Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd).

He had been changing unconsciously; had not known, realized, what it was that was working the transformation.

But he knew now. And he sat with his head bent and his eyes covered, and faced the thing. For Gaunt, though not a good man, was no fool and no coward. He had got to face it.

He placed the whole case before him, so to speak, and tried to regard it calmly and judicially.

He was in love with Decima Deane. He, years older than she—and a married man!

He wiped the sweat from his face with an unsteady hand. It seemed ridiculous and absurd; but there it was, and all the ridicule he could pour on it would not quench or down the truth. He tried to laugh as he thought of the difference in age, of the bond that held and galled him; but the laugh rang hollow and unsatisfactory.

He loved her. And he knew it was the first real love of his life. The fancy for the woman who bore his name had been a fancy only, and had died; changed, rather, to contempt and loathing. He had never really loved until he had met Decima. And the girl was everything in the world to him. Life, hope, joy.

Her face rose before him as he sat and thought. The sweet, girlish face with its blue and ever-changing eyes, its mobile mouth and its bright and innocent smile, the soft brown hair clustering in tendrils on her white brow. Her voice with its innocent tone—

Innocent! Yes, she was innocent; so child-like, that she did not guess how it was with him. He was not a good man; but he thanked God that she did not know that—she must never know.

He must go away, go away at once. He rose, stung to movement by the resolve, and almost groaned. A shudder ran through him as he thought of returning to the world, of going away from the sight of her face, the sound of her voice. They were life to him, and his days without them would be shadowed by the darkness of a death in life.

Need he go? She did not know, guess, of his love for her. He would keep a close watch and guard over every look and word. Why should he not have the consolation of being near her? She had been like a guardian angel to him; she had, all innocently and unconsciously, led him out of the dark forest of despair and gloom to higher and brighter lands. She had been his saving angel. If he left her he would slip back into the old life—the old life he hated and loathed.

As he paced up and down with bent head and hands tightly clinched, he tried to persuade himself that he should be content to be near her, to see her occasionally; that he would hope for, think of; nothing more. Yes, that was how he would work it. She should be just an angel of light to him. He would go on loving her, but as the sailor loves the beacon star that lights him home through the storm; as the light that burns in the shrine of a saint. Inspired by that love, he would keep his life clean and sweet; he would devote it to her. He would be her slave, would do everything she wanted done for the place and the people.

"Yes, that is how it must be," he said, with a deep breath. "There is no hope for me. The child would never love me, even—even if I were only her age and free. Very good. Let me accept that, let me remember it always, when I am with her or away from her. She is not for me. She can never be mine, but I can go on loving her. I will never let her suspect; I will keep a close guard on my secret, and she shall never know. It would only pain her, and, God knows, I would rather die a thousand deaths than she should suffer a moment's pain."

He laughed discordantly.

"What a pity one can not die when one likes," he said bitterly. "It would be so easy a way out of it. But I've got to live—and I can not live without her!"

The last words were uttered almost savagely. We all know how, at some time or other, we stand at bay with Fate and fight him tooth and nail. Gaunt was fighting Fate for all he knew.

The dinner-bell rang, and he went and dressed. Hobson looked at the haggard face anxiously and wondered what was amiss. He knew nothing of the great mistake, but he suspected the existence of some hidden sorrow in his master's life, and he wondered whether it had cropped up again, for he had noticed the change of late for the better in Lord Gaunt's manner and appearance.

Gaunt went down to the elaborate dinner, but he could not eat, and presently he rose and went out into the air.

There was a faint moonlight; a nightingale was singing on one of the trees on the lawn. He saw Decima's face in the soft light, he heard her voice speaking through the bird's. Presently he got his hat, and, half mechanically, went up the avenue and along the road to The Woodbines.

As he reached the house and stood in the shadow of the trees on either side of the road, he heard the piano, and then her voice—the clear, sweet, girlish voice which echoed in his heart all day. She was singing one of the simple songs she used to sing to Lady Pauline, and every note, as it floated out to him, struck upon a chord in his heart and filled him with the pain of intense longing.

