Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd).

Gaunt handed him the rod, but Bobby shook his head determinedly.

"Not much! You hooked him, and you ought to land him. It's a beauty! Here, Decie; come and see your first trout being killed. This gentleman's hooked the beggar I have been trying for for ever so long."

Decima ran up and stood watching the business, little guessing the skill with which Gaunt was playing the big trout, but understanding enough of the operation to share in Bobby's excitement.

"Oh, what a splendid fellow!" she exclaimed, as Gaunt brought him to the bank and Bobby slipped the net under him.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, handing the rod back to Bobby.

Bobby laughed.

"You throw a beautiful fly, sir," he said. "Are you staying here? If so, I'll ask Bright—the steward—to give you permission to fish. Hallo! here he is!" he broke off as a short, thick-set man, with a pleasant, good-humored face, came round the hill. "Hi, Bright! how are you? Just look at this fish! This is my sister. Decima, this is Mr. Bright. This gentleman caught him. Why, what's the matter?" he broke off; for Mr. Bright's face, as he turned to "the stranger," had grown red with surprise and delight, and raising his hat, he came forward with an eager exclamation of—

"Lord Gaunt!"

CHAPTER IX.

For an instant, but an instant only, Gaunt looked annoyed and embarrassed, as he shook hands with the steward.

"How do you do, Bright?" he said. "Taken you by surprise, you see."

Bobby stared, then emitted a low whistle, and grinned. But Decima's face wore no smile. It went red for a moment, then very pale, and her eyes sought Gaunt's, then hid themselves under their long lashes.

This man, to whom she had been abusing Lord Gaunt, was Lord Gaunt himself! Humiliation, shame, and confusion fell upon her and seized her in their clutches while one could count twenty; then something like resentment and anger took their place; and she drew back and turned her face away. But she could hear Lord Gaunt talking steadily and slowly as if to afford time for the embarrassment to pass.

"Yes; I should have written to say I was coming, Bright, but I—well, I didn't make up my mind until the last moment."

"Delighted to see you, my lord," said Mr. Bright, "notice or no notice. Of course I should have preferred a short warning. The house—well, I'm afraid the house is scarcely fit to receive you."

"That's all right," said Gaunt. "I shall not stay long; half an hour."

Mr. Bright looked at Bobby and Decima.

"This is Mr. Deane, of The Woodbines, a neighbor of your, my lord," he said.

Lord Gaunt held out his hand to Bobby, upon whose face the grin still flickered.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Deane," he said.

"Thanks," said Bobby; "and I'm glad to be able to thank you for the permission to fish. This is my sister Decima."

Lord Gaunt went up to Decima, who stood perfectly still and without making any response to the introduction.

"I can not hope for forgiveness this time?" he said in a low voice, unheard by Bobby and Bright, who were for their part discussing the strangeness of Lord Gaunt's sudden and unannounced visit. "But you will admit that the temptation to conceal myself was very strong. If Mr. Bright had not turned up, I should have got away without your learning that I was the 'heartless' owner of Leafmore."

The tears of vexation were very near Decima's eyes.

"It does not matter," she said, with a little, a very little, catch in her breath. "It does not matter in the very least. But—but I think you might have stopped me when I was talking of you yourself, not knowing that—that you were Lord Gaunt."

"I might," he said; "but it would have given me pain to reveal myself; and—well, we men all shrink from pain, you know. However, you said nothing that was unjust or uncharitable; and if it will console you, let me assure you that the truths you uttered have done me some good. For once, at any rate, I have seen myself as others see me."

Decima gnawed her lip softly.

"Are you still mocking me?" she said; and there was something in her voice which brought the color to Gaunt's face.

"Mocking you?" he said, and his voice rang deep and low and full of pain. "Great heaven! don't you see that I am burning with shame at my cowardice? that I would now give the world if I had had the pluck to own up? My dear young lady, there is no mockery of you in my mind; nothing but respect for your denunciation, nothing but— How can I convince you, prove—"

Mr. Bright approached.

