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A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued).

Ida's heart sank, and she seized the first opportunity of getting to her own room. What hope of forgetfulness could there be for her, what chance of happiness, if Stafford came back to the Villa to live, if she should be in hourly dread of meeting him? The thought haunted her through all the quiet Christmas festivities at the Grange; and she was glad to get back to the Hall, and away from the eyes which watched her though they watched her with a friendly and affectionate regard.

In her daily rides she avoided the opening on the lake side from which the Villa was visible; and she would sometimes make a long detour rather than go near the spot. On one occasion, when returning from Bryndermere, instead of crossing by the ferry she rode round by the other side of the lake, keeping well away from the Villa, lest she should meet anyone belonging to it. She had reached the top of the hill below which wound the road leading to the Hall, and after pausing to look at the magnificent view, was going across a field, one of the outlying fields of her estate, when she saw a lady riding through a gate at the lower end. The blood rushed to her face and her heart seemed to stand still for a moment, for she saw that it was Maude Falconer; then her face grew pale and a wave of bitterness grew over her, for she recognized the horse on which Maude was riding; it was Stafford's Adonis. Her first impulse was to turn aside and leave the field; but her pride revolted, and she kept her course, looking straight before her and trying not to see the graceful figure before her.

At sight of her, the blood had flown to Maude's face also, and she tried to check her horse; but Adonis, at any time rather more than she could well manage, was fresh and too eager to join the other horse, and he carried her up the field against her will. The two met almost face to face the horses exchanging friendly neighs. For a moment, while one could count twenty, the two rivals sat and looked at each other. Half unconsciously, Ida noticed the pallor and the worn look of the beautiful face, the wistful peevishness of the delicately cut lips; then suddenly Maude's face flushed, her eyes grew hard and scornful, and with something like a sneer she said, in a metallic tone:

"I beg your pardon, but are you aware that you are trespassing?"

A saint would have turned on such provocation; and Ida, being no saint, felt that her face was as crimson as the other girl's, and grew as hot of heart as of face. She set her lips tightly and tried to remain silent; surely it would be better, in every way better, to ride on without a word. But it was more than she could do; and she drew herself up and her eyes flashed back the challenge, as she said in a low but distinct voice:

"Pardon me, but you are mistaken. The land on which I am riding belongs to me."

Maude grew pale again, and her lips set closely until the line of red almost disappeared.

"Is this not, then, part of the Villa estate?" she asked.

"No; it is part of the Herondale estate," replied Ida, rather more gently; for was it not horrible that she should be engaged in altercation with Stafford's future wife?

"When I presume I have the honor of speaking to Miss Heron," said Maude, with an indefinable air, combining contempt and defiance, which brought the color to Ida's face again.

"My name is Ida Heron; yes," she said.

"Then, if you are making no mistake, it is I who am trespassing," said Maude, "and it is I who must apologize. Pray consider that I do so most fully, Miss Heron."

"No apology is necessary," said Ida, still more gently. "You are quite welcome to ride over this or any part of Herondale."

Maude gave a little scornful laugh."

"Thanks, it is very good of you!" she said, haughtily, and with that covert offensiveness of which a woman alone is capable. "I do not think I shall have any desire to avail myself of your kind permission; the public roads and the land belonging to my father's house will, I think, prove quite sufficient for me. I am the daughter of Mr. Falconer, of the Villa at Brae Wood."

Ida inclined her head slightly by way of acknowledgment and adieu, and without another word rode on towards the gate at the bottom of the field which opened on to the road. Adonis, who had been delighted to meet his old friend, promptly followed and though Maude Falconer tried her hardest to check him and turn him, he, inwardly laughing at her efforts, trotted cheerfully beside Rupert, and continued their conversation. Maude was half mad with mortification, and, quite unable to leave Ida's hated side, she raised her whip and struck Adonis across the face. The horse, who had never received such a blow before in his life, stopped dead short, falling back almost on his haunches, then reared straight up and in a moment of temper tried to throw her off; indeed, she must have fallen but Ida, always cool at such moments, sweep sideways, caught Adonis's bridle and brought him on all fours. Maude was instantly jerked forward on to the horse's neck in a humiliating fashion, but recovering her seat sat trembling with passion.

