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A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

As she spoke she took the lamb, which was bleating like mad, laid it on the ground and holding it still, firmly but gently, with her knee, examined it with all the confidence and coolness of a vet.

"You'll make yourself most frightfully wet," said Stafford.

She glanced up at him with only faint surprise.

"You are a Londoner," she said, "or you would know that here, in these parts, we are so often more wet than dry that it makes no matter. Yes, I thought so; there is a thorn in its foot. May I trouble you to hold him a minute."

Stafford held the lamb, which was tolerably quiet now; and she slowly took off her gauntlets, produced a little leather wallet from the saddle—the horse coming at her call as if he were a dog—took out a serviceable pair of tweezers, and, with professional neatness, extracted an extremely ugly thorn. Stafford stood and watched her; the collie and the fox-terrier upright on their haunches watching her also; the collie gave her an approving bark as, with a pat, she liberated the lamb, which went bleating on its way to join its distracted mother. The fox-terrier leapt round her with yaps of excited admiration; and there was admiration in Stafford's eyes also. The whole thing had been done with a calm, almost savage grace and self-possession, and she seemed to be absolutely unconscious of his presence, and only remembered it when the lamb and its mother had joined the pack.

"Thank you again," she said. "It was very kind of you. I am afraid you are wet."

As Stafford had gone completely under the water, this was a fact he could not deny, but he said with a laugh:

"Though I am a Londoner in a sense, I don't mind a wetting—in a good cause; and I shall be dry, or as good as dry, before I get to the inn. You must have eyes like a hawk to have seen, from the top of the hill, that that lamb was lame," he added, rather with the desire to keep her than to express his admiration for her sight.

"I have good eyes," she said, indifferently. "One has to have. But I saw that the lamb was lame from the way it kept beside its mother and the fuss she made over it; and I knew, too, by Jenda's bark, that something was wrong. I am sorry you are wet. Will you——" She glanced towards the opening in the hills, paused, and for the first time seemed slightly embarrassed; Stafford fancied that a faint touch of color came to the clear pallor of the lovely young face. She did not finish the sentence, the invitation, but with another "Thank you," and "I should not have liked to have lost the lamb," went towards her horse.

Stafford advanced to put her in the saddle; but, with a little shake of the head and a "Don't trouble," she sprang into her place and rode off.

Stafford looked after her, as he had done before; then he said, "Well, by Jove!"

He felt for his pouch, filled his pipe, and lit it, and in doing so his eyes fell upon the little wallet from which she had taken her tweezers. He picked it up and quickly shouted to her; but the dogs were barking with furious delight, she was cracking her whip, and she had ridden too far for her to hear him through the noise. It would have been sheer folly to have run after her; so, with a shrug of his shoulders, Stafford put the little wallet in his pocket, waded the stream, and, after a moment or two of consideration, made for the inn by the nearest way, to wit, across the hill.

The girl rode along the strip of level moorland beside the river until she came to a narrow and not particularly well-kept road which led through the opening of the hills towards which she had mentioned her whip. Once or twice a smile crossed her face, and once she laughed as she thought of the comical picture which the young man had made as he struggled to dry land with the wet lamb in his arms; and the smile and her laugh made her face seem strangely girlish, because it was usually so calm, so gravely self-reliant. Some girls would have been quick to detect the romantic side of the incident, and would have dwelt with a certain sense of satisfaction upon the fact that the young man was tall and handsome and distinguished looking. But this girl had scarcely noticed it; at any rate, it had not affected her in any way. She had too much to do; there was too much upon her well-formed and graceful shoulders to permit her to indulge in romance; Diana herself was not more free from sentiment than this young girl who rode her horse like a Mexican, who was yet enough to perform a surgical operation on a lamb, and who knew how many bushels of wheat should run to an acre, and the best dressing for permanent pastures. It did occur to her that she might, at any rate after he had rescued the lamb, have given him permission to go on fishing; but she was not very sorry for having failed to do; for after all, he had been poaching, and, as she had said, poaching was in her eyes a crime.

She went down the road at a swift trot, and presently it was blocked by a pair of wrought-iron gates, so exquisite in their antique conscientiousness that many a mushroom peer would have given almost their weight in gold to place them at the beginning of his newly-made park; but no one came to open them; they were closed by a heavily-padlocked chain, and the lodge beside them was empty and dilapidated; and the girl rode beside the lichen-covered wall in which they stood until she came to an opening leading to an old arch which faced a broad and spacious court-yard. As she rode beneath the arch a number of dogs yelped a welcome from kennels or behind stable half-doors, and a bent old man, dressed something between a stableman and a butler, came forward, touching his forehead, to take her horse. She slipped from the saddle, patted the horse, and murmured a word or two of endearment; but her bright eyes flashed round the court-yard with a glance of responsibility.

