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CANADA

A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued).

"God bless you, my boy," he said. "I might have known you wouldn't turn your back upon me; I might have known that you'd remember that I wasn't fighting for myself only, but for the son I'm so proud of."

"I know, I know, sir," said Stafford, almost inaudibly.

Sir Stephen wrung his hand, released it, and paced up and down the room again, fighting for composure, and facing the situation after the manner of his kind. Like all successful adventurers, he was always ready to look on the bright side. He came back to Stafford and patted him gently on the shoulder.

"Try and forget what I said, about—about the past, Stafford," he said. "Let us look at the future—your future. After all, we're not beaten! It's a compromise, it's an alliance!" His voice grew more cheerful his eyes began to brighten with something of their wonted fire. "And it's a bright future, Staff! You've chosen a beautiful girl, a singularly beautiful and distinguished-looking girl—it's true she's only Ralph Falconer's daughter, and that I'd loftier ideas for you; but let that pass! Maude is a young lady who can hold her own against the best and highest. Falconer must be rich, or he would not have been able to have managed this thing, would not have been able to beat me. With your money and hers you can go as far as you please!"

He took a turn up and down the room again, a flush on the face that had been pallid only a minute or two ago, his finely shaped head thrown back.

"Yes, Stafford, I should like you to have married into the nobility. In my eyes, there is no one too high in rank for you. But no matter! the title will come. They cannot do less than offer me a peerage. This railway will be of too much service to the Government for them to pass me over. The peerage must come; there is no chance of my losing it. Why, yes! the future is as bright as the sunlight on a June morning! You will have the girl you love, I shall have the peerage to leave you. I shall have not lived and struggled and fought in vain. I shall have left a name unstained, unsullied, to the son I love!" There was a catch in his voice, and it broke as he turned suddenly with outstretched hand.

"Why, forgive me, Stafford, my boy! I'm talking of what I've done for you and getting what you are doing for me! Stafford, a father often finds that he has worked for his children only to meet with ingratitude and to be repaid with indifference; but you have returned my affection—Oh, I've seen it, felt it, my boy! And now, as fate would have it, you are actually saving my honor, shielding my good name, coming between me and utter ruin! God bless you and send you all the happiness you deserve and I wish you!"

A silence fell. Into the room there had floated the soft, languorous strains of a waltz, the murmur of voices, the laughter of the people in the conservatory. Stafford sat, his head still upon his hands, as if he were half stupefied. And indeed he was. He felt like a man who has been seized by the tentacles of an octopus, unable to struggle, unable to move, dumb-stricken and incapable even of protest. Sir Stephen had spoken of fate: Fate held Stafford under its iron heel, and the mockery of fate's laughter mingled with the strains of the waltz, the murmur of voices. Unconsciously he rose and looked round as if half dazed, and Sir Stephen came to him and laid both hands on his shoulders.

"I must not keep you any longer, my dear boy!" he said, with a fond, proud look. "I must not forget I am keeping you from her! She will be missing you—wanting you. You have kept your secret well, Stafford—though once or twice I have fancied, when I have seen you together—but it was only a fancy!— Are you going to announce the engagement to-night? It is rather a good opportunity, isn't it? It will make the night memorable."

The music danced madly through Stafford's brain as his father waited, looking at him smilingly. What should he say?

"Not to-night, sir," he answered. "I should like to speak to Miss Falconer first."

Sir Stephen nodded and smiled.

"I understand, my boy," he said. "This kind of thing is not done now as it was in my time. We used to take the girl of our choice by the hand and throw back our heads, and announce the fact that we had secured the prize, with all the pride imaginable. But that's all altered now. I suppose the new way is more delicate—more refined. At any rate, you belong to the new age and have a right to follow its manners and customs; so you shall say nothing to-night, unless you like. And, if I am asked why I look so happy, so free from care, I must say that it is because the great Railway Scheme is settled and that I have won all along the line."

As he said the last words there came a knock at the door, and Murray entered with an injured look.

"Mr. Griffenberg and Baron Wirsch would like to see you, Sir Stephen," he said, significantly.

Sir Stephen sprang to the table almost with the alertness of a boy and caught up the papers lying on his desk.

"All right, Murray!" he cried. "Sorry I'm late! Been having a talk with Mr. Stafford. Come on!"

