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# A Foolish Young Man;

## Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued).

One instance of this whole-souled devotion and unstinting charity occurred on the third day and brought the tears to her eyes, not only then but whenever she thought of it in the after years. A tiny mite of a baby, only a few weeks old was brought into the ward and laid in a cot not very far from Ida's bed. The nurse and the doctors crowded round it with eager attention. It was watched day and night; if it cried, at the first note of the feeble wail, a couple of nurses flew to the cot, and, if necessary, a famous physician was telephoned for; and came promptly and cheerfully. The whole ward was wrapped up in the tiny mite, and Ida leant on her elbow and craned forward to get a glimpse of it; and felt towards it as she would have felt if it had been a little sick or wounded lamb in Herondale.

"What is the matter with it, poor little thing?" she asked of the sister.

"The spine," replied the sister, bending tenderly over the cot and taking the emaciated little paw in her comforting, ministering hand.

"Will it get well?" asked Ida, quite anxiously.

The sister shook her head.

"Lor' bless me!" said Ida's neighbor, pityingly. "It 'ud be almost better if the poore little thing died!"

The sister looked up with mild surprise.

"Oh, yes; it can't live longer than three weeks," she said, as gadly as if she had not seen a score of similar cases.

Ida laid down, her eyes were filled with tears, her heart filled with awe and wonder. Perhaps for the first time in her life she understood what Charity meant. Here was a waif of the slums, doomed to die in so many weeks, and yet it was the object of the loving devotion of every nurse in the ward, with every comfort and luxury which an age of civilization could supply, and the recipient of the enthusiastic attention of a great surgeon whose name was famous throughout the world.

The woman in the next bed was crying too.

"It makes you think of 'eaven, don't it, miss," she said, with a sniff. "If I was rich, I'd leave all my money to a 'orspital, that I would!"

The speech suddenly reminded Ida of her own poverty, of which she had not thought very much, for the need of money is not felt very keenly in a hospital ward, where everything is "free, gratis, for nothing." The time came when she was permitted to get up, and nothing could exceed her amazement on finding herself so weak that her legs trembled under her, and the walls and the floor seemed to rock and heave; but in a day or two she was able to walk a little, and she at once begged permission to help nurse the baby. It was against the rules, but it was very difficult for anyone to resist Ida when she turned those great violet eyes upon them imploringly; and much to her delight she was permitted to hover about the cot and assist in an unofficial way. When the baby was asleep, which was not particularly often, Ida was permitted to read to some of the other patients; and, in fact, make herself generally useful in an unobtrusive fashion.

This was all very well, but the day arrived when she was strong enough to leave the hospital and once more face that world which has been described as the best of all possible worlds, and no doubt is for those who have plenty of money and friends, but which is not far from being the worst of all possible worlds for those who have not. She took five pounds from her little store and went to the sister.

"I am rather poor," she said, with a smile, "and I cannot afford more than this. I wish it were a hundred times as much; indeed, no money could repay your goodness and kindness to me, the wonder of which I shall never cease to feel."

The sister looked at her keenly, but said very gently:

"You can put it in the box in the hall when you go out; but you will not go today. I will arrange for you to stop until to-morrow; in fact, the baby—none of us—could spare you. I want you to have some tea with me in my room to-night and a little talk, Miss Heron."

So Ida turned away quickly, that the sister might not see her tears, and accepted the reprieve.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Herons were not very much surprised at Ida's flight, but though John and his wife and daughter were anything but sorry to get rid of her, they were rather uncomfortable, and Joseph, who was in the dolirums after his drinking fit, did not make them more comfortable by assuring them that he was perfectly certain she had committed suicide.

He and his father set out to look for her, but as Ida had left no clue behind, they could find no trace of her, though they procured the assistance of Scotland Yard, and inserted guarded advertisements in the newspapers. John Heron comforted himself with the reflection that she could have come to no harm or they would have heard of it; and at last it occurred to him, when nearly a fortnight had elapsed, that she might have returned to Herondale, probably to the care of Mr. Wordley, and hadn't been too indignant to acquaint the Herons with the fact.

"I think I had better run down to Herondale, Maria, and ascertain if the erring and desperate girl has returned there," he said, one morning after prayers. "Seeing that she left my roof in so unseemly a fashion, with no word of regret or repentance, I do not consider that she has any further claim upon me; but I have a tender heart, and on this occasion I will be generous before I am just."

