Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER VIII.

"Wait until I decide whether I can tell you," said Gaunt.

And Decima waited, her innocent gray eyes on his face with a kind of troubled patience.

He looked beyond him fixedly, with a grave thoughtfulness, and was silent so long that Decima almost thought that he had forgotten her, then he looked at her with a grim smile.

"I have decided that I can not tell you, Miss—" He hesitated.

"Deane," said Decima—"Decima Deane. You have forgotten my name!"

"I had," he said. "It was unpardonable. But, you see, when a man has need of so much forgiveness, a small shortcoming or two more or less scarcely counts. No; I can't answer your question, Miss Deane. But, all the same, I should like to make a short statement in my own defence. Every criminal is allowed to cross-question and palaver before the judge passes sentence, you know."

"Yes," admitted Decima.

"Very well, then. Shall we sit down? This bank will serve for dock and bench."

"My brother is waiting for me," said Decima.

"If I know the angler, he has completely forgotten you by this time," said Gaunt. "And I will promise not to detain you many minutes. Will you not sit down? Let me remind you it will not be the first time we have taken a rest together, and—well, I trust you suffered no harm on the last occasion."

Decima sunk down on the mossy bank, and he sat beside her, but not too close. Then he looked at her in an absent-minded fashion, and mechanically realized that she wore a white linen dress, and that the dark-blue bow at her throat was the only spot of color. From her bow he looked to her eyes, and the depth of their hue struck him at the moment as strangely beautiful. Something in the face, above and beyond its loveliness, smote him, as it were, softly. Then, as he turned his eyes away, he asked himself if it were worth while to attempt to change this girl's—this child's—estimate of him. Was it worth while? What did it matter? Let her think him the monster Lady Pauline had no doubt painted him.

But Gaunt was in a queer mood that afternoon. Perhaps the sight of the old place in which he had been born, and which he had neglected so long, had told upon him. Perhaps the girl's innocent frankness and candor had had their effect. Anyway, he yielded to the impulse and began.

"I suppose it was your aunt, Lady Pauline, who told you that I was so wicked?" he said.

"Yes," said Decima.

"Ah!" He smoked for a minute or two. "Did she tell you of what crime or crimes I had been guilty? But, no; I suppose not."

Decima shook her head.

"Lady Pauline is a very religious woman, is she not?" he asked.

"Yes—oh, yes; she is very good—goodness itself," said Decima.

"Yes; I have heard so," he remarked. "Now, I think you will admit that so good a woman as Lady Pauline Lascelles would be disposed to regard other persons who were not so good as—well, let us say, very great sinners?"

"No," said Decima. "Aunt Pauline—" Then she stopped.

"You would like to say 'No,' but are forced to admit that I am right. Lady Pauline, for instance, would consider a man whose life was entirely given up to amusement as a cumberer of the earth, a useless member of society, scarcely worthy of living in a workaday world?"

"Yes," said Decima, reluctantly.

"Quite so," said Gaunt, with a grim smile. "And for some of his amusements Lady Pauline would find no word of condemnation too hard. For instance, if he played cards"—he had to choose his words carefully, for he felt the girl beside him was as innocent of the world as a child—"she would call him a gamester—an habitual gambler."

"Yes," said Decima.

"Thanks. I am coming to my point, though I seem to skate round it. And if he went to the opera, and the theatre, and to balls, she would call him a worldling—I think that's the word—and a slave to dissipation."

"Yes," said Decima again.

"Very well," he said. "Then, I am afraid, I am, according to Lady Pauline's code, a very wicked man. But, Miss Deane—"

He paused. Was it, after all, worth while to defend himself before this sweet girl-judge?

"Yes?" said Decima. "Why do you not go on?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a slight start, as if he had lost the thread of the subject. "Yes, I am rather absent-minded. Please forgive me. I was going to say that it is very difficult for a man to work who has never learned to do any. And that's my case. Unfortunately, my parents and guardians neglected to teach me to use either my hands or my brains. I can neither sow nor spin. I can do nothing that would earn me a glass of the cheapest ale. It is sad, but there it is. I can only amuse myself, and"—he sighed—"I can't always do that—very seldom, indeed."

