HONEST TEA IS THE BEST POLICY

LIPTON'S TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

She rose, drawn to her feet by the stress of his emotion and hers, answering to it.

"No," her lips formed.

He drew a long breath.

"Then—then why—" He stopped as if the words choked him.

She stood downcast and trembling.

"He—he helped us. We should have been penniless—Bobby—"

He saw it all in an instant.

"My goodness!" broke from his strained lips. "Child!"—he caught her in an iron grip—"do you know—realize—what it is you are doing? Marry Mershon! You!"

His grasp hurt her; but she made no attempt to release her arm as she looked up at him piteously and with faint surprise.

"Why—why are you so angry with me?" she faltered. "How could I help it? He said that if—if I married him he would pay this money, and—and help Bobby. And—and I said 'Yes,' at last. I could not have taken this money from him without— He would not have given it. And—and it does not matter what becomes of me so that they are safe and—and happy."

His grasp tightened and she winced; but he was all unconscious of the pain he was inflicting. His own agony was too great. The thought that she was to be the wife of another man—and that man Mershon!—was rending his heart in twain; every nerve was stretched and strained on a rack. And her admission that she did not love the man increased the torture.

She looked up at him, at his set face and gleaming eyes, with a questioning terror.

"Why—why are you so angry; why do you care so?" she faltered.

A shudder ran through him, and the set rigidity of his face relaxed, melted, so to speak.

"My goodness, child, don't you know?" he said, hoarsely.

In her innocence she drew a little nearer to him.

"Is it because you—you like me, because we have been such friends that you are so sorry for me?" she said. "Perhaps—"

She stopped and smiled, a woeful little smile.

"Go on! Speak from your heart; hide nothing from me!" he commanded, insisted, hoarsely.

"Perhaps if I had come to you and—and told you of our trouble you would have married me," she said, simply. "I—I think you like me, Lord Gaunt. And I could not have taken the money unless—unless I had been your wife, could I?"

A groan broke from his white lips. Fate was too many for him. He had fled from Temptation, but Temptation is fleet of foot, and it had overtaken him and had got him under its heel.

"Child!" he said in a slow, thick voice, "don't you know? Haven't you seen? Can you not guess? I love you!"

She shrunk—for even in him passion startled and awed her.

"You love—"

"I love you!" His voice broke on here fiercely. "I love you, Decima. I have loved you from the beginning. No man ever loved any woman as I love you. You are the life of my life, the soul of my soul. Every thought is of you. You hold my heart in the hollow of your hands. It was because I loved you passionately, madly, that I left you, fled from you!"

Lord Gaunt stopped for breath, and caught Decima's other hand and gripped it fast, as if he feared she would be torn from him there and then.

Decima stood quite still. She did not shrink from him; she was too overwhelmed by the storm of his passion to realize the meaning of his words. Then slowly it came crushing down upon her, caught her as if in an embrace, enveloped her like a sun-warmed cloud.

Her heart leaped, then beat heavily; a joy beyond the power of poor mortal words to limn, suffused her.

All in an instant a veil seemed to have been torn asunder, and she saw and knew what love meant, and that her love, with all it meant, had been given to him long, long ago. The pain of his grasp became an ecstasy. She could have laughed aloud in her new-born joy, delight. But all she did was to gaze up at him as the devotee gazes upward at his god, the god which had power to deal out misery or joy unspeakable.

"You—love—me!" she said, unconsciously.

Her voice thrilled through him, and dispelled the last remnant of honor that clung to him deepairingly.

"I love you!" he said. "You are just life to me! Decima, if you had not been as innocent as a child, you would have known it! Think, look back! Do you remember nothing? Have you seen nothing? Why was I always with you—why did I stay at Leafmore—why did I do all, everything you wanted? Do men act like that unless they are in love? See!" He thrust his hand in his bosom and dragged out the ribbon which had fallen from her hair. "I have worn this next my heart day and night. Sleeping or waking, it has never left me. You had worn it."

The blood rushed to her face, her eyes glowed with a pure passion, and she drew still nearer to him.