"Have you brought the colt in, Jason?" she asked.

Jason touched his forehead again.

"Yes, Miss Ida. It took me three-quarters of an hour; it won't come to me like it does to you. It's in a loose box."

"Saddle it to-morrow morning," she said, "and I will come and try it. The brindle cow has got into the corn, and the fence wants mending down by the pool; you must get William to help you, and do it at once. He has taken the steers to market, I suppose? I didn't see them in the three-acre. Oh, and, Jason, I found someone fishing in the dale; you must get a notice-board and put it up where the road runs near the river; the tourists' time is coming on, and though they don't often come this side of the Lake, some of them may, and we can't afford to have the river poached. And, Jason, look to Rupert's off-hind shoe; I think it's loose; and——" She stopped short with a short laugh. "But that's enough for one time, isn't it? Oh, Jason, if I were only a man, how much better it would be!"

"Yes, miss," assented Jason, simply, with another touch of his forehead.

She sighed and laughed again, and gathering up her habit—she hadn't to raise it much—she went through an open door-way into a wild, but pretty garden, and so to the back of one of the most picturesque houses in this land of the picturesque.

It was built of grey stone which age had colored with a tender and an appreciative hand; a rich growth of ivy and clematis clung lovingly over a greater portion of it so that the mullioned windows were framed by the dark leaves and the purple flower. The house was long and rambling and had once been flourishing and important, but it was now eloquent of decay and pathetic with the signs of "better times" that had vanished long ago. A flight of worn steps led to a broad glass door, and opening the latter, the girl passed under a carved, wooden gallery into a broad hall. It was dimly lit by an oriel window of stained glass, over which the ivy and clematis had been allowed to fall; there was that faint odor which emanates from old wood and leather and damask; the furniture was antique and of the neutral tint which comes from age; the weapons and the ornaments of brass, the gilding of the great pictures, were all dim and lack-lustre for want of the cleaning and polishing which require many servants. In the huge fire-place some big logs were burning, and Donald and Bess threw themselves down before it with a sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked round her, just as she had looked round the stable-yard; then, tossing her soft hat and whip on the old oak table, she went to one of the large heavy doors, and knocking, said in her clear voice:

"Father, are you there?"

In side the room an old man sat at a table. It was littered with books, some of them open as if he had been consulting them; but before him lay an open deed, and at his elbow were several others lying on an open deed-box. He was thin and as faded-looking and as worn with age as the house and the room, lined with dusty volumes and yellow, surface-cracked maps and pictures. He wore a long dressing-gown which was huddled round him as if he were cold, though a fire of logs almost as large as the one in the hall was burning in the open fire-place.

At the sound of the knock he raised his head, an expression which was a mixture of fear and senile cunning came into his lined and pallid face, his dull eyes peered from under their lids with a flash of sudden alertness, and with one motion of his long hands he hurriedly folded the deed before him, crammed it, with the others, into the box, locked it with a hurried and trembling hand, and placed it in a cupboard, which he also locked; then he drew one of the large books into the place where the deed had been, and with a cautious glance round the room, shuffled to the door, and opened it.

As the girl entered, one would have noticed the resemblance between her and the old man, and have seen that they were father and daughter; for Godfrey Heron had been one of the handsomest men of his time, and though she had got her dark eyes and the firm, delicate lips from her mother, the clear oval of her face and its expression of aristocratic pride had come from the Herons.

"Are you here still, father?" she said. "It is nearly dinner-time, and you are not dressed. You promised me that you would go out; how wicked of you not to have done so!"

He shuffled back to the table and made a great business of closing the book.

"I've been busy—reading, Ida," he said. "I did not know it was so late. You have been out, I see; I hope you have enjoyed your ride. Have you met anyone?"

"No," she replied; then she smiled, as she added; "Only a poacher."

The old man raised his head, a faint flush came on his face and his eyes flashed with haughty resentment.

"A poached! What are the keepers about!—Ah, I forgot; there are no keepers now; any vagrant is free to trespass and poach on Herondale!"

"I'm sorry, father!" she said, laying her hand on his arm soothingly. "It was not an ordinary poacher, only a gentleman who had mistaken the Heron water for the Avory's. Come now, father, you have barely time to dress."

"Yes, yes, I will come in a moment—a moment," he said.