Decima looked at him. There was a smile in his eyes and on his lips, but it was rather a sad and self-mocking one.

"But that's all the point I wanted to make," he went on, knocking the ash off his cigar and looking at her as if—or Decima felt—she were a long way off. "I wanted to show how unreasonable, how inconsistent you were in cutting me just now."

"Yes?" said Decima, flushing slightly. "Inconsistent!"

"I am, I will admit, very wicked; and you, of course, are very good."

"No one is really good," said Decima, rebukingly.

He regarded her with a half smile.

"Ah, well; fairly good. Now, Miss Deane, do you think there is no hope for the wicked? Do you think that it is impossible for a bad man to become good?"

Decima looked shocked.

"Oh, no, no! There is always hope! It is never too late—"

"To mend," he said. "And don't you think it is the duty of the good folk to help the wicked on to the right road? Poor wicked? Perhaps they have strayed through no fault of their own—have only lost their way. And think! A helping, a directing hand may put them on the right path again. Do you think it is the duty of all the good people to stand a long way off and watch the bad ones drifting down the broad, the Primrose Path, that steep descent down the hill of Avernus, without making an effort to stop them?"

Decima glanced with a troubled little frown at the handsome face with its half-grave, half-bantering smile.

"I never thought of that," she said in a low voice.

"Just so; so I suspected. But you are not singular. It's a way most good people have. They look upon the poor black sheep as lost forever—"

"Oh, no, no!" said Decima, breaking in with a piteous little eagerness.

"You do not?" he said, still smiling at her. "Thank you. And, after all," he said in a moment or two, "perhaps the sheep is not so black as he is painted. Some persons, especially when they are so good as Lady Pauline, have a knack of exaggerating. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him right away. Now I, apparently, have a bad name; but don't hang me, please—I mean, don't cut me as if I were quite too black and criminal. Who knows? If you knew the story of my life—"

He paused, and bit his lip as if he were trying to catch his words; but Decima looked at him waitingly.

"I was going to say that even for such a one as myself it might be possible to find some excuse; and it is, again, just possible that you would let me off 'with the option of a fine.' But the poor prisoner at the bar has spoken, and his prayer is that the sentence will be less severe than the cut direct. Is the judge inclined to mercy?"

Decima looked straight before her. Notwithstanding the smile, there was a certain sadness and gravity in his eyes which revealed the seriousness under the tone of banter.

"I will not avoid you again," she said in a low voice.

He inclined his head.

"Thank you," he said, gravely. "I shall not abuse your indulgence, for it is not very likely that we shall meet often, or for a very long time."

"Are you going away? Do you not live near here?" asked Decima.

He ignored the latter question.

"I am going abroad very shortly, and shall be away for some time," he said.

"That will be nice," said Decima.

But, even as she spoke, she was conscious of a vague sensation of regret. He had been so kind to her at the Zoo, and—well, a young girl could scarcely help being flattered by such a plea as he had addressed to her.

"Nice? Ah, yes, yes; I dare say you would enjoy it," he said.

"And will not you?" asked Decima, regarding him inquiringly.

"Not very much, I am afraid. Do you know the story of the boy who startled everybody by refusing a raspberry tart, until he informed them that he was employed at a pastry-cook's? He had got tired of jam tarts. I have got tired of travelling, and most other things. But—I don't know how it is—I have dropped into a fine display of egotism. Will you tell me how it is I find you down here so unexpectedly?"

Decima rose and took the path through the firs toward the river, as she answered:

"My father sent for me quite suddenly. Our house, The Woodbines, is near here—down the road to the village. Perhaps you passed it. It is a very pretty cottage overgrown with ivy, and with an old-fashioned garden in front."

"Yes; I noticed it," he said.

"But all the place is pretty," said Decima. "And isn't this lovely?"

She paused and looked round her and at the great house, a glimpse of which they could still see between the straight fir trunks.

"Yes," he said. "May I go down as far as the river with you? I should like to know what sport your brother is having."

"If you like," she said, walking on again. "Isn't it a pity that the place is so neglected?"

"Is it neglected?" he said, after a moment.

"Oh, yes; so my brother says. He was telling me all about it last night. We strolled down here after dinner, and you can not imagine how lovely it looked in the moonlight; and yet so weird and—and melancholy; for there were no lights in the windows, and no signs nor sounds of life."