It was impossible not to pity her, and Ida in her gentlest and quietest of voices, said:

"I will wait here, will not go through the gate until your groom comes up. Your horse will be quite quiet then. If I may venture to say so, I think it would be wise not to strike him across the head; very few horses can stand it; and this one is high-bred and exceptionally spirited."

She was stopped by Maude's scornful laugh.

"Really, I ought to feel very much obliged to you, Miss Heron!" she said; "and my sense of obligation is almost as great as my amazement at your frankness—and assurance! May I ask you to be good enough to release my horse's reins?"

Ida's hand fell from the reins, and her face grew crimson; but before she could have retorted, even if she had intended doing so, Maude struck the horse again; it turned and dashed across the field, kicking and plunging violently, with Maude swaying perilously in the saddle.

Ida waited until the groom—it was Pottinger—had gained his mistress's side and got hold of the horse; then, with no thought of bravado but simply with the desire to get away from the spot, she put Rupert at the gate and leapt into the road.

CHAPTER XL.

Ida rode home all quivering with the pain of the meeting. At first it seemed to her that she must leave Herondale—for a time, at any rate; that it would be impossible for her to run the risk of meeting the beautiful woman who had stolen Stafford from her; but, as she grew calmer, her pride came to her aid, and she saw that to run away would be cowardly. Herondale was her home, had been her home long before the Villa had sprung up, and to desert it because of the proximity of Maude Falconer would be almost as bad as if a soldier should desert his colors.

But for the next few days she did not leave her own grounds. She grew pale and listless, and Lady Bannerdale, when she came to look her up, noticed the change in her but was too tactful to make any remark upon it.

"We have missed you so much, my dear," she said, affectionately. "Indeed, my husband has been quite fidgety and irritable—so unlike him!—and Edwin has been worse, if it were possible. Men are a great trouble, my dear Ida. Though perhaps I ought not to say that of mine, for I count myself lucky in both husband and son. Edwin has scarcely given me a day's trouble since he was a child. I really think, if I were asked what are the best gifts bestowed by the fairy godmother, I should say 'a good digestion and a temper to match,' and I am quite proud of Edwin's strength and amiability. But even he has been somewhat of a trial for the last few days; so, my dear girl, do come over and help me manage them." Ida smiled rather absently, and her ladyship glided smoothly from the subject. "Since we last saw you we have called at the Villa," she said, "and we were fortunate enough to find Miss Falconer at home. She is alone there in that huge palace of a place, for her father has gone back to London; and, though I was never very much taken with her, I could not help pitying her."

"Why?" asked Ida, not absently now, but in her quiet, reserved manner.

"She looks so—well, actually so unhappy," replied Lady Bannerdale. "She was in mourning, and her face—she is really an extremely beautiful girl—was like marble. And her reception of me was almost as cold. I am afraid that she has had more trouble than we are aware of, there was such a preoccupied and indifferent air about her. It occurred to me that she was fretting for her absent fiance, Mr. Stafford—oh, dear me! I shall never remember to call him Lord Highcliffe!—and I resolved to carefully refrain from mentioning him; but you know how stupid one is in such a case, how one always talks about lameness in the presence of a man with one leg; and in the midst of a pause in the conversation, which, by the way, was nearly all on my side, I blurted out with: 'Have you heard from Mr. Stafford Orme lately, Miss Falconer?' I suppose you mean Lord Highcliffe, Lady Bannerdale?' she said, turning her cold, blue eyes on my scarlet face. 'He is in Australia, and is well. I do not hear very often from him. He is leading a very busy life, and has little time for letter-writing, I imagine.' Of course I got myself away as soon as I could after that, and I'm afraid I left a very bad impression upon Miss Falconer."