His arm went round her waist, and he crushed her against his heart, and for the last time—the first time—his lips sought hers and kissed her.

She did not shrink, but lay in his embrace, her face upturned, flower-like, to his kisses.

"You are the whole wide world to me!" he said, hoarsely. "Life is not worth having without you. I can not live without you. I thought I could. I have tried—but you see, you know—I can not. Decima, child, my dearest, tell me! Tell me! Do you love me?"

She looked up at him, and the look sent a hot wave over him. Her lips parted, but for a moment no words would come. Then she said, in a faint whisper which thrilled him:

"I love you!"

She hid her face against his heart for a moment, then she raised her eyes to his.

"Yes; I know now! How—how stupid—how ignorant I was! I—I must have loved you all through—from the very first!"

He bent and kissed her hair passionately yet reverently. Her avowal of love awed him. It was as if he had suddenly penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, the holy of holies of some shrine. Her innocence cried aloud to him.

But his passion deafened him.

"Decima, since the day we met at Leafmore, I have loved you. Day by day that love has grown until it has become the master-passion of my life. I have struggled with and fought against it, but Fate and circumstances have been too many for me. You know the truth now, and—and I am not sorry."

"Sorry! Why should you be?" she said; and love lent a sweeter music to her voice, so that he paused and listened before replying.

"I am not sorry! For us nothing matters, nothing is of consequence, but our love. Nothing, no none, shall separate us, Decima!"

She smiled up at him, and her hand stole to his face with a womanly touch which thrilled him.

"No!" she said. Then she started. "But—but Mr. Mershon! I have given my word—my promise!" Her face grew grave and fearful. Gaunt laughed slowly—a laugh of scorn and defiance.

"A word wrung from you—cozened by an artful scheme!" he said. "What does it amount to? He—he bought, bribed you! Bah! I buy, bribe you. I'll do all he offered." He laughed, and pressed her to him. "And I buy with love, love, love! My child, do you know now what you were about to do—to marry a man you did not love?"

"Yes," she said, and a shudder shook her, so that she clung tighter to him. "I know now! Oh, how could I!"

"How could you!" he exclaimed, with a desperate, reckless laugh. "But that is all over, finished with, dearest. It is I—I—I whom you love! Are you glad, Decima? Tell me!"

She drew a long breath. He was smoothing the tendrils of her soft hair from her forehead, was looking into her eyes with the hungry, craving look of love.

"I am glad," she responded, with innocent abandon.

"That is right!" he said. "And you shall never regret it, dearest—never! While I live, I will spend every hour in making you happy. You believe that—you trust me?"

"Yes," she breathed. "But think! Am I fit to be your wife?"

The word fell like a bolt from the blue. His wife! His face went white. But she went on all innocently:

"You—you are so—so far above me. I am only Decima Deane."

He laughed as he thrust the gruesome spectre of his past, of his bonds, away from him.

"You are, yes, Decima Deane—the girl I love, the one woman in the world to me. Oh, my darling—my darling—" His voice broke. "Decima, tell me, am I awake or dreaming?"

She raised her head from the pillow of his breast, and kissed him on the lips.

"Awake," she breathed.

"Come—come and sit down," he said, huskily. He drew her to the big chair, but she signed to him to sit, and sinking on to the thick fur at his feet, she leaned her arm on his knee and her head on her arm. Gaunt stroked her hair with a trembling hand and stared at the fire.

Conscience stung and lashed him, but its sting, its whip, fell upon a heart made insensible by passion. If, he argued to himself, he did not take her away, she would marry Mershon. He knew the pressure which would be brought to bear, knew that she would not be able to withstand it. She would marry a man she did not love. And from such a hell, such a life in death, surely, Gaunt, the man she loved, ought to snatch her at any cost. The happiness, the misery of her life, hung in the balance.

After all, would the wrong be very great? He could take her away to some land where she would not be likely to meet any English people. They could hide themselves under an assumed name. No breath of shame or reproach should touch her. He would watch over her happiness every hour of his life. And she should be happy!

And—and perhaps fate would take pity on them and kill that other woman, his wife. Then he would marry Decima, and—and all would be well.

