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LIMITED
AMILTON, Canada.

A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Ida went upstairs for the wash, the need for which Miss Isabel had so kindly informed her of, she found that her room was clean and fairly comfortable, though its appearance seemed strange after the huge and old-fashioned one at the Hall. The furniture was cheap and unsubstantial, the towels were small and thin; in place of pictures, aggressively illuminated texts scarred the walls like freshly made wounds, and the place had a bare, homeless look which made Ida shudder.

The dining-room, when she went down to it, did not impress her any more favorably; for here, too, the furniture was new and shiny with a sticky kind of shininess, as if the trendy varnish had not yet dried; there was not a comfortable chair in the room; the pictures were the most gruesome ones of Dore's, and there was a text over the mantelpiece as aggressive and as hideous in coloring as those in her room. A lukewarm leg of mutton, very underdone, was on the table, the cloth of which was by no means clean; the dishes, which contained quite cold vegetables, were cracked and did not match; the bread was of the commonest kind, that which is called "household;" the knives were badly cleaned, and the plate was worn off the forks and spoons. It was considered inelegant to have gas in the dining-room, therefore a cheap paraffin lamp was in the centre of the table, and was more liberal of scent than light. The curtains to the window were of that annoying red which shrieks down any other color near it; they made Ida's tired eyes ache.

While she was trying to eat the slice of gory mutton, Mrs. Heron and Isabel watched her, as if she were some aboriginal from a wild and distant country, and their shot glances at each other, uneasy, half-jealous, half-envious glances, as they noted the beauty of the face, and the grace of the figure in its black dress, which plain as it was, seemed to make theirs still more dowdy and vulgar. In the midst of his lugubrious account of the annoyances and worries of the journey, Mr. Heron broke off to ask:

"Where is Joseph? He is late tonight."

"He is kept at the office," replied his mother. "Poor boy! I hope he is not working too hard; he has been kept working nearly every night this week."

Isabel smiled slily at Ida, for what reason Ida could not guess; and while she was wondering, there came a knock at the outer door, and presently Joseph entered.

He was an unprepossessing young man with small eyes and thick lips, over which it would have been wise of him to wear a big moustache; but it was the fashion in the City to be clean-shaven, and Mr. Joseph considered himself the pink of fashion. His clothes fitted him too tightly, he wore cheap neckties, and ready-made boots, of course, of patent leather. His dark hair was plastered on the low, retreating forehead; his face was flushed instead of being, as one would expect, pale from overwork.

Ida disliked him at the first glance, and disliked him still more at the second, as she caught his shifty eyes fixed on her with a curious and halfinsolently admiring expression. He came round and shook hands—he were damp and cold like his mother—when Mrs. Heron introduced them, and in a voice which unpleasantly matched his face, said that he was glad to see her.

"Tired, Joseph, dear?" murmured his mother, regarding him with a mixture of pride and commiseration.

"Oh, I'm worn out, that's what I am," he answered, as he sank into a chair and regarded the certainly untempting food with an eye of disfavor. "Been hard at it all the evening"—he spoke with a Cockney accent, City accent, and was rather uncertain about his aspirates—"I work like a nigger."

"Labor is prayer," remarked his father, as if he were enunciating something strikingly original. "Nothing is accomplished without toil, my dear Joseph."

My dear Joseph regarded his father with very much the same expression he had bestowed upon the mutton.

"And how do you like London, Cousin Ida?" he asked.

He hesitated before the "Cousin Ida," and got it out rather defiantly, for there was something in the dignity of this pale, refined face which awed him. It was perhaps the first time in his life Mr. Joseph had sat at the same table with a lady; for Mr. Heron had married beneath him, and for money; and in retiring from the Bar, at which he had been an obvious failure, had sunk down to the society of his wife's class.

"I have seen so little of it," replied Ida. "I have only passed through London twice on my way to France to Herondale, and from Herondale here."

Mr. Joseph was duly impressed by the sound of Herondale.

"Oh, you must tell me all about your old home," he said, with an air of overconfidence to conceal his nervousness; "and we must show you about London a bit; is a tidy little place."