"I am sure she has no further claim upon us," said Mrs. Heron, with a sniff, "and I hope you will make it plain, John, that on no account can we take her back. We have been put to considerable trouble and expense, and I really think that her going without any fuss is quite providential."

At this moment there came a double knock at the door, and the servant announced that Mr. Wordley was in the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Heron exchanged glances, and both of them turned rather pale; for John Heron had a very vivid recollection of Mr. Wordley's frank and candid manner of expressing himself. But he had to be faced, and the pair went down into the drawing-room with a long-suffering expression on their faces. Mr. Wordley, however, appeared to be quite cheerful. He shook hands with both of them, and inquired after their health and that of their family quite amiably and pleasantly.

"Most delightful weather, isn't it?" he remarked. "Quite pleasant, travelling. You have a remarkably—er—convenient house, Mrs. Heron; charming suburb; will no doubt be quite gay and fashionable when it is—er—more fully developed. You are looking well, Mr. Heron."

Mr. Heron, whatever he may have looked, was feeling anything but well at that moment; for he suspected that the lawyer was only masking his attack, and that he meant to spring upon him presently.

"I enjoy fairly good health, Mr. Wordley, thank you," he said, in his sanctimonious way "but I have my share of trials and anxieties in this miserable world."

"Oh, don't call it miserable, on a morning like this!" said Mr. Wordley, cheerfully. "My dear sir, there is nothing the matter with the world; it's—er—some of the people in it that try to make it miserable." While he had been speaking, he had been glancing at the door and listening, as if he had been listening and expecting to hear—and see—someone else. "The fact is," he said, "I have come up rather suddenly on rather important business—came up without a moment's delay. Where is Miss Ida? I should like to see her at once, please, if I may!"

The faces of the pair grew sallow, and the corners of John Heron's mouth dropped lower even than usual.

"Ida?" he said, in a hollow voice, as if he were confused. "Where is she? Surely you know, Mr. Wordley?"

"I know?—How should I know? I came up to see her—not a moment to spare. Isn't she here? Why do you both stare at me like this?"

"She is not here," said John Heron. "Ida left our house more than a fortnight ago."

Mr. Wordley looked disappointed and startled.

"Oh, gone to stay with some friends, I suppose. I'll trouble you to give me their address, Mr. Heron, please."

He rose, as he spoke, as if he meant starting on the moment; but he sank into the chair again as John Heron said in a funeral voice:

"I should most willingly do so, Mr. Wordley, but I regret to say I do not know where she is."

"You don't—know—where—she is!" said Mr. Wordley, anger and amazement struggling for the upper hand. "What the deuce—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Heron! You must excuse an old man with a short temper and a touch of the gout—But I don't understand you! Why don't you know?"

Mrs. Heron began to sniff, and her worthy husband drew himself up and tried to look dignified, and failed utterly in the attempt.

"Such language——" he began.

"Confound my language, sir!" snapped the old lawyer, his face growing red. "Be good enough to answer my question!"

"Ida left our hospitable roof about a fortnight ago" said Mr Heron. "She left like a thief in the night—that is to say, morning. I regret to say that she left no message, no word of farewell, behind her. I had occasion to rebuke her on the preceding night, and, following the dictates of an ungodly nature and a perverse pride she chose to leave the shelter of this roof——"

Mr. Wordley sprang to his feet, his passion rendering him speechless for a moment.

"You rebuke Miss Ida! Are you out of your mind? And pray, what had she done?"

"She had been guilty of attempting to ensnare the affection of my son——" began John Heron.

At this moment the door opened and Joseph appeared. Mr. Wordley looked at him.

"Ensnaring the affections of this!" he snorted, with a scorn, which caused Mr. Joseph's immediate retreat. "Oh, you must be out of your mind!"

"Her conduct was reprehensible in other ways," stammered John Heron.

"Nonsense!" almost shouted Mr. Wordley. "I don't want to hear any more of such nonsense. Miss Ida's conduct reprehensible! Why, she couldn't conduct herself in any way than that of a high-bred, pure-minded, gentle-hearted girl, if she tried! You have been entertaining an angel unawares, Mr. Heron—there's a bit of Scripture for you!—you've had a pearl in your house, and it's been cast before—Bless my soul! I'm losing my temper! But, 'pon my word, there's some excuse for it. You've let that dear child leave your house, you've lost sight of her for over a fortnight, and—and you stand there and snuffle to me about her 'conduct!' Where is she? Oh, of course, you don't know; and you'd stand there like a stuck pig, if I were fool enough to remain here for a week and ask questions. But I want her—I want her at once! I've got important news for her—news of the greatest importance—— I beg your pardon, my dear madame, for the violence of my language—though I could say a great deal more to this husband of yours if I were alone with him. But it's no use wasting further time. I must find her—I must find her at once."