One knows what an admirable advocate the devil can be, and now he was pleading with Gaunt not only for Gaunt himself, but for the girl he loved. He could not let her go.

"Decima," he said, and his voice sounded so labored that she raised her head and looked at him with some apprehension in her eyes. "I—I want you to understand. We must go—if we go—alone; we could not take Bobby with us. Child, the world—everybody—will blame me for taking you."

"It would be wrong?" she said, thoughtfully.

"It would be wrong," he said, as if the admission were wrung from him. "That is, in the eyes of the world; but—but I am not sure—I feel that even if it be wrong, it would be a greater sin to let you go back to—to him."

She shuddered.

"I could not go back," she said, gravely. "Not now, not now, I know"—she paused, then went on, with a sweet abandon—"that I love you."

He bent his head until his lips touched her hair. Then he rose, and taking her in his arms, put her in the chair.

"Let me think," he said.

He began to pace the room, and walked to and fro with quick steps. His blood was at fever heat, and something beat at the back of his brain like the crash of a wave against a rock.

Now and again he stopped and aimlessly took up some article from the table and looked at it mechanically. One of the things was a quaint Persian dagger in an exquisitely enameled sheath. He drew the blade, looked at it without seeing it, then replaced it.

As he did so, the thing fell from his fingers. As he picked it up and poised it on the table, Decima looked round.

"Why are you so troubled?" she said in a low voice full of love and sympathy.

He came to her, and kneeling beside her, took her hands and pressed them against his heart.

"Decima, you must leave yourself, your fate, in my hands. You must trust me. But I tell you go now, it—it must be forever. I shall never see you again."

She uttered a faint cry, and stooping, looked into his face with terror and grief in her eyes, on her lips.

"No, no!" she breathed. "I—I could not bear it!"

"You see!" he said. "And if you could not, then how could I, whose love for you is a thousand times greater than your love for me? Dearest, I must take you with me to-morrow. We will have to say good-bye to the past; we will have to begin a new life in a strange place—among strange people. Will you come?"

A great solemnity fell upon her.

"I must come," she said; and the low, sweet voice thrilled through him. "I must do whatever you ask me. I—I could not let you go away from me and see you no more. I—I think—I hope—I should die if you did."

He almost laughed.

"That settles it," he said, with a kind of reckless, desperate gayety. "Now, see, dearest, you must go back to Lady Paulmer—it's too late to start to-night. To-morrow morning—at eight o'clock—is that too early?"

She smiled at the triviality of the question. What hour could be too early? What did it matter?

"Well, then, you must leave the house and take a cab to Charing Cross Station."

"To Charing Cross Station?" she repeated, carefully.

"Yes; I will meet you there—I shall be watching for you; and then—well, the rest remains with me."

She leaned back and looked at him with perfect trust and confidence, as a woman looks when she has placed her life in the hands of the man she loves.

"And when shall we be married?" she asked. "Will it be soon, or shall we have to wait a long time?"

His face quivered.

"It—it may not be for a long time," he said, trying to speak calmly. "Until then we shall have to live away—away from everybody. You will not even be able to write."

A troubled, perplexed expression shone in her eyes as they rested on his. She thought, with a pang of pain and remorse, of her father.

"Why? Because it will be wrong to—to go away with you? Yes, I think I understand."

But he knew she did not—fully. He was silent a moment, then he said, in a constrained voice:

"You do not ask me why I can not marry you now, Decima?"

"No," she said; "I am waiting until you choose to tell me."

"I will tell you—some day," he said, thickly. "Promise me that—that when I do, you will not turn from me, Decima! Promise me that—that when you know you will still love me."

"I promise!" she said. "How could I turn from you? How could I cease to love you? I shall always love you while life lasts. I couldn't do otherwise if I tried, whatever happened. Even if—if you did not love me."

"Hush!" he broke in, almost solemnly. "That is impossible. If you knew—"

He glanced at the clock.

"I am afraid you must go, dearest!" he said. "Heaven! what it costs me to let you go, to part with you even for a few hours!"