He grinned with an air of knowingness, and seemed rather disconcerted that Ida did not return his smile.

"Shall I give you some water, Ida?" said Mr. Heron. "I regret that I cannot offer you any wine. We have no intoxicants in the house. We are all total abstainers, on principle."

The other members of the family looked down uncomfortably, and to Ida's surprise, as if they were ashamed.

"Thank you," she said; "I do not care for wine."

"I am afraid there are a great many things you will miss here," said Mr. Heron. "We are a plain, but I trust God-fearing family, and we are content with the interest which springs from the daily round, the common task. You will find no excitements at Laburnum Villa."

Ida, as she looked at the family, could not help feeling that they were indeed plain, but she made haste to say that she did not need any excitements and that her life had hitherto been devoid of them. They seemed to think that it was the proper thing to sit round the table while she was making her pretence of a meal; but when it was finished, Mr. Joseph stretched himself out in what was erroneously called an easy-chair, and proceeded to monopolise the conversation.

"Regular busy time in the City," he remarked to his father. "Never saw such a hum. It's all over this boom in South Africa. They're floating that new company I was telling you about, and the Stock Exchange is half wild about it. They say the shares will run to a hundred per cent. premium before the week's out; and if you've got any money to spare, guv'nor, I should recommend you to have a little flutter; for it's a certainty."

Mr. Heron seemed to prick up his ears with an amount if worldly interest which scarcely harmonized with his saintly character.

"What company is that?" he asked Joseph.

"The company started to work Sir Stephen Ormes concession," replied Joseph, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and stretching out his legs still farther so that he could admire his large, patent-leather-clad feet. "It's about the biggest thing on record, and is going to sweep the market. All the big guns are in it. Grifferberg and Wirsch and the Beltons. They say Sir Stephen has made half a million of money out of it already, and that he will make a couple of millions before he has done with it. There was a rumor in the City to-day that he was to get a peerage; for it's a kind of national affair, you see."

Ida was sitting beyond the radius of the light from the evil-smelling lamp, so that the others did not perceive the sudden pallor of her face. It seemed to her a cruel fate that she could not escape, even here, so many miles away from Herondale, from the consider of the man she had loved and lost. The name struck on her heart like a stroke causing actual physical pain. She sat perfectly still, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, as the wave of misery swept over her.

"Here is an instance of toil rewarded," said Mr. Heron, pedantically improving the occasion. "This laborer is worthy of his hire; and so doubtless Sir Stephen Ormes, by extension of civilization, merits the approval of his Sovereign and a substantial reward at the hands of his fellow-subjects. Let us trust that he will use his wealth and high position for the benefit of the heathen who rage in the land which he has explored, put in Mr. Joseph, in an undertone and with a grin.

Added to the Kings dominions," said Mr. Heron. "I will consider about the shares. I do not approve of clerks' credit; the pursuit of Mammon should be their own. Give me the money for choice, 97 per cent. power, say, on this occasion, cash.

"Better make up your [illegible] Joseph, Proprietor [illegible] auctioneer.

soon," remarked Joseph, with a yawn. "There's a rush for them already."

"Now that the gentlemen have got on to business, my dear, I think we had better retire to the drawing-room," said Mrs. Heron, with an attempt at the "grand lady."

They returned to that apartment—Mr. Josenh did not open the door for them—and Mrs. Heron and Isabel at once started on a series of questions calculated to elicit all the details of Ida's past life, her father's death and her present deplorable condition. Women can be much more merciless than men in this kind of inquisition; and Ida, weary in mind and body and spirit, suffered acutely under the ordeal. The two women did not intend to be unkind; they were really sorry for the homeless orphan; they were prepared to like her; they reluctantly and grudgingly admired her beauty and her grace, and had a sneaking kind of awe of her higher social position, of which they were reminded by every word she spoke, the high-bred accent, and that indescribable air of delicacy and refinement which indicate good birth; but they were devoured by curiosity as to her mode of life and her friends, a curiosity which they were too vulgar, too inconsiderate to restrain. So poor Ida had to describe the Hall, and the servants, and the way she managed the farm, and the way in which she rode about Herondale. They were very much impressed; specially so when she mentioned Lord and Lady Bannerdale's kind offer, and they exchanged glances as the titles left Ida's lips "quite as naturally as if they were common names," as Mrs. Heron afterwards remarked to Isabel.