"Yes, it would look rather eerie," he said, very quietly.

"It is a pity that the law does not take it away from its owner, and give it to some one who would appreciate and love it," said Decima.

Gaunt put up his hand to his moustache to hide the grim smile. It was evident that Lady Pauline had not told the girl his name.

"That sounds like a kind of socialism, Miss Deane," he said. "But how do you know he doesn't appreciate it?"

Decima stopped short and looked over her shoulder at him with faint surprise.

"How can he, seeing that he never comes near it?" she said. "I think he must be very heartless."

"Heartless?"

"Yes. My brother was telling me how the steward had written to him, asking him for instructions to manage the estate. And he will send no answer. Is it not—well, yes, it is wicked. For, think! surely it is wicked to neglect one's duty. And it is his duty to take care of people—the tenants and laborers who live on the estate—and naturally look up to him as their friend and protector as well as landlord."

"Is he a hard landlord, did you hear?" said Gaunt, quietly.

"Oh, I think not. It is that he neglects them. Why does he not come and live in that beautiful house and in this lovely place instead of deserting it?"

"Perhaps he can not help himself," said Gaunt. "I ventured to plead for mercy for myself just now, Miss Deane; let me now plead for him. We don't know his story. It's likely enough that if we heard him in his own defence, he might not seem so heartless was what you called him, was it not?"

Decima nodded.

"Do you not think it is heartless to lead a life of selfishness, and neglect all one's duties? Bobby says— But I must not repeat it."

"Please do!" he said. "What was it your brother said?"

Decima shut her lips close for a moment, then she said:

"Oh, I do not suppose Lord Gaunt would care who repeated the story, that while he can not find any time or money to devote to this beautiful place, he can afford the time and money to spend in pleasure and gambling. Is it true that he won—what was it, fifty thousand pounds of a Russian prince?—I forget his name—and that he thinks of nothing but amusing himself? I hope it is not true."

"Not quite," he said. "It was not so large a sum as you mention. Twenty was the amount, and he lost it, not won it. And as to devoting his life to the pursuit of pleasure"—he paused and laughed, a laugh of grim irony—"if he does, his devotion does not meet with its reward."

"You know Lord Gaunt?" said Decima.

Gaunt was silent for a moment. Now was the time to say, "I am Lord Gaunt"—or, rather, it was not the time. How could he distress her by revealing himself after her denunciation of him? No; he would not discover himself. In a few minutes he would have parted from her, and she would remain in ignorance of his identity—at any rate, till he had gone; and so he would spare her the embarrassment which would overwhelm her if he made himself known. He would leave her when they reached the river, and cut across the meadows to Bright's house. Half an hour with him would suffice, and then for Africa once more.

Meanwhile, Decima waited for her answer.

"Yes, I know him—know him very well," he said, as if suddenly awakening from a reverie. "There is something to be said for him like the rest of us, Miss Deane. He is rather an—an unhappy man."

"How can he be happy?" said Decima, with her frank eyes fixed on his face. "No one can who neglects his duty. Why does he not come and live here and try to make others happy? Perhaps he would find his own happiness then."

Gaunt looked at her with his weary smile.

"I'm half inclined to think he might be persuaded to do so, if he heard you, Miss Deane."

Decima flushed slightly and frowned a little.

"Oh, I! It does not matter what I think. I am only a girl, and quite ignorant; and—and I ought not to have said what I did. But—but— How did I come to say it?"

"You have said nothing wrong or indiscreet," he said, more gently than he had as yet spoken. "Every word you uttered was true and just, and I know that he would be the first to admit it. Think no more of it—or him. Here is your brother—and, as I prophesied, quite absorbed in his fishing."

They had reached the end of the road, and were standing on the crest of a steep little hill, at the bottom of which Bobby was busy flogging the stream.

"Mind how you go down," said Gaunt. "It is steeper than it looks, and the grass is short and slippery. Will you give me your hand?"

"Oh, no; thanks," said Decima. "I can manage quite well; I shall not fall."