"Will you come up to the Hall, my lord? I have so much I should like to say, and—and—you said something about half an hour." He ended regretfully.

Lord Gaunt was looking at Decima's averted face. He turned his eyes to the ground, and, at last, as if he were awakening from a brown study and had come to a sudden resolution, he raised his head and said, quietly:

"I will come to the Hall, Bright. I can't give you more than half an hour to-day; but I shall be down in a few days."

"Down?" said Bright, with a flush of eagerness. "Do you mean that—that?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I am coming to stay at Leafmore."

"Lord Gaunt!" exclaimed the devoted steward, almost breathlessly. "You—you are coming to live here, to stay?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, glancing at Decima, "I am going to live here. The place has been neglected too long; it is time I settled down and looked after things; the tenants and the people on the estate, and all that. We'll see if we can't carry out some of these improvements you have been worry—wanting me to see about."

Bright looked as if he were inclined to cry with joy and satisfaction, and there was surprise in his face also.

"I heard from Belford & Lang, the lawyers, that your lordship had booked a passage for Africa," he said.

"So I had; the vessel sails the day after to-morrow. But I've changed my mind, and she'll sail without me."

"That is good news, my lord," said Bright. "There'll be rejoicing in the village when they hear you are going to settle down."

"Really?" said Gaunt, with a grim smile. "That sounds strange."

He drew nearer to Decima.

"Have I proved the sincerity of my remorse, of my desire for reformation, Miss Deane?" he said in a low voice.

Decima turned her eyes to his. She was still a little pale, but there was the light of pleasure shining in her eyes, and her lips were rather tremulous.

"Are you really going to stay—to live here?" she said, with all a young girl's readiness to forget and forgive, and a woman's delight at having her own way. "Really and truly, on your honor? You won't run away again and disappoint Mr. Bright and all the poor people who will be so glad, as he says, to hear that you have come back?"

"Really and truly, on my honor," he said, with a faint smile.

She laughed up at him softly. Then a puzzled look came into her eyes.

"Why did you—what made you change your mind so suddenly?" she asked, with a child's frank and innocent curiosity.

He shook his head, and smiled at her grimly.

"Upon my word, I don't know," he said. "Let us say that a whisper from my good angel reached my ear. There is a good angel at every man's shoulder, isn't there?"

Decima glanced at him with grave rebuke.

"There are always a good one and a bad one," she said.

"We'll wish you good-afternoon, Lord Gaunt," said Bobby.

Gaunt held out his hand, then drew it back.

"I wonder whether you and Miss Deane would be so kind as to come up to the house with me?" he said. "To tell you the truth, I rather shrink from its loneliness; there will be an accusation, a reproach in it, which will be hard to bear; and Mr. Bright won't bully me—he can bully terribly when he likes, Miss Deane—if you are by. He'd be too polite."

Mr. Bright beamed on them, and laughed.

"Oh, pray come!" he said.

"All right," said Bobby, laying down his rod. "Come on, Decie."

Decima hesitated a moment, while Gaunt watched her gravely, then she inclined her head.

They went up the hill and along the avenue, Gaunt and Decima in front, and Bobby and Bright behind. Gaunt looked about him silently for a moment or two, then he said:

"These trees want thinning; and the road needs a dozen men at work on it."

As they reached the broad steps leading to the terrace, he ran his eye contemplatively along the front of the house.

"It looks deserted enough," he said, more to himself than to Decima. "Poor Bright, what he must have suffered!"

"But you will not let him suffer any longer?" said Decima. "You—you will have it put right?"

"Yes," he replied; "we will have the old place swept and garnished."

He turned on the top step and moved his hand toward the view.

It was a magnificent one of far-stretching meadow and fir-clad hills, on the sides of which, in little clearings, nestled the homesteads of the farms.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" exclaimed Decima under her breath.

Gaunt nodded, and they entered the hall, the great door of which a woman had opened, and at which she stood courtesying nervously.