With a nod, a smile, a tender look of love and gratitude to Stafford, the brilliant adventurer, once more thrown by the buoyant wave upon the shore of safety and success, went out to communicate that success to his coadjutors. Stafford sank into his father's chair, and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his chin upon his chest, tried to clear his brain, to free his mind from all side issues, and to face the fact that he had tacitly agreed, that by his silence he had consented, to marry Maude Falconer.

But, oh, how hard it was to think clearly, with the vision of that girlish face floating before him! the exquisitely beautiful face with its violet eyes now arched and merry, now soft and pleading, now tender with the tenderness of a girl's first, true, divinely trusting love. He was looking at the book-case before him, but a mist rose between it and his eyes, and he saw the mountain-side and the darling of his heart riding down it, the sunlight on her face, the soft tendrils of hair blown rough by the wind, the red lips apart with a smile—the little grave smile which he had kissed away into deep, still sweeter seriousness.

Oh, how he loved her! And he had lost her for ever! There was no hope for him. He must save his father—not his father's money. That counted for nothing—but his father's honor—his father's good name.

And even if he were not bound to make this sacrifice, to marry Maude Falconer, how could he go to Heron Hall and ask Godfrey Heron, the man of ancient lineage, of unsullied name, to give his daughter to the son of a man whose past was so black that his character was at the mercy of Ralph Falconer? Stafford rose and stretched out his arms as if to thrust from him a weight too grievous to be borne, a cup too bitter to be drained; then his arms fell to his sides, and, with a hardening of the face, a tightening of the lips which made him look strangely like his father, he left the library, and crossing the hall, made his way to the ball-room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The ball was at its height. Even the coldest and most blase of the guests had warmed up and caught fire at the blaze of excitement and enjoyment. The ball-room was dazzling in the beauty of its decorations and the soft effulgence of its shaded electric light, in which the magnificent jewels of the titled and wealthy women seemed to glow with a subdued and chastened fire. A dance was in progress, and Stafford, as he stood by the door-way and looked mechanically and dully at the whirling crowd, the kaleidoscope of color formed by the rich dresses, the fluttering fans, and the dashes of black represented by the men's clothes, thought vaguely that he had never seen anything more magnificent, more eloquent of wealth and success.

He looked round, and presently he saw Maude Falconer in her strange and striking dress. Suddenly, as if she felt his presence, she raised her eyes and looked at him. A light shot into them, glowed for a moment, her lips curved with the faintest of smiles, and a warm tint stole to her face. The music sounded like a funeral march in his ears, the glitter, the heat, the movement, seemed unendurable; and he threaded his way round the room to an ante-room which had been fitted up as a buffet.

"Give me some wine, please," he said to the butler, trying to speak in his ordinary tone; but he knew that his voice was harsh and strained, knew that the butler noticed it, though the well-trained servant did not move an eyelid, but opened a bottle of champagne with solemn alacrity and poured out a glass. Stafford signed to him to place the bottle near and drank a couple of glasses. It pulled him together a bit, and he was going back to the ball-room when several men entered. They were Griffenberg, Baron Wirsch, the Beltors, and the other financiers; they were all talking together and laughing, and their faces were flushed with triumph. Close behind them, but grave and taciturn as usual, came Mr. Falconer.

At sight of Stafford, Mr. Griffenberg turned from the man to whom he was talking, and exclaimed, gleefully:

"Here is Mr. Orme! You have heard the good news, I suppose, Mr. Orme? Splendid, isn't it? Wonderful man, your father, truly wonderful! He can give points to us all, can't he, baron?"

The baron nodded and smiled.

"Shir Stephen ish a goot man of pishness. You have a very glever fader, Mr. Orme!" he said, emphatically.

Efford caught Stafford's arm as he was passing on with a mechanical smile and an inclination of the head.

"We've come in for a drink, Orme," he said. "We're going to drink luck to the biggest thing Sir Stephen has ever done; you'll join us? Oh, come, we can't take a refusal! Dash it all! you're in the swim, Orme, if you haven't taken any active part in it."