John Heron was as red as a turkey cock and gasping like a cod out of water.

"This gross and unseemly attack is only excused by your age——"

"Confound my age!" exclaimed Mr. Wordley. "Let me tell you, sir, your age does not excuse your conduct, which has been that of a heartless and sanctimonious fool. When I gave that dear child into your care, I had misgivings, and they are fully justified. Would that I had never lost sight of her! The dearest, the sweetest and best—— Oh, let me get out, or I shall say something offensive."

As he made for the door, John Heron cleared his throat and stammered.

"I will forgive you, sir. You will regret this exhibition of brutal violence, and I shall put up a prayer——"

"Don't you dare to put up any prayer for me!" cried Mr. Wordley. "I should be afraid something would happen to me. I need not ask why she left your house. It's quite evident enough. I've nothing more to say to you."

"One moment," said John Heron, with an attempt at dignity; "perhaps you will be good enough to inform me of the nature of the communication that you have for my cousin Ida."

Mr. Wordley looked as if he were going to choke.

"No, I will not, sir!" he at last responded. "I will tell you nothing—excepting that I hope and trust I may never see your sanctimonious face again. Good-morning! Good-morning, madame!"

He was outside Laburnum Villa with the velocity and force of a whirlwind, and was half-way on his road to the station before he could get his breath or regain his self-possession. Being a lawyer, he, of course, went straight to the police; but he was shrewd enough not to go to Scotland Yard, but to the police station near the terminus; for it seemed to him that it would be easier to trace Ida from that spot.

Fortunately for him, he found an inspector in charge who was both intelligent and zealous. He listened attentively to the detailed statement and description which the lawyer—calm enough now—furnished him, and after considering for a minute or two, during which Mr. Wordley waited in a legal silence, asked:

"Young lady any friends in London, sir?"

Mr. Wordley replied in the negative.

"Think she has gone to a situation?"

"No," replied Mr. Wordley; "she left suddenly; and I do not know what situation she could find. She is a lady, and unaccustomed to earning her bread in any way."

"Then she has met with an accident," said the inspector, with an air of conviction.

"God bless my soul, my good man!" exclaimed Mr. Wordley. "What makes you think that?"

"Experience, sir," replied the inspector, calmly. "Have you any idea how many accidents there are in a day in London? I suppose not. You'd be surprised if I told you. What was the date she was missing?"

Mr. Wordley told him, and he turned to a large red book like a ledger.

"As I thought, sir," he said. "'Young lady knocked down by a light van in Goode Street, Minories. Dark hair, light eyes. Height, five feet nine. Age, about twenty-one or two. Name on clothing, "Ida Heron."'"

Mr. Wordley sprang to his feet.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "Was she much hurt, is—is she alive—where is she? I must go to her at once."

"London Hospital," replied the inspector succinctly, as he turned to a subordinate. "Call a cab!"

It was not a particularly slow hansom, and it did not take very long to get from the police station to the hospital; but to Mr. Wordley the horse seemed to crawl and the minutes to grow into days. He leapt out of the hansom, and actually ran into the hall.

"You have a patient—Ida Heron"— he panted to the hall porter.

The man turned to his book.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Discharged yesterday."

Mr. Wordley staggered against the glass partition of the porter's box and groaned.

"Can you tell me——?" he began. "Has she left any address? I—I am her solicitor. Excuse my being hurried; I want her particularly."

The porter looked at him sympathetically—everybody is sympathetic at a hospital, from the head physician and that puissant lady, the matron, down to the boy who cleans the brass plate.

"Won't you sit down, sir," he said. "The young lady was discharged yesterday, and I can't tell you where she's gone; in fact, though I remember her being brought in—run-over case—I don't remember her going out. Perhaps you'd like to step upstairs and see the sister of the ward she was in, the Alexandra?"

While he was speaking, and Mr. Wordley was trying to recover command of himself, a slim black-clad figure came down the hall, and pausing before the large tin box provided for contributions, dropped something into it. Mr. Wordley watched her absently; she raised her head, and he sprang forward with "Miss Ida!" on his lips.