She began to descend with her light, firm step; but, suddenly, she trod on a small stone which rolled away from under her feet, and she slipped. Gaunt was by her side, and his hand went out and caught her arm, almost as it had done at the lion's cage at the Zoo. Decima looked up at him with a laugh—the laugh of a girl whose heart is still in her keeping, and who has not learned to thrill at any man's touch.

"That serves me right for boasting! I was nearly down, was I not?"

He looked at the sweet, laughing face, and smiled—without irony or sarcasm this time.

"Better take my arm," he said.

"Oh, no; thanks; I am going to run down," she said; and she started as his clasp relaxed.

"Well, Bobby!" she exclaimed. "Are you catching all Lord Gaunt's fish?"

"Sh-sh!" said Bobby, rebukingly, and without looking round. "Don't kick up such a shine, or you'll frighten every trout in the river! What fearful ignorant things girls are! Keep out of sight; and mind the hook when I throw, or you'll have it in your hair or your clothes."

Decima withdrew out of the radius of the fishing-line as it flew back and round in its graceful curve, and Gaunt went up to Bobby.

"Any sport?" he said, raising the lid of the basket.

Bobby nodded.

"Very fair. But they're rather small, aren't they? There's a big one just over by that bush, and I've been trying for him for the last ten minutes; but I can't get him."

"You don't quite reach, do you?" said Gaunt.

"No, I don't," admitted Bobby. "I can throw fairly straight, but not so far as I should like; the fly falls about a yard short of where he is feeding. You try."

Gaunt hesitated a moment, then took the rod and threw the fly.

"Is it there? Ah, yes; I see him."

"And have got him!" exclaimed Bobby, with a flash of excitement. "I say, what a fly you throw! That was splendid!"

(To be continued.)

"SALADA"

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BLACK, MIXED & GREEN.

NEW TRIBE OF PYGMIES.

Little Men Average Only Four Feet Eight Inches in Height.

Captain Cecil G. Rawling, the explorer, has recently given English scientists some interesting accounts of a new tribe of pygmies, found by his expedition in Southwest Dutch New Guinea.

These little people, known as the Tapiros, average 4 feet 8¾ inches in height. They were found living on the low-lying hills of the Kapare River. On the approach of the whitemen they ran away, but the expedition succeeded in capturing three whose curiosity brought them near camp. At first they were greatly frightened, but kindness won them over, and a few months later the explorers were enabled to establish trading relations with the tribe and were allowed to visit and stay in their village of Wombirmi. This village is hidden away in the forest high up the mountain side and was only found after many fruitless attempts. While no open hostility was shown to the whites, they were not exactly received with open arms. Of the women and children they saw nothing, but their shrill cries could be heard as they fled up the mountain side on the approach of a stranger.

Describing the men, Captain Rawlings says, taken as a whole, that they are well made and wiry, while their color is a dark chocolate. The hair, usually black, but sometimes with a touch of brown or even red, is worn short. Many grow beards, the older men dyeing theirs red. Like all native tribes they wear necklets of animal bones and other small possessions. Their only clothing consists of a covering around the loins.

"Their houses and surroundings," says Captain Rawling, "are considerably in advance of those of their large-framed bretheren of the plains. To the list of Negritos, which with the Negrillos are the known tribes of pygmies inhabiting the earth, must now be added the newly discovered tribe of Tapiros who, so far as their stature is concerned, take rank next above the Congo pygmies."

LOVER'S EXPENSES.

Remarkable Counter - Claim In Breach of Promise Suit.

Love and lucre are the elements in a curious breach of promise case before the Paris Courts, to which the breaker of the engagement has lodged a counter-claim in the form of a bill for expenses. The father of the lady, M. Wiener, who is suing for £460 damages, said that after an engagement of two months defendant, M. Wroubel, broke with his daughter, Bertha. The engagement, continued M. Wiener, had mulcted him in various expenses, including £12 for a celebration dinner and £10 for his daughter's dress on that occasion. He also claimed £400 damages. M. Wroubel replied by presenting the following bill. First he claimed that he broke off the engagement because M. Wiener has not kept a promise to pay him £400. The items of the "expenses" bill were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
A box of chocolates every evening for two months..	4	7	6
Flowers	3	0	0
Theatres	4	0	0
Presents to young sisters of his fiancee	2	7	6
General expenses	3	0	0
Engagement ring	40	0	0
Other jewellery	14	0	0
Total	70	15	0

He added that he also thought himself entitled to 8s. damages.