Ida said nothing, but leant forward and stirred the fire, which may have caused her color which glowed for a moment of two on her face.

"I am sure I don't know why the young man should have rushed off to the other end of the world; or why he doesn't rush back again and marry the lady of his heart, who has enough money for both of them, and would make an extremely handsome and stately countess. By the way, have you ever seen the present Lord Highcliffe, my dear?"

"Yes, I have seen him," Ida replied in the tone which closes a subject of conversation. "Shall I give you some more tea? No? Would you like to see how the workmen are getting on? I think they are working very quickly. They will want this part of the house presently, and I have an idea of going away for a time; perhaps abroad," she added, though she had put the idea away from her until this moment, and it was only Lady Bannerdale's talk of Maude Falconer which started it again in her mind.

Lady Bannerdale looked alarmed.

"Oh, don't do that, my dear!" she said. "If you are obliged to turn out of the house, why not come to us? It would be so kind and sweet of you."

Ida sighed a little wearily.

"Oh, I don't suppose they will insist upon ejecting me," she said. "I think I can persuade them to leave me two or three rooms."

Lady Bannerdale went home and dropped her bombshell in the presence of Lord Bannerdale and Edwin.

"Ida rather thinks of going abroad," she said in a casual way at the dinner-table.

Lord Edwin was raising his wine glass to his lips, but arrested it half-way and set it down again; and his handsome face grew long and grave.

"Oh! We shall miss her," remarked Lord Bannerdale, lamely, and avoiding looking in his son's direction.

Not another word was said; but the next day Lord Edwin came into Lady Bannerdale's room with that affectation of ease and indifference which never yet deceived a mother.

"I'm going to call on Miss Heron, mother," he said. "Any message?"

Lady Bannerdale looked at him, her brow wrinkled with motherly anxiety. There was nothing in the world she desired more than his happiness; and she knew that the marriage with Ida would be in every way desirable; the girl was one in a thousand, the Bannerdale estates almost joined Herondale; both she and her husband were fond of Ida, who, they knew, would prove a worthy successor to the present mistress of the Grange; but just because it seemed so desirable and Lord Edwin's heart was so passionately set upon it, the mother was anxious. She saw that he was dressed with extreme care, and that his face was unusually grave.

"You will give Ida my love, Edwin, please, and tell her——" She turned away that he might not see her anxiety. "That is all; but it means a great deal, as you know, Edwin. I—I wish you every happiness, my dear boy!"

"Thank you, mother," he said, by no means in an unmanly way. "My happiness or unhappiness rests with her."

When he arrived at the Hall, Ida was just going out for a ride. She turned back with him to the drawing-room, thinking that he had brought a message from his mother, probably a definite invitation to stay at the Grange, and in her mind she had already decided to decline it. As he happened to stand with his back to the window the gravity of his face did not enlighten her; and with something like a start she received his first words.

"Miss Heron, my mother says that you have some thought of leaving Herondale, of going abroad. If that is so, I cannot let you go without—without speaking to you; so I have come over this afternoon to tell you, as well as I can, what I have on my mind and my heart. I'm not very good at expressing myself, and I'm handicapped in the present instance by—by the depth of my feeling. Of course I am trying to tell you that I love you. I thought you might have seen it," he said, with a touch of wonder at her start and flush of surprise. "But I see you have not noticed it. I love you very much indeed; and I feel that my only chance of happiness lies in my winning you for my wife. I don't know there's any more to be said than that, if I were to talk for a month. I love you, and have loved you for a long time past." A few weeks, a few months are "a long time" to youth when it is in love! "The very first day I saw you—but I needn't tell you that; only I like you to know that it isn't a sudden fancy, and one that I shall get over in a hurry. I don't feel as though I shall ever get over it at all; I don't know that I want to. Please don't speak for a moment. There was something else I wanted to say. I'd got it all arranged as I came along, but the sight of you has scattered it."