Ida uttered a cry and staggered a little; for she was not yet as strong as the girl who used to ride through Herondale, and Mr. Wordley caught her by both hands and supported her.

"Thank God! thank God!" was all he could exclaim for a minute. "My dear child! my dear Miss Ida! Sit down!"

He drew her to one of the long benches and sat down beside her. To his credit, be it stated, that the tears were in his eyes, and for a moment or two he was incapable of speech; indeed, it was Ida, who, woman-like, first recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Wordley! Is it really you? How did you know? How did you find me? I am so glad; oh, so glad!" She choked back the tears that sprang to her eyes and forced a laugh; for again, woman-like, she saw that he was more upset than even she was. He found his voice after awhile, but it was a very husky one.

"My dear girl, my dear Miss Ida," he said, "you are not more glad than I. I have been almost out of my mind for the last few hours. I came to London all in a hurry Most important news—went to your cousin's—— Oh, dear! what a fool that man is! Heard you had run away—not at all surprised. Should have run away myself long before you did. Came up to London in search of you—just heard you'd gone from here."

"I ought to have gone yesterday," said Ida, "but they let me stay."

"God bless them!" he panted. "But how pale you look—and thin. You've been ill, very ill; and you've been unhappy, and I didn't know it. What a fool I was to let you go! It was all my fault! I ought to have known better than to have trusted you to that sanctimonious idiot. My dear, I've great news for you!"

"Have you?" said Ida, patting his hand soothingly—she had caught something of the gentle, soothing way of the sister and nurses. "Must you tell me now? You are tired and upset."

"I must tell you this very minute or I shall burst," said Mr. Wordley. "My dear child, prepare yourself for the most astounding, the most wonderful news. I don't want to startle you, but I don't feel as though I could keep it for another half-hour. Do you think I could have a glass of water?"

The porter, still sympathetic, at a sign from Ida, produced a glass of water and discreetly retired.

"Now," said Mr. Wordley, with intense gravity, "prepare to be startled. Be calm, my dear child, as I am; you see I am quite calm!" He was perspiring at every pore, and was mopping his forehead with a huge silk handkerchief. "I have just made a great discovery. You are aware that Herondale, the whole estate, is heavily mortgaged, and that there was a foreclosure; that means that the whole of it would have passed away from you."

Ida sighed.

"Yes, I know," she said, in a low voice.

"Very well, then. I went over to the house the other day to—well, to look out any little thing which I thought you might like to buy at the sale——"

Ida pressed his hand and turned her head away.

"It was a sad business, sad, very sad! and I wandered about the place like a—like a lost spirit. I was almost as fond of it as you are, my dear. After I had been over the house I went into the grounds and found myself in the ruined chapel. Donald and Bess followed me, and Bess—what a sharp little thing she is, bless her!—she began to rout about, and presently she began to dig with her claws in a corner under the ruined window. I was so lost in thought that I stood and watched her in an absent kind of way; but presently I heard her bark and saw her tearing away like mad, as if she had found a rat or a rabbit. I went up to where she was clawing and saw—what do you think——?"

Ida shook her head and smiled.

(To be continued.)

Maurice of Battenberg.

First member of the Royal Family to be killed in the war. He was a cousin of King George and a brother of the Queen of Spain.

# FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

### NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

**Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.**

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Matthew Nathan, G.C.M.G., has been appointed Under Secretary for Ireland.

The County Galway District Horse and Agricultural Show was held recently but the attendance was very poor.

A rick of hay, 200 tons, the property of Mr. Joe McMahon, Knock, Castletown, has been completely destroyed by fire.

A sudden death occurred amongst the troops at Buncrana, Gunner Tooterton of the R.G.A. being found dead in his tent.

The Congested Districts Board have agreed to give a free grant of $15,750 in aid of the Dingle waterworks and sewerage scheme.

While James Cahill was cycling near Belturbet he collided with a car. One of the shafts penetrated his lungs and he died shortly afterwards.

Major E. H. Jones, son of Colonel Jones, of Lisnamilly, who was reported "missing" after the first fighting at Mons, is a prisoner in Germany.

Placards against enlistment for the British army have been posted over Limerick, and have roused a great deal of comment.

Recruiting in Dublin shows signs of falling off. Up till recently the rate of recruiting was about 100 per day, but latterly about half that number have been accepted for service.