HOME

Ways of Preparing Cherries.

Cherries are the first of the fruits of the summer—the first, that is, of the fruits of the summer trees. Plums, pears and peaches are still served only in the feasts of dreamland when cherries are ripe. Hence they are generally greeted with an enthusiasm not bestowed on any of the later fruits.

Cherries served fresh and cold on their own stems for breakfast are so delicious that no other way of serving them at that meal could be better. But pitted and sprinkled with sugar and a bit of lemon juice, they serve as an appetizer and at the same time lose none of their delicate flavor. Another way of preparing them for breakfast is to pit them and mix them with sugar—in the proportion of half a cupful to a pint of cherries—and cook them until they are just tender. Then pour them over buttered toast.

Cherry soup has been made, but it could hardly be more than the result of an effort to serve cherries in a new and unexpected way. However, at every course save the soup course cherries can be legitimately served.

Cherry cocktails are made in this way: Stone ripe cherries, chop them fine, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to each cupful of cherries, sweeten them to taste and serve them, either in cocktail glasses or else in lemon skin cups, made by removing part of one side of a sufficient number of lemons, cutting a bit of the rind from the other side, removing all the pulp and juice and washing and chilling the shells.

Cherries served with French toast can be used as an entree. To make them cut rings half an inch thick from bread and soak them in beaten egg yolk, milk, a little sugar and a pinch of salt. Roll the bread rings in crumbed bread and macaroons and brown them in butter. Stew ripe cherries with sugar enough to sweeten them, drain and pile in the middle of a dish. Surround them with the juice of the cherries thickened with a little cornstarch and flavored with orange juice.

Cherry fritters can be served with meat as a separate course or as dessert. To make them, prepare a batter of a cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with a tablespoonful of melted butter, a well-beaten egg and enough water to make a thin batter. Stew ripe, pitted cherries until they are just tender—but do not cook them to pieces—and sweeten them. Drain them and add them to the batter. Drop it in spoonfuls into deep fat and fry brown. The juice drained from the cherries can be substituted for water to moisten the fritter batter.

Sherbet and Salad.

Sour cherries are needed for cherry sherbet. Stone a quart of them. In the mean time boil together a quart of water and a pound of granulated sugar for 15 minutes. Add the cherries to the hot syrup just as it is taken from the stove and stand aside until it is perfectly cold. Strain through a fine wire sieve and freeze. When you take out the dasher stir in a meringue made of the white of one egg sweetened with a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Pack in ice for an hour or two.

Cherry salad that is surprising as well as appetizing is made of pitted cherries filled with chopped nuts in the cavity made by the removal of the pit, served on crisp white lettuce leaves and dressed with French dressing. This is one of the prettiest salads imaginable, if the cherries are bright red and the lettuce white and yellow, as perfect lettuce hearts are.

Cherry bread pudding is a dessert which can be eaten by children and which is enjoyed likewise by grown-ups. To make it, spread a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a buttered baking dish and cover with a layer of stoned cherries, sugar, bits of butter and a sprinkle of lemon juice. Add a layer of crumbs, another layer of cherries, and so on until the dish is full. Finish with a layer of crumbs. Bake the pudding until the cherries are tender. If they are juicy the pudding will need no moistening while baking, but if they are not juicy pour a few tablespoonfuls of water over it when it is put in the oven and add water to keep it from drying out as it bakes. Serve the pudding with a sauce made of cherries boiled in sugar and water for 10 minutes and then pressed through a sieve.

Cherries can be used for shortcake. Make a rich biscuit shortcake, bake it in two thin, crisp layers, butter each and cover over the bottom with crushed and pitted cherries that have been generously sprinkled with sugar. Cover the top with whole, pitted cherries, sprinkle with sugar and serve with a sauce like that for the bread pudding.

A Few Suggestions.

Put a damp cloth or damp napkin over sandwiches or bread if it is necessary to wait before serving.

The hair may be kept from coming out after an illness by frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.