"I'm afraid you'll find it very dull here, Ida," said Mrs. Heron, with a sniff. "You won't find any society in Wood Green; they're nearly all City people, and there aren't many large houses—this is as large as most—and John is very strict." She sighed; and it was evident to Ida that though her cousin John's "religion" might be some amusement to him, it was rather a bugbear and nuisance to his family. "But we must get Joseph to take you about; and perhaps you and Isabel might go to a matinee or two; but John mustn't know anything about it."

Ida made haste to assure them that she did not need any amusement, that she preferred to be quiet, and that she hoped her cousin Joseph would not take any trouble on her account. At this point Mr. Heron and his elegant son came in, a bell was rung, and the two servants came up for family prayers. Ida noticed that both the maids looked bored and disconted, and that the "parlor maid," a mere bit of a girl, appeared to be tired out. Mr. Heron read a portion of Scripture and offered up a long prayer in a harsh and rasping voice, with the manner of a judge pronouncing a sentence of seven years; and as the servants were leaving the room, called them back, and remarked sternly:

"I notice in the housekeeping book that a larger quantity of candles than usual has been used during the past week, and I fear that there has been grievous waste of this useful article. Do not let it occur again."

The servants went out suddenly, and Mrs. Heron suggested, much to Ida's relief, that Ida would no doubt like to go to bed. While Ida was brushing her hair and fighting against the natural fit of depression caused by her introduction to this cheerful household, there came a knock at the door, and she admitted Mrs. Heron. That lady was in a soiled dressing-gown, bought at a sale and quite two sizes too large for her, and with a nervous flush, she took from under this capacious garment a small decanter of wine.

"I thought you might like a little, my dear," she said, as Ida eyed it with astonishment. "Of course we are all total abstainers here, but we keep a little in the house for medicinal purposes, unknown to John; and it's a great comfort sometimes when you're tired and in low spirits. Let me give you a glass."

Ida would have liked to have accepted it, and was sorry that her refusal seemed to disappoint Mrs. Heron, who retired as nervously as she had entered. A few minutes afterwards, before Ida had got over her astonishment at the incident, there came another knock at the door, and Isabel entered in a dressing-gown which was own sister to Mrs. Heron's.

"I thought there might be something you wanted," she said, her bold eyes wandering over Ida curiously, and then roaming to the contents of Ida's dressing-bag which glittered and shone on the dressing-table.

"What long hair you have! Do you brush it every night? I don't mine, not every night; it's too much trouble. Are the tops of all those things real gold? What a lot of money they must have cost! What a pretty peignoir you have on; is it real lace? Yes, I see it is. You have nice things!" with an envious sigh. "Don't you ever have more color than you've got now? Or perhaps it's because you're tired. You must be tired, when I come to think of it." She dropped her voice and glanced round cautiously. "Would you like to have a little brandy-and-water? I've got some in my room—of course, the rest don't know anything about it, father's teetotal mad—but I keep a little for when I'm tired and down in the mouth; and when I run out I get some from Joseph's room. Of course, he isn't a total abstainer. I dareay you guessed that directly you saw him to-night, and weren't taken in by his 'late at the office' business?"

Ida looked at her in amazement, and Isabel laughed knowingly.