He went home again, with the sweet, girlish voice ringing in his ears. But he would not go into the house, and he paced under the fir in the plantation until the dawn began to gleam beyond the hills.

"I love her!" was the thought that ached in his heart. "I love her; but she shall never know. She shall never know."

In the morning some plans came down by post. He had promised to take them to her. Should he do so? He prayed, thirsted for a sight of her. Why should he not go? He would begin the watch over himself.

After breakfast he went, with the plans in his hand, up to The Woodbines. As he reached the gate he heard voices—Decima's and a man's—and then he saw her and Mr. Mershon in the garden. He had met the young man once or twice, and exchanged greetings with him; but it had so chanced that he had not seen him and Decima together. He looked over the gate, and there was Mr. Mershon holding a chrysanthemum while Decima tied it to a stick. Decima wore a sunbonnet like—and yet how unlike—Mrs. Topper's, and, as she bent over the plant, she was laughing, evidently at Mr. Mershon's awkwardness. And the young man, with his hat on one side, was looking up at her with an intent expression in his small, sharp eyes.

A pang shot through Gaunt's heart.

"My God! I am jealous!" he said, between his clinched teeth, and his face grew set and stern.

He tried to soften it as he pushed the gate open and entered, but Decima, as she looked up and uttered a faint cry of welcome, saw the look and opened her innocent eyes upon him.

"Oh, Lord Gaunt, is it you? And have you brought the plans—is that them in your hand?"

"Yes, I've brought them," he said, trying to smile. "But it doesn't matter. Don't let me interrupt you."

She looked at him with a faint reproach in her lovely eyes.

"Why, we are only tying up some of the chrysanthemums. As if they were of any consequence! Let me see them! I do so want to see them. But what is the matter?" she broke off, as she looked up at him with a sudden grave questioning.

"Nothing—nothing," he said, hastily for he felt Mr. Mershon's sharp eyes upon him.

That gentleman dropped the string and glanced at his watch. He disliked, and was a little afraid of Lord Gaunt of Leafmore.

"I—I think I'll be going," he said, looking at Decima.

She had opened the plans and seemed quite absorbed in them.

"Oh, will you not stay? Well, good-bye, and thank you. We have tied up ever so many, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mershon. "Good morning, Lord Gaunt." As he went out of the gate, Gaunt looked after him.

"Do you see much of Mr. Mershon?" he asked, and cursed himself for asking.

Decima looked up from the plans absently.

"Yes, oh, yes. He is here nearly every day. He has business with father. I don't understand what it is; it is all a mystery to me—and to father also, I expect. But what is the matter? You—you look so pale and tired."

She drew nearer to him, with child-like affection and confidence, and laid her hand upon his arm.

And the strong arm, lean and muscular, the arm which had known no quiver nor uncertainty even when it had been raised in the face of death itself, had hard work to keep itself steady under the fingers which touched him so innocently.

"I've—I've had a bad night," he said, forcing a smile. "I used to suffer from insomnia, and I got an attack of it last night."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Come and sit in my arbor and rest for a little while." Her hand closed on his arm, and she led him gently to a rustic summer-house in the worst state of repair. "Sit there and rest," she said. "You shall not talk, or even think. And I will look at the plans. Say!" she ran to one of the garden borders and picked some sprigs of lavender, "smell those! Are they not sweet?"

She held them up to him, and, unseen by her, he touched them with his lips. Then, with the innocence of a child, she sat close beside him and unfolded the plans again.

Her arm touched his—the summer-house was a very small affair—he could almost hear the beating of her heart; and his own heart throbbed in harmony.

"They are beautiful!" she said, nodding at the plans, as a child nods at a picture-book. "How clever a man must be to draw them like this! Look at that tower!" She opened out the plans so that they rested on her knees and his. "There's a bell in that tower, of course. Will it run, as Bobby would say, to a bell, Lord Gaunt?"

"Oh, yes; it will run to a bell," he said, mechanically, for her hand was touching his arm, and all his senses were throbbing.