Decima looked round the vast place with a kind of awe. The hall at Leafmore is one of the finest in England, and a more experienced person than Decima might have found some excuse for emotion at sight of its grandeur. To Decima it seemed as if it had been cut from the frame of some old picture, or were a realization of a description she had read in one of the county histories. The walls, running to the vaulted roof, were covered with oak black with age, with portraits of dead and gone Gaunts smiling or frowning from the panels. A group of tattered and smoke-grimed flags drooped from a spot near the ceiling; men in armor stood out at intervals, and trophies of weapons gleamed dully in the vari-colored light that poured through the great stained window.

A huge fire-place yawned on one side, with a bear, so beautifully cut up that it looked alive, rearing on its haunches beside it. It was so very alert and fierce-looking that Decima almost started as she caught sight of it. Leopard and lion skins were spread upon the polished parquet floor, and an eagle stretched its broad wings and reared its head from the top of an antique case, through the glass doors of which a collection of Sevres glittered and shone brightly. The place seemed crammed with curios and bric-a-brac, and indicative of luxury and wealth and rank; but over it all hung a kind of gloom, the air of melancholy which every place, however rich, inevitably wears when it has been long deserted.

"It is very grand!" said Decima, and she spoke in quite a hushed voice.

Gaunt opened a door on the left and stood aside to let her pass in. It was the big drawing-room, large and magnificent enough for a state apartment, the decorations were tarnished with age, and offered relief to the ancient tapestry with which a greater portion of the room was hung. Beyond, and beyond it again, were other rooms, all equally large, and all very fine in form and coloring. At the end a pair of tall glass doors opened to the palm-house, in which palms reared their heads thirty feet high, and were surrounded by smaller tropical plants and ferns. A marble nymph rose, like Aphrodite, from a fountain in the center; but the fountain was still, and no water flowed from the upturned shell she held in her white hand.

The gloom and sadness of desertion were here also, and the white calico coverings with which the superb furniture was shrouded gave the place a ghostly appearance.

Decima stood in the center of the room and gazed about her, and Gaunt stood near her, and looked not at the room, but at her. Suddenly she shivered slightly. He went to one of the windows, and with a hasty, almost angry, gesture tore aside the long heavy curtains which screened it. Instantly a flood of sunlight poured into the room, lighting up the gold of the decorations and picture-frames, and falling in a golden torrent over Decima.

Gaunt turned and saw—not the suddenly brightened room, but the girl's face and form glorified by the sunlight. He started slightly, and something he knew not what sent the blood rushing to his face. It resumed its ordinary pallor almost instantly, and he was grave and self-possessed, as usual, as Decima turned to him with a smile.

"That is what it wants—the sunlight!" she said, nodding brightly. "Only the sunlight."

"And human voices and faces," said Mr. Bright, nodding also. "I'm sorry you should find the place shut, my lord, but—"

Gaunt made a gesture of repudiation.

"All my fault, Bright," he said. "But it shall have the sunlight and the rest. Will you come up to the picture-gallery, Miss Deane?"

He led the way up the broad stairs, and they reached the long corridor which ran round the hall. It was lined, crammed, with pictures, forming a collection which Bobby rightly described as priceless. One of the Gaunts had taken the "picture mania," and the Leafmore gallery was the result. It is not by any means the worst form of madness.

"We've taken care of the pictures, at any rate," said Mr. Bright. "I have to thank Mr. Deane for some hints in regard to their preservation. It was at his suggestion that these"—he nodded at several—"were glassed in."

"I am very grateful," said Gaunt, quietly. "I hope your kindly interest won't cease, Deane."

Bobby flushed with pleasure at the words, the tone, and, most of all, at the friendly "Deane."

"Oh, it was like my cheek," he said; "and I expect you know more about them than I do."

"No," said Gaunt. "I like them, but I'm afraid I've been indifferent." His eyes followed Decima as she moved along the long line. "Are you fond of art, Miss Deane?" he asked, going up to her.