Ida had been going to speak, to stop him; but at this appeal she remained silent, standing with her hands closing and unclosing on her whip, her eyes fixed on the ground, her brows drawn straight. The coldest woman cannot listen unmoved to a declaration of love, and Ida was anything but cold.

"I only wanted to tell you," he went on, "that my people are very anxious that you should say 'yes.' Both my father and mother are very fond of you—I think you know that—and—" he stammered a little here for the first time—"and—well, there are the estates. You won't mind my saying that both you and I have to think of them; they belong to us and we belong to them, and—if we were married— But I don't lay most stress upon the estates being so close. I'd come and ask you to marry me if I were as poor as a church mouse or you hadn't a penny. It just comes to this: that I love you with all my heart and soul, and if you'll marry me I shall be the happiest man, and my people the proudest people, in England."

There was a warm flush on his handsome face, an eager look in his bright eyes, and he had pleaded his cause very well, in an outspoken, manly way, which never fails to appeal to a woman. Ida was moved; the crop nearly snapped in her hands, and her eyes grew moist. He saw it, and tried to take her hand, but she did not move, shook her head very gently but very resolutely.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I—I want to tell you, Lord Edwin, how proud I am at the honor you have paid me. Like yourself, I am not good at expressing my feelings—though, indeed, I think you have done yourself an injustice; you have spoken, told me very well—and I am very grateful. I wish I could say 'yes.'"

"Ah, say it!" he implored her, eagerly.

She shook her head again, and lifting her eyes and looking at him straightly but sadly, she said in a still lower voice:

"Lord Edwin, I do not love you."

"I never told, thought, you did," he responded, promptly. "Why, you've only only known me such a short time, and I'm not such a conceited bounder to think that you've fallen in love with me already. I only want you to let me try and win your love; and—I think I shall do so," he said in a modest but manly way, which would at once have won Ida's heart—if it had not been won already. "If you will only give me some hope, just tell me that I've a chance, that you'll let me try——"

Ida smiled a sad little smile.

"If I said so much as that—— But I cannot, Lord Edwin, you have told me that you love me, and it would not be fair—ah, please don't try to persuade me! Don't you see how terrible it would be if I were to let you think that I might come to care for you, and I did not do so."

"Do not say 'no,'" broke from him, and his face paled under the tan.

She turned away from him, her eyes full of tears which she dared not let him see.

"I—I must have time," she said, almost demurely. "Will you give me a day, two days?" she asked, quite humbly. "I want to do what you want, but—I want to think; there is something I should have to tell you."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"If it's anything that's happened in the past, anyone else—of course, loving you as I do, I have seen that there has been something on your mind, some trouble besides your father's death—but if it is past, I don't mind. I know I can teach you to forget it, whatever it is, Ida, trust yourself to me."

She drew away from him.

"Give me two days," she said, with a catch in her breath.

He caught at the hope, small though it was.

"I will give you two days, twenty if you like," he said. "Only, while you are thinking it over, remember that I love you with all my heart and soul, that my people will love you as a daughter, that—Oh, I won't say any more: I can't trust myself! I'll go now."

When he had gone Ida got on Rupert and rode to the top of the hill. There she pulled up and thought with all her heart and mind. She could not doubt his love; she could not but feel that if she reconsidered herself to him he would, indeed, in time teach her to forget. She knew that it was her duty to marry; his word about the estates had not been spoken in vain. Yes; if she became Lord Edwin's wife, she would in time forget. But, alas! she did not want to forget.

Her love for Stafford was still as strong as ever and with its bitterness was mingled a sweetness which was sweeter than life itself. And yet how great a sin it was, how shameful a one, that she should love a man who was pledged to another woman, who was her cousin's fiance, her.