"Will it? I am so glad! And that is the big school-room. What is the size? But I am worrying you, and I meant you to rest!" she exclaimed, remorsefully.

"It is not worrying me," he said. "There are the plans. If you like them, we'll pass them."

"Oh, I think they are beautiful!" she said. "And the school-house is too sweet for words! I should like to be schoolmistress!"

"Yes?" he said; then the green jealousy gnawing at his heart forced him on. "Do you like Mr. Mershon?"

Decima opened her eyes upon him innocently.

"What has Mr. Mershon to do with the schools?" she said. "Like him? Oh, yes, I suppose so. I never thought, never asked myself the question. But now I come to do so, yes, I think I do. How foolish that sounds! Aunt Pauline used to say that I should never master syntax. He is very good-natured, you know; only this morning he promised me fifty pounds toward the boys' play-ground and gymnasium."

"Why did you ask him?" he said, almost roughly. "I would have given you all you wanted."

"I know you would," she said, simply; "and that is why I didn't ask you. You have done so much. Besides, it is only fair that Mr. Mershon should spend some of his money for the benefit of the people among whom he lives. He is very rich, you know."

"Is he?" he said. "I don't know anything about him." Then he got ashamed of his petulance, of his jealousy, for her eyes were seeking his with a rather pained surprise. She had never before heard him speak in this tone. "Oh, I dare say he is a very nice young fellow. I'm—I'm rather boorish and ill-natured this morning. I always am when I don't sleep."

In an instant her face melted, so to speak, with a tender sympathy which smote him to the heart.

"I know. You could not be really unkind or unjust to any one, I think, Lord Gaunt."

"Oh, couldn't I?" he said, grimly.

"No. It was only because you are tired that you were hard upon Mr. Mershon—if you were hard. For, after all, what have you said? Lean back—see, you can just lean back—and rest, quite restful."

She leaned back to show him the way, and the branches of the ivy and clematis caught in her hair. She laughed as she tried to disentangle them.

"I forgot my hair; but you need not be afraid—yours is too short."

"Can't you get it undone?" he said. "Let me try, will you?"

"Thanks," she said at once. "Mind you do not bring it all down; it is apt to come down at a touch. You see, I've not had it up very long."

His hand shook as he attempted to free the soft, silky coil from the branch that clung to it lovingly. His breath came fast, and he brought about the catastrophe against which she had warned him.

"There, it is down!" she said, with a laugh. She shook her hair loose, and smiled up at him as one school-girl smiles at another. "That is how I looked a few months before you saw me at the Zoo," she said.

He looked at her, and then suddenly away from her, lest she should read his secret in his eyes.

"You must have been rather a nice-looking little girl," he remarked, with an effort at careless badinage.

"I wasn't, really. I was a very ugly child," she said. "I remember Bobby used to call me the plain bun. I've told you about his expecting to see a long-legged, ugly little girl at the railway station, haven't I?"

While she was speaking, she was doing up her hair rapidly and carelessly. He stooped to pick up some of the hair-pins which had fallen, and saw a piece of brown ribbon which had either fallen from her hair or some part of her dress.

He waited until she had finished, then he picked up the ribbon.

"Do you want this?" he said.

"What is it? Oh, thanks!"

He held it in his hand.

"If you don't particularly want it, I'll tie up the plans with it," he said, with an air of indifference.

"No, I don't want it. Is it long enough?"

"Quite," he said, as he rolled up the plans and wound the ribbon round them. "I'm going down to the village to see Cobbet. Could you—will it be convenient for you to meet me there this afternoon? There are some things Bright wants to ask you about. You and Bobby might come up to tea afterward, if you'd be so gracious."

"Very well," she said at once and brightly. "I am going in to help to make a pudding. I am learning to cook, you know. Bobby says I always forget the principal ingredient—generally the sugar—but he always has two serves, and the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

She talked on—the talk of a happy, heart-free girl—and he listened with a mingling of pleasure and pain. Her innocence and unconsciousness hurt him that morning. He got up almost suddenly.