"Joseph goes to the theatre and plays billiards," she said, with esoterly candor. "He works it very cleverly; he's artful, Joseph is, and he takes father and mother in nicely; but sometimes I find a theatre programme in his pocket, and marks of chalk on his coat. Oh, I don't blame him! The life we lead in this house would make a cat sick. It's like being on a treadmill; nothing happens; it's just one dreary round, with mother always whining and father always preaching. You heard what he said to the servants to-night? I wonder they stand it. I should go out of mind myself if I didn't get a little amusement going up to the shops and sneaking into a matinee on the sly. I'm sure I don't know how you'll stand it, after the life you've led. What do you use for your hair? It's so soft and silky. I wish I had black hair like yours. Do you put anything on your hands? They're rather brown; but that's because you've lived in the open air so much, I suppose. I'll lend you some stuff I use, if you like."

Ida declined the brandy and the infallible preparation for whitening the hands; and not at all discouraged, Isabel went on:

"Were there any young men at Herondale? You didn't say anything about them down-stairs, but I thought perhaps you would like to tell me when we were alone. I suppose there was someone you were sorry to part from?" she added, with an inviting smile.

Ida repressed a shudder and plied her brush vigorously, so that her hair hid the scarlet which suffused her face.

"I knew so few of the people," she said. "As I told you downstairs, my father and I led the most secluded of lives, and saw scarcely anyone."

Isabel eyed Ida sharply and suspiciously.

"Oh, well, of course, if you don't like to tell me," she said, with a little toss of her head; "but perhaps it's too soon; when we know each other better you'll be more open. I'm sure I shall be glad of someone to tell things to."

She sighed, and looked down with a sentimental air; but Ida did not rise to the occasion; and with a sigh of disappointment, and a last look round so that nothing should escape her, Isabel took her departure, and Ida was left in peace.

Tired as she was, it was some time before she could get to sleep. The change in her life had come so suddenly that she felt confused and bewildered. It had not needed Joseph Heron's mention of Sir Stephen Ormes name to bring Stafford to her mind; for he was always present there; and she lay, with wide-open eyes and aching heart, repeating to herself the letter he had sent her, and wondering why he who, she had thought, loved her so passionately, had left her. Compared with this sorrow, and that of her father's death, the smaller miseries of her present condition counted as naught.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As Isabel had intimated, life at Laburnum Villa was not altogether hilarious. The environs of London are undeniably pretty, prettier than those of any other capital in Europe, but there is no shirking the fact that the Northern suburbs of our great metropolis are somewhat dull and soul-depressing. Laburnum Villa was in a long street, which resembles another; and you had to traverse a great many of these streets before you got into the open country, that is, away from the red-bricked and stucco villas, and still smaller and uglier houses which had been run up by the enterprising jerry-builder.

But Ida would have been glad enough to have gone through this purgatory to the paradise of country lanes which lay beyond if she could only have gone alone. But Mrs. Heron and Isabel never left her alone; they seemed to consider it their duty to "keep her company," and they could not understand her desire for the open air, much less her craving for solitude. Until Ida's arrival, Isabel had never taken a walk for a walk's sake, and for the life of her she could not comprehend Ida's love of "traipsing" about the dusty lanes, and over the commons where there was always a wind, Isabel declared, to blow her hair about. If she went out, she liked to go up to London, and saunter about the hot streets, gazing enviously at the "carriage people" as they drove by.

Ida didn't care for London, took very little interest in the shops, and none whatever in the carriage folks. She was always pining for the fresh air, the breezy common, the green trees; and on the occasions when she could persuade Isabel to a country ramble, she walked with dreamy eyes that saw not the cut-and-dry rusticity of Wood Green and Whetstone, but the wild dales and the broad extent of the Cumberland hills.

She was, indeed, living in the past, and it was the present that seemed a dream to her. Of course she missed the great house, where she had ruled as mistress, her horses and her cows and dogs; but what she missed more than all else was her freedom of action.

It was the routine, the dull, common routine, of Laburnum Villa which irked so badly. Neither Mrs. Heron nor Isabel had any resources in themselves; they had few friends, and they were of the most commonplace, not to say vulgar, type; and a "Tea" at Laburnum Villa tried Ida almost beyond endurance; for the visitors talked little else but scandal, and talked it clumsily. Most of Isabel's time was spent in constructing garments by the aid of paper-patterns which were given away by some periodical; admirable patterns, which, in skilful hands, no doubt, produced the most useful results; but Isabel was too stupid to avail herself of their valuable aid, and must always add something which rendered the garment outre and vulgar.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN DIPLOMACY.

