A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

Sir Stephen was sitting at the table before a despatch box, and he held out his hand and uttered a little cry of pleasure as he saw who it was.

"Stafford, my boy! You could not have come at a better moment— Don't go, Falconer! I'd like you to hear me tell him the good news. I've got it here!"

He patted the despatch case.

"This is Pandora's box, Staff! With something better than Hope at the bottom—Certainty!"

He laughed quietly, confidently, and his bright eyes flashed under their dark brows from one to the other.

"Murray has just arrived, Falconer, with the good news!" he took out the gold chain to which the key of the despatch box was fastened, and inserted it in the lock. "The good news, Staff! I haven't bothered and bored you with details; but you know, my dear boy, that I have had a big scheme on hand for some time past—a very big scheme. It has been rather a touch-and-go business, but I think I have managed to pull it off—eh, Falconer? The last day or two has been one of suspense—great suspense—but success has come. You don't care for money, Staff, I know. Nor do I. Honestly, no! Not for the mere money, but for what it can bring. But even you will have some respect for a million and a half, Staff." He laughed. "A large sum, and this means more than money. There ought to be something in the way of an honor——"

Falconer nodded.

"If the scheme is successful, your father will be a peer of the realm, Mr. Stafford," he said drily, with an emphasis on the "if."

"If!" echoed Sir Stephen, laughing and nodding. Stafford could see by the brilliance of his eyes, the flush on his face, that he was excited and was struggling with excitement. "If!"

Falconer nodded at the despatch case, and, with another bantering laugh, Sir Stephen opened it and took out a large envelope. He held this for a moment poised between finger and thumb, then he tore it open and took out a sheet of paper, and turned his flashing eyes from the two men to the document. He rose for a moment with the smile still on his face; then they saw it fade, saw the flush slowly disappear, and in its place a dull grey steal over the face. Stafford, startled, went round to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Bad news?"

Sir Stephen looked at him as if he did not see him, then turned his eyes upon Falconer, who stood regarding him with a fixed, sardonic gaze.

"Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy?" came at last from Sir Stephen's white lips.

Stafford looked from one to the other.

"What—what on earth is the matter? What do you mean?" he said.

Sir Stephen raised his hand and pointed to Ralph Falconer.

"This—this man——" he gasped; then he shook his head impatiently, as if he were fighting against his weakness. "This man, Falconer, has betrayed me!"

Stafford drew himself up, as he stood by his father's side, and eyed Falconer sternly.

"Will you explain, Mr. Falconer?" he said.

"Certainly," said Falconer, with a grim calmness. "Your father uses unwarrantably strong language, Mr. Orme, for an action of mine which is quite a common one amongst business men."

"No!" gasped Sir Stephen, as he sank back into the chair. "Treachery is not common——"

"Treachery is the wrong word," said Falconer, as coldly as before. "Better let me explain to Mr. Stafford. I can do so in a few words, Mr. Orme. The fact is, your father and I have been, quite unknown to each other, engaged in the same scheme. It is nothing more nor less than the acquisition of certain lands and rights which carry with them the privilege of constructing a railway in the most prominent part of South Africa——" Sir Stephen leant forward, his head on his hands, his eyes fixed on the heavy, stolid face of the speaker, the face in which the keen, hawk-like eyes flashed under the lowered lids with a gleam of power and triumph.

"—Your father had reason to hope that he would acquire those lands and rights; he did not know that I had been waiting for some years past to obtain them. If knowledge be power and money, ignorance is impotence and ruin. My knowledge against your father's ignorance has given me the victory. Last night I gained my point; the news to that effect is no doubt contained in that document. It was a question of price—it always is. I knew your father's bid, and—I went a few thousands higher and got the prize. That's the story in a nutshell. Of course there are a number of complications and details, but I spare you them; in fact, I don't suppose you understand them. It is a mere matter of business."

"No, of revenge!" said Sir Stephen's hollow voice. "Stafford, years ago I did this man a wrong. I—I have repented; I would have made atonement, reparation; but he put the offer aside. Here, in this house, he professed to have forgiven and forgotten—professed friendship. It was a piece of treachery and deceit; under that specious mask, behind that screen, he has worked my ruin!"

"Ruin!" said Stafford, in a low voice. "Surely you exaggerate, father! You mean that you will lose a lot of money— Oh, I can understand that, of course. But not ruin!"