"Oh, yes; who is not?" said Decima. "I love pictures. But I don't know very much about them, though Aunt Pauline had me taught to draw and paint, and I have read Cunningham and Ruskin. Aunt Pauline has a small collection at Walfield—that is her house in the country—and I went to the National Gallery. I know some of these pictures, because I have read of them. How proud you must be of them!"

"Yes; I suppose I ought to be," he said. "I wonder whether you will come with your brother and see them—often, whenever you care to do so, I mean?" he added.

"I shall be very glad," said Decima, frankly, "and I am sure Bobby will."

"There ought to be a catalogue," he said. "I don't know where it is. We will find it. I shall have my hands full, I can see," he went on, with a smile, half listless, half amused. "There will be a good deal to do. There are the tenants and the people on the estate; they will want looking after. Mr. Bright has—I can see it in his eye—all sorts of schemes and plans for new schools and cottages and village hospitals." He paused a moment. "I wonder—" He stopped again. "Miss Deane, does it occur to you that you ought to bear some of the responsibility?"

"I?" said Decima, with open-eyed surprise.

"Yes," he said, gravely, but with a touch of hauter in his eyes. "It was your censure of the absent and 'heartless' owner which led me to decide on staying here. You ought to bear some of the burden which will fall upon me in consequence. That's only fair."

The color rose to Decima's face.

"How can I? I could not help you," she said.

"Indeed, but you can," he said. "I shall want no end of advice upon all the benevolent schemes Mr. Bright is hatching. I know nothing of the people's wants."

"And I?"

"Being a woman, will know all—by a woman's instinct," he said. "I count upon you, Miss Deane. In fact, I shall consider that I am entitled to come to you for advice and assistance—and protection—the moment Mr. Bright begins his assault. Shall I count in vain?"

Decima looked from side to side, then raised her eyes to his face.

"It sounds nonsense," she said. "But—but, yes, I will help you. But you will not need me."

He was silent a moment, then he said, very quietly:

"I think—I am sure—I shall need you; and I will come and ask your father to permit you to render me your help."

The clock in the turret struck the hour hoarsely, and Bobby, who had been studying a fishing group with keen interest, started.

"I say, Decie, we shall have to make a rush for it, if we are to be home in time for dinner."

"I will order a carriage," said Gaunt; then he laughed grimly. "I forgot. There is no carriage. But there shall be the next time you come, Miss Deane."

They went down stairs to the door, and Decima held out her hand.

"Am I forgiven?" he said, as he took it in his, and his eyes sought hers gravely.

"Yes, quite!" she said, frankly. "Good-bye, and thank you for showing us the house."

He did not utter the conventional response of "Thank you for coming," but as he shook hands with Bobby, said:

"I hope we shall see a great deal of each other, Deane."

(To be continued.)

"SALADA"

Sold in sealed lead packets only—never in bulk. In this way you are always guaranteed a delightful Tea with all its freshness, strength and flavour perfectly preserved.

073

BLACK, MIXED & GREEN.

ONE ON THE DUKE.

The Duke of Argyll, at the opening of a recent exhibition in London, became much interested in a particular make of chimney pot, designed to stop smokiness, and, turning to the attendant of the stall, asked him to send one or two of them to his house in Scotland.

"Certainly, sir," said the man, not recognizing his dowdy-looking customer. "What name and address?"

"The Duke of Argyll, Roseneath," said the Duke.

"Yes, sir; what name?" asked the man again, whereupon his customer had to explain exactly who he was. As he went away, the vendor of chimney pots was heard to say:

The Duke of Argyll.

"Lord, I took him for a hotel-keeper, and 'The Duke of Argyll' as the name of his 'pub.'"

Grains of Gold.

It is well there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world.—Hazlitt.

The nearer one gets to God the more good one can and will do for his fellow-men.—R. W. Barbour.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.—Scottish Reformer.

Dream not that any of you will ever obtain Eternal Life unless you have already received it in this life.—Spurgeon.

If all men had to earn all they lived upon they would know better how to use money and how to save it.—Mr. Samuel Barrow.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.—Thoreau.

The discovery of happiness may well be the great aim of wisdom; and we needs must be happy ourselves before we can know that wisdom itself contains all.—Maeterlinck.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Get the blunt man to come right to the point.