She rose, her hands resting on his shoulders, and he kissed her dress as it touched him.

"It will not be for long," she said, with a happy little sigh. "I shall not sleep. I know. I shall lie awake and try and realize what has happened to me. It all seems like a dream."

"May you never wake from it, dearest!" he murmured.

She laughed softly.

"I wonder where Bobby is? I should like to have seen him, to have told him. But I am not to tell him; I forgot."

"No," he said; "you must tell no one."

"My things are in his room," she said. "I will go and get them."

As she spoke, she looked up and down the mantel-shelf, as if she were searching for something.

"I put a long pin—a hat-pin—there," she said.

Mechanically he searched also, pushing aside the curios and ornaments. In doing so, he took up the portrait, lying face downward, and was putting it down again, when, as mechanically, he glanced at it.

He did not start, uttered no cry, but he stood stock still and stared at the bewitching face in the silver frame, as if he had suddenly fallen under a spell. Gradually a deathly pallor spread over his face, his eyes became distended.

"Who—what?" broke from his set lips.

Decima had found the pin, and had turned to leave the room. She came back to him and looked over his shoulder.

"That portrait? Whose is it?" she asked.

She had not seen his face.

His senses seemed to be deserting him; he could not remove his eyes from the face, which, with its "beauty of the devil," seemed to smile up at him mockingly, derisively. His silence smote her, and she looked at him. A low cry broke from her lips.

"What—what is the matter?" she murmured. "What—is it? I—I found it, saw it. Whose portrait is it?"

Though he tried to crush the answer down, it would come, as if he had lost control of his voice.

"It is my wife," he said, as a man speaks in his sleep.

(To be continued.)

TALKING ALARM CLOCK

"Get Up, Get Up, Lazy Man," Its Newest Refrain.

It has often seemed, after the announcement of an invention to which the attention of the entire civilized world has been called, that the human mind could scarcely invent anything more and fashion it in material form, but the countless dreams of inventors continue to be realized in astounding numbers.

Every week, every month, the trade journals advertise and comment upon new things in the lines which they represent and publish new ideas which this material labor saving age seizes and makes its own.

An alarm clock which awakens you with the words of a disgusted wife who has breakfast on the table and a large vessel which carries submarines over long distances by means of a "pouch" are among the newest offerings.

As an ever present need, the alarm clock will probably be put into more general household use than the ship with the "pouch" for carrying submarines. In the evening before retiring you set the clock for 6:30; at 6:30 you will probably get up. Here is what will waken you:

"Six thirty, six thirty, six thirty; time to get up; get up, can't you? Get up, you miserable, lazy man. Get up, get up, get up!"

The first clock of this kind was exhibited in 1900, but it cost $2,500 to make it. The present offering costs $25. If you are awake in the middle of the night and wish to know the time, press a button and the clock will tell you the nearest quarter hour as: "Two fifteen," if it happens to be 2:13 or 2:18. The phonographic record is on an endless belt and the grooves in which the voice vibrations are recorded run lengthwise of the belt. The belt continues to give out sound until shut off when once started. So far the clocks have been supplied with belts which talk in thirty-five languages.

The "kangaroo" vessel is an invention which is being tried in the French navy. It is so called because the idea of taking the submarine aboard may be said to be an imitation of the way in which the female kangaroo carries her young. The vessel is built so that her stern may be sunk by water ballast and the plates, framework and beams removed from the bow. This manipulation reveals a large chamber into which the submarine may be driven. The bow is then sunk, also by water ballast. The submarine slides into its travelling dry dock and a reverse series of manipulations brings the "kangaroo" back into position for a voyage.

A new material has been invented called micarta, and is designed to take the place of hard fibre, glass, porcelain, hard rubber and other substances which are used as insulation, gear blanks, conduit for automobile wiring and the thousand and one other uses to which nonconductors are put in the handling of electricity. Micarta can be sawed, milled, turned, tapped or threaded, but it cannot be punched except in thin sheets. It is contended that it will not warp, expand or shrink with age or exposure.