"I must go," he said, abruptly, and left her.

They met in the village in the afternoon, interviewed Mr. Bright, and then met Bobby, and went up to the Hall to tea. It was served on the terrace, and she presided, as she had done on several previous occasions. Gaunt watched her. Never had she seemed more perfect in every tone and movement. Looking at her was like listening to an exquisite piece of music which makes the heart ache with an infinite longing.

"Show Bobby the plans, Lord Gaunt," she said, presently.

Gaunt went into the library and brought them. They were untied and in confusion.

"Why, what a jumble you have got them in! Where is the ribbon you tied them up with?" she asked.

He colored for an instant and looked with the awkwardness of a man.

"I—I must have dropped it," he said.

It was folded neatly in his waistcoat pocket over his heart.

"Ah," said Bobby, "want my opinion? Well, my opinion is that you are pauperizing the whole place between you; and I'm rather glad that I'm going out of it, and so can chuck what little of the responsibility that has fallen to my share."

"Going out of it!" said Decima.

He nodded as he lighted a cigarette.

"Yes, old Brown"—Brown was his coach—"thinks that I ought to go up to London to polish up my French and German; so I'm going right away; that is, in a week or two."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Decima, aghast.

"Don't cry. Is it a brother going to leave it for a few weeks? Never mind! He'll come back soon and bring his fickle sister a nice fickle doll."

"Going up to London," said Gaunt. His heart sank, for he knew that, Bobby away, he should not be able to see so much of Decima, for Bobby had played the useful part of chaperon. "You'll go into digs. I suppose? See here, I've some chambers in town—you go up to them. You'll be doing me a service if you will."

Bobby stared.

"You—you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it," said Gaunt, rather curtly. "It's better for the rooms to be occupied." He gave Bobby the address. "And I'll put up for the—what does you like, I wonder? What do you say to the Orient?"

Bobby flushed with pride and pleasure.

"Will you really? How awfully good of you! The Orient!"

He had heard and read of the club—one of the best—but had never hoped, never dreamed of becoming a member.

"Not at all," said Gaunt, briskly. "I'll write to-night."

Bobby was so moved and excited that he jumped up and paced away. Decima looked at Gaunt with a sudden moisture in her eyes.

"I wonder why you are so kind to us?" she said, with a little catch in her voice.

He could not have found a quicker road to her heart.

He raised his eyes to her face for a moment.

"Nonsense!" he said, almost roughly. "What is there especially kind in that? I should do it for any one."

"Yes," she said; "I think you would. There is no one so kind, so thoughtful, so generous. Bobby can't thank you, I see; and I—Oh, I wish I could tell you just what I think!" She leaned forward and touched his hand.

(To be continued.)

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WILL CROOKS, M.P.

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Will Crooks, the British Labor Member of Parliament, is essentially a home man. There is no place dearer to his rugged heart than his modest little house in London. He putters in and around day in and day out, and in the evening takes his ease at his hearthstone beside his wife.

When he left for his tour to Canada, Australia, and South Africa with the British Parliamentary party he carried with him a heavy consignment of baggage. It was observed by one of the newspaper men in the party that Crooks was able to tell just in what part of his luggage to look for any given object. There appeared to be some trick about it, and at last Crooks explained.

"See this little card here," he said, drawing out a diagram from

Will Crooks, M.P.

his pocket, "well, that is a list of everything I have, together with marks showing in just which bag and which part of which bag the thing is. Cough drops? Yellow portmanteau, pocket No. 2, lower side. Slippers, bag No. 5, bottom. Clean hankies, black satchel, and so on."

Then he pointed to one very heavy-looking grip.

"Guess what's in it?" he said.

"Can't."

"Can't ye? Well, it's preserves—ome made—by my wife."

"Preserves!"

"Aye—real preserves, none of your factory-made jam."

And it was so. But when the bell boy came to remove the luggage he did not carry the preserves. Will Crooks had it, and walked circumspectly, too.