Stafford glanced at Mr. Falconer, and noticed a grim smile pass over his face. If these exultant and flushed money-spinners only guessed how active a part he had taken, how amazed they would be! A wave of bitterness swept over him. For such a moment men, especially young men, become reckless; the strain is too great, and they fly to the nearest thing for relief. He turned back to the buffet, and the butler and the couple of footmen opened several bottles of champagne—none of the men knew or cared how many; several others of the financial group joined the party; the wine went round rapidly; they were all talking and laughing except Stafford, who remained silent and grave and moody for some little time; then he too began to talk and laugh with the others, and his face grew flushed and his manner excited.

Falconer, who stood a little apart, apparently drinking with the others, but really with care and moderation, watched him under half-lowered lids; and presently he moved round to where Stafford leant against the table with his champagne-glass in his hand, and touching him on the arm, said:

"I hear them inquiring for you in the ball-room, Stafford."

It was the first time he had called Stafford by his Christian name, and it struck home, as Falconer had intended it should. Stafford set his glass down and looked round as a man does when the wine is creeping up to his head, and he is startled by an unexpected voice.

"All right—thanks!" he said.

He made his way through the group, who were too engrossed and excited to notice his desertion, and went into the ball-room. As he did so, his father entered by an opposite door, and seeing him, came round to him, and taking Stafford's hand that hung at his side, pressed it significantly.

"I have told them!" he said. "They are almost off their heads with delight—you see, it's such a big thing, even for them, Staff! You have saved us all, my boy; but it is only I and Falconer who know it, only I who can show my gratitude!"

His voice was low and tremulous, his face flushed like those of the men whom Stafford had just left, and his dark eyes flashing and restless.

"Where are they all?" he asked; and Stafford nodded over his shoulder towards the buffet.

Sir Stephen looked round the room with a smile of triumph, and his glance rested on Maude Falconer, standing by a marble column, her eyes downcast, her fan moving to and fro in front of her white bosom.

"She is beautiful, Staff!" he whispered. "The loveliest woman in the room! I am not surprised that you should have fallen in love with her."

Stafford laughed under his breath, a strangely wild and bitter laugh, which Sir Stephen could not have failed to notice if the music had not commenced a new waltz at that moment. Stafford went straight across the room to Maude Falconer. She did not raise her eyes at his approach, but the color flickered in her cheeks.

"This is our dance, I think," he said.

She looked up with a little air of surprise, and consulted her programme.

"No; I think this is mine, Miss Falconer," said the man at her side.

"No," she said, calmly; "the next is yours, Lord Bannerdale; this is Mr. Orme's."

Though he knew she was wrong, of course Lord Bannerdale acquiesced with a bow and a smile, and Stafford led Maude away.

Wine has a trick of getting into some men's feet and promptly giving them away; but Stafford, though he was usually one of the most moderate of men, could drink a fairly large quantity and remain as steady as a rock. No one, watching him dance, would have known that he had drunk far too many glasses of champagne and that his head was burning, his heart thumping furiously; but though his step was as faultless as usual and he steered her dexterously through the crowd, Maude knew by his silence, by his flushed face and restless eyes, that something had happened, and that he was under the influence of some deep emotion. He was dancing quite perfectly, but mechanically, like a man in a dream, and though he must have heard the music, he did not hear her when she spoke to him, but looked straight before him as if he were entirely absorbed in some thought. When they came, in the course of the dance, to one of the doors, she stopped suddenly.

"Do you mind? It is so hot," she murmured.

"N-o," he said, as if awaking suddenly.

"Let us go outside."

He caught up a fur cloak that was lying on a bench, and disregarding her laughing remonstrance that the thing did not belong to her, he put it round her and led her on to the terrace. She looked up at him just as they were passing out of the stream of light, saw how set and sombre the eyes, how straight the lips hard his face was, how strained the hand rested lightly on his arm, quivered like a leaf in autumn. When they had got into the open air, he threw back his head and drew a long breath.

"Yes; it was hot in there," he said.

They walked slowly up and down for a minute, passing and repassing similar couples; then suddenly, as if the presence of others, the sound of their voices and laughter, jarred upon him, Stafford said:

"Shall we go into the garden. It is quiet there—and I want to speak to you."