But after she had left the room, he still lingered, and when at last he got to the door, he closed it and went back to the cupboard and tried it, to see if it were locked, muttering, suspiciously: "Did she hear me? She might have heard the rustle of the parchment, the turn of the lock. Sometimes I think she suspects—— But, no, no, she's a child still, and she'd say something, speak out, if she suspected. No, no; it's all right. Yes, yes, I'm coming, Ida!" he said aloud, as the girl called to him on her way up the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

As Stafford climbed the hill steadily, he wondered who the girl was. It did not occur to him that she might be the daughter of the Mr. Heron to whom the stream belonged and from whose family name the whole dale had taken its own; for, though she had looked and spoken like a lady, the habit, the gauntlets, the soft felt hat were old and weather stained; and her familiarity with the proper treatment of a sheep in difficulty indicated rather the farmer's daughter than that of the squire.

She was not by any means the first pretty girl Stafford had seen—he had a very large acquaintance in London, and one or two women whose beauty had been blazoned by the world were more than friendly with the popular Stafford Orme—but he thought as he went up the hill, which seemed to have no end, that he had never seen a more beautiful face than this girl's; certainly he had never seen one which had impressed him more deeply. Perhaps it was the character or the aveiness which haunted him so persistently; it was so unlike the conventional drawing-room type with which he was so familiar.

As he thought of her it seemed to him that she was like a wild and graceful deer—one of the deer which he had seen coming down to a mountain stream to drink on his father's Scotch moor; her's was a wild, almost savage loveliness—and yet not savage, for there had been the refinement, the dignity of high race in the exquisite grey eyes, the curve of the finely cut lips. Her manner, also, prevented him from forgetting her. He had never met with anything like it, she had been as calm and self-possessed as a woman of forty; and yet her attitude as she leant forward in the saddle, her directness of speech, all her movements, had the abandon of an unconscious child; indeed, the absence of self-consciousness, her absolute freedom from anything like shyness, combined with a dignity, a touch of hauteur and pride, struck him as extraordinary, almost weird.

Stafford was not one of your susceptible young men; in fact, there was a touch of coldness, of indifference to the other sex which often troubled his women friends; and he was rather surprised at himself for the interest which the girl aroused in him. He wondered if he should meet her again, and was conscious of a strong, almost a very strong, desire to do so which, he admitted to himself, was strange; for he did not at that moment remember any girl whom, at his first meeting with her, he had hankered to see again. He got to the top of the hill at last and began to drop down; there was nothing but a wandering sheep-path here and there, and the mountain was by no means as easy to descend as the classic Avernus; so that when he got to the bottom and came in sight of the little inn in a crook of the valley he was both tired and hungry.

Howard, beautiful in evening dress, came sauntering to the door with his long white hands in his pocket and a plaintive reproach on his Vandyke face.

"I was just about to send off the search party, my dear Stafford," he said. "Is it possible that you have just come down that hill? Good heavens! What follies are committed in thy name, O Sport! And of course there are no fish—there never are! The water is always too thin or too thick, the sky too bright or too dull, the wind too high or too low. Excuses are the badge of all the aneling tribe."

Stafford took his basket from his shoulder and made a pretence of slinging it at Howard's head; then tossed it to the landlord, who stood by, smiling obsequiously.

"Cook some of 'em as soon as you can," he said; then he followed the neat and also smiling chamber-maid up to his room, where, for all his pretended indolence and cynicism, Howard had caused his friend's things to be laid out in readiness for him. Stafford dressed slowly, smoking a cigarette during the operation, and still thinking of the strange "farmer's daughter;" then he went down and joined Howard in the room he had ordered.

Lake hotels may lack the splendor to which we are all growing accustomed, and of which, alas! we are also growing rather wearied, but they are most of them extremely comfortable and cosy; and "The Woodman" at Carysford was no exception to the rule. Stafford looked round the low-pitched room, with its old-fashioned furniture, its white dinner cloth gleaming softly in the sunset and the firelight, and sighed with a nod of satisfaction.

"This is something like, eh, old man?" he said; and even Howard deigned to nod approvingly.

"Yes," he said. "If anything could compensate one for the miseries of travel, especially that awful drive, this should do so. I confess I had looked forward to a crowning discomfort in the shape of a cold and draughty and smelly room, fried chops or a gory leg of mutton and a hell of the cheese made by Noah in the Ark. I fancy that we are going to have a decent dinner; and I trust I may not be disappointed, for it is about the only thing that will save my life. Are you dry yet? You looked as if you had been walking through a river instead of beside it."

"That's just what I have been doing," said Stafford, with a laugh. "I've had an adventure——"

"I know," interrupted Howard, with a sigh. "You are going to tell me how you took a trout six foot in length, how it dragged you a mile and a half up the river, how you got it up the bank, and how, just as you were landing it, it broke away and was lost. Every man who has been fishing has that adventure."