"Yes, ruin!" said Sir Stephen, hoarsely. "If you doubt it, look at him!"

Falconer was standing with a sardonic smile in his eyes. Stafford started.

"Is this true, Mr. Falconer?"

Falconer was silent for a moment, then he said, slowly, grimly:

"In a sense—yes. Your father's fate lies in my hands."

"In your hands!" echoed Stafford, with amazement.

Sir Stephen groaned and rose, supporting himself by the arm of the chair.

"It is true, Stafford. He—he has planned it with the skill of a general, a Napoleon! I see it all now, it is all plain to me. You held my shares and securities, of course, Falconer?"

Falconer nodded.

"Of course!" he said, drily.

"And you have run them down to meet this scheme of yours."

"Yes, of course!" said Falconer, again. "My dear Steve—Sir Stephen—pardon!—your fate, as I have said, is in my hands. It is simply a matter of tit-for-tat. You had your turn some years ago out there"—he waved his hand. "It is my turn now. You can't complain. Do you admit the justice of the thing?"

Sir Stephen sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands for a moment, then he looked up at Stafford.

"He's right. It was his turn. He has taken it—and with it every penny I possess. It means ruin—complete ruin! Worse even than the loss of every penny; for—for—I—God help me!—can't afford to go into Court and have the past raked up—— And he knows it—he knows it, Stafford!"

The sight of the old man's anguish almost drove Stafford mad.

"Have you no mercy, sir?" he said to Falconer. "Grant that my father had injured you—isn't this rather too awful a revenge to exact? I—I—I don't understand all that I have heard; but—but—an oath broke from his hot lips—"will nothing less than the ruin of my father satisfy you?"

Falconer looked from one to the other and moistened his lips, while his hands gripped each other behind his back.

"I think you have misunderstood me," he said, in a dry, harsh voice; "I have no intention of ruining your father or of depriving him of his good name. Mind! if I did I should only be taking my pound of flesh; and I may tell you that before I entered this house this afternoon I had resolved to have it. But I heard something that induced me to change my mind."

Sir Stephen leant forward, his eyes fixed eagerly on the speaker, and Stafford in his anxiety held his breath and pressed his father's shoulder encouragingly.

"You heard something, sir?" Stafford asked, as calmly as he could.

Mr. Falconer was silent for a moment, then he said:

"Yes, I heard that you were desirous of marrying my daughter, Maude, Mr. Orme; and I need not say that a man does not ruin his son-in-law!"

There was an intense silence. Stafford stood as if he were turned to stone, as if he were trying to persuade himself that he had misunderstood the meaning of Falconer's words. Marry Maude Falconer —he! Was he dreaming, or was this man, who stood regarding him with cold, glittering eyes, mad!

CHAPTER XXII.

We do not, nowadays, strike attitudes, or ejaculate and swear when we are startled or shocked; Stafford stood perfectly still, still as a piece of Stonehenge, and gazed with an expressionless countenance at Mr. Falconer. That the man was indeed and in truth mad, occurred to him for a moment; then he thought there must be some mistake, that Mr. Falconer had made a blunder in the name, and that it was a case of mistaking his man.

But as the moments fled, and the two elder men gazed at him, as if expecting him to speak, he remembered Howard's warning. The color rushed to his face and his eyes dropped. Merciful Heaven! was the man speaking the truth when he said that he, Stafford, was in love with Maude Falconer? His face was hot and scarlet for a moment, then it grew pale under the shame of the thought that he should have to correct the impression; decline, so to speak, the implied honor.

Sir Stephen was the first to speak. He had sunk back in his chair, but was now leaning forward again, his hands gripping the table.

"Stafford!" he said, still thickly, but with the beginning of a note of relief in his voice. "I did not know this—you did not tell me!"

Stafford turned to him helplessly. What could he say—before Falconer, the girl's father?

"You did not tell me. But I don't complain, my boy," said Sir Stephen. "You were right to choose your own time—young people like to keep their secret to themselves as long as possible."

Falconer looked from one to the other with an impassive countenance.