"If you like," she said, in a low voice, which she tried to make as languid and casual as usual; but her heart began to beat fiercely and her lips trembled, and he might have heard her breath coming quickly had he not been absorbed in his own reflections. They went down the steps and into the semi-darkness of the beautiful garden. The silence was broken by the hum of the distant voices and the plashing of a fountain which reflected the electric light as the spray rose and fell with rhythmic regularity. Stafford stopped at this and looked at the reflection of the stars in the shallow water. Something in its simplicitude and the quiet, coming after the glitter and the noise of the hall-room, called up the remembrances of Herondale, and the quiet, love-laden hours he had spent there with Ida. The thought went through him with a sharp pain, and he thrust it away from him as one thrusts away a threatening weakness.

"What is it you wanted to say to me?" asked Maude, not coldly or indifferently as she would have asked the question of another man, but softly, dreamily.

He walked on with her a few paces, looking straight before him as if he were trying to find words suitable for the answer; then he turned his face to her and looked at her steadily, though his head was burning and the plash of the fountain sounded like the roar of the sea in his ears.

"I wonder whether you could guess?" he said, as he thought of her father's words, his assertion that Stafford was to be his son-in-law. "I suppose you must."

Her gaze was as steady as his, but her lips quivered slightly.

"I would rather you should tell me than that I should guess," she said in a low voice. "I might be wrong."

He was not in a condition to notice the significance of her last words, and he went on with a kind of desperation.

"I brought you here into the garden, Miss Falconer, to ask you if you'd be my wife."

They had stopped just within the rays of an electric light, held aloft by a grinning satyr, and Stafford saw her face grow paler and paler in the seconds that followed the momentous question. He could not see her bosom heaving under the half-open fur cloak, felt her hand close for an instant on his arm.

"Do you wish me to say 'Yes'?" she asked in a low voice.

The red flooded Stafford's face for a moment, and his eyes fell under her fixed regard.

"What answer does one generally hope for when one puts such a question?" he said, trying to smile. "I want you to be my wife, and I hope, with all my heart, that you will say 'Yes.'"

"With all your heart," she echoed, slowly, almost inaudibly. "With all your heart. With all mine, I answer 'Yes.'"

As she murmured the words—and like that of most cold women when they are intensely moved, her voice could be exquisitely sweet with its thrill of passion, all the sweeter for its rarity—she insensibly drew nearer to him and her hand stole to his shoulder. Her eyes were lifted to his, and they shone with the love that was coursing through her veins, almost stopping the beating of her heart. Love radiated from her as the light radiated from the lamp the mocking satyr held above them. Stafford was at his best, and worst, a man and not a block of stone and wood, and touched, almost fired, by the passion so close to him, he put his arm round her waist and bent his head until his lips nearly touched hers.

Her eyes closed and she was surrendering herself for the kiss, when suddenly she drew her head back, and keeping him from her, looked up at him.

"Is it with all your heart?" she whispered. "You have never spoken to me of—love before. Is it with all your heart?"

His brow contracted in a frown, he set his teeth hard. If he were to lie, 'twere better that he died thoroughly and well; better that his sacrifice should be complete and effectual. Scarcely knowing what he said, what he did, with the fumes of the champagne confusing his brain, the misery of his lost love racking his heart, he said, hoarsely:

"I did not know—till to-night. You can trust me, I ask you to be my wife—I will be true to you—it is with all my heart!"

If Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries, the angels must weep at such false oaths as this. Even as he spoke the words, Stafford remembered the "I love you!" he had cried to Ida as he knelt at her feet, and he shuddered as Maude drew his head down and his lips met hers.

(To be continued.)

HEAD OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

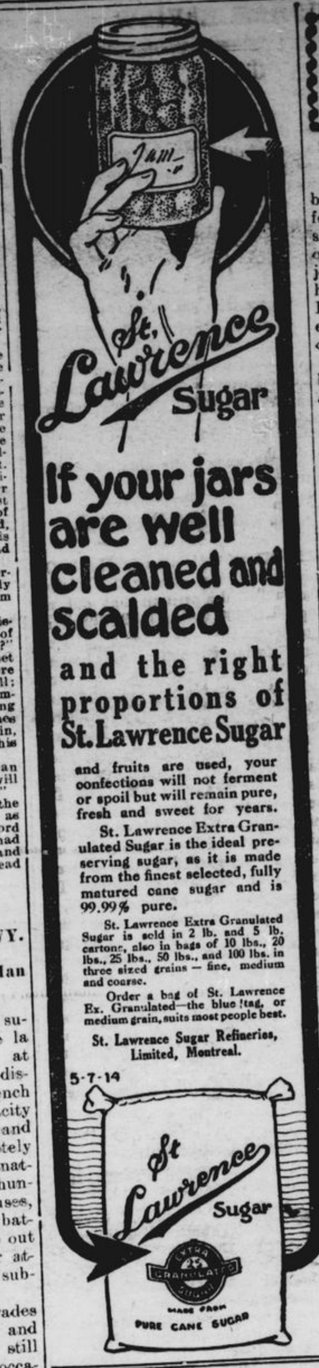
Admiral De La Peyrere Is a Man of Great Pluck.