Fact and Fancy.

Spinach, acting on the liver, freshens the complexion.

Better be tireless than tiresome.

Mushroom brandy is a new importation from Siberia.

The average man doesn't get any foresight till he's too old to have anything to look forward to.

During her first week of widowhood the Corsican widow is blindfolded with a black bandage.

In the average summer hotel there is no room even for argument.

Many stage dancers wear fireproof skirts.

It's mean to make money out of people's necessities, and besides, there is ever so much more to be made out of their luxuries.

Pianos in Berlin, Germany, must all shut up by 11 o'clock at night.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher to the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me what an epistle is?" "I can," answered a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."

Willie had been absent from school a whole day, so teacher sent his mother the usual excuse blank to be filled out. When it was returned to her it held the following excuse: "Dear teetcher Willie got wet in the a.m. and sick in the p.m."

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HOME

Jams, Jellies and Pickles.

Gooseberry Jam.—Top and tail the gooseberries and boil one hour, stirring constantly. To each pound of the uncooked fruit you should have allowed three-quarters of a pound of sugar. After the hour's boiling is ended dip out any superfluous juice—which will make delicious jelly—put in your sugar, and cook an hour longer. Turn the jam into glasses or small jars and seal. When this is served with cottage cheese or cream cheese it is a fair equivalent for the imported bar le duc.

Plum or Damson Jam.—Stone your damsons or plums, and after this weigh them. Be careful to save any juice that comes from the fruit while stoning it. Allow half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, unless it is exceptionally tart, in which case increase the proportion to three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Stew the fruit for half an hour, put in the sugar, and simmer gently for an hour. By this time the jam should have cooked down until it is quite thick, and may be put into glasses or jars and sealed. Small, tart plums may be used for this jam.

Peach Marmalade. — Peel and stone peaches. The smaller or yellow varieties will serve for this. Weigh the pared and pitted fruit, allowing to every pound of it three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and cook the fruit by itself for three-quarters of an hour, stirring it constantly. At the end of this time turn in the sugar and cook for ten or fifteen minutes, taking off any scum which may rise to the top. You may either put it up at this stage or you may add to it the kernels of a dozen or so of peach stones, chopped fine, and the juice of a lemon for every three pounds of fruit, or you may put in a tablespoon of preserving brandy for every pound of fruit. With any treatment the marmalade is delicious. There should be a good deal of extra juice, and if this is dipped out after the addition of the sugar and of any flavoring and sealed in bottles it makes a fine sauce for baked or boiled puddings.

Apple or Crabapple Jelly.—Quarter and core ripe crabapples or any well flavored, tart apples, and heat slowly in a preserving kettle. Unless they are juicy add enough water to protect them from scorching, and cook at a gentle simmer until the apples are broken to pieces. Put the pulp into a flannel bag and let it drip. If you squeeze the pulp the juice is likely to be cloudy. Measure your juice, and to each pint of it allow a pound of granulated sugar. Put the juice on the fire in a clean kettle, cook it for twenty minutes after it comes to a boil, skim carefully, and add the sugar. Let the jelly return to the boil and cook for one minute and take from the fire. Have your glasses ready and fill immediately, but do not close or attempt to cover with paraffin until the jelly is entirely cold.

Peach Jelly.—Make by the preceding recipe, but add a tablespoon of lemon juice to each pint of the peach juice, and put this in after straining the juice from the fruit.