"I feel that I am rather de trop," he said; "that I have spoken rather prematurely; but my hand was forced, Orme. I wanted to set your mind at rest, to show you that even if I hankered after revenge, it was impossible under the circumstances." He glanced at Stafford. "It's not the first time in history that the young people have played the part of peacemakers. This is a kind of Romeo and Juliet business, isn't it? I'll leave you and Mr. Stafford to talk it over!"

He moved to the door, but with his hand upon it, paused and looked round at them again.

"I ought to add that, like most modern fathers, I am entirely in the hands of my daughter. I can't go so far as to say, Orme, that if I had been permitted to choose, I should have chosen a son of yours for my son-in-law, but, you see, Maude doesn't give me the option. The young people have taken the bit between their teeth and bolted, and it seems to me that the only thing we have to do is to sit tight and look as cheerful as possible. Oh, one word more," he added, in a business-like tone. "Of course I make over this concession to you, Orme; just taking the share I should have received if you had won the game and I had only stood in as proposed. That is to say, you will be exactly the same position as if you had won all along the line—as you thought you had." And with a nod, which included father and son, he went out.

Stafford unconsciously drew back a little, so that he was almost behind Sir Stephen, who had covered his eyes with his hands and sat perfectly motionless, like a half-stunned man looking back at some terrible danger from which he had only escaped by the skin of his teeth. Then he dropped his hands from his face and drew a long breath, the kind of breath a man draws who has been battling with the waves and finds himself on the shore, exhausted but still alive.

Stafford laid a hand on his shoulder, and Sir Stephen started and looked up at him as if he had forgotten his presence. A flush, as if of shame, came upon the great financier's face, and he frowned at the papers lying before him, where they had dropped from his hand.

"What an escape, Stafford!" he said, his voice still rather thick and with a tremor of excitement and exhaustion in its usually clear and steady tone. "I am ashamed, my boy, that you should have been a witness to my defeat: it humiliates, mortifies me!"

"Don't let that worry you, father," said Stafford, scarcely knowing what he said, for the tumult in his brain, the dread at his heart.

"It is not the first defeat I have suffered in my life; like other successful men, I have known what it is to fall; and I have laughed and got up and shaken the dust off myself, so to speak, and gone at the fight again, all the harder and more determined because of the reverse. But this—this would have crushed me utterly and forever."

"Do you mean that it would have ruined you completely, father?" said Stafford.

"Completely," replied Sir Stephen in a low voice, his head drooping. "I had staked everything on this venture, had staked even more than I possessed. I cannot explain all the details, the ramifications of the scheme at which I have been working. You could not understand them if I were to talk to you for a week. Suffice it that if I had failed to get this concession, I should have been an utterly ruined man. I should have had to go through the bankruptcy court, should have been left without a penny. And not only that; I should have dragged a great many of the men, of the friends who had trusted to my ability, who have believed in me, into the same pit; not only such men as Griffenberg and Wirsch and the Beltons, but the Harfords, the Clansfords and the Fitzplaistowes, the Clanfords and the Fitzharfords. They would have suffered with me, would have considered themselves betrayed."

Stafford drew a long breath. There seemed to him still a chance of saving himself, the girl he loved, above all—his honor.

"But even if it were so, father," he said; "other men have failed, other men have been defeated, ruined, and left penniless, and yet have risen and shaken the dust from them and fought their way again to the heights. You're not an old man, you are strong and clever. And you are not alone," he said, in a lower voice. "I'm not much use, I know. But I'll try and help you all I can. I've often felt ashamed of myself for living such an idle, useless life; often felt that I ought to do something to justify my existence. There's a chance now; at any rate, there's an occasion, a necessity for my waking up and stepping into the ring to do a little fighting on my own account. We may be beaten by Mr. Falconer; but don't say we're utterly crushed. That doesn't sound like you, sir; and I don't understand why you should chuck up the sponge so quickly."

Sir Stephen raised his head and looked at Stafford with a curious expression of mingled surprise and apprehension.

"What is it you are saying, Stafford?" he asked. "What is it you mean? I don't understand. We're not beaten; Ralph Falconer has offered to make the concession over to me; and no one need know that I have failed, that he had stolen the march on me. You heard what he said: that you were in love with his daughter Maude, and that of course he could not injure his future son-in-law, Stafford!" He sprang to his feet and began to pace up and down the room. "I know that this has touched your pride—I can give a pretty good guess as to how proud you are, but, for goodness sake! don't let your pride stand in the way of this arrangement."