She came in late for dinner, and could scarcely eat. Her reason said "yes," her heart said "no;" and she knew that she ought to listen to her reason and turn a deaf ear to the still voice in her heart. She paced up and down the drawing-room pale and wan with the fight that was going on within her. Then suddenly she resolved that she would accept him. She would not keep him in suspense: it would not be fair—it would be a cruel requital of his love and generosity.

She went to the writing-table, and hurriedly, as if she were afraid of hesitating, she drew a sheet of paper towards her and wrote:

"Dear Lord Edwin——" She had got thus far when Donald and Bess, who had been lying beside the fire, sprang up and ran to the door barking loudly. She laid down the pen and opened the door mechanically; the moonlight was streaming through the window in the hall; the dogs bounded to the front door still barking vociferously. Still mechanically, she let them out, and they rushed across the terrace and over the lawn to the group of trees beside the footpath. Thinking that they heard Jessie, whom she had sent to Bryndermere, Ida, half unconsciously glad of the interruption, followed them slowly across the lawn.

Their barking ceased suddenly, and convinced that it was Jessie, she went on to add something to her message. Then, suddenly, she saw a tall figure standing in the shadow of the trees. It was a man, and Donald and Bess were jumping up at him with little whines of pleasure. Smitten by a sudden fear she stopped; but the man raised his head and saw her, and, with an exclamation, strode towards her. For an instant she thought that she was dreaming, that her imagination was playing her false, for it was Stafford's form and face. They stood and gazed at each other; her brain felt dizzy, her pale face grew paler; she knew that she was trembling, that she could scarcely stand; she began to sway to and fro slightly, and he caught her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

Evident.

A weird-looking lady had been addressing a somewhat hostile meeting, and in conclusion said, "Now, do I make myself perfectly plain?"

A Voice from the Back of the Hall—I don't know. Somebody must have done it.

Forestalling Him.

Barber—Your hair's very thin on the top, sir.

Customer—Ah, I'm glad of that, I hate fat hair.

"Yes, I often think that women are as well qualified for war as men. My husband is opposed to it. But I often feel as if I'd like to leave home and get into the thick of the fight." "But why leave home?"

A certain New England preacher delivered the same sermon to his congregation for three consecutive Sundays. At last one of his deacons approached him on the subject and suggested that a new sermon might be acceptable to the people. "And why," replied the minister, "should I preach a new sermon. I have seen no good results from the old one yet."

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation. "I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions." "Pardon me, I am not," replied Johnson. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent. "Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."

HOME

Inexpensive Meat Dishes.

Braising is an excellent way of cooking rather tough meats, as the long, slow, cooking softens the meat and yet all the nourishment is preserved in the gravy. A fowl that is tough should always be cooked in this way. Take a casserole just large enough to hold the fowl. Cover the bottom with slices of fat bacon, add thick slices of onion, carrots, and turnips, and put in the fowl. Cover the dish and let it cook on top of the stove for fifteen minutes. Then add a pint of hot water. Place in the oven. Let it simmer an hour or longer, according to the age and size of the fowl. Two hours will be needed for an old bird. Dish the bird. Put the vegetables around the dish, and pour over it a gravy made from the stock.

Kidneys, which may be bought for one, two, or three cents apiece, never more, make a cheap and delicious supper, luncheon, or breakfast dish either grilled or stewed. To stew the kidneys scald, skin, and cut them in halves, take out the small hard piece and rub in seasoned flour. Heat a little dripping in small casserole, put in the kidneys and fry them brown. Take them out and keep warm on a plate. Chop a small onion, fry in the casserole until brown, add a little flour and brown. Add a teaspoonful of sharp sauce and one of tomato sauce or catsup. Pour in slowly as much water as required, stirring to keep smooth. Return the kidneys to the pan and simmer for about an hour. Skim off any scum and flavor with sherry. Kidneys that are left over from a supper dish are very good hashed and served on toast for breakfast. They should be re-warmed with a brown gravy.