Small Cucumber Pickles. — Lay firm, small cucumbers of uniform size, none of them more than three inches long, in a large earthen crock, with a layer of salt upon every layer of cucumbers. Pour in enough cold water to cover them, placing a heavily weighted plate on top to prevent floating. Every other day stir the pickles up from the bottom, and leave them in the brine for ten days. At the end of this time pour it off and pick over the pickles, throwing out those that are soft. Put those which are left in fresh water and leave them in this twenty-four hours, change again to fresh water, and let them lie in this another day. Line your kettle with grape leaves and place the cucumbers on these, sprinkling each layer of them with a little powdered alum, pour in cold water, lay several thicknesses of the grape leaves over the top, cover the kettle closely, and simmer slowly for six hours. Don't let the kettle boil. Take out the cucumbers, which by now should be well greened, throw them in cold water and leave them in this for a couple of hours. Prepare a thick pickle vinegar of one cup of sugar, a dozen blades of mace, a dozen and a half whole allspice, three dozen each of whole black peppers and cloves, and four quarts of vinegar. Boil all these together for five minutes after the boil begins, and pour over the drained cucumbers, which you should have packed into small jars. The vinegar must go on them scalding hot and the jars be covered closely. Let them season for at least two months before eating them, and keep in a dark, cool place.

Mixed Pickles.—Make these by the preceding recipe, using string beans, nasturtium pods, clusters of cauliflower, and tiny onions. The onions and the cauliflower do not need to be greened.

Useful Hints.

Brittle nails should be rubbed with vaseline every night.

If vegetables are put to cook in hot water the flavor will be destroyed.

Seeded raisins cut in half and added to the nut salad will make it taste much better.

Crackers covered with grated cheese and toasted in the oven are good served with salad for luncheon.

When the knob comes off the teakettle lid, try putting in a cork; select one larger than the hole, soak it, and force it in while wet.

Linoleum which has been rolled up for some time should be placed before the fire for a few minutes before unrolling. It will not crack.

If rice is cooked in water it will absorb about three times its measure. If it is cooked in milk, at least half as much liquid will be necessary.

Perspiration stains can be removed by a solution of oxalic acid and water in a proportion of one drop of oxalic acid to 20 drops of water.

A fish that is to be boiled will be improved if it is placed in a dish containing melted butter and allowed to stand for an hour before boiling.

After boiling salt beef leave two or three carrots in the liquor until cold. The carrots will absorb the salt and the liquor can be used for soup.

When sheets wear thin in the middle, cut them in half down the middle and sew the outer edges together; the sheets will wear twice as long.

A cretonne shoe bag made the size of the hat tray in your trunk is a great convenience. It can be attached to the back of the trunk with thumb tacks when you arrive.

For economy excellent lamp wicks can be made from men's old soft felt hats cut into strips the proper width and soaked in vinegar for two hours and drying before using.

A steamer box is a delightful present for an ocean-going friend—each gift being wrapped tightly in paper and marked with the day on which it is to be opened.

Sash curtains, after they have been starched, should be folded down the middle, lengthwise, and ironed double; then opened out and the fold ironed. They handle very well when ironed in this way.

To keep the color in linen dresses launder them in bran water. Pour scalding water over half a pailful of bran, let stand for half an hour, then drain the water off and wash the linen in it, using no soap.

Cold cocoa made without cooking is a good invalid's dish. Mix one teaspoonful of cocoa and another of sugar to a smooth paste with a little cold milk; then beat in a glass of creamy milk with an eggbeater.

Everybody doesn't know that huckleberry cake, baked about two inches thick, in a large oblong cake tin, can be served as a delicious pudding simply by cutting it in squares and serving with a sweet white sauce.

Before cutting buttonholes in thin materials, baste a piece of India linen underneath where the buttonholes will be. Cut the buttonholes through both and work. When finished, cut away the piece of goods underneath.

To bake cakes at home successfully put the cake mixture into a well-greased tin, then stand this inside another tin. The cakes will never burn at the bottom or stick, and will be successful whether baked in a large or small oven.

ON HIMALAYAS' PEAKS.

Two Women Ride Yaks Over Roof of the World.

One of the most extraordinary holiday trips ever undertaken by women travelers was a ride across "the roof of the world," that part of the Himalayas which separates India from Eastern Turkestan. Two English women, Miss E. C. Kemp and Miss McDougall, well known as a Chinese explorer, were the heroines of the trip, which they described at the Lyceum Club, London.

The two set out in May of last year and crossed mountain passes which never had been trod by women travelers. They met a saint of Thibet, conversed with him and made a sketch of him and told him they visited manasteries filled with figures of local saints and devils and scrolls of many colors.