"But——" Stafford began; for he felt that he could not longer keep back the truth, that his father must be told not only that there was nothing between Maude and himself, but that he loved Ida Heron.

But before he could utter another word Sir Stephen stopped before him, and with hands thrown out appealingly, and with a look of terror and agony in his face, cried in broken accents:

"If you are going to raise any obstacle, Stafford, prompted by your pride, for goodness sake, don't say the word. You don't know, you don't understand! You speak of ruin as if it meant only the loss of money, the loss of every penny." He laughed almost hysterically, and his lips twitched. "Do you think I should care for that, except for your sake? No, a thousand times, no! I'm young still, I could begin the world again! Yes, and conquer it as I have done before; but"—his voice sank, and he looked round the room with a stealthy glance which shocked Stafford—"the ruin Ralph Falconer threatens me with means more than the loss of money. It means the loss of everything! Of friends, of good name—of hope!"

Stafford started, and his face grew a trifle hard; and Sir Stephen saw it and made a despairing, appealing gesture with his hand.

"For Heaven's sake don't turn away from me, my boy; don't judge me harshly. You can't judge me fairly from your standpoint; your life has been a totally different one from mine, has been lived under different circumstances. You have never known the temptations to which I have been subjected. Your life has been an easy one surrounded by honor, while mine has been spent half the time grubbing in the dust and the mire for gold, and the rest fighting—sometimes with one hand tied behind me!—against the men who would have robbed me of it. I have had to fight them with their own weapons—sometimes they haven't been clean—sometimes it has been necessary to do—to do things!—Stafford, don't turn away from me! I would have kept this from you if I could, but I am obliged to tell you now. Ralph Falconer knows all the details of my past, he knows of things which—which, if they were known to the world, would stain the name I have raised to honor, would make it necessary for me to hide my head in a suicide's grave."

A low cry burst from Stafford's lips, and he sank into a chair, and bowed his head upon his hands. Sir Stephen stood a little way off and looked at him for a minute, then he advanced slowly, half timidly and ashamedly, and laid a trembling hand on Stafford's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Stafford!" he said, in a low, broken voice. "I was obliged to tell you. I'd have kept it from you—you would never have known—but Falconer has forced my hand; I was bound to show you how necessary it was that we should have him as friend instead of foe. You are not—not ashamed of me, my boy; you won't go back on me?"

In the stress and strain of his emotion the old digger's slang came readily to his lips. Stafford took one hand from his face and held it out, and his father grasped it, clinging to it as a drowning man clings to a rock.

(To be continued.)

Persia's Young Shah.

Sultan Ahmed Mirza, the youthful Shah of Persia, was crowned at Teheran, Persia, July 21, on becoming 16 years old, his official majority. The youngster took the constitutional oath of office in the palace of the National Council. The Imperial crown was so large that the little Shah, who placed it on his own head, was compelled to hold it in position while the Chief Mullah was making a brief address. Ahmed Mirza succeeded to the throne in 1905, on the death of his father.

"Didn't you find it rather cold as the thieves were making off with your clothes?" "Oh, no. They kept me well covered with their revolvers."

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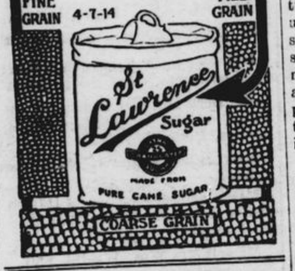

HOME

Pickling Time.

Utensils for Pickles.—Do not use cheap earthen crocks for cucumber pickles. The vinegar eats into the enamel, in the manufacture of which lead and other poisonous minerals are used. The wooden cask or the glass jar should be used. A recent test with the best of vinegar combined with the cellulose of raspberries so as to form a thick blanket of "mother" showed that it would eat through very heavy white enamel on iron. After the blanket was much reduced in thickness it dried into a thick and tough paper. Vinegar is strong stuff.

Pickled Horseradish.—Grate the horseradish, put in bottles, and cover with vinegar to each pint of which has been added one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar.