Not an invention, perhaps, but quite interesting as a novelty are the printed four-in-hand ties which English haberdashers are preparing to put on the market this fall. The prints will represent sports and other lines of activity. One necktie will show an aeroplane flying over a battleship and another will bear the figures of ballet dancers. A third style shows pictures of pheasants and grouse, and is evidently intended to show that the wearer will go hunting before long. Still another carries the heads of a girl and a thoroughbred race horse, indicating a taste for racing, and so on.

Suspenders which are supplied with lightweight metal springs instead of elastic and thus do away with the necessity of knotting the suspenders when the rubber threads give out are being made by an English manufacturer. The metal springs are said to give as readily as the elastic bands.

It is the privilege of few to have their faces on coins. Most people are content to get their hands on them.

THE MORMON MEMBER.

Martin Woolf, the member of the Alberta Legislature for Cardston, is making his influence felt in the Provincial Parliament. Last year Mr. Woolf was honored with the Premier's request that he second the speech at the opening of the session. This year the Cardston member made grave charges against an employe of the Dominion Government in one of the Western Provinces, and Western papers are reporting that his speeches are the most brilliant that have been heard in the house.

At home Mr. Woolf is a farmer, having a large tract of land south

Mr. Martin Woolf.

of Cardston, the Temple City of Canada. In religion he is a Mormon, and because of his religious belief, grave fears for the future of the Province have been expressed. Contrary to general belief, Mr. Woolf is not a polygamist, although he believes in the principle of polygamy. He is the only Mormon in the Alberta Legislature, but the time cannot be far distant when a redistribution must be made to take in another large tract settled by Mormons, and in all probability another Mormon will have a seat in the House.

HOME

Favorite Recipes.

Date Pudding.—One cup chopped dates, one cup chopped nuts, one cup sugar, three tablespoon flour, one teaspoon baking powder, three eggs. Bake in a moderate oven one-half hour.

Coffee Cake.—One cup flour, one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon each of salt and cinnamon, three teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted butter, one-half cup milk, and one egg. Bake in shallow pan in a quick oven after sprinkling top with sugar and cinnamon.

Nut Croquettes.—Chop up one cup English walnuts or hickory nuts and mix with them one cup mashed potatoes, one cup bread crumbs, two eggs, a little salt and lemon juice. Thin with beef stock and add a little onion. Roll in egg and bread crumbs and drop in hot lard. This will make about one dozen.

Sweet Sandwiches.—Bake bananas in their skins until tender. Strip skin off and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon and orange juice. Add also a sprinkling of sugar, mash, and spread on thinly cut bread and butter. Before putting together as sandwiches, cover the mashed banana with grated pineapple.

Hot Slaw.—Cut cabbage fine and put into a cooking vessel with a pint of water, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a little salt and pepper, and two or three tablespoons of sugar. Let cook down nearly dry, then add cup of vinegar and water mixed, let boil up, and set off the fire and add two well-beaten eggs.

Salad Dressing.—Yolks of four or three whole eggs, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of mustard, one tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of sugar, six tablespoons of vinegar, five tablespoons of water, four tablespoons of cream, and one tablespoon of butter. Beat the eggs, add salt, mustard, flour and sugar. Mix all thoroughly; then add vinegar, water, cream, and butter, and then cook. It is splendid dressing for almost every kind of salad.

Banbury Tarts.—For the filling mix one cup raisins, one-half cup currants, six dates, three figs, a small piece of citron, a little candied orange peel (all chopped fine), juice and grated rind of one lemon, one beaten egg. Roll pie crust thin and cut into four inch squares. Put a heaping teaspoon of filling on each, and turn over, pressing the edges together so as to make a little three cornered turnover. Bake a delicate brown.

Luncheon Rolls.—One cup of scalded milk, two tablespoons sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt; add sugar and salt to milk; when lukewarm add one-half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoons lukewarm water, then add three-fourths cup of flour. Cover and let rise, then add two tablespoons melted butter and one egg well beaten and flour enough to knead. Let rise, roll, cut in long strips, tie in a bowknot, let rise again, and bake when light.