The French navy is under the supreme command of Admiral de la Payrere. Acknowledged both at home and abroad as the most distinguished officer of the French navy, he has, both in his capacity as chief of the Admiralty staff and as Minister of Marine, completely reorganized that service, eliminating the dead wood, abolishing hundreds of almost incredible abuses, consigning to the scrap heap battleships and cruisers that were out of date, and paying particular attention to the development of submarine navigation.

His popularity among all grades of the service is very great, and when Minister of Marine he still further enhanced it on one occasion by an exhibition of personal pluck thoroughly in keeping with his character and antecedents. Learning that in consequence of the number of disastrous explosions in connection with the handling of the charges of the big guns, notably the terrible destruction of life on the ill-fated battleship Jena at Toulon, the sailors and officers had become convinced that it was almost as dangerous to stand behind the gun or anywhere near its breech as at its muzzle, he hastened to Toulon, went on board one of the battleships there, ordered it into the offing under the pretext of witnessing some experiments with the guns, then caused the ammunition to be brought up haphazard from the hold, and throughout the entire firing, extending over a period of several hours, made a point of standing in the immediate proximity of the breech of the gun so that if there had been any explosion he would have been the very first to be blown into eternity.

With knowledge of warfare at sea, derived from his experiences as chief of staff to Admiral Courbet in France's naval conflict with China, it is to him that not only his own country but also England and Russia look for the protection of the interests of the Triple Entente in the Mediterranean, where all the naval forces of France have concentrated under his command.

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" feelingly asked the high school literature teacher of her class. "A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just as feelingly.



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Always Leap Year.

A most extraordinary custom prevails among the Vizrees, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India—a female prerogative that has no parallel among any other people of the earth. The women, in fact, choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is obliged to marry, if he can pay the price to her father.

Was a Poor Girl.

"Does your wife ever tell you that she might have married a millionaire if she hadn't thrown herself away on you?"

"No, I escape that. My wife's folks were poor people. She never saw a millionaire until we had been married nine years."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Let me have some money, dear; I want to take a little trip."

"Can't you afford it."

"Isn't that too provoking? I was thinking of visiting mamma to keep her from coming here."

"Why didn't you say so at first?"

The man behind the bass drum works to beat the band.

We must sew good deeds to-day to reap happiness to-morrow.

King Inspecting Sailors of "Iron Duke."

At the recent great naval review at Spithead. This picture was taken of the King inspecting the sailors of the "Iron Duke," the flagship of the First Battle Squadron of the British Navy.

HOME

With the Watermelon.

Perhaps the watermelon is never better than when it is served, perfectly ripe, in a perfectly natural state. If it were not for the trouble of eating it, we probably should enjoy a huge wedge of it, eaten out of hand, in true pickaninny fashion. But next best to this ideal way of eating it comes the generous slice or wedge served on a plate.

To be good, a watermelon must be thoroughly ripe and thoroughly chilled. Then it can be cut in inch-thick slices and served on plates with the rind removed, or it can be sent whole to the table and then cut in wedge-shaped pieces.

Like any plentiful summer fruit, watermelon could be served far oftener than it usually is if the home cook would but master more ways of serving it. Watermelon au natural, no matter how good it may be, palls after many servings; but watermelon ice, watermelon cherries, watermelon hearts, watermelon with spun sugar and watermelon in half a dozen other different forms could be served every day for a week.