Easy Cucumber Pickles.—To one gallon of vinegar add one cup of salt, one of mustard, and one of sugar. Wash medium sized cucumbers, never the small gherkins, and throw into this mixture. No cooking is required, and the pickles will keep without sealing for a year; but the addition of a horseradish root will improve them and add to their keeping qualities. This pickle has various names. It is sometimes called "lazy wife pickle." Leaving out the sugar and horseradish, it is called "mustard pickle" by humble people who have not porcelain kettles for cooking nor sealed containers for keeping pickles.

Pickled Celery. — The Orientals pour cold vinegar over a great number of single things, or combinations of fruits or vegetables to make a pickle or "tourshon." The following recipe from this source has been tried: Wash and cut stalks of celery into two inch long pieces and salt or other seasoning to taste with a crushed clove or two, if you choose, of garlic. Cover with vinegar and then with a tight cover. In two or three days this is ready to use. Green peppers, pierced, seasoned with salt, are treated the same way and ready as soon or they may be stuffed. Green tomatoes are treated the same as green peppers. Onions, garlic, cooked vegetables like carrot, etc., are treated in the same way.

Uncooked Chili Sauce.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, six onions, six small peppers, one-third of a cup of salt or less may do, and be better for the eaters, especially if the sauce is not to be kept for months, one cup of sugar, two cups of the best genuine cider vinegar. Peel and chop fine the tomatoes, onions and peppers, and add to them the seasonings, mixing well. Sterilize the bottles and fill them when cold. This will keep well in a cold place in bottles with tight stoppers. It is a very agreeable sauce, or even a relish, and will do nicely to mix with mayonnaise dressing for the Thousand Island salad dressing, or what is sometimes called cardinal mayonnaise or Portugaise, etc.

Selected Recipes.

Walnuts.—Mix one-half of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-third of a cupful of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half of a teaspoonful each of ginger cloves, and salt. Add one teaspoonful of soda mixed with one tea spoonful of boiling water, and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Pinch off small pieces, the size of an English walnut, roll them in sugar, and bake them in a quick oven. They will keep a long time—if locked up.

Carrots Creamed in a New Way.—Take eight carrots, scrape and boil them for ten minutes in salted water, a dessertspoonful of salt to every quart of water, and strain them. Cut the carrots in rather thin slices, put them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, half a gill of water, pepper and salt. Put the cover on the pan, and let the mixture simmer for twenty minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to insure even cooking. When the carrots are tender, add the yolk of one egg and half a gill of cream, beaten together; also half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Stir the mixture over the fire until it is thick, but do not boil it after the cream is added.

Date Pudding.—Six slices of buttered stale bread, two eggs, 1-3 teaspoonful of salt, two cups of stoned chopped dates, 1½ cup of milk, grated rind of ½ lemon, lemon sauce. Remove the crusts of bread, and cut the slices into dice; place a layer of these in a greased pudding dish, then a layer of dates, then more bread and so on until all are used, having bread for the last layer and putting a little of the grated lemon rind between each layer. Make a custard with the eggs and milk, add the salt and pour over the bread and fruit. Let the pudding stand half an hour, then bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a lemon sauce.

Two New Conserves to go With Meat.—Green tomatoes and Limes. —Take an equal number of green tomatoes and pickled limes. Grind them together, and cook them until the mass is thick. Add half as many cupfuls of sugar as the number of tomatoes; that is, if there are twelve tomatoes and twelve limes, and six cupfuls of sugar. Boil the mixture ten minutes, or until it is very thick.

Ripe Tomatoes and Ginger.—Pare and slice four pounds of ripe tomatoes. Let them stand until the water has run from the fruit. Add three ounces of preserved ginger cut into fine pieces and the juice of one lemon with the grated peel, grated well into the white inner skin. Cook the mixture until it begins to thicken, and add four pounds of granulated sugar. Continue boiling the mass until it is very thick, stirring it continually to keep it from burning. Pour it into glasses, and when cool, cover the glasses with paraffin.

"Don'ts" For Wives.

Don't forget that cookery is not subject to the law of experiment—on husbands.

Don't forget that fine dresses can only come from a fine salary.

Don't let your tidiness become a tyrant.

Don't forget that a man who has tasted kisses does not appreciate pecks.

Don't set out to prove that a woman's tongue is length without depth.

Don't forget that, when he took you for his wife, he didn't promise to give up his friends.

Don't forget that the first sign of love ending is missed mending. See to his socks.