Stewed Kidneys.—Take two lamb or veal kidneys, cut the good parts into small pieces, and lay them in salted water for a half hour. Wash well; cover with fresh water and put on the stove. Drain as soon as it boils. Chop an onion fine and brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Add a cupful of boiling water, a saltspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Put the kidneys into this and boil gently for half an hour. Ten minutes before serving add a teaspoonful of tomato catsup and one of flour rubbed smooth in a little water.

Chicken Livers.—Wash well to remove all blood, have latter well heated in a skillet, drop in the livers. As soon as they touch the hot fat turn them and do this repeatedly to keep them from hardening on the outside. The secret of good frying lies in turning them often. This keeps the substance soft and juicy. When the livers are fried season them with salt and pepper and fill up the skillet with soup stock. If you like a thick gravy add a teaspoon of flour to the butter before adding the soup. Another good way to prepare the livers is to stick a clove into each one, sprinkle ground cinnamon and sugar over them and fry in sweet butter. These do not need soup stock, and are served on toast for those who have a sweet tooth.

Concerning Charcoal.

How many housewives look upon charcoal as a valuable necessity in the home? Few. Yet its uses are many. To begin with, it is the best and cheapest disinfectant and deodorizer—in other words, charcoal is the best known disease-catching-preventer and smell-ender.

The smell of cabbage water is not nice. A lump of charcoal in the saucepan prevents all odor. You may be afraid that the joint, or a piece of fish may go bad. Simply lay pieces of charcoal on them, and they will keep perfectly fresh. If, say, the fish has manifestly "gone," cook it just the same, but place in the fish saucepan two or three pieces of charcoal. The fish will be as good as if but just caught.

A wire gauze or muslin bag, filled with charcoal, and hung in the larder, will keep that important place perfectly sweet. A wardrobe which smells of clothes, and makes a bedroom stuffy, can be made all right if two or three little bags of charcoal are hung from the hooks. Jugs or any other vessels which have a nasty smell—and nasty smells herald diseases—can at once be made sweet if rinsed with powdered charcoal and water.

Sinks, and the pipes leading away from them, would always be odorless if, now and again, they were swilled down with water and a little powdered charcoal.

There is a slight disadvantage in using charcoal as a tooth-powder, it involves rinsing the mouth out two or three times, but if that trouble can be borne, then the use of charcoal will make the teeth gleaming white, the breath sweet, and bring to nought the ill effects of fermentation of little bits of food in the teeth crevices.

A piece of charcoal suspended in muslin in drinking water makes it quite safe to drink. Expensive filters are but charcoal, after all.

In cases of burns, the application of powdered charcoal soothes the pain and heals the sore like magic.

Chronic sores which are unpleasant, if bandaged with cotton wool layered with charcoal, at once become all right.

"All odors end here" is charcoal's inflexible rule.

Open drains and gulleys—fruitful causes of fever—can be made quite harmless, if a sort of sandwich of wire gauze and charcoal is fixed or laid over them. No smell, and no fear of catching anything.

The magical virtues of charcoal are greatly increased if it is made red hot before use and then cooked down. This can easily be done by getting an ordinary tin, making holes round the sides, fixing a wire handle, and then making one piece of charcoal hot in the fire and dropping it in the tin with the rest.

Swing the tin too and fro, and the whole mass will soon be red hot.

GILLETT'S LYE

The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

100% PURE

Hints for the Home.

Emery paper is useful for brightening meat and patty tins, etc.

Celery may be freshened by being left over night in a solution of salt and water.

Always empty out any water left before filling the kettle. Frequently the flat taste of tea is caused by using water that has already been boiled.

When baking potatoes grease them first with a little butter, and when cooked they will be beautifully brown and crisp, with the glazed appearance that make them so appetising.

An apple pie made without the upper crust is a pleasing change. Line the pie plate and bake the under crust; fill with apple sauce, seasoned to taste and cover the top with whipped cream.

A flat trunk tray kept in the laundry will prove a great convenience. The napkins, doilies, lunch cloths, etc., may be laid out on it in neat separate piles.