Lieut. R. E. Parker, Royal Horse Artillery, son of Mr. R. G. Parker, Ballyvalley, Killaloe, is reported as being killed at the front. He was well known in Nenagh, County Tipperary.

Detective - Constable Ormonde, Belfast, wounded at the front, has rejoined his regiment off furlough and is attached to Woolwich. Owing to his injuries he has been relegated to home service.

Reports received by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland go to show that an unusually brisk demand for animals suitable for butchers now prevails at the markets in Ireland.

Ireland is maintaining its welcome consistency in the breeding and exportation of cattle to Great Britain with the result that the recent cargoes from the British colonies are not affecting the prices in the English market.

There was a scene of great enthusiasm at Monaghan Railway station in connection with the departure of the first batch of volunteers for Imperial service from the 1st Battalion Monaghan Regiment, U.V.F.

# HOME

### Recipes for Baking Day.

**Sponge.**—Ingredients: Four and one-half cupfuls of sifted bread flour; three cupfuls of milk and water, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard and butter, one yeast cake, one tablespoonful of sugar. Method—Soak yeast in cold water overnight. In morning pour off the water and add the sugar to dissolved yeast. Mix salt with the flour, rub in the shortening and then take equal portions of milk and water. Place on stove until comfortably warm, then stir in the yeast and beat into the flour. Cover and set in warm place until light and full of bubbles.

**Cinnamon Coffee Bread.** — Ingredients: One-quarter cupful of butter, or good butterine, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one cupful of light sponge, one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour. Method: Cream butter, sugar and egg until light. Add sponge, measured carefully. Beat in well, then add the flour and beat until smooth. Cover and let raise until doubled in bulk. Spread in one large, or two small, greased pie tins, set in warm place for about half an hour, then cover with the following:

**Mixture for Top of Coffee Bread.** —Ingredients: Three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of ground blanched almonds, one-half cupful of the bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, a few siftings of cinnamon. Method —Mix all dry ingredients, then rub the butter through so all parts are well combined. Spread over cake before placing in oven and bake a delicate brown. This is a fine Sunday morning bread. When serving, cut in sections as one would layer cake.

**Graham Bread.**—Method: Into the remaining sponge stir one tablespoonful of sugar and two cupfuls of graham flour. The batter should be rather soft. Beat well, then let raise again until double in bulk. Pour into two small, well-greased bread tins. Let stand half an hour, then bake in moderate heat until a straw comes out clean. Do not sift graham flour but shake it lightly into the cup when measuring.

**Caramel Cream Pie.**—Ingredients for paste: One cupful of sifted pastry flour, a pinch of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, one-quarter cupful of lard and butter, three tablespoonfuls of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of butter for folding. Method: Mix dry ingredients, then rub lard and butter in with finger tips until it crumbles. Stir the water in with a fork, and if the flour is still partly dry press ingredients together with hands to form a ball. Now place on ice or in cold place for an hour, or, better still, mix the day before and let it get very cold. When ready to make pie, roll paste on well-floured board as thick as a book cover. Take the two tablespoonfuls of butter, also very cold, and cut into thin shavings and distribute over half of the paste, fold other half over, then roll with quick motions away from you, until quite thin. Line a deep pie tin with the pastry, form a little upstanding ring of paste around edge, then fill with mixture and bake until crust is crisp. When cold serve with whipped cream.

**Peanut Drop Cakes.** — Ingredients: Two-thirds cupful of butter or good butterine, one cupful of granulated sugar, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cold water, one cupful of sifted flour, one cupful of broken peanuts, one-quarter teaspoonful of allspice, one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon. Method: Remove brown skins from peanuts and break into rather large pieces. Cream butter, sugar and egg, then add other ingredients and stir well. Drop from spoon into waxed cookie tins, placing the little mounds far enough apart so they will run together. Bake in moderate heat until light brown.

**Caramel Filling.** — Ingredients: One cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour, six tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one large egg, two tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup. Method: Heat milk and syrup in double boiler and mix all other ingredients to a smooth paste. Now pour some of the hot mixture over and stir well, then pour all back into boiler and let cook until thickened.

**Caramel Syrup.**—Method: Brown one cupful of granulated sugar in a saucepan until it has melted to a rich, dark syrup, but do not scorch. Then add two-thirds cupful of boiling water and cook until a rich syrup. This can be kept in a covered glass jar and used as needed.