To remove a fishbone from the throat, cut a lemon in half and suck the juice slowly. This will dissolve the fishbone, and give instant relief.

An easy and quick way to clean pie-dishes and plates burnt in the oven is to wash them first, and then rub them with a small piece of emery paper.

When boiling old potatoes add a little milk to the water in which they are boiled. This prevents them turning dark in the cooking, and improves the flavor.

After washing blankets, hang them on a line until quite dry, then beat them gently with a carpet beater. This makes them soft and fluffy.

An excellent plan before putting one's hands in soda-water is to rub them well with a piece of mutton fat. This counteracts the bad effects of soda.

To clean white shoes, scrape some pipe clay finely and mix it to the consistency of cream with cold water. Brush all dust off the shoes, and rub the mixture well into them. Leave till thoroughly dry.

A few drops of castor oil will be found most beneficial to drooping ferns. Drop the castor oil on the roots and soak the ferns in a pail of water all night. In a week a marked improvement will be noticeable.

When making jam add a piece of butter the size of an egg, fifteen minutes before removing the fruit from the fire. This will make it look clear and prevent it from sticking to the sides of the jars.

When boiling rice boil it fast for twenty minutes, then remove from the fire, and pour cold water immediately over it. Drain through a sieve, and place in the oven to dry before serving.

In making meat pies to be eaten cold, see that the top is ventilated by one or, better still, two holes. Without this precaution ptomaine poison is liable to develop, even when the meat used in the pie appears to be perfectly fresh.

There is a proper way to mix blacking. Cut the cake of blacking into small pieces, put into a saucer, and pour enough sweet milk to make it rather into a thick cream. Mixed in this way helps to prevent the blacking from cracking.

When cream is only slightly sour it may be made delicious to serve with puddings, etc., in the following way: Put it into a basin with the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of sugar and whip until quite stiff. This treatment makes it excellent and increases the quantity at the same time.

Enamelled teapots, when stained with tea, may be cleaned by being filled with cold water to which a handful of soda is added, and set on the side of a moderately warm stove for some time. After it has boiled fill with cold water and rinse until clean.

It is useful to know that a cake which seems to be hopelessly fallen in the middle need not be wasted, but can be made into a splendid steamed pudding if it is crumbled up and mixed with milk to the usual stiffness. Any kind of cake, fruit or seed, etc., can be treated in this way with certain success.

To take bruises out of furniture wet the part with warm water. Double a piece of brown paper six times thick. Soak it and lay it on the place. Apply on that a hot flatiron until the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise has not gone repeat the process until the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface.

When buying stair carpet get an extra yard, and fold in a piece at each end. If you do this you will be able to shift the carpet sometimes higher or lower, and by this means you will get it worn evenly all over, and will not have the edges looking frayed and shabby while parts of the carpet remain untrodden and fresh.

To clean finger marks on doors, rub well with a piece of clean white flannel dipped in paraffin oil. The marks will disappear like magic. Afterwards wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water to take away the smell. This is much better than using soap and water, and does not injure the paint. Paraffin oil is also excellent for cleaning varnished hall doors.

To clean a panama, rub the panama with a nail brush dipped in a lather made with white Castile soap and a few drops of ammonia. Then rinse it in warm water to which a little glycerine has been added. The rinsing should be done in a large basin, the hat well shaken, and the water pressed out with a folded towel. Dry in the air, but not before a fire or in the sun.

TRAIN STOPS—BABE SLEEPS.

Queen 'Mina, Chasing After Her Spouse, Took Along Juliana.

Little Princess Juliana of Holland, who some day (unless the stork sends along the hoped-for little brother) will be Queen of Holland and those Dutch Colonies so rich in the Far East, recently celebrated her fourth birthday.

All Holland paid her honor, and the orange color, out of compliment to her family (the House of Orange), was everywhere.

Juliana was in Germany for her birthday, having gone there with the Queen, who went to join her husband, Prince Henry. He had been doing a cure, which he seems to have somewhat prolonged, so Queen Wilhelmina thought it would be as well to go and look after him and take their little daughter with her to remind her husband that home and home ties are best of all.