Don't forget that a man whose slippers are always warm and ready finds it difficult to refuse a new hat.

Don't try to stop a man's smoke and continue your own chocolates.

Don't forget that if you make his house his home he'll stay there. The spotlessly-clean house is not always the sweetest of sweet homes.

Never forget that where one won't quarrel, two can't. Compete to be the one.

Household Hints.

Meats should not be pierced while cooking.

A dash of salt added to the whites of eggs makes them whip better.

Never slam the oven door, or jar any rising material while it is baking.

When watering a garden remember that a thorough soaking is better than frequent sprinklings.

Crumbs grated directly from the loaf give a more delicate color than dried crumbs to fried articles.

In a special section of the book dealing with dinner-giving, the hostess will find many valuable suggestions.

When washing neckwear the addition of ammonia or borax to the water will make the articles white.

A diet of oranges will clear muddy complexions and reduce fat. Eat half a dozen a day, if you like them.

Milk and butter should be kept in closely-covered vessels, as they readily absorb flavor and odor from other articles.

A frying basket should be warmed in the oven before being put into hot fat. It will thus not reduce the temperature of the fat.

Fish will be crisp and brown if it is thoroughly dried on both sides, then dipped in fine cornmeal and plunged into boiling fat.

A teaspoonful of dry mustard rubbed into the hands, after preparing onions or fish, will remove the odor completely. It should be rubbed in as if it were soap.

A piece of art gum will clean white leather girdles. A gentle rubbing will remove all spots that come from rubbing against objects in the hand or on the outside.

A thin coat of potash left on the sink over night once a week will remove the ugly stains that will not yield to kerosene. It should be applied with care, as it is poisonous.

Soiled and finger-marked birds-eye maple can be cleaned by washing with a soft rag and lukewarm water to which a little kerosene has been added. Rub dry quickly and polish with a soft cloth.

Most people do not realize that a stocking that is too tight is almost as bad for the foot as a shoe too small. Its most common effects are ingrowing toe-nails and enlargement of the big toe joint. Care should be taken that stockings be long enough. A foot 10 2-3 inches long and 3 3-4 inches wide cannot wear a stocking under size 11 without inducing a tendency to the above-mentioned complaints and to crumpling of the toes.

Out West.

Western Official—"Do you take this woman, whose hand you're a-squeezin', to be your lawful wife in flush times and skimp?" "I reckon that's about the size of it, squire." "Do you take this man you've j'ined fists with to be your pard through thick an' thin?" "Well, you're about right for once, old man." "All right, then. Kiss in court, an' I reckon you're married about as tight as the law can j'ine you. I guess four bits 'ill do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do it's six bits extra."

Queer.

"They say the people who are married get to look alike."

"Yes; but it's a queer thing that they rarely get to think alike."

Stopped There.

"Did you have your salary raised last year"

"No, but my hopes were raised several times."

Brilliant Idea.

Customer—I want something for fleas.

Drug Clerk—Why don't you get a dog?

"I s'ppose John is still takin' life easy?" said the woman in the train.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying a bundle of clothes. "John has only got two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up and eat, an' the other is that he has to give up eatin' to sleep."

"So you want to marry my daughter? What are your expectations?" "We expect to elope if you refuse your consent to our marriage, and we expect forgiveness when we get back. Then we expect you to make us an allowance."

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The greatest depth from which specie has ever been salved is believed to be about 160 feet. That depth was reached in the famous case of the Spanish steamer Alphonse XII., which was wrecked off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in February, 1885. She had on board a valuable cargo, and ten boxes each containing 10,000 Spanish gold coins, each of the value of nearly an English sovereign, all newly minted, says London Answers.

Then there is the more recent case of the Oceana, which sank in the Channel in March, 1912. The work of recovering her specie was undertaken by the Liverpool Salvage Association, and on that occasion their well-known salvage ship, the Ranger, surpassed her own record, for in a few hours' work she brought up ten boxes of gold worth about £40,000. After three months' work specie worth £500,000 was recovered at a comparatively low cost.

Speaking of marine salvage generally, it is only within comparatively recent years that the raising of sunken vessels has been accomplished by scientific methods. Before the adoption of the modern appliances that are now used by the salvage experts, vessels that went ashore were left alone unless they could be refloated in an ordinary way. Apart from its scientific side, however, the salvage system in this country is admittedly imperfect—in fact, there is no organized system at all. Everything depends on private companies, to whom enormous sums are sometimes paid.