Grilled kidneys may be grilled in their own fat, or they may be scalded, skinned, and split and brushed with oil. They should be served on toast, either well seasoned or with a devil sauce.

Veal and ham pie, a very popular and inexpensive English dish is made as follows. One pound veal cutlet, four ounces bacon or ham, two hard-boiled eggs, pastry, seasoned flour and mushrooms. Make a seasoned flour by mixing one tablespoon flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, add a little grated rind of a lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Cut the meat into medium pieces, rub in the flour, and put into a deep pie or baking dish. Peel the mushrooms and put them in the dish. Pour in enough water to three-quarters fill the dish and cover the top of the dish over with pie crust. Make a hole in the centre of the pastry. Put it into the oven and bake for an hour.

Selected Recipes.

Iced Chocolate. — Melt two squares of chocolate in a double boiler and add a cupful of granulated sugar and a cupful of water. Let this mixture cook until it forms a thick syrup. Remove from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and set away to chill in a pitcher. When ready to serve, half-fill a large mixing glass with chopped ice, add two tablespoonfuls of the chocolate syrup, fill up the glass with good, sweet milk, cover with a shaker and shake thoroughly, strain into glasses and put whipped cream on top of each. Do not mix more than a large glass of this at a time. It will make three small glasses. This method is much better than boiling the chocolate and milk and then chilling, which usually forms a sediment.

Simple Beverages.—To serve between games at a card party try iced coffee or chocolate. For the coffee, make enough of what is known as clear black after-dinner coffee to fill at least two wine or sherbet glasses for each guest. Sweeten this while it is hot and set aside to cool. Then pour it into a large bottle or pitcher and set in a pail or deep kettle, packing ice around it. When ready to serve pour into glasses three-quarters full and heap on top either sweetened and whipped cream or a tablespoon of ice cream.

Fruit Punch.—Steep four teaspoonfuls of good tea (orange Pekoe and English breakfast are said to be best) in a quart of boiling water. The water must be bubbling when poured over the tea, which is then set back on the stove to steep not more than four minutes. Strain into an earthen bowl containing four cups of sugar. Block sugar will dissolve without stirring. When quite cold pour into a punch bowl with three cups of orange juice and two cups of lemon juice, both strained, and four pint bottles each of ginger ale and apollinaris water. A large block of ice in the centre of the bowl, decorated with slices of orange quartered, candied cherries and slivers of pineapple, is better than cracked ice which weakens the punch. Adding unfermented grape juice to ordinary lemonade in the proportion of a large glassful of the juice to each quart of lemonade, makes a delicious drink.

Doughnuts.—Here is a recipe for one delicacy that may be served with the coffee. Scald a pint of milk and while it is still scalding hot pour it over a pint of flour. Beat until smooth and then add half a teaspoonful of salt and cool. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of almond or other flavoring and the beaten whites of four eggs. Add more flour if necessary to make a soft dough. Boil out and cut and fry gold brown. Drain on thick paper and roll in sugar.

Household Hints.

Corded ribbon for children's hair bows wears far better than smooth silk or satin.

Never buy very delicate collars if you wish something that will wash well and last.

A cheese fondue, with crusty rolls, coffee and fruit salad, makes a perfect luncheon.

Put a thimble on the curtain rod when slipping it through the casing of the curtain.

Remember that the appearance of the table linen depends largely on the silence cloth.

Grimy feathers can be given an alcohol bath, after which they are shaken until dry.

Put a pair of old gloves in the shoe box to keep the hands clean when polishing shoes.

Baking soda will sweeten milk vessels, clean brasses and is good for dish washing.

When the nails are brittle, apply vaseline or hold them in warm sweet oil every day.

When a vegetable has lost its firmness, soak it in very cold water until it is crisp and plump.

If boiling milk is poured on the beaten eggs when making baked custard it will bake them firm.

Mend the boys' trousers on the sewing machine and the patch will not pull out as if done by hand.