Travelling with such a treasure as Juliana, who is not only a daughter but a royal heiress, has its trials, for it was not to be thought that Juliana should have a bad night while travelling, so when her early bedtime came the royal train was run onto a siding on the way and everyone waited till the little Princess began to peep with the birds in the early morning before the journey was resumed.

WHOOPING COUGH CURE.

Paris Doctor Thinks Remedy Is In Sight.

The possibility of the discovery in the near future of a cure for whooping cough was held out recently at the Academy of Sciences by Dr. Emile Roux, director of the Pasteur Institute and a member of the Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Roux was merely transmitting the report of Dr. Alfred Conor, bacteriologist, of the Belvedere Military Hospital, Tunis, where, with the collaboration of Dr. Nicolle, he had prepared a solution containing living cough baccilli which he injected into 122 children suffering from the disease, repeating it every two days.

Thirty-seven per cent. of the children recovered in less than three weeks, whereas under the ordinary treatment the mildest attack lasted two and sometimes five or six months. Of the rest forty per cent. improved greatly, while the remaining twenty-three per cent. were not affected either for good or bad.

Dr. Roux while declaring the experiments thus far were on too small a scale to make a definite pronouncement, said he believed an effective cure for whooping cough was in sight.

Irrigating a Continent.

The rainfall in Australia is very unequal. Although there are frequent and heavy rains on the eastern highlands, the climate of the plains to the west is exceedingly dry, and the government of New South Wales is planning a system of irrigation so that the soil, which is naturally rich, can be cultivated. There will be an immense reservoir with a dam 240 feet high, to collect the winter floods of the Murrumbidgee River for use in the summer. The reservoir will be one of the largest in the world; it will hold 33,000,000,000 cubic feet of water—a quantity greater than that in Sydney Harbor. Some of the irrigation canals will probably be at least 1,000 miles long. The government is already advertising for applicants for the land that will become available for cultivation, and has issued a pamphlet describing the progress of the work.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

GIFTS IN DISHES.

Hostess in London Gives "Surprise" Banquet to Friends.

Gifts in the soup and joint are the latest thing at "surprise" dinners in England. As children we revelled in the "Christmas pudding mystery," that wonderful dish wherein were concealed various coins and wondrous trinkets; but to-day hosts and guests alike are more sophisticated. At a surprise dinner the guests receive unexpected gifts concealed in the bread, fish, sweets and other dishes.

Such a dinner was recently given by a rich hostess to twenty-four guests at her Belgrave Square house, London. Some particulars of the repast are given by Cecil Mar, the authoress.

The menu of the dinner given by the hostess and the various gifts which the guests received may be tabulated as follows:

Bread—When the guests broke their rolls of bread little silver toothpicks were found concealed inside.

Soup—This was served in dainty Sevres bowls with lids. When the liquid was poured into the soup plates the company were presented with the empty Sevres bowls.

Fish—Here was a startling "surprise." Boiled trout was served, and for some time the guests could not discover anything unusual about the course. At last somebody found some trinkets concealed in the mouth of a trout. All the fish had rings, brooches, and other small articles of jewellery concealed in their mouths.

"White" Entree (sweetbreads)—No gift discovered in the dish—a fact which the guests seemed to resent.

"Brown" Entree (lamb cutlets)—Each cutlet had a charming enamelled thimble fitted to the bone over the decorative paper frill.

Joint—This was the only dish which showered gifts on the men. Saddle of mutton was served, and all the little moulds of red currant jelly passed to the male guests contained amber cigarette holders.

Sweets—Jellies had concealed in their midst tiny jewelled scent bottles filled with various perfumes.

Dessert—One fruit was decorated with flowers, which proved to be beautiful enamel brooches.

The Uses of Birds.

Sir Harry Johnston has recently urged the British Government to prohibit the African trade in the plumage of such birds as white herons, egrets, ibises, glossy starlings, and kingfishers. All those birds, and many others that are killed for their feathers, feed upon insects, ticks, and other creatures that act as hosts for disease-breeding organisms. According to Sir Harry, the variety of tsetse-fly that causes sleeping-sickness is particularly abundant in all those parts of Western and Central Africa where the plumage-hunters have reduced the number of the insect-eating birds. He proposes that a law be passed to prohibit the importation of the skins and feathers of such birds into Great Britain and Ireland.

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