Pensive maids may develop into expensive wives.

Men frequently see visions—of the blonde or brunette type.

While engaged in loving your enemies, don't slight your friends.

When gossip travels it always throws on the high speed lever.

When fiction gets busy facts become ashamed of themselves.

Many a man merely stubs his toe when he tries to put his best foot forward.

Love may laugh at the locksmith, but it will refuse to smile over a lock of the wrong woman's hair.

Success comes to a few of us in spite of ourselves.

FLEET FOOT

Outing Shoes

For Everybody

THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

ASK YOUR DEALER.

HOME

Choice Recipes.

Bacon Gravy on Toast.—Cut up one-half pound bacon into small bits and fry brown. Add one-half cup of hot water, two cups of milk, a small piece of butter and seasoning. Add sufficient flour to make a thick gravy. Pour over the toast.

Frosted Currants.—Take large, perfect bunches of red and white currants. Wash carefully and when dry dip in the beaten white of egg to which a little cold water has been added. Drain, then roll in powdered sugar, or sprinkle the sugar evenly over the currants. Lay them on a colander to dry.

Rice and Fried Green Peppers.—Boil rice and turn it into a vegetable dish. Cut green peppers into rings—remove the seeds—and soak the peppers in salted water for half an hour. Then drain, and fry them in butter. Arrange the pepper rings on top of the rice and turn over them the butter in which they were cooked. Cover and place in the oven for five minutes, then serve.

Fruit Canapes.—Use the sponge cake that was left from Sunday's supper—cut in squares and split. Saute in butter, on both sides. Spread cooked fruit on each piece; make a thick sauce of the fruit juice by adding arrowroot to the hot juice and pour over the canapes.

Siberian Sauce.—Stir together one teaspoon chopped pimento, three of grated horseradish, one of mixed mustard, one teaspoon of sugar and a little salt. Add sufficient vinegar to cover and serve with cold meats.

Boiled Lettuce.—Cut away the thick stalks from four or five heads of lettuce and boil the leaves in salted water for fifteen minutes. Turn out into a pan of cold water, drain and chop. Return to the fire, add a cupful or more of white sauce and when quite hot stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs.

Cranberry and Nut Salad.—Cut into dice a sufficient quantity of cranberry jelly. Sprinkle with chopped walnut meats and pile lightly on a bed of lettuce leaves. Cover with mayonnaise dressing.

Rice Pudding (Made from cold boiled rice.)—Break up two cupfuls of cold boiled rice, so that it will be free from lumps. Add one tablespoonful melted butter, one tablespoon sugar, a good pinch of salt and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir in two cups of flour to which has been added one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all together until smooth, flavor with orange and, the last thing, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake until it is well set. Serve plain or with a fruit sauce.

Date Gems.—Sift together two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon ginger and a little salt. Heat one-half cup molasses and a tablespoon butter in a saucepan until the butter melts. Then stir in the dry ingredients, alternating with one-half a cupful of milk until it is well blended. Now add one cupful of chopped dates which have been liberally sprinkled with flour. Bake in buttered muffin tins for half an hour.

Carrot Puree.—Peel and slice several good-sized carrots. Put them in a saucepan with minced onion and two tablespoonfuls of dripping. Cover closely and cook until the carrots are tender. Then add one quart of stock, pepper and salt and cook for fifteen minutes. Put all through the vegetable press and serve very hot.

Baked Hash Balls With Mint.—The lamb which was left from Monday's dinner may be used for these. Mince fine and add some chopped leaves of fresh mint, pepper and salt and the yolks of two eggs. Form into balls and place in a baking dish. Pour a teaspoonful of melted butter over each and bake in a hot oven about ten minutes. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

Meat Fritters.—Make a good rich fritter batter and add one cupful or more of minced meat to it. Fry as you would any fritters.