With the smallest of caravans these two women met the caravans of sportsmen, large and elaborate affairs, with long trains of ponies bearing the heads of dead animals. They discovered that the natives on the road were as keen as the sportsmen themselves and that the sole topic of native conversation was the largest game bag.

In Leh they were received at the king's palace and provisioned themselves for the most arduous part of their journey. They took with them a cook, who, when at home in Leh, was also a pillar of the church, a surgeon's assistant, sportsman, hymn writer and general handy man. Four men servants, interpreters, eight ponies to carry tents and two yaks—the stately chargers on which the women rode—completed the caravan.

They started in the direction of the Pangong Lake, noted for its brilliant color, and ascended to a height of 18,000 feet. For a month they lived away from civilization. They climbed glaziers and precipitous mountains, forded dreaded rivers and explored gorges that never had known the presence of white women.

The way across these heights was strewn with carcasses of horses and the perpetual symbol of death was the raven. They suffered terribly with headaches and adopted chlorate of potash as a cure.

"Was it worth while?" they were asked.

"Well," replied Miss Kemp, "I think it was. There comes a time in our lives when it is desirable to broaden our interests. What struck me there in those solitudes was the wonderful solidarity of human nature.

"We felt that we were all essentially one. I think it quickened our perceptions; gave us a new poise and a greater capacity to take a broader view."

If a man is too proud to beg and too honest to steal, what business has he in politics?

While a young man may admire a kittenish girl, he should remember that kittens grow up.

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CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE WHO ARE TEMPERATE.

Queen Wilhelmina and King Ferdinand Never Touch Liquor—Alfonso Dislikes It.

King Alfonso of Spain does not drink either wine or spirits, nor does his mother, Queen Christina. Queen Victoria of Spain sometimes takes a glass of wine at dinner, and it was noticed that during her visit to the French republic she sipped champagne with the President.

With Alfonso total abstinence is not a matter of policy or principle, but simply one of taste. He really finds all wines and spirits unpalatable, but the cellars in the Spanish palace at Madrid are famous, and wine is served at every meal.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria forswore beer, wine, liquors, and stimulants of all kinds some years ago on the advice of his clever mother, who he always declares was his most sagacious political adviser. Thanks perhaps to this policy his nerves are always under perfect control; he never loses his temper, never displays any sign of irritation under the most trying circumstances, and this gives him a tremendous advantage in dealing with the hotheaded races of the southeast of Europe.

Queen Emma of Holland

is a rather fanatical blue ribboner, and she instilled her temperance ideas into the mind of Queen Wilhelmina. Neither mother nor daughter touches any kind of liquor on any occasion. Indeed wine never used to be served at the palace until the young Queen married. Then her husband, Prince Henry, took a firm stand on the question, and after considerable discussion with his mother-in-law, as well as his wife, finally succeeded in having wine served to him and to his guests.

The two Queens of Sweden and King Gustavus Adolphus are all abstainers, but the cellars of the palace are always well stocked with fine wines, and these are served to guests, though at family dinners water and lime juice are the only beverages.

The Dowager Queen Sophia of Sweden is really the influence back of this temperance of the royal family and no wine is served at her own table. She has for forty years been the most powerful supporter of the total abstinence movement in Scandinavia and has devoted much of her wealth as well as her time and influence to the cause. Her favorite son, Oscar, who is the chief heir to her fortune, although he sacrificed his place in the line of succession to the throne to marry her maid of honor, has for several years been the president of the Total Abstinence Society of Sweden.

Abstemious Rulers.

The Emperors of Austria, Russia, and Germany, and the King of Italy are not tectotalers, but they have always been abstemious in the matter of stimulants. The Kaiser, indeed, has done everything in his power to encourage temperance, because, as he declares, "the next war will demand healthy men; war calls for strong nerves, and victory will crown the colors of the nation which consumes the least alcohol."