Surprised She Has No Friends In the World.

The world does not know what was behind the important declaration of the Russian Czar when, toward the end of July, over the German parleyings, he declared, "We have had too much of this already." What he referred to, says the Boston News Bureau, has never been printed. From financial interests which are so necessary to government interests when war preparations are at hand, we can now give the inside scene which was at the bottom of Russia's resentment against Germany.

In 1908, when Russia was suffering from demoralization following the war with Japan in 1904-05, Austria, in violation of the treaty with all the powers of Europe, proposed to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Russian Prime Minister was seated at his desk one forenoon when the German Ambassador was announced. The request of the Ambassador was for an immediate response as to the position of Russia should Austria annex Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Russian Prime Minister protested that he must confer with his associates and the other signatories to the treaty of Berlin.

The German Ambassador replied in effect: "There is no time. It so happens that during the autumn manoeuvres our troops are on the Russian frontier. I am directed by my Government to remain at this office until I receive your answer, and to say to you that unless I have your assurance that Russia will remain neutral while Austria takes over Bosnia and Herzegovina, the German troops will immediately cross the Russian frontier.

"All the time I am permitted to give you in which to make answer is 15 minutes."

This has been the diplomacy of Germany; the diplomacy of force, and it now finds its expression in the 14-inch siege guns, which were never built for defences within Germany.

And yet Germany expresses surprise that it appears to have no friends throughout the world.

A Horse Laugh.

Motorist (blocked by load of hay)—I say, there, pull out and let me by.

Farmer—Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry.

Motorist (angrily)—You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past.

Farmer—That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. There ain't no danger o' yew eatin' it, I reckon.

Envied Him.

"My wife is a mind reader."

"Lucky dog! My wife is a mind speaker."

HOME

Tested Recipes.

Prune Tapioca.—To make this dainty put a tablespoonful and a half of tapioca, a quarter of a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of water, and a quarter of a pound of the best prunes, soft and plump from soaking, in the top part of a double boiler. Steam three hours, adding more water if necessary, but do not stir as the prunes should not be broken. Cool and serve with cream.

Plum Marmalade.—Wash plums, put in preserve kettle with two cups of water for a half peach basket of plums. Cook until soft and put these in sieve. Some of the pulp and skins will still adhere to the pits, so return all to the kettle again, add another cup of water and cook until mushy. Put through sieve again. Measure a cup of sugar for each cup of liquid and boil until thick. Pour into glasses and cover with paraffin.

Salad Dressing.—Take ten tablespoons strong vinegar and add enough water to make one and one-half cups. Break the yolks of two eggs into a bowl and beat with a fork, then add two tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt and two and one-half to three tablespoons of cornstarch, according to thickness desired. Stir until the sugar has partly melted and moistened the cornstarch, then add one-fourth cup of water, and pour into the vinegar and water, which has been heating, but is not boiling hot. Cook until thick and the cornstarch is done. Let cool slightly, and then, using a Dover beater, beat in the stiffly whiped whites of two eggs. This is equally good for fruit, potatoes or fish. If, as soon as it is cooked, and before the egg whites are added, you cover it with a cloth or two white paper napkins and a tight lid, it will not form a crust, as most cornstarch mixtures do.

Nut Loaf Cake. — Cream one-fourth cup butter. Add gradually one cup granulated sugar and then one teaspoon vanilla. Add alternately about one-half cup milk, one and three-quarter cups flour, sifted three times. Now put in about one-half cup floured hickory nut meats and fold in gently the whites of three eggs, beaten very stiff. Mix well, adding two teaspoons of baking powder with a little flour kept from the required amount. Bake in a loaf about fifty minutes in a moderate oven. Measure flour after first sifting.