Stafford laughed with his usual appreciation of his friend's amusing cynicism; but he did not correct him; for at that moment, the neat maid-servant brought in the trout, which proved to be piping hot and of a golden-brown; and the two men commenced a dinner which, as compared with the famous, or infamous one, of the London restaurant, was Olympian. The landlord himself brought in a bottle of claret, which actually was sound, and another of port, in a wicker cradle, which even Howard deigned to approve of; and the two men, after they had lingered over their dinner, got into easy-chairs beside the fire and smoked their cigars with that sweet contentment which only tobacco can produce, and only then when it follows a really good meal.

(To be continued.)

CUTTING GLASS.

Very Old Glass Can Be Cut With a Pair of Scissors.

It is commonly thought that glass is impervious to the assaults of age. But this is not the case. Glass, if exposed to the elements, will, like most other substances, decay, and in course of time become so rotten as to be worthless.

Window glass exposed to cold, heat, and varying winds will, after a number of years, become so brittle that it can be cut with a pair of scissors. Light and darkness, again, have such different effects on glass that their alternation alone, it is said, is enough to make the substance fragile.

Any builder or glazier will tell you how much easier it is to remove new windows from a building than old; in fact, if they are really old, it is almost impossible to move them at all without breaking some of the panes. The reason is that glass which has faced the weather for a number of years loses the elasticity it undoubtedly possesses when new.

Itinerant vendors of cheap cutlery have often been known greatly to impress wondering crowds with the excellence of their wares by clipping off strips of glass with scissors and shears. Of course, the glass they use for this purpose is very, very old.

Very Likely.

Personal in New York paper: "Gentleman who cut a pencil in half for lady on train, please be on same train Wednesday, or make appointment."

Lady in Brown: "She probably wants the pencil sharpened."

TERRIBLE HAVOC IN BALKANS

EYE-WITNESS REACHES HOME AFTER YEAR AT FRONT.

Miss Jessica Borthwick Witnesses Closing Phases of the War.

Miss Jessica Borthwick, who has just returned to London after spending a year in the Balkans, watching the closing phases of the war, has given to the Daily Chronicle a remarkable account of her experiences. Miss Borthwick is 22, and the daughter of the late General Borthwick, who was employed in Bulgaria in the eighties to reorganize and command the army in Eastern Rumelia. She is a clever animal sculptor.

The young woman journeyed unattended, her outfit consisting of manila riding breeches, riding boots, a flannel shirt, a sweater, a felt hat and a camera, with which to take cinematograph pictures. She had a big cape which served as a skirt, when she was in the towns. She took only one revolver with her, but was able to add to it an arsenal from the bodies of dead officers.

She sought the Bulgarian premier in Sofia in January, 1913, and told him she wanted to join the Bulgarian army. He handed her over to the minister of war, who gave her a permit, and she soon found herself on the way to Starazagona. Officers smuggled her to the front, one officer taking her as his servant.

Saw Surrender of Adrianople.

After many wanderings and adventures, she made her way to Adrianople, when the garrison surrendered. She gives a graphic description of the terrible havoc. The open ground before the city was covered with the dead bodies of men, horses and bullocks.

She visited the island of Saraille Itschy, where the Turkish prisoners were sent.

"Dead soldiers, robbed of almost every garment, lay there as food for the scavenger birds," she said, "but the sight of the living who waited for death was worse. On the island, which is one large swamp, with huge trees sticking up and knee-deep in mud, were thousands of starving prisoners herded together for warmth and shelter. Their faces and hands were ashen gray and their eyes sunken in their sockets.

Dead Before the Fire.

"I saw four men sitting around a little fire, and as it was the first fire I had seen there I went up to them. I spoke to one of them; but there was no answer. I repeated my question with no result, and then pushed his shoulder. He reeled over. All four were dead.

At Adrianople Miss Borthwick was stricken with cholera, and lay unattended in a mosque three days without food or water until she was found and taken to the Red Cross hospital. She returned to Sofia, but again set out. In the neighborhood of Mustapha Pasha she had an encounter with an outpost of Bashi Basouks, who opened fire, wounding her in the leg and shoulder.

At Uskusk she was arrested as an Austrian spy and thrown into a filthy cell, where she remained for nine days, living on bread and water. Finally the Russian consul obtained her release.

A Ghastly Experience.

One of her most ghastly experiences was at Ferre. She was feeling hungry and thirsty and was looking for a melon field.