### Household Hints.

Rubbing with a raw cut potato will remove most mud stains from dark garments.

For very delicate fabric which will not take starch, try sugar in the rinsing water.

Squash pudding will be found as acceptable substitute for squash pie —especially for the children.

Housewives should remember to keep a large proportion of vegetables in the family diet for winter.

Save the lids of the large tins and put knobs on them—they will make good covers for pots and pans.

Never choose a turkey too fat — the flavor of a fat bird is never so good as the flavor of one just moderately plump.

Root vegetables which have withered can be revived by slicing off the ends and placing them in cold water for a few hours.

If something you are cooking happens to scorch, set the kettle in cold water immediately, and there will be no scorched taste.

It is said that if people insisted on having every meal appetising and savory, it would make a tremendous difference to their health.

Cereals should not be put away in paper bags because they soon break and allow the dust and flies to get in. Wide-mouthed glass jars are sanitary and convenient.

When bed quilts or blankets are too short, sew a stronger piece of cloth to one end. This can be tucked under the mattress and the bedclothing held firmly in place.

Do not tack the oilcloth or linoleum in place when it is laid, but let it lie in place and be walked over for a few days. There will be no difficulty getting it to lie smooth.

The yolk of a fresh egg beaten in milk, is an excellent substitute for cream in coffee, but you must be careful to remove every atom of the white. This mock cream must have the coffee poured very slowly into the cup.

Fruit, fresh or stewed, is always a valuable food, even though it may not contain a large amount of nutrition. The pleasant salts and acids have a gentle medicinal effect upon the stomach, bowels and liver which is most conducive to health. But it is not necessary to get the expensive fruits. The apple, the king of fruits, is a most wholesome and delicious fruit, and can be taken fresh, baked or stewed.

# SUNDAY ON A BATTLESHIP

### SCENE ON BRITISH CRUISER STRIPPED FOR ACTION.

**The Man-o'-Warsmen's Favorite Hymn Is "Fight the Good Fight."**

On the North Sea a cruiser is stripped for action—the guns loaded, torpedoes fitted and trained, range finders at work measuring off the varying distances of sighted vessels; a word, a touch, and that mighty fabric of potentiality will flame as if the mouth of hell had opened and vomited its contents, writes the Rev. Forbes Phillips.

Meanwhile, the foremast flies the peaceful flag of Divine service, with its white cross, the symbol of supreme self-sacrifice and courage. Not many hours ago, from that same mast, was signalled messages fraught with battle and destruction, which opened the Book of Life and Death with an orchestra of lyddite shell and shrieking shrapnel.

The cruiser's decks are swept of everything which is not a weapon or some instrument auxiliary to death. No bulwark or rail; the ship is stripped, and in her naked strength—three hundred and odd feet of shod death.

We are on the ground where over a hundred years ago Nelson kept his ceaseless watch on the North Sea. The men hurry up out of all kinds of unsuspected places, mustering beneath the once-burnished, now dull, muzzles of iron-throated monsters. An officer sniffs the wind, consults with another, and decides to hold the service 'tween decks. The chaplain, already robed, is in the captain's cabin settling the final details of the order of service.

The master-at-arms appears and reports everyone aft. The choir, augmented by a small string band, is grooped round the wind-jam, a harmonium, with a slight cold due to exposure. Between decks the whole ship's company is mustered, men are wedged into all kinds of uncomfortable places, chairs are placed for the officers.

### The Favorite Hymn.

The chaplain appears, accompanied by the captain. The latter seats himself facing the ship's company, the chaplain steps to the improvised prayer-desk and gives out a hymn. It might have been an order to open fire so quick is the response, as from lusty lungs there rolls out the soldiers' and sailors' favorite, "Fight the Good Fight."

The service is a shortened form of evensong with the special prayers used daily in His Majesty's navy, to be found in any prayer book.

The men's voices are uplifted in the response, augmented this time by a chorus of seagulls. With the first hymn they started a shrill series of cries, but now they have got into their stride. There is the ground bass of the distant waters, the whispering swish of the caressing waves blending with the voices of some hundreds of men, but softly dominant is the song of the sea. Truly there were visualized and actualized the opening words of the Benedictus, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever." And around us and upholding us the moving mystery of the sea, fit symbol of God and His protecting arms.