Watermelon in Small Forms.—A sound, ripe watermelon can be cut into many different little shapes to make dainty and appetizing deserts. It can be cut into balls with a ball potato cutter, chilled on the ice, and served sprinkled with sugar in sherbet cups. It can be cut into balls and served under the name of watermelon cherries, soaked in maraschino cherry juice, in sherbet cups. It can be cut in diamonds, three inches long and an inch long and an inch thick and two of them with a little rum poured over them, can be served on each plate. It can be cut in cubes or blocks, chilled and served without flavoring for an appetizer at luncheon. It can be cut in any shape at all, piled in a pyramid and served with a little spun sugar ornament on top.

Watermelon Sherbet. — Frozen watermelon is a surprising delicacy to many persons. One way of making it is very simple. It is this: Crush the pulp of very ripe watermelon with a silver fork and pack it into a freezer. Let it stand for two or three hours packed in salt and ice and then serve it in sherbet cups.

Another watermelon sherbet calls for two quarts of watermelon juice and pulp and a cupful of sugar with the juice of half a lemon. Freeze until it is thick and then remove the dasher and add the beaten whites of two eggs. Pack for a couple of hours.

Watermelons for the Future. — Watermelon catsup is an easily made and good winter appetizer. To prepare the watermelon for it, remove the rind, leaving a little of the white. Cut the melon in convenient pieces and cook it gently until it is soft. Do not add any water. You can cook it in a double boiler or carefully over a low heat in a saucepan, as the water in the melon soon forms moisture enough to keep it from burning. When it is soft, rub it through a colander which, of course, retains the seeds. Measure it and to seven pints allow three scant cups of sugar and a cupful and a half of vinegar, boiled with the sugar ten minutes and skimmed. Then add the following spices and simmer for twenty minutes: Three quarters of an ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon and mace. Bottle while hot.

Watermelon Pickles.—For watermelon pickles cut off the green rind of a watermelon and cut it into cubes about three quarters of an inch square. Cover with water and add alum about the size of a hazel nut. Soak over night and in the morning rinse in fresh water two or three times. Boil in water until you can pierce the rind with a broom corn and then drain. Make a syrup of equal parts of vinegar and brown sugar. Slice lemons very thin and remove the skins and slice some ginger root thin. Use a quart of vinegar and four cupfuls of sugar to four quarts of the rind, four lemons, an ounce of stick cinnamon and about a teaspoonful of ginger root. Cook slowly until the rind is clear and the syrup is thick and bottle.

As a Garnish.—Watermelon pulp, red and ripe, can be cut into shapes of all sorts and used as a garnish. Cubes of watermelon ranged around a slice of pineapple on white lettuce leaves, dressed with French dressing, make an attractive color scheme. Balls of watermelon can be used to top off orange water ice in sherbet cups or can be served with vanilla ice cream.

Household Hints.

Raw potato juice is a valuable cleanser. It will remove stains from the hands and also from woollen fabrics.

Before cleaning knives on a knife-board damp them slightly. They clean more quickly, and gain a better polish.

To strengthen shirt-buttonholes stitch round and round with the machine after the buttonholes have been worked over.

Articles infested with moths or fleas should be saturated in benzine. The benzine injures nothing and it kills the pests.

To stiffen sheer fabrics, such as dimities or chiffons and veilings, put three tablespoonfuls of sugar in the last rinsing water you wash them.

In dusty districts cleaning should be done regularly and thoroughly once a week, and the windows sills and furniture lightly dusted each morning.

Take the fat from a fowl, put it in a jar, and place it in the oven to melt, and you have one of the best preparations for keeping boots and shoes in good condition.

The person who does not pay as he goes seldom succeeds in accumulating anything. It is better to deny oneself at times than to run in debt for unnecessary things.

To prevent corks sticking in mucilage and paste bottles, grease them with lard immediately after drawing them the first time. A thorough greasing prevents their sticking.

A teacher of cooking says that for every quart of cooked vegetables four even tablespoonsfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper should be used for seasoning.

To utilize a large old sponge, place in the bottom of your umbrella stand. This will prevent the metal ferules breaking the bottom by striking it with too much force, and it will also absorb the water from the umbrellas and may be wrung out and replaced.

To prevent shoes from creaking put a small quantity of linseed oil on a plate or shallow pan, and stand the sole of the shoe in it for a few hours. The creak will disappear and the shoe will also last longer on account of this treatment.