The Crown Prince of Germany does not drink, and while a student at Bonn he gave offence to the university by protesting vigorously against the drinking of an exaggerated quantity of beer as part and parcel of the procedure of the old-established student societies.

Information differs widely in regard to King George. It is sometimes stated that he drinks only milk, and it is true that he has been seen partaking of this innocent thirst-quencher, but he does occasionally take wine as well. Of course, at one time in his youth he was a hard drinker; in fact, it was not until he married Queen Mary that he mended his ways and settled down to milder beverages.

The Late King Edward.

It was in King Edward's day that the cellars at Buckingham Palace were worth considering. His late Majesty was as particular about his wines as about everything else. He drank steadily, yet no one ever saw him the worse for liquor, and he prided himself on being a great judge of all food and drink. His favorite hostesses were those who gave him well-chosen meals with just the right wines. He was not in any sense of the word a gourmand, but he was a gourmet, and his people rather admired him for it, just as they secretly admired him for having the best of everything all his life.

Queen Alexandra is not a teetotaler, and her favorite wine, which is served at lunch and dinner, is a rather heavy burgundy. Occasionally she has champagne, but not as she did in King Edward's day, when a very fine brand of champagne was always served.

HOLIDAYS IN TURKEY.

One Would Not Know That Turk Is Celebrating on "Holy Day."

In nothing is the natural soberness of the Turk more manifest than in his holidays, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. He keeps fewer of them than his Christian compatriot, and most of them he celebrates in such a way that an outsider would scarcely suspect the fact. This is partly, perhaps, a matter of temperatemt, and partly because Islam has not yet passed a certain stage of evolution.

A birthday, that is, is still a holy day. Secular and patriotic festivals are everywhere of comparatively recent origin. In Turkey, where church and State are one to a degree now unknown in Western countries, there was no real national holiday until 1909. Then the first anniversary of the re-establishment of the constitution was celebrated on the 23rd of July (July 10, old style). A highly picturesque celebration it was, too, in Constantinople at least, with its magnificent array of rugs and mediaeval tents on the Hill of Liberty, its review of troops by the Sultan, its procession of the guilds of the city, and its evening illuminations.

Illuminations, however, were not invented by the constitution. Long before a 23rd of July was, the splendor-loving Sultan Ahmet III. discovered how unparalleled a theatre for such displays were the steep shores of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. The accession day of the reigning sovereign made an annual occasion for great families to set their houses and gardens on fire with an infinity of little oil lamps and, in all literalness, to keep open house. This was the one purely secular holiday of the year—unless I except the day of Hidr Elyess. Hidr or Hizr Elyess is a distant relative of the Prophet Elijah, of the God Apollo, and I suspect of personages still more antique. His day coincides with that of Greek St. George, namely April 23rd, old style, or May 6th, according to our mode of reckoning. I must add that he is frowned upon in orthodox circles, and feasted only in Constantinople or other localities subject to Greek influence.

THE SNAKE AND THE BOY.

An Incident of the Perils of Life in Africa.

A lady living in Africa was in the habit of letting her little boy eat his porridge outside. One morning on going out she was horrified to find the boy sitting on a stone, and by his side a huge venomous snake. Alternately the amazing pair took a spoonful of the porridge, the boy holding the spoon to the snake. All at once the reptile raised its head as if to strike, but instead, curving its head downwards, it took some milk out of the plate.

In anger the boy struck it with the spoon, saying at the same time, "No, no, Bom Slong; my turn now." The reptile only cowered down, watching the child out of its tiny eyes. The child finished the porridge, and putting the plate down watched the snake drink the milk he had left for it.

After watching for some time the mother moved forward, calling to the boy, and upon seeing her the snake raised itself and disappeared, while she seized the child and rushed indoors.

Next morning, putting a plate of warm milk on the ground, the father waited for the snake to make its appearance. It came, and although somewhat puzzled at the absence of the child, began to drink the milk, while the man raised his gun and shot it.

For some time afterwards the boy came every day to the spot, and wept because his strange companion failed to make its appearance.

Men who can be bought imagine they can't be caught.

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