Spider Corn Bread.—Grease the bottom and sides of an iron spider, then melt two tablespoons of butter in it. Beat together two eggs, two tablespoons sugar, two cups milk, one cup cornmeal, one-half cup of flour mixed with a teaspoon baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt. Pour into the spider, but do not stir. Pour over this one cup of milk; bake about half an hour in a hot oven. When sufficiently cooked it should have a streak of custard through the center.

Chicken Rings.—With a double biscuit cutter cut rings out of slices of stale bread. Toast or fry in deep fat a nice brown. Dispose down the center of a platter and place a tablespoon of creamed chicken in each ring of bread. Garnish with parsley.

Summer Salad.—Cut into small pieces any cold vegetable which you may have—string beans, asparagus, peas, potatoes, beets, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc. Mix carefully, so they will not become mushy, place on a bed of lettuce and dress with French dressing.

Things Worth Knowing.

To remove scorch stain, wet it and expose to the sunshine.

It is worth while to add the white of an egg to the pot of chocolate.

A pinch of soda added to a berry pie before the upper crust is put on will keep it from running over.

When washing one-piece dresses, hang them over a coat hanger to dry; they will dry evenly and hang much straighter.

To sharpen a knife fold a piece of emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times.

Do not use soap in washing windows. Clear warm water with a little kerosene or ammonia added ill give a high polish.

Don't forget to stop the clocks when going away for the summer; it is bad for the springs if they are allowed to run down.

It is best to clean windows on a cloudy day, as the sunshine dries the water too quickly, and the window is apt to be streaked.

Summer bedspreads should be made of material easily washed. Nothing is prettier than the inexpensive dimity or madras.

Never turn your faucets on with a jerk. Turn slowly and gently when turning the water on or off. The faucets will wear twice as long.

To tablespoonfuls of paraffine mixed with a bucket of boiling water, with which tables are to be scrubbed, will make them beautifully white and smooth.

The flavor of lemonade will be improved if for part of the sweetening loaf sugar rubbed over the peel of the lemons is used.

In making an eggnog, beat up the egg light with the milk—three-quarters of a cupful of milk to an egg is the usual proportion—and add a pinch of salt, sugar to taste and a little nutmeg for flavoring. Then add the white beaten to a stiff froth.

An excellent way to extract the juice from an onion is to cut the onion, press it firmly against a grater, and then draw it up and down. The juice will drop slowly from one corner of the grater.

If you are mixing a pudding or cake with a wooden spoon, beat the mixture with the back of the spoon. It is far easier and becomes beautifully light in half the time.

When a kettle is badly burned, do not fill it with water, but set it aside to cool, then put in a handful of washing soda and water and allow it to boil for an hour or more.

To wash an eiderdown quilt, place the quilt in a lather made with hot water, soap jelly, and a little liquid ammonia. Soak it for ten minutes, then souse it until perfectly clean. Rinse in two clear waters to which a little ammonia has been added, pass through a wringer, shake well, and hang to dry, shaking several times while drying.

To clean a light suit, brush the suit thoroughly. Then rub it over with a slightly damp cloth. Make a paste of Fuller's earth and water, and spread carefully over the soiled parts. Leave the suit till thoroughly dry, then brush off the powder with a stiff, perfectly clean brush.

RALEIGH'S "STONE-PITCH."

What Asphalt Was First Discovered in Trinidad.

Sir Walter Raleigh was probably the first white man to discover the existence of asphalt in Trinidad, declares Mr. A. E. Aspinall in his book, "The British West Indies." He left England on February 6, 1595, and after coasting by the Grand Canary and touching at Teneriffe, directed his course for Trinidad. He arrived there on March 22nd, and cast anchor at "Point Curiapan, which the Spaniards call Punta de Gallo."

After remaining there four or five days, he visited a place called Parico, and "From thence I rowed to another port, called by the naturals Piche, and by the Spaniards Tierra de Brea. . . . At this point . . . there is that abundance of stone-pitch, that all the ships of the world may be therewith loden from thence, and we made trial of it in trimming our shippes to be most excellent good, and melteth not with the Sunne as the pitch of Norway, and therefore for shippes trading the south parts very profitable."