Potatoes should be peeled thinly and not exposed to the air after peeling or they will discolor. They should be boiled slowly; if cooked too fast they will break. After cooking drain off all water and stand the saucepan on the stove for a few minutes. This makes them dry and floury.

Chamois leather gloves of white and light shades can be perfectly washed as follows:—Make a lather with pure Castile soap and water, using one spoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid put in the gloves, and let them soak for fifteen minutes, then press them with the hands, but do not wring them. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little ammonia added, and press the gloves in a towel. Dry them in the open air, first blowing in them to put them out.

Plenty of sunshine and fresh air are the most effective helps the housewife has in her fight against the insect pests in our homes. Clothes moths infest closets and drawers where unused garments are stored, and while the moths themselves are harmless, they should be killed whenever seen, because they lay eggs from which caterpillars develop. These feed mostly on woolens and carpets, fur and feathers. Fortunately, they are short lived, but articles that are stored away should be taken out in the sunshine and air occasionally, and carefully examined and brushed to prevent serious damage. Moth balls and various other repellents may keep moths out of an article, but have no effect on those already there.

RULED BY HATED RACES.

Wars of Conquest Have Not Drowned Racial Prejudices.

If the present war puts an end to military conquest in Europe it will do a great deal for the happiness of that continent. Europe abounds in sore spots where people are bound by superior force to an allegiance that is distasteful to them. These people aggregate in numbers between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000. A few citations will serve to show the general condition and how it came about.

Alsace-Lorraine, as it is known in France, or Elsass-Lothringen in Germany, has a population of 1,-725,000 people who are overwhelmingly French in blood, instincts, and natural allegiance. They became the prize of war in 1871.

Schleswig-Holstein is naturally a Danish province. It became the prize of war in 1866 and thus 1,400,-000 more people are held under the rule of Germany.

Russian Poland contains more than 7,000,000 Poles, who regard Russia as an iron-fisted oppressor. There are also 1,500,000 Jews in Russian Poland who do not love the power that controls them.

In Galicia and Lodomeria, which fell to Austria in the partitions of the kingdom of Poland, are 7,300,-000 people, of whom 53 per cent. are Poles, 43 per cent. are Ruthenians of Slavic blood and the small remnant are mostly Germans.

Germany's acquisition of Polish people by conquest and partition number about 3,000,000.

Bosnia and Herzegovina, forcibly annexed by Austria, have 1,650,000 people almost entirely of Servian blood.

Finland is a grand duchy taken from Sweden, together with the Arland Islands. Alexander I. of Russia, guaranteed to Finland the preservation of its laws, constitution, and religion. This pledge has been renewed by each of his successors. In spite of this pledge the present Czar in 1898, actuated by the procurator of the holy synod and the grand dukes, instituted a policy of russification in Finland, making Russian the official language as well as the language for use in the schools and churches.

Of the 47,000,000 people of Austria-Hungary about 8,000,000 are Germans. The Magyars number about 8,500,000, according to the census, in which 850,000 Jews, of Hungary, who speak the Magyar language, are counted as Magyars. The Slovaks claim that many of their number are counted as either German or Magyar. The majority race in the empire is the Slavic people, but they are subject to stern repression in the use of their language. All the literature is under the ban, it being held promotive of pan-Slavism.

The ambition of the ruling class in the empire is to absorb Servia, Macedonia, Montenegro, and Albania, which would add several additional millions of people to German domination against their will and make them subject to oppression as to use of their languages, the maintenance of their schools, and extinction of their racial instincts. The result of such restraints is particularly apparent in Gallicia, where 73 per cent. of the Polish and Ruthenian population are illiterate.

Every nation that has lost territory to another in the last century is eager for a recovery if not for vengeance.

Spoiled Her Argument.

"She had almost proved that woman is in every way the equal of man."

"Well, what happened?"

"Just then a mouse ran across the stage and it was all off."

Everything of His.

"Maud declares that since she's been married she has been through everything."

"Yes, her husband says she has, too."

Information.

"What are you fishing for, my lad?"

"Fish."

"What kind of fish?"

"Fresh."

An Aid to Memory.

"And when you were abroad on your honeymoon trip did you visit the Palace of Peace at The Hague?" asked the girl friend of the bride just home from abroad.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We had our first quarrel there."

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