The captain—a fine figure, alert, with a penetrating eye and clear-cut features—reads the lesson reverently, and the faces of the ship's company turn to him. The men listen with keen interest in a story which tells of a nation's struggles and desperate defence.

In those faces one reads the tale of what is known in the navy as "a happy ship."

### The Angel Warrior.

The chaplain gives a short address on St. Michael, warrior, archangel, champion of the chivalry of heaven. It is not a "Save your soul to-night" discourse. He identifies himself with the men, speaks of the soldier qualities of St. Michael, tells them what the sword-bearer of God stands for, and appeals to them to stand for the same; indeed, he takes it for granted, so he can.

Much has been written about the religious and irreligious condition of our bluejackets. In the tracts which ask for money to missionize him he is either represented as a demi-god of a demijohn. The "poor Jack" order of pamphlet is resented by the whole of the navy, from admiral to A.B. Everyone by this time ought to know that a bluejacket is a highly trained, intelligent man, disciplined and responsible. A drunkard has no place in His Majesty's navy.

The men listen to the padre, quiet, intent, and let one who know them add they will be as serene and quiet in that day, it may be but a few hours, when the cruiser moves on at full speed, while crews stand at the guns, men wait in the ammunition passages, the captain in the conning tower the gunnery officer in the fire control, the engines whirling at mad speed, while stokers in the depths below "oil" and "feel" and shovel and rake as the cruiser rushes into action.

One more hymn then the blessing. A destroyer looms up out of the creeping mists of evening, slows down, listens for a few minutes, exchanges signals, and then is off again to continue that watch which is first cousin to prayer.

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Many a man would starve if he had nothing to live on but his reputation.

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"What do you think of her voice since it has been trained?" "Well," smiled Brown, "I can't say that it it any better than it was, but there is certainly a whole lot more of it."

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"When you proposed to me you said you were not worthy of me." "Well, what of that?" "Nothing; only I will say for you that, whatever else you were, you were no liar."

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"Are you married, my man?" a lady asked a sailor. "Yes, indeed, mum—married and fourteen children." "Poor fellow, travelling about like this! And don't you ever get homesick?" "Only when I'm home, mum."

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"Who's that impressive-looking woman over there?" "That's Mrs. MacSillar. She's a remarkably strong-minded woman, and they say that she commands a very large salary." "How does she earn it?" "She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it, but she commands it."

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### THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—Euripides.

Germany is now drunk with blood, but in the future is it not destined to see the travail of its soul and ready to give birth to new ideas in art and music, science and philosophy?—Rev. Dr. Jowett.

Judgment is a possession of enormous value to a nation, and in proportion as it contains men of judgment, in direct proportion will that nation prosper. What is it that I mean by judgment in public affairs? I mean the capacity for taking a large, calm, and unbiased view.—Lord Rosebery.

If God permit the lid of evil to be lifted as a test or as a punishment the key remains in His hand to secure that lid again when He will. But if I lift any lid of evil I have no power to shut off the dire escape from myself or from others; death and defilement I may let loose, but I cannot recapture.—C. G. Rossetti.

Who knows what seeds each man living on earth leaves behind him, which are only destined to come up after his death? Who can say by what mysterious bond a man's fate is bound up with his children's, his descendants, how his yearnings are reflected in them, and how they are punished for his errors.—Ivan Turgene.

**Mercury and the War.**

Quicksilver has risen from 835 to 8100 or more a flask (seventy-five pounds). According to the Mining World, that is by far the highest price for mercury in modern times. The annual production is about 4,100 metric tons. The United States and Austria-Hungary produce each about one-sixth of this amount, Italy a little more, and Spain nearly one-third. The war in Europe has shut off the Austrian supply, and made it difficult to transport the product of Italy and Spain. It has also caused a greatly increased demand for mercury, which is now principally used in the manufacture of fulminate for explosive caps. Mercury is also used extensively in drugs and medicaments, and in thermometers and instrument of precision. Formerly a considerable amount of quicksilver was used in silvering mirrors, and in the amalgamation process of extracting gold and silver from their ores; but mirrors are now silvered with nitrate of silver, and the cyanide process has virtually supplanted the amalgamation process in metallurgy.

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What is that which you and every living person has seen, but will never see again? Yesterday.

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Dick—I thought you were not going to give Miss Bankem anything for her birthday. Tom—I wasn't. But how could I refuse? She sent me a bunch of forget-me-nots the day before.

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