The commercial possibilities of the lake were overlooked until 1805, when Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane sent two ship-loads to England. This experiment was not successful. Later, Sir Ralph Woodford, governor of Trinidad, tried to use the asphalt for paving a public square of the city. The result was surprising. The asphaltum mixed with the soil, and made the grass grow more luxuriantly. Years went on, and the wonderful deposit was put to little or no practical use until 1864, when the late Henry A. Greig visited Trinidad, and formed a partnership with a local sugar-planter for exporting the pitch. The new company quickly got possession of individual leases of the lake, and set about digging and shipping the substance.

When the government decided to secure a revenue from the deposit, A. L. Barber, who had been developing the asphalt paving business of the United States, secured a concession of the whole lake of 118 acres for a period of twenty-one years, paying an export duty of five shillings a ton, and a royalty of one shilling eight pence on a minimum export of 30,000 tons of asphalt a year. At the same time, Mr. Barber formed the Trinidad Asphalt Company, and that company still controls the enterprise.

Not Thronged.

The straight and narrow path is never so crowded that a man is in any danger of being jostled out of it.

Proof Enough.

Young Wife—How do I know you still love me?

Young Hub—I stayed home from a ball game to take you to a basket picnic—proof enough.

Unnaturally.

Mrs. Beck—"What party does your husband belong to?"

Mrs. Peck—"I'm the party."

Natural.

She had a nervous breakdown;
Yes, it was bound to come,
She used up all her energy,
Poor thing, in chewing gum.

A BIT FLIGHTY IS PRINCESS

DARE DEVIL FEATS OF THIS RUSSIAN WOMAN.

A Wild Aviator, and Safety Doesn't Appear to Make Any Appeal to Her.

Princess Shakhovskoy and her teacher, the Russian Vsevolod Abramovitch, fell the other day in their Wright biplane when flying at Johannisthal, writes a Saint Petersburg correspondent. The princess fell on her head and, since she wore a safety helmet, got off without injury, but Abramovitch is lying at the point of death.

Thereby is dissolved a remarkable flying partnership—perhaps the most remarkable that has ever been known.

Princess Shakhovskoy is the wild aviator who for months past has been oscillating between Saint Petersburg and Berlin, bent on mighty feats. She wants to fly around the world. To fly, that is, as automobiles fly, crossing the oceans on a liner.

For a long time she had to wrestle with her first teacher and comrade, Abramovitch, whom she wanted to take round the world with her, because he argued that the obstacle was Siberia, where petrol and benzine are scarce.

The princess declared that she would make depots in advance all along the Siberian railroad, and that she could cross Siberia in a month, and America in a fortnight. That was, she said, taking it easy. She wanted to start from Moscow and to cover Siberia, the hardest part of the journey, first.

Holds the Record.

Vsevolod Abramovitch was not in any sense such an optimist as the princess. "Who will repair our machine in Siberia if it comes a cropper?" he asked.

"That can be done," said the imperturbable princess. "You forget that I hold the record."

And, in fact, the 23-year-old princess does hold the record—the Russian record, that is—for flying high in company of a passenger.

At Johannisthal, near Berlin, where she flies round in dangerously narrow circles, Shakhovskoy is known as "die wilde Fuerstin," the wild princess. She got that nickname by the daring way she learned to fly.

When she arrived there from Saint Petersburg she could not fly at all and had only been twice up in an aeroplane. But the third time she went up she insisted on steering the machine herself, and nearly broke her own and her companion's neck by getting faint at a critical turn.

Now she is the best woman aviator in Europe and can perform exploits in driving over and under stretched ropes that would baffle many skilled men flyers.

When husband Prince Peter Shakhovskoy heard of his wife's exploits he was horrified. The wild princess increased his horror by announcing that she would go to Tripoli to drop bombs on the Berbers in Italy's sacred cause. She would do this, she said, because she was educated in Italy and loved the Italian race.

Prince Shakhovskoy was highly wrathful, but all he could do was to stop his wife's allowance, and that he did.