Oatmeal Drop Cakes. — Cream one-fourth cup butter and one and one-half cups light brown sugar thoroughly. Add one-half cup oatmeal cooked very thick. Beat hard and add two well-beaten eggs and one teaspoon vanilla. Add alternately one and three-fourths cups sifted flour, with milk and water enough to make a good batter, putting in two teaspoons of baking powder with the last of the flour. Beat thoroughly and put in muffin pans. Bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Spice Cake, 1.—Make like nut cake, using two whole well-beaten eggs instead of three whites, and one teaspoon cinnamon and one-half teaspoon ground cloves. Put in nuts and raisins to taste just before last flour and baking powder. Bake like oatmeal drop cakes.

Spice Cake, 2.—Add two teaspoons cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves and one-half teaspoon nutmeg to nut loaf cake.

Home-made Canned Soup. — A vegetable soup to can for winter: One-half bushel tomatoes, one-half peck okra, one and one-half bunches soup greens, one stock celery, two heads cabbage, six medium-sized carrots, three medium-sized parsnips, three white turnips, three ears sweet corn, one-half peck string beans, one cup salt, three red peppers. Boil tomatoes first, then add vegetables and boil one hour. Seal while hot. This is fine to add to a soupbone which is nearly done, and as it is already cooked it saves time and gas in the winter time. It is also an economical way of saving garden crops for a time when one wishes one had them.

The Uses of Salt.

Salt is a capital thing to use to keep the milk cool. Directly the supply of milk is left at the house it should be taken in and placed in the coolest place in the house. It should be left to stand in a basin of cold water into which a handful of salt has been thrown, the water reaching the milk-line in the jug. A piece of wet butter-muslin should then be placed over the top of the jug, these precautions resulting in the milk keeping much better than under the ordinary chance-it-turning-sour conditions. Some such treatment should certainly be adopted when babies are being fed on milk. Cream, it may be added, can be treated similarly.

Salt is also useful in the treatment of lamp chimneys. After washing the glass is polished with dry salt. The result is that the chimneys take on a brilliant shine and are also rendered less liable to crack. A little salt sprinkled over paraffin oil that may be spilt when the lamps are being filled will remove the unpleasant odor.

When washing colored handkerchiefs soak them in cold salt water for a short time before actually washing. The colors will then be prevented from running or fading. Common salt placed on a tablecloth on which tea has been upset will take out the stains. The salt should be allowed to stay in position for a little while, and then when the cloth is washed all the stains will have disappeared.

If milk is scorched while it is being boiled salt again comes to the rescue. The pan should be removed from the fire and placed in cold water. A pinch of salt is then dropped into the milk and stirred up, and the burnt taste will disappear.

Household Hints.

Two quarts of soup will serve from six to eight persons.

When breast meat is tender, chicken is sufficiently cooked.

A nail, if it has first been stuck in a cake of soap, may be easily driven.

Allow two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder to each cup of flour when no eggs are used.

A tablespoonful of water or milk should be allowed for each egg in making an omelet.

Pencil marks should be rubbed off with an eraser before soaking, as hot water sets the lead mark.

One medium-sized loaf of bread will make 20 three-cornered sandwiches or 10 large square ones.

When grease or oil is spilled on the carpet, spread fine meal over the spot; it will help absorb the grease.

A few pieces of gum camphor kept in the boxes in which silver is packed in wrappings will prevent its turning dark.

A teaspoonful of vinegar added to the water in which black stockings are rinsed will keep them a good color.

For something new and dainty, spread the buttered fudge pan with minced dates before turning the candy into it.

If a small piece of salt is added to all fruits when cooking half the quantity of sugar is wanted, and it also improves the bavor.

Place a lump of salt in the kitchen sink. It will dissolve slowly, and keep the drain-pipe wholesome. Boiling hot salt water is the best liquid for flushing drains.

After cleaning brass or nickle-plated bells or doorknobs, rub them over with a little vaseline with a woollen cloth. This will keep them bright for a long time.

Before using tea spread it on a sheet of paper in a warm—not hot—oven for 10 or 15 minutes. It will greatly improve the flavor, and it will also go much further.