Clever and Daring.

When a ship is wrecked insurance companies send a representative to the scene of the disaster, and a survey of the damage is made. If it is thought the vessel cannot be salved she is sold by the insurance companies to the highest bidder for their benefit, and the insurance is then paid to the owner. If, however, it is thought she can be saved, and it is considered worth while doing so, the "saviour of lost ships," as the modern wrecker is named, is called in.

As a rule, he is a clever and daring man who works in secret under the sea to recover valuable property, or hauls and lifts great ships from rocks and shoals when they have seemed to be as immovable as the rocks themselves. Salvage awards are often handsome, and they are not always graduated according to the risk run. The amount depends more on the value of the ship saved.

Sometimes the salvers take on the job on the "no cure no pay" principle, and as the chances are generally against the salvers, the owners are content to offer a big price. In such cases, however, the salvers not unnaturally expect a substantial percentage of the value of the property salved.

The Case of the Cruiser.

There are two recent instances in which enormous sums have been paid by the Admiralty in salvage. The futile efforts made to raise the battleship Montagu, which was wrecked on Lundy Island, cost £85,789. The wreck was ultimately sold for £4,250. The first cost of the ship was £1,048,151, and the value of the stores that were lost was computed at £48,343, making a total, with the amount spent on salvage, of £1,182,292. The value of the stores salved, however, was put at £108,752; but even then the loss to the country through the wreck of the battleship was £1,069,-290.

Then there is the case of the cruiser Gladiator, which was run down and sunk off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, by the Atlantic liner St. Paul. The cost of salving the cruiser, admittedly one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times, was approximately £50,500, and she was eventually sold for £15,125. The latter sum does not, however, represent the whole of the value of the wreck. All the guns were salved, all the ammunition, all the torpedoes and torpedo equipment, and a good deal of other valuable gear. The gladiator had eleven 6-in. guns, costing about £1,600 each, and seven gyroscope torpedoes, costing about £500 each, so that a very considerable deduction must be made from the apparent loss of £35,000 on salvage, in addition to the loss of the ship itself, which cost to build, in round figures, £288,000.

By Ingenuity.

There are cases in which ships have been saved through the ingenuity of the salvers. Take, for example, the White Star liner Suevic, which was salved and then joined together again after being broken in two. That was, indeed, a marvel in shipping surgery, but it is not the only case of the kind on record. Some years ago the big tramp steamer Milwaukee, which went ashore on the Aberdeenshire coast, was deliberately broken into two halves, as it was impossible to recover the whole ship. The fore part was resting on rocks which had holed her and held her fast. Captain Bachelor, who was in charge of the salvage operations, resolved to blast away the forward portion, and he accordingly divided the ship into two by means of dynamite. A length of 180 feet was left on the rocks, and the afterpart, with the valuable engines and boiler, was closed up and made watertight.

Then it was hauled off and towed 159 miles to the Tyne, where the shipbuilders took it in hand. They built a new "nose" similar to the one that was left on the rocks, and launched the solitary half alongside the old stern part. The two were joined together in the same way as was done with the Suevic, and made the steamer as good as new.

Below the Waterline.

What is regarded as a new record in salvage work was achieved not long ago by the Liverpool Salvage Association. The steamer Veronese, which sank with a hole in her bow, was repaired under water. The question was whether the old method of discharging the cargo and patching the vessel from the inside would have to be adopted, or whether it could be avoided.

It was decided to repair the damage under water, utilizing pneumatic tools, which have recently come into use. Divers took the measure of the damage, and a steel patch was made on board the salvage steamer. Working on a platform 28 feet below water, the divers drilled the necessary holes in the ship, and then the plate was sent down, and fixed at once by the patent bolts.

The cargo was not disturbed, and the ship was brought back to Liverpool through the Bay of Biscay in variable weather without starting a leak.

A Three Year Old.

"Mother," said a three-year-old girl, "I don't think you know much about bringing up children, do you?" "What makes you think that, dear?" "Because you always send me to bed when I'm not a bit sleepy, and make me get up when I am."

If a man has a large and expensive family to provide for, he hasn't much time to worry.

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