Her Husband.

Prince Shakhovskoy is a rich landed proprietor, who was once aide-de-camp to Tsar Nicholas II. He got into trouble for marrying the wild princess, who is partly Jewish by blood. The wild princess was always wild, and that was how she won her husband. She captured him at Naples, by dancing on the flat roof on the Officers' Club.

The prince sacrificed all for love, and within three months he had to sacrifice the love also, for the black-eyed princess vowed that the aristocratic life in the Sergeyevsky street was too tame, and that she would go bear shooting. She left the prince and went bear shooting in Vologda province. A bear bit her hand, and this so displeased her that she dispatched him with a knife.

Finding this work tame, she resolved to become an aviator, a professional aviator who would worry her husband for funds no more. And an aviator she has become.

At Johannisthal the wild princess performs strange feats. Some are unsafe.

Once, after her teacher Abramovitch remonstrated vainly, she took two inexperienced officers up in a gale. Another day she flew high over the Templehof Field to Friedenau, a forest of high houses in South Berlin. When she was flying over the main road her motor gave out and she nearly had to descend on steep housetops.

On Another Occasion

she flew down a narrow lane of pine trees near Johannisthal, where the least swerve to right or left would have crushed her into the trees.

The wild princess is the admired of Prince Henry of Prussia. Henry is a sportsman; he has repeatedly sailed in Zeppelin airships, and he has taken lessons in driving an aeroplane. Last fall the wild princess and he flew together.

The wild princess is by speech dictatorial and rude, and she later reported to the Johannisthal officers very unfavorably on Henry as an aeroplane man. As Henry is a full admiral and the Johannisthal officers are mostly junior navy men, this made trouble.

Then the wild princess journeyed to Kiel, and gave Henry there a fine exhibition of flying in a princessly way.

In Russia the wild princess is the first woman to take up aviation. She tried to get other women to take it up. First she started an association for women aviators and got Countess Scheremetieff, Mme. Elise Gorbatoff, Mlle. Desyatinsky and several other aristocratic women to join. From this started a Ladies' Flying Club.

The club lasted a month. The wild princess flew so high and so daringly with her guests that they were thoroughly frightened, and they decided to leave flying alone.

Kidnapped a Fop.

Next the wild princess kidnapped a certain Mueller-Grigorieff, the curled darling and regimental fop of the Chevalier Guards Regiment. The princess invited the guardsman to take a seat beside her while the motor was running, and told him that she did not intend to fly. Then she shouted "Let go!" sped across the grass, and rose.

The warrior was carried to such mortal heights that he got violently air-sick. The officers of the Chevalier guards, who did not love Mueller-Grigorieff, made a presentation to the wild princess.

The wild princess is just now being courted violently by German officers. They hope that when she gets rid of her rich, unimaginative prince she will fly away with them. The princess laughs at this. When approached in sentimental manner she reminds them that she is not aeroplaning for the sake of her health. "It is my livelihood," she says in a queer bass voice.

Flighty only in the strictly limited aviatorial sense is the wild princess.

ANTS BAKE BISCUITS.

Scientist Discovers Species That Understands Cookery.

The extraordinary habits of the harvester ant have long been known to naturalists. Certain species not only harvest and store in granaries the seeds upon which they feed, but actually plant and cultivate an annual crop of their food seeds.

Still more remarkable stories are told of an ant that is common in Dalmatia, the Messor barbarus. According to Dr. Neger of the Dresden Forestry School, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes bread or biscuit! The seeds are first sprouted, then carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully stored for future use.

From these observations it would appear that the art of cookery is not confined to the human race. All cooking is done by the sun, whether in the ripening of fruit or in the baking of bread in a stove. The heat obtained from fuel is simply stored up sunlight set free.

The Arab and the native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked in the sun. The ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery, the saliva with which it moistens the grain probably taking the place of yeast and sweetening through changes set up by its influence upon starch.

"Here's something queer," said the dentist "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument." "I think you have struck my back collar-button," said the victim.

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