquakes are the true cause of these convulsions.

What He Felt.

The teacher had asked the children to write their autobiographies, and the essays were not very picturesque. "Now, children," she said, "I don't want you simply to write the happenings of your life; write what you really feel inside." Little Willie, in his second attempt, wrote: "Inside I feel a heart, liver, lungs and stomach, and inside the stomach I feel an apple, a corn ball, a pickle and a glass of milk."

Sure Cure.

Miss Laflin—What has become of our friend Mr. Clay?

Mr. Rand—He has taken employment in a powder-mill for six months.

Miss Laflin—How strange!

Mr. Rand—Not at all. He washed to break himself of smoking.

Another Thought.

"Sometimes I feel sure," said Bilkins, "that I once sat on a throne and waved a sceptre."

"And now," remarked his cheery wife, "you are going to stand on the back porch and wave a rug beater."

HOW TO JUDGE CUTS OF MEAT

AN EXPERIENCED BUYER OFFERS SOME POINTERS.

The Quality of Meat Depends On A Great Variety of Factors.

In order to become a good judge of meats it is helpful to have a few lessons from an experienced buyer. The different cuts will thus be easily learned, but the quality of the meat depends on so many factors, as the age of the animal, the breed, and the method of fattening, that it is easy to make mistakes in choosing, and the buyer will often be wise in accepting information from the dealer if he is one who prides himself on keeping first-class meats.

Having found such a one, the customer who wishes to save time and money will continue to buy of him. The very large amount of meat which some housekeepers provide is not necessary. In general, it is better to use a reasonable amount of that which is in prime condition rather than to economize on the quality. The meat is easily supplemented by other dishes, and the meals will thus be better balanced than would be the case if a larger amount of inferior meat were provided. Although not generally understood, it is just as important that the cheaper cuts of meat, as well as the dearer ones, should come from

A Well-Fattened Animal.

There is an apparent and a true price of meats, a fact that is not always considered. It may be more economical to pay 15 cents for a cut that contains nearly half its weight in bone, sinew and fat. The apparent price of chicken may be 20 cents a pound, but its real price will often be 50 cents, when the weight of head, legs, entrails, crop and bones is taken into account.

There is much discussion regarding the merits of drawn and undrawn poultry. Most dealers contend that in warm weather a fowl which has had entrails and crop removed spoils much more quickly because of the extent of cut surface exposed, than does undrawn poultry. In a large city market one dealer kept drawn poultry, and he said that he could not do so except for the fact that steady customers took all of his stock, so that nothing was left on his hands.

It is greatly to the housekeeper's advantage to buy fresh, well-drawn poultry, for not only is the flavor injured by the unclean practice of allowing the entrails to remain in the body, but it is thought to favor the development of ptomaines. It has been shown that after death the intestinal juices, with their contained bacteria, are able to pass through the walls of the intestines into the muscle fibre, and this process goes on even though the fowl is kept

At a Very Low Temperature.

In some places cold-storage fowls are required by law to be sold as such.

Cold-storage as applied to whole carcasses of beef and mutton, has been of great service to the buyer. By its aid prices are equalized and we are furnished even in summer with meat that has been made tender by keeping.

The service rendered by cold-storage of fish and poultry is not so thoroughly well established. The subject is being carefully investigated by experts. Apparently, if the process is carried out in the best manner and the goods not kept too long in storage the cold-storage fish and poultry are wholesome.

With all cold-storage foods it is impossible that there shall not be a long interval between removal from storage and cooking, and this is particularly the case with poultry and fish. Foods that have been frozen and then thawed seem to furnish particularly good ground for bacteria growth, or what we call "spoiling."

Storage of fruits and vegetables gives us many out-of-season articles. The same is true to a great extent of turkeys and other domestic poultry, for food of this kind is largely of seasonal production, and cold-storage seems to be the only method by which the fresh material can be kept for a long period for market purposes.

Has Most Costly Dishes.

What is said to be the most costly set of dishes ever made was shown at an exhibition in St. Petersburg. It consisted of 36 hand-colored plates. This set has an estimated value of $18,540, each plate being worth $515. It is the property of Count Orloff-Davidoff.

Boys and Girls

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