If you put two tablespoons of vinegar in the water when boiling eggs they will not boil out if they are cracked. Eggs slightly cracked can be had for half the price of sound ones.

When you have bread very dry and stale hold the loaf under the tap till wet slightly, put it in a loaf tin, and place another on top, and bake over again. The result will be practically a new loaf. Use a very hot oven.

A Humorist in Embryo.

"My boy, I hope you keep the Sabbath."

"No, sir; it always slips away."

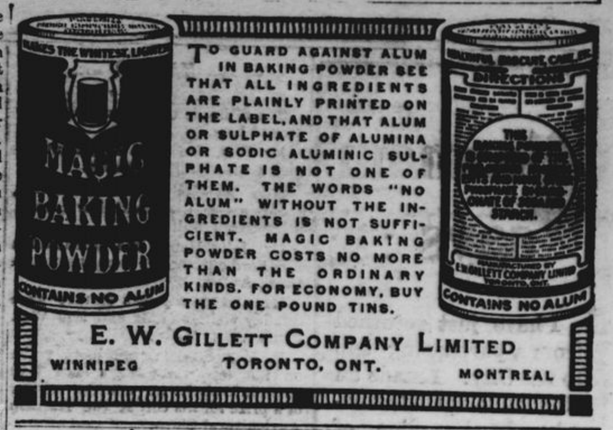
A Pertinent Question.

"Try one of these cigars, old man, they're the best thing out."

"How are they when lighted."

Tommy Atkins in France and Belgium.

The picture on the right shows Braddock, a well-known British boxer, with his unit at Ostend. His duties now consist of preparing food for the marines who have been landed at that place. On the left are two English soldiers, at Havre, with a French youngster, who is trying to keep up.



SOME FAMOUS SIEGES.

Gallant Defence of Liege Against Three German Corps.

The defence of Liege by 30,000 Belgians against three German army corps numbering 125,000 will go down to history as one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the annals of war.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was remarkable for its sieges. Bazaine held out at Metz against the Germans for nearly two months and finally surrendered with 6,000 officers and 173,000 men. For this he had to submit to court-martial and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Afterwards came the siege of Paris, which lasted six months. Thousands of shells were rained on the city every day by the Germans, and no fewer than 40,000 of the inhabitants succumbed to disease and hunger.

That lengthy sieges are quite possible even in these days of huge guns is illustrated by Chukri Pasha's gallant defence of Adrianople last year for 155 days. Then there was the comparatively recent great siege of Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-5, which finally capitulated after being blockaded by Admiral Togo for 210 days. The name of General Stoessel will rank with those of the greatest soldiers of modern times.

In Ottoman and Russian military history there has never been a siege like that of Plevna in 1877, when Osman Pasha defied the Russians for 144 days and finally surrundered on December 10th, with 30,000 men and 100 guns, owing to provisions and ammunition running short. In the same years Kars, long the bulwark of the Ottoman Empire in Asia, was stormed by the Russians after a siege of five months.

Twenty-two years earlier the fortress had been brilliantly defended for eight months against the Russians by the Turks under General Williams, who had put 15,000 men against 50,000.

Even these sieges, however, are somewhat insignificant when compared with some others. The longest siege occurred in the American Civil war, when the Confederates defended the town of Richmond for 1,485 days, or just over four years. Sebastapol, in the Crimean war, held out for eleven months, while General Gordon defended Khartoum against the Soudanese for 300 days. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, in the South African war, lasted 120, 123, and 261 days respectively.

There is probably, however, no siege which Britishers like to read about so much as that carried out by France and Spain in their endeavors to carry the Rock of Gibraltar, 1779-83. Altogether the siege lasted nearly four years, and as the world knows, resulted in a complete triumph of British arms, in spite of the fact that the enemy numbered 30,000 to 40,000 men, while the defenders could only muster 7,000.

GERMAN-AMERICAN SPEAKS.

Unable to Understand Espousal of Kaiser's Cause.

Mr. Otto Stuntz, Wilkesbarre, Penn., writing to The New York Evening Post, says:

"Being of German parentage, I sympathize with the Germans in the great struggle now in progress in Europe. But why so many Germans in America so rabidly espouse the German cause when it represents all that most Germans left Germany to escape from, is more than I can see.

"Moreover, as a consistent member of the German Reformed Church, it seems to me but a shade better than sacrilege for the Kaiser to continually refer to God as being with him in this crusade of murder and pillage. If the Kaiser is not responsible for this war, he certainly did nothing to prevent it. One can hardly believe that the venerable Franz Josef would have attacked Servia without the sanction of the German Emperor. To me it seems as absurd to call upon God, the Prince of Peace, for aid in an avoidable war as it would be for a bank burglar to pray to the Lord for power to murder the night watchman, blow open the safe, and make good his escape."

Reasons.

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a girl," she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy!"

Fortune Hunter.

"So Jack's married? Did he marry for beauty?"

"No, booty."

A DEATH BLOW TO FREEDOM

SHOULD GERMANY TRIUMPH IN THIS WAR.

Rudyard Kipling Sounds a Call to Arms in a Stirring Address.

"It is not conceivable that we should fail. If we do fail the lights of freedom go out over the whole world."

This was the statement of Rudyard Kipling, the author, in a stirring address to a mass meeting at Brighton, England, where an immense crowd had gathered in the Dome to listen to speeches in support of Lord Kitchener's crusade for recruits. The meeting was presided over by the Lord Mayor of Brighton, seconded by Herbert Samuel, president of the Local Government Board. Mr. Kipling said

"Through no fault nor wish of ours we are at war with Germany, the power which owes its existence to three well thought out wars; the power which, for the last twenty years has devoted itself to organizing and preparing for this war; the power which is now fighting to conquer the civilized world.

Must Have Men.

"For the last two generations the Germans in their books, lectures, speeches and schools have been carefully taught that nothing less than this world conquest was the object of their preparations and their sacrifices. They have prepared carefully and sacrificed greatly.

"We must have men, and men, and men, if we, with our allies, are to check the onrush of organized barbarism.

Germany's Objective.

"Have no illusions. We are dealing with a strong and magnificently equipped enemy, whose avowed aim is our complete destruction. The Germans' real objective, as she has always told us, is England and England's wealth, trade and world-wide possessions.

"If you assume for an instant that attack will be successful England will not be reduced, as some people say, to the rank of a second-rate power, but we shall cease to exist as a nation. We shall become an outlying province of Germany, to be administered with what severity German safety and interest require.

Arm Against Fate.

"We are against such a fate. We enter into a new life in which all the facts of war that we had put behind or forgotten for the past hundred years have returned to the front and test us as they tested our fathers. It will be a long and hard road beset with difficulties and discouragements, but we tread it together and we will travel it together to the end.

"Our petty social barriers have been swept away at the outset of our mighty struggle.

Change in Short Time.

"All the interests of our life of six weeks ago are dead. We have but one interest now and that touches the naked heart of every man in this island and in the empire.

"If we are to win the right for ourselves and for freedom to exist on earth every man must offer himself for that service and that sacrifice, while the state sees to it that his dependents do not suffer.

"There is no middle way in this war. We do not doubt our ultimate victory any more than we doubt the justice of our cause. It is not conceivable that we should fail, for if we fail the lights of freedom go out all over the world.

Duty Done Means Success.

"They may glimmer for a little in the western hemisphere, but a Germany dominating half the world by sea and land will most certainly extinguish them in every quarter where they have hitherto shone upon mankind so that even the traditions of freedom will pass out of remembrance. If we do our duty we shall not fail."

Isle of Lewis Scots.

The Island of Lewis in Scotland, where practically the entire male population has volunteered for active service, holds a proud record for military prowess, and furnishes the finest recruits for the Highland regiments. A practice, approved by Plato, formerly prevailed here of putting to death by exposure all weakly or deformed children, and it is said by the most credible historians that this custom continued until "modern times." As a result, the inhabitants are far superior in physique to other Highlanders, and consumption was quite unknown until recently re-introduced by sickly Southrons.

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