Green mayonnaise is a tempting novelty to serve with cold-boiled white fish or vegetable salads. It is made in the usual way, tinted with scalded and chopped parsley, and with a few chopped olives mixed in.

Old velveteen should be saved for polishing cloths. It will serve the purpose of wash cloths for plate cleaning and save buying anything fresh. Wash the velveteen in soapy water as often as needed and lay out to dry.

For a cream whip, which is easily made, fill sherbet glasses half full of preserved fruit. Heap them with whipped cream that has been flavored with vanilla and spread tops lightly with cocoa, cocoanut or minced nuts.

AN INFLAMMABLE CARGO.

Mineral Water and Sodium Make a Bad Combination.

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, water, if applied in sufficient quantity, will eventually quench any fire. But the thousandth case, when water not only proves ineffectual, but actually kindles and nourishes the fire, is a perfectly possible occurrence. The Boston Herald prints an account of an extraordinary fire at sea that shows how helpless is man in fighting the flames when deserted by his ally, water.

When the freighter Hardy steamed out of Le Treport, France, she carried, besides the mineral water in her hold, a number of small wooden cases marked "metallic sodium."

The Channel was rough. The vessel rolled and pitched violently. The captain saw that the ship was listing to port, and suspecting that the cargo was shifting, sent a boatswain below to investigate. As the boatswain entered the hold, he saw that several cases of mineral water had broken, and that the water was swishing about in the hold. Then suddenly he saw one of the wooden cases marked "sodium" burst into flame.

Immediately he gave the alarm, and the crew rushed to their fire stations. The captain directed the men to play the hose into the hold. As the first stream of water struck the burning case, there were several explosions, as package after package within the case caught fire. By this time two other cases of sodium had broken open, and their contents, as they came in contact with the water from the hose, burst into flames.

The crew could not believe their eyes. The more water they poured on the fire, the more intense grew the conflagration. Then suddenly two cases flew into the air, crashed against the overhead beams, and spread out in sheets of fire, the smaller pieces dropping back only to bounce and dance about, hot balls of flame, in the half-swamped hold.

Panic-stricken, the crew dropped the hose lines and fled above decks. But the captain ordered the cargo flung into the sea, and led his men back into the hold. They succeeded in throwing several of the cases overboard. But as each case hit the waves, it rebounded into the air, a flaming ball.

The superstitious crew was fast becoming unmanageable, and the captain saw that, in any case, he must abandon the ship. He ordered the crew to the boats not one moment too soon, for as the boats rowed away from the blazing hulk, several loud explosions came from the hold. Then there was one mighty detonation; the freighter broke in two, and plunged out of sight.

The origin of the fire was, of course, in the sodium. Sodium is a peculiar metal, which oxydizes rapidly when water touches it, and flames as soon as the water becomes warm. According to the chemist's classification, it is the second member of the alkali group that includes lithium, potassium, rubidium and caesium. All of these elements have the same characteristics as sodium in greater or less degree. The sodium should have been shipped in hermetically sealed tin cans enclosed in wooden cases. But the rolling of the ship and the careless stowing of the cargo broke open some of these cases, and the sodium, which was not properly packed, was liberated.

"Kate says she intends to marry Mr. Plunks to reform him." "What is his vice?" "He's a good deal of a miser."

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ILLEGIBLE HANDWR

Late Poet of Sierras S Worst Writer of the

Illegible handwriting m an aid to prosperity. The Goschen said of his father told me, half in joke a earnest, that when he can don he was obliged to fou because he wrote such a that no one would take clerk." Of Lord Goschen his biographer remarks: latter years he might have he chose, for no one could firmed with certainty i 'I's' he might have pu though.' At length his came undecipherable, even then himself. He could speaking in Parliament m what it was that he had p per, and he thus came years to abandon almost his old practice of makin

Joaquin Miller, "the po Sierras," who died a few ago, has been put forwa very worst writer that e The secretary of a litera once invited him to atten quet and received an a which no one could d word. He wrote again to stating the difficulty and that, in replying, he shoul cross at the foot of his le were coming and a circle i not be present. Miller with the request, but nob decide whether the mark was intended for a circle o

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