"I saw what seemed to be a melon field, with a lot of round, light colored objects like melons on the ground. I jumped off my horse and picked up the nearest melon, but dropped it in horror. It was a human skull. Then all around I saw dozens of them, with unburied bodies of women and children, which dogs were feeding on. Lying among them were beds, mattresses, cooking utensils, all smashed and strewn where the Greek irregulars had massacred the Bulgarians.

300,000 SOLDIERS IN REVIEW.

Germany Plans Monster Military Manoeuvres.

Count Von Moltke, a nephew of the famous strategist during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the general staff of the army, are planning the largest military manoeuvres the world has ever seen in time of peace, for next autumn. Six army corps and twelve divisions, approximately 300,000 officers and men, and 50,000 horses, will take part in the manoeuvres. The Kaiser will be the chief umpire in the final three days' battle. The woods, hills and valleys of the west side of the Rhine will reverberate with 1,056 field guns and 500 machine guns.

The field of operations will cover a large area of a triangle between Frankfort, Giesen and Coblenz. The problem is evidently to check and defeat a French army. Practically the entire military aerial fleet of Zeppelins and Parsevals, with a passenger fleet, will be utilized, as well as an unprecedentedly large fleet of aeroplanes, in order to give some 1,000 regular and volunteer military pilots practical war experience. This will be the first time since 1870 that German officers will have an opportunity to handle such numbers of men.

We are pleased to note that many a homely woman has made good as a beauty specialist.

ONTARIO'S MINERAL OUTPUT.

Production for Year Reaches Value of $52,000,000.

The mining industry in Ontario made a record in 1913, when the total output increased over last year's figures—in themselves a record previously—by 9.6 per cent.

According to a report of the Bureau of Mines, the net value of metallic production in the province was $37,508,955, the non-metallic production reaching $15,491,002, a total mineral output of $52,999,957.

The production of gold reached 20,837 ounces, of which more than 94 per cent. came from the Porcupine mines.

The output of silver at Cobalt was a little less than in 1912. The report points out that apparently the high-water mark in production was reached in 1911, when the yield was 31,507,791 fine ounces. Last year's output was 29,681,957 ounces. The process of decline is proving more gradual than the increase, the falling off in two years being only 5.7 per cent. The price of silver was also lower, the result being to reduce the return to the mining companies by $853,934.

It is now ten years since the silver deposits at Cobalt began to be worked and up to the end of 1913 their total yield had a value of over $98,000,000.

The output of nickel was 24,838 tons, valued in the matte at $5,237,477, an increase of a little under 11 per cent.

The copper mines produced 12,941 tons, valued at $1,840,942, an increase of 16 per cent.

There were shipped from the iron mines of the province last year 195,937 tons of pig iron, valued at $424,072.

"That the producing capacity of the iron mines of Ontario has not kept pace with the expansion of the blast furnace industry is evident from the fact that of 1,228,239 tons of ore smelted into pig iron last year in Ontario, only 132,708 tons, or 10.8 per cent., were of domestic origin," says the report. "The remainder was imported from the United States.

The output of pig iron continues to grow, the product of the furnaces being 868,899 tons, worth $8,719,892, an increase of 10 per cent. in quantity and 8 per cent. in value.

In the non-metallic list there was a general increase. The largest falling off was in corundum, quartz, drain tile, arsenic, and mica. Portland cement, pressed brick, stone, natural gas, sewer pipe, common brick, iron pyrites, etc., all showed big increases, the total value of the output being $15,491,002, a gain of 14.3 per cent.

An Ambiguous Answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were frequently in court. Sometimes Murphy complained of his wife, at other times Mrs. Murphy had her husband arrested for abuse, and on still other occasions neighbors had them both in court for disturbing the peace with their brawls. The judge was becoming rather tired of having them before him.

"This is the sixth time one or the other of you has been up before me for fighting," he declared, out of patience; "now, tell me truthfully, cannot you two live happily without fighting?"

"No, your honor," replied Mrs. Murphy; "not happily."

No man ever lived long enough to do all the things that his wife wanted him to do.

As Long as Men are Men.

"A German scientist says that in 3,000 years all men will be bald-headed."

"He may be right, but my own guess is that as long as there are men on the earth there will be some who think they can fool the public by letting their hair grow long on one side and slicking it across the top."

A Versatile Genius.

The Dramatic Critic: "That's an old idea of Heavysides, your lead, to use an electric flash lamp as the head of his cane."

The Manager: "That's a clever invention of his own. It's his individual spotlight. He turns it on himself when he walks through the hotel lobbies."

Breaking It Gently.

Hello! Sit down. I believe you have come to ask me——"

"You have been misinformed. I haven't come to ask you anything."

"Why, I understand you——"

"I came merely because I wished to be first to tell you a bit of good news. I am going to marry your daughter."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO