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A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued).

Followed by this devout prayer, Ida went up to her room. As she paced up and down she tried to tell herself that the whole thing was too ridiculous, was too much like a farce to make her wretched; but she felt unutterably miserable, and she knew that she could no longer endure Laburnum Villa and the petty tyranny and vindictiveness of these relations.

Poverty, hardship, she could have borne patiently and without complaining; but there are some things more intolerable to a high-spirited girl, such as Ida, than poverty or physical hardship—there are some things which hurt more than actual blows. She felt stifling, choking; she knew that, happen what might, she could not remain under her cousin's roof, eat the bread of his charity, for another day. She shuddered as she pictured herself meeting them at the breakfast table, facing Mrs. Heron's spiteful face, Isabel's swollen eyes, and her Cousin John's sanctimonious sermon.

She would have to go.

She thrust a few things into a bag and took out her purse and counted the contents. They amounted to six pounds and a few shillings; but small though the sum was, she thought that it would maintain her until she could find some way of earning a livelihood, though at the moment she had not the least idea of what she could find to do. Without undressing, she threw herself on the bed and tried to sleep; but her heart ached too acutely and her brain was too active to permit of sleep; and, try as she would, her mind would travel back to those brief days of happiness, at Herondale, and she was haunted by the remembrance of Stafford and the love which she had lost; and at times that past was almost effaced by the vision of Stafford seated beside Maude Falconer at the concert.

As soon as she heard the servants moving about the house she rose, pale and weary, and putting on her outdoor things stole downstairs with her bag in her hand. The servants were busy in the kitchen, and she unfastened the hall door and left the house without attracting any attention. The fresh, morning air, while it roused her to a sense of her position, revived and encouraged her. After all, she was young and strong and she locked up at the house of bondage which she was leaving she was free! Oh, blessed freedom! How often she had read of it and heard it extolled; but she had never known until this moment how great, how sweet a thing it was.

She waited at the mean little station until workmen's train came up, and, herded by the crowd of sleepy and weary toilers, got into it. When she left the terminus she walked with a portion of the throng which turned up Bishopsgate Street, though any other direction would have suited her as well—or as little; for she had no idea where to go, or what to do beyond seeking some inexpensive lodging. She knew well enough that she could not afford to go to a hotel; that she would have to be content with a small room, perhaps an attic and the plainest of food, while she sought for work. It was soon evident to her that she was not likely to find what she was looking for in the broad thoroughfare of shops and offices, and, beginning to feel bewildered by the crowd, which, early as it was, streamed along the pavements, she turned off into one of the narrower streets.

The long arm of Coincidence which thrusts itself into all our affairs, led her to the Minories, and to the very quay which Stafford had reached in his aimless wanderings; and, mechanically she paused and looked on dreamily at the bustle and confusion which reigned there. Perhaps the presence of the sheep and cattle attracted her; for she felt drawn to them by sympathy with their hustled and hurried condition, which so nearly resembled her own.

With one hand resting on a rail, and a bag in the other, she watched the men as they drove the cattle up the gangways or lowered huge casks and bales into the hold. A big, fat man, with a slouch hat on the back of his head and a pipe in the corner of his mouth—which did not prevent him shouting and bawling at the men and the animals—lurched here and there like one of the casks, and in the midst of his shouting and bawling, he every now and then glanced at a watch of the frying pan order. It was evident even to the inexperienced Ida, that the vessel was about to start; the sailors were rushing about on deck in the haste and excitement of ordered disorder, chains were clanking, and ropes and pulleys were shrieking, and a steam whistle shrieked at intervals and added to the multitudinous noises.

"Poor sheep, poor bulls!" murmured Ida, as the last of the beasts were driven up the gangway and disappeared. "Perhaps you have come from another Herondale! Do you remember, do you look back as I do?"

She drew back, for the big man suddenly lurched in her direction, and indeed, almost against her.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, touching his slouch hat. "Anything I can do for you, anybody you're looking for?"

"No; oh, no!" said Ida, blushing and turning away.

Mr. Joffler, for it was that genial Australian, nodded and stretched his moonlike face in a smile.

"Thought you'd come to say 'good-bye' to someone, p'raps. Wish it was me! Though, it it was, I've an idea that I should stay on—air or no air—and I'm blest if there ain't precious little about this morning! Hi, there! All ready? Bless it all, we'll be too late for the tide if he don't come," he said to the captain, who stood with one foot on the taffrail an expression of impatience on his weather beaten face.

"Like enough he ain't comin', Mr. Joffler, he said. "Them kind o' gentz is always slippery."

"I dessay. Though I didn't think as this one was one of that kind. Too much grit about him—ah, and I was not mistaken! Here he is! Get ready there!"

He turned, and Ida, instinctively turning with him, saw a tall figure clad in a serge suit making its way quickly through the crowd of busy dock-men and idly lounging spectators. He came straight to the big, fat man, who greeted him jovially and loudly, and they passed side by side on to the vessel.

Ida drew a long breath and passed her hand over her brow. It was absurd, of course, it was a trick of the imagination, of a wearied and overstrained brain—but the tall figure in the blue serge—ah, how like it was to that of Stafford! It disappeared with that of he big man into the vessel, and, with a sigh, she was coming away when she saw the two men coming along the deck and mount to the quarter. The fat man was talking and laughing, but the man in the blue serge was grave and silent, as if he was lost in thought and not listening.

Suddenly, as she paused, the younger, slimmer figure turned in her direction and uttered a cry, a cry almost of terror. Was she demented? Had her longing, her aching longing for a sight of him called up the vision of Stafford? Unless she were out of her mind, the victim of a strange hallucination, it was he himself who stood there, his face, pale and haggard, turned towards her.

"Stafford!" she cried, unconsciously, and her hand gripped the iron rail in front of her.

As if he had heard her—though it was impossible that her voice could reach him through the shouts of the sailors, the lowing and bleating of the cattle—he raised his head and looked in her direction. Their eyes met and were enhanced for a moment, which seemed an enternity; then the blood flew to his face, leaving it the next moment paler than before. He swung round to the fat man by his side and clutched him arm.

"Wait! Stop the vessel! I want to go ashore!" he said, hoarsely.

Mr. Joffler stared at him, then laughed. "Hold on, sir!" he said, not unsympathetically. "Hold on! Took queer like! Lor' bless you, I know how the feelin' is! It catches at you right in the middle of the waistcoat. It's the thought of the land going back from you—we're moving, we're well away. Here, take a sip of this. You'll get over it in a brace o' shakes."

He thrust a flask into Stafford's hand, but Stafford put it away from him.

"Let me go ashore! I'll join you later," he said, breathlessly.

Mr. Joffler caught his arm as he was about to jump for the quay.

"Steady, steady, sir!" he admonished, soothingly. "We can't stop—and you'd break your neck trying to jump it! And all for a fancy, too, I'd stake my life! Heaven up, man, hearten up! You're not the first to feel sick and sorry at leavin' home and friends."

Stafford put his lip and tried to pull himself together; but his eyes were still fixed on the pale face, the girlish, black-clad figure, and his voice was shaky, as he said:

"You're right, Mr. Joffler. It is too late now. I—I thought I saw someone on the quay there. But it must have been fancy; it is impossible, quite impossible!"

"That's it," said Mr. Joffler, with a sympathetic wink, "Lor' love you, I've had them kind o' fancies myself, especially after a hot night on shore. If you'd only take a pull at this, you'd be all right directly. It don't do to come aboard too sober, specially when you're leavin' old England for the first time. Do you see 'em now?"

Ida had moved away, and Stafford drew a long breath and forced a smile.

"No," he said, huskily, and almost to himself. "Yes; it must have been fancy. She could not have been there. It is impossible."

Mr. Joffler whistled and winked to himself comprehendingly.

"She!" he murmured. "Ah, that's it, is it? Ah, well, I've been there myself! Don't you let the fancy upset you, sir! It 'ull pass afore we gets into the open. Nothing like the sea for teachin' you to forget the gale you've left behind you! Come down below and try and peck a bit. There's cold beef—and pickles. That'll send them kind o' fancies to the right about."

Ida turned and walked quickly away. Her head swam, she looked like one in a dream. It was, of course, impossible that the man she had seen could be Stafford on board a cattle-ship! But the hallucination had made her feel faint and ill. She remembered that she had eaten nothing since yesterday at noon, and she ascribed this freak of her imagination to the weakness caused by want of food.

She left the quay slowly—as if her heart and her strength and all her life's hope had gone with the dingy vessel—and emerging on the narrow, crowded street, looked for some shop at which she could buy a roll of bread. Presently she saw a baker's at the opposite side of the road to that on which she was walking, and she was crossing, when a huge empty van came lumbering round the corner. She drew back to let it pass; and, as she did so a lighter cart came swiftly upon her. She was so dazed, so bewildered by the vision she had seen, and the noise of the street, that she stood, hesitating, uncertain whether to go on or to retreat to the pavement she had left.

The woman—or man—who hesitates in the middle of a busy London street is lost; the cart was upon her before she had moved, the shaft struck her on the shoulder and down she went into the muddy road! The driver jerked the horse aside, and leapt from his seat, the usual crowd, which seems to spring instantaneously from the very stones, collected and surged round, the usual policeman forced his way through, and Ida was picked up and carried to the pavement. There was a patch of blood on the side of her head—the dear, small head which had rested on Stafford's breast so often!—and she was unconscious.

"Orse struck 'er with 'is 'oof," said the policeman, sententiously. "'Ere, boy, call a keb. I'll have your name and address, young man."

A cab was brought, and Ida, still unconscious, was carried to the London hospital.

And lay there, in the white, painfully clean, carbolic-smelling ward, attended by the most skilful doctors in England and by the grave and silent nurses, who, notwithstanding their lives of stress and toil, had not lost the capacity for pity and sympathy.

Indeed, no one with a heart in her bosom could stand by unmoved and hear the girl moaning and crying in a whisper for "Stafford." Day and night the white lips framed the same name—Stafford, Stafford—as if her soul were in the cry.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

When Ida came to she found the sister of the ward and a young nurse bending over her with placid and smiling faces. Why a hospital nurse should under any and every circumstances be invariably cheerful is one of those mysteries worthy to rank with the problem contained in the fact that an undertaker is nearly always of a merry disposition.

Of course Ida asked the usual questions: "Where am I?" and "How long have I been here?" and the sister told her that she was in the Alexandra ward of the London Hospital, and that she had been there, unconscious, for ten days. The nurse smiled as if it were the best joke in a mild way, in the world, and answered Ida's further questions while she administered beef tea with an air of pride and satisfaction which made her plain and homely face seem angelic to Ida.

"You were knocked down by a cart you know," said Nurse Brown. "You weren't badly injured; that is, no bones were broken, as is very often the case—that girl there in the next bed but two had one arm, one leg, and two ribs broken; mail cart; and that poor woman opposite, got both arms and a collar-bone broken—But I mustn't harrow you with our bad cases," she said, quickly, as Ida seemed to wince. "Of course you feel very strange—I suppose this is the first time you have been in a hospital ward?"

"Yes," replied Ida, glancing round timidly.

"Ah, yes, of course," said Nurse Brown, nodding and smiling encouragingly. "And you feel shy and nervous; but, if you only knew it, you are better off here than you would be anywhere else; you have the very best surgeons in the world—we are awfully proud of them—and, though I ought not to say it, the best of nursing. You are watched night and day, and you get the least wee little thing you want, if it's good for you. I daresay you won't care to stay here, but will like to be taken away as soon as you are well enough to be moved; for, of course, we all know that you are a lady. Oh, it isn't the first time we have had a lady in the ward. A great many of them come down here 'slumming,' and sometimes they get run over, as you have been, or they fall down some of the dark and rickety stairs, or hurt themselves in some other way—it's wonderful what a choice of accidents you can have in this busy and crowded part of London."

After a pause she went on:

"Of course you will go away as soon as you can; but it's a pity, it really is; you're ever so much better off here, and you'd soon get need to the other people in the ward, though they are of a different class to yourself. But most of them are very poor and some of them are usually rough when they are at home, it is wonderful how patient they are—you will scarcely ever hear a murmur; only a sigh now and again—and they are so grateful that sometimes they bring the tears to your eyes, and it's quite hard to part from them when they get well and are discharged. But I really mustn't talk to you any more," she murmured, penitently, and the soft, placid voice ceased.

Ida looked round the ward, her heart beating as fast as her condition would allow. As Nurse Brown had said, she felt terribly strange and nervous in the long, whitewashed ward which, however, was rendered cheerful enough by the dozens of pictures from illustrated papers, which had been fastened to the walls, and by the vases and great bowls of flowers which seemed to occupy every suitable spot.

She closed her eyes and tried to think; but she fell asleep instead and dreamt that she had fallen off Rupert and was lying on the mose beside the river, quite comfortable and most absurdly content. When she woke the sister was standing beside her, and nodded with cheerful approval.

"That's better, Miss Heron," she said. "It is quite pleasant to watch you asleep and not to hear you rambling."

Ida's face flushed.

"Have I been rambling?" she asked. "What have I said? You know my name."

The nurse smiled.

"Your things are marked," she explained. "But there was no address, nothing which could help us to communicate with your friends, or we would have done so. You will tell us where to send now, will you not?"

Ida blushed again and felt troubled. Why should she annoy and worry the Herons? she shuddered lightly as she pictured her cousin John standing beside the bed where the sweet and pleasant-faced sister now stood, and preaching at her. They would want to take her back to Laburnum Villa; and Ida regarded the prospect of return to that cheerful abode of the Christian virtues as a prisoner might regard the prospect of returning to his cell. The sister regarded her keenly without appearing to do so.

"Perhaps you would rather remain quietly for a few days, Miss Heron?" she suggested, sweetly.

Ida's eyes—they looked preternaturally large, violet orbs in her white face—beamed gratefully.

"Oh, yes, yes! if I may. Shall I be ill long?—how soon will it be before I can go?"

It is about as difficult to get a definite answer from a nurse as from a doctor.

"Oh, some days yet," replied the sister, cheerfully. "You must not go until you are quite strong; in fact, we should not let you. Now you lie quite still and try and sleep again if you can; and you can think over whether you would like to communicate with your friends or not. If you ask my advice, I should say, like Mr. Punch, 'Don't!'"

"I won't," said Ida, with her rare smile.

The sister nodded and left her, and Ida closed her eyes again; but not to sleep. She recalled her flight from Laburnum Villa, her wandering through the streets, the crowded and noisy quay, and the strange hallucination, the vision of Stafford standing on the stern of the vessel. Of course, it was only a vision, an hallucination; but how real it had seemed! So real that it was almost difficult to believe that it was not he himself. She smiled sadly at the idea of Stafford, the son of the great Sir Stephen Orme, sailing in a cattle-ship!

The hours passed in a kind of peaceful monotony, broken by the frequent visits of Nurse Brown and the house surgeon, with his grave face and preoccupied air; and for some time Ida lay in a kind of semi-torpor, feeling that everything that was going on around her were the unreal actions in a dream; but as she grew stronger she began to take an interest in the life of the great ward and her fellow-patients; and on the second day after her return to consciousness began a conversation with her next-door neighbor, a pleasant-looking woman who had eyed her wistfully several times, but who had been too shy to address "the young lady." She was a country-woman—from Dorsetshire—up to London on a visit "to my daughter, miss, which is married to a man as keeps a dairy." It was her first visit to London; she had wandered from her daughter's, lost her way, and, in her confusion, tumbled down the cellar of a beer-shop. She told Ida the history of some of the other cases, and Ida found herself listening with an interest which astonished her.

Nurse Brown, seeing the two talking, nodded approvingly.

"That's right," she said, with a smile. "You keep each other company. It passes the time away."

Very soon Ida found herself taking an interest in everything that went on, in the noiseless movements of the nurses, in the arrival of a new case, in the visit of the doctors and the chaplain, and the friends of the other patients. Let the pessimists say what they may, there is a lot of good in human nature; and it comes out quite startlingly in the ward of a hospital. Ida was amazed at the care and attention, the patience and the devotion which were lavished on herself and her fellow-sufferers; a devotion which no money can buy, and which could not have been exceeded if they had one and all been princesses of the blood royal.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL D'AMADE.

Was With the British Troops in the Boer War.

To the average reader Sir John French's description of the manner in which General d'Amade's cavalry had relieved the pressure on the English troops at a critical moment meant no more than that a French commander had done his duty valiantly and well. But to many military readers the name was already interesting and familiar. General d'Amade has already been in touch with the English army on active service. He went through the South African War as French military attache, and although he escaped the Boer bullets, he fell a victim to a common enemy—typhoid.

It is doubtful whether it is easier to wage war or to watch it. The attache's business is a difficult one. He is always under escort: "Wherever I walk and wherever I go," wrote Sir Ian Hamilton when he was attached to the Japanese staff in Manchuria. "I am unceasingly a target for curious eyes. There is no help for it, I know, but in course of time this sense of being watched gets on the nerves, and I long with an intense longing for one of the two most secluded situations in the world—the desert of Sahara or a hansom cab in London."

In South Africa he made friends with several of the English generals now fighting in France. In all

General D'Amade.

senses, even to the point of being able to amuse and be amused by his escort, he proved an exemplary attache, and when he did walk alone he had a way of impressing the most suspicious sentry with his good intentions. An attache, let it be known, runs a risk of being treated as a spy if he shows the least disposition to nervousness. When he goes forth to observe the country, he must never avoid the eye of patrols or let himself be merged for long in the landscape; it is not safe for an alien-looking gentleman of military bearing to appear too suddenly round the corner. But by confident and easy bearing, and even by timely and noisy blowing of the nose on approaching the danger-zone (both General d'Amade and Sir Ian Hamilton have anecdotes to the point), it is possible to go through a campaign without being taken for a combatant. General d'Amade's bearing is fit for all occasions.

It is the bearing of a first-rate fencer. It has the alacrity and finish proper to an exponent of that politest of the arts. General d'Amade has done a great deal for the cult of the foil and epee in England. He has offered prizes at London clubs, and shown how useful competitions and displays may be in spreading the vogue of his favorite exercise.

More than would be the case with most Englishmen, he is able to keep the martial character intact under a pile of social attainments. A man of about fifty, with grey moustache and gray-blue eyes, A brilliant horse man and of established valor, he is the best type of the able and active soldiers who are upholding the honor of France in the present encounter. His allies can find no fitter description than that he is an officer and a gentleman.

Some of the imaginery blessings we haven't would probably make us unhappy if we had them.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Pancakes. — Delicious pancakes may be made by adding to any good prepared pancake flour one beaten egg and a little milk. This enriches the batter and noticeably improves it.

A Variation in Scrambled Eggs.—Beat the eggs, season with salt and pepper, and add them to melted butter in chafing dish. When nearly scrambled, add bread cut into dice and browned.

Duck Stuffing (Peanut) — Three-quarters of cracker crumbs, one-half of a cupful of shelled peanuts, finely chopped, one-half of a cupful of heavy cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a few drops of onion juice, salt and Cayenne pepper. Mix the ingredients in the order given.

Ripe Cucumber Relish. — Twelve ripe cucumbers, four large onions, four green peppers, two red peppers. Put through coarse knife of meat grinder. Add half cup salt, one cup sugar, one and one-half cups vinegar. Can cold. This is delicious, retains its crispness and is exceedingly pretty, too.

Oatmeal Mush With Apples. — Core the apples, leaving large cavities; pare and cook until soft in syrup made by boiling sugar and water together, allowing one cupful of sugar to one and one-half cupfuls of water. Fill the cavities with oatmeal mush; serve with sugar and cream. The syrup should be saved and reused. Berries, sliced bananas or sliced peaches are excellent when served with any breakfast cereal.

Chicken and Oyster Soup. — Cut up and prepare a medium-sized fowl as for fricasseeing. Cover with water, and cook slowly, removing the scum as it rises. When the chicken is tender, take it up; strain and return the broth to the kettle. If there is not a quart of it add boiling water. Add one quart of oysters with their juice, and the same amount of scalding milk. Season to taste with a little salt and pepper; also a little mace and nutmeg if liked. Thicken with one teaspoonful of flour and butter rubbed together and just before it is served stir one-half of a tea cupful of hot cream into the soup. This makes three quarts of soup.

Batata Muhshy (stuffed potatoes). —Peel a dozen medium-sized potatoes, hollow them out through a small hole with a sharp knife until the shell is about as thin as an orange peel, and fry them well with butter. Mince into very small pieces a sufficient quantity of lean, tender mutton, add a proportionate quantity of pine seeds, season the mixture with salt and pepper, and fry it thoroughly. Stuff the potatoes with the friend meat and set them side by side, with the hole upward, in a saucepan. Put some tomatoes, a little butter and half a pint or so of water in the pan, and cool the potatoes over a light fire, for about half an hour. The pine seeds can generally be procured at any Syrian grocery store. If they are unobtainable, the meat may either be used alone, or in combination with some other ingredient.

Sauer Kraut and Cucumber Pickles.—Cut cabbage fine, using kraut cutter. For every gallon use a rounded tablespoon of salt and one-half teaspoon caraway seeds. Mix well. Wash medium size cucumbers. On the bottom of an earthenware jar put a few dill stems (seeds will do), then put in alternate layers of cucumbers sprinkled with salt, and the prepared cabbage. About three times the thickness of cabbage when pressed down with the palms of your hands as of cucumbers. Continue until jar is full, using cabbage as last layer. Over all put a white cloth and a white plate turned over with a weight on it to keep contents under brine. Add more water later as needed. When ready to use slice cucumbers lengthwise for the table and boil kraut as usual.

Bread.—One large cup mashed potato, two tablespoons lard, one-half cup sugar. Beat all into mashed potato while hot. Add three cups lukewarm water and strain through medium fine strainer. Add to above mixture one pint flour, warmed, and beat till well mixed. Some brands of flour will require more than the pint to thicken. Add one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup warm water. Stir together for several minutes until thoroughly mixed. Set in warm place to rise and stir at intervals, as it makes a lighter sponge. At bed time or early next morning warm two and one-half quarts of flour (or more if not enough to stiffen properly), add one tablespoon of salt. Mix the sponge into this flour until a medium stiff dough is formed. Knead and pound well and set away to rise. When light mix into loaves. Knead each loave well for better bread. Warming the flour is part of the secret of this bread's excellence.

Household Hints.

By dipping a broom in boiling suds once a week it can be preserved for longer use.

Linen stored in a closet, warm and poorly ventilated, will soon become yellow and crack.

One yard of sheeting will make a pair of pillow cases, and will cost much less than pillow tubing.

If a few drops of paraffin are applied to a cut, it will give instant relief and also assist it to heal.

Boiled chestnuts served on lettuce leaves, with French dressing, make a delicious and seasonable salad.

A piece bag made of mosquito netting enables one by a look to find the particular roll of goods desired.

Spirits of turpentine will remove most spots from silk, but care must be taken to be sure that the dye is fast.

Varnished paper on walls should be cleaned with a flannel dipped in weak tea and polished with a dry cloth.

To sharpen a knife, fold a piece of emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times.

A small piece of glass placed over a cookery book when lying open on the table keeps it open and enables the cook to read the recipe without handling the book with sticky fingers.

When a kettle is "furred" inside fill it with water, add a good-sized lump of borax, and let it boil well. Then pour away the borax and water, and rinse thoroughly with clear cold water.

Sweet spirits of nitre will remove ink-spots from wood. Rub the spots with the nitre; when the wood turns white, wipe it off with a soft cotton rag. It may be necessary to make a second application.

When you have finished with the kitchen fire for cooking purposes take some fine coal dust, put it in a strong brown paper bag, damp it, and put it on the top of the fire. The latter will burn slowly for hours.

Chinese gloss starch is made of two tablespoons raw starch and one tablespoonful borax dissolved in one and one-half cups water. Garments are dipped in this, rolled tightly and left a few hours in a dry cloth before ironing.

Soups should be made from the liquor of every vegetable cooked, with a little milk or butter added. The water from the vegetables, thrown down the drain contains the mineral salts or the vital element of the vegetable, and should never be wasted.

People who suffer much from "acidity" will do well to try going without bread and especially without any starchy thing with an acid, at the same time trying to find out how much fat can be tolerated, butter, cream, or the fat of bacon, and so forth. Fats do not stimulate the gastric juices.

KEEN-EYED K. OF K.

Interesting Anecdotes of the Great Soldier.

Anecdotes of Lord Kitchener of Khartum—K. of K., as he is popularly called by the English—have been going the rounds of the foreign and the American newspapers since the outbreak of the war in Europe. Some are new, and more old; some credible, and more incredible. One of the most popular is that of the hairpins—of which there are almost as many versions as there are pins in a lady's hair. The original version, however, seems to be that brought from South Africa at the time of the Boer War by a lively young French journalist, Mons. Jean Cariere of the Paris Matin. According to him, a dandy British officer, with an unfortunately effeminate taste in trifles, one day came to Lord Kitchener bringing a fine lawn kandkerchief upon which, in compliance with a fashionable fancy of the moment, he desired to obtain the general's autograph.

K. of K. took the handkerchief, turned it over, turned it round, carefully inspected its quality, and inquired:

"This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief:

"No," replied the officer, "it's mine."

"Ah," echoed Kitchener, "it is yours;"

And he handed it back, without writing upon it, inquiring as he did so, "And what kind of hairpins do you wear?"

If the story is not true, it is at least invented in harmony with the known characteristics of K. of K., who despises fripperies and affectations. Mrs. Erskine, wife of one of his former officers, tells how, at Pretoria, he one day observed a young lieutenant sporting a monocle.

"Does your eyesight require you to wear that?" he inquired.

"It does," replied the young man, hastily.

"Then report to-morrow morning to the line of communications," ordered Lord Kitchener, crisply. "I do not require men with poor eyesight at headquarters."

K. of K. despises self-advertising, and has never sought popularity. When he can, he escapes lionizing; and he appears to care nothing for the applause and approval of the public, except so far as it helps him to carry on his work. But his observant eye discriminates as keenly as in other things between the real and the artificial in popular renown. Mrs. Erskine describes how, after an elaborate function in his honor, at which a pompous master of ceremonies had delivered a verbose eulogy before a distinguished company (boring him most frightfully), she and her husband returning home on horseback in his company. On the way they passed a shabby ice-cream cart, the sides of which were decorated with cheap lithographs of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Kitchener. K. of K. leaned suddenly forward in passing, flecked his own dusty portrait with the tip of his riding whip, and declared:

"That, and that only is fame."

Hears Little.

"Jones believes about all he hears."

"Credulous, is he?"

"Not particularly; he's as deaf as a post."

Deserve the Punishment.

Mrs. Scrapp—Statistics show that married men live longer than single men.

Scrappy—Yes, it serves them right.

THE BRAVE IRISH GUARDS

STOOD LIKE ROCK TO MEET GERMAN CAVALRY CHARGE

Enthusiastic Correspondent Tells Their Gallantry in Battle.

This is the story, as it has been told to me, of the way in which the Irish Guards, at M——, met the charge of three German cavalry regiments and emerged from the encounter with undying glory, says a Havre dispatch to the London Central News.

It is the story of what those saw who were not themselves in the firing line, and who awaited with apprehension and wonderment the collision between the gray hordes of the Kaiser's horsemen and the thin but unswerving, line of Britishers in khaki, who, with bayonets fixed, made ready for their oncoming. These same Britishers had jovially shouted their adieux to French troops who had been retired from their immediate neighborhood, and in the brief interval before the crash came the watchers could see officers walking up and down the lines, cracking jokes with their men, and otherwise assisting to maintain their excellent spirits. I am told that when the German cavalry was only 200 yards away one man momentarily put down his rifle and begged a cigarette from a comrade, which he coolly lit.

Then they "prepared to receive cavalry," and did it in better order and with much less excitement than if they had been about to witness the finish of a St. Leger. Three regiments of German cavalry, splendidly horsed, splendidly equipped, charged a regiment of Irish infantry. The men who had been joking and smoking rose up to meet them, a bristling bulwark of giants holding weapons of steel in steel grips.

The Shock of Arms.

For a few minutes there was an awful chaos of horses, soldiers gray and soldiers yellow, glittering lances and bayonets, the automatic spit of machine guns, the flashes of musketry. Amidst it all the men in khaki stood immobile. Grimly, and without budging, they threw back, at the bayonet's point, in utter demoralization, the troops of the Kaiser, the men who terrified peasant villagers of Belgium and France.

They wanted something to put on their banner, and their casualty list will show that, "if blood be the price," they achieved their aim. French soldiers tell me that, rising from the ranks of the Irish, just before the crash came, there reached them the strains of songs they had never heard before. A French soldier, hobbling along with a bandaged face and a bullet in his back, ventured to repeat from memory the beginnings of a tune which I made out to be that of "God Save Ireland," and I have gathered that "Whistle to me, said I," was another of these strains.

The generosity of Mr. Thomas Atkins earns for that adaptive gentleman tributes of surprise and admiration from the French soldiery. He wants to give everything away—his jam, his canned meats, and many other delicacies wherewith he is provided. He believes in sharing with his "pals."

"They Do Not Run."

To-day, in a cafe, the landlady said to me, "We like the English soldiers, but the Scottish and the Irish are not good men. They won't pay for what they have." Now, this was a slight on men of my own race, and I asked the good patronne what sum she had lost by reason of their faulty commercial instincts. Twelve francs, I was told represented the total. "Then," said I, "I will pay you your 12 francs," and I was about to do so when some French soldiers who had been drinking in the restaurant stood up and said: "No, you won't. If this is true that the Irish and Scotch do not pay their bills, it is true that they do not run when the Krupps are trained upon them. They are cooler than we, and the Germans fear them." After that the landlady, whose husband was fighting at the front, refused to take my money.

And now something about the seamiest side of the war. Those of us at home who, thanks to our glorious navy, know nothing of what war means, need, perhaps, a reminder such as a visit to the continent will quickly give them. I saw some ladies to-day, ladies who lately held places in provincial society like our own ladies of the manor, destitute and begging their bread.

The war has ruined them. It has made them line up with the children of the gutters in order to get bread. Remember this, and while hoping that England will remain as safe to-morrow as she is to-day, remember that every one of us has his part to play in assuring that safety.

Took Him Prisoner.

A story is told of a British soldier in Belgium. His colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine rooster in his arms, stopped him to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, colonel," was the reply; "I just saw the old fellow sitting on the wall, and I ordered him to crow for England, and he wouldn't, so I just took him prisoner."

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