Shoes that are not in use should not be allowed to get dusty, as this eats into them and spoils the kid.

In order to insure lightness in a cake, it should be put into the oven as soon as the baking powder or other rising medium has been added.

In very cold weather when there is difficulty in keeping warm in bed where the windows are up, try putting a layer of newspapers between the mattress and the springs

Dampen the carpet, a small portion at a time, with a cloth wrung out in strongly salted water. Then rub dry with a clean duster. This will revive the color wonderfully.

To dry a woolen sweater so it will not lose its proportions, shape it while it is wet in clear, cold water. Then cover with towel. A vest should be hung on a coat hanger.

A few scraps of fat meat that have been saved will brighten up a dying kitchen fire. Then put on a few bits of charcoal, and when this is burning add the hard coal.

FAKERS IN THE WAR ZONE.

Playing the Part of Wounded Soldiers on Steamers.

A brand new kind of pan-handler has been developed by the European war. He sails the ocean blue. He clusters around the quays of Rotterdam and Southampton, with bandages on his head and on his arms and on his legs. He shambles and shunts his way into the steerage of the big liners going to America. And on the way over he tells pitiable stories of the frightful sufferings the war has brought upon him. He is always a Belgian, for Belgian spells the admirable and heroic now in the public mind.

He starts the telling of his harrowing tales in the steerage and tells them incessantly, so that finally they get to the ears of the steerage stewards, then to the ears of the second-class, then to the first-class steward, and presently the affluent passengers of the upper deck know the stories. And these affluent passengers, coming themselves from the scenes of devastation, their whole trip for days having been across a tragic panorama, may be depended upon, with their sympathies thus quickened, to look up the unfortunate and pour lavish charity into their hands.

Usually it is quite useless for ships' doctors and ships' officers to tell the passengers that these "refugees" are fakes. They usually can show "wounds." With rich largess and an incentive they will gash their heads, faces and bodies, and then are prepared to stand up for an unwrapping of their bandages. Some, however, have been detected with surface scratches hugely wadded with bandages.

The feature of their story that always calls out the biggest flow of gold is when they say they are coming to America to try to build new homes and send for families left half-starving in their wrecked native land, but that they are without the wherewithal—the $30 of cash necessary—to permit them to be admitted to the new country. They usually get about five times $30 from the wealthy passengers.

On the other hand there has been a great deal plinted regarding the influx of crooks from the Old World to the New because of the war. With practically all Europe a roaring camp of war, it has been declared, criminals have deserted the Continent like rats and have come in droves to American ports.

Well, What She Buys Is Hers.

Alice—Does Maud's new gown fit her figure?

Marie—It fits what she wants people to think is her figure.

"Bald heads remind me of kind words." "Why so?" "They can never dye, you know."

Many a girl who thinks she has a swanlike neck makes a goose of herself.

A little brief authority or a few dried apples will puff a small man up to the limit.

If you would be regarded as wiser all you have to do is hand people the advice they want.

Hawkins—Why do you sign your name 'John B. B. B. Brown?'" Brown—Because it is my name. I was christened by a minister who stuttered.

A NEW POCKET WIRELESS

IT CATCHES MESSAGES FROM STATION 1,000 MILES AWAY.

Italian Priest the Inventor — Government Takes It Over.

That wireless messages can be caught by means of simple apparatus attached to the water pipes or to any grounded metal system, and without antennae, is well known. But a young Italian priest is reported to have invented a receiver so small that it can be carried in the pocket and so sensitive that it will catch messages sent from a station one thousand miles away. The discovery of his discovery came about in a strange way.

At the beginning of the war in Europe the Italian Government ordered that all private antennae for the reception of wireless messages be removed. At Rocca di Mezzo, in the Abruzzi, Prof. Domenico Argentieri of the Theological Seminary at Aquila had a fine wireless station. He took down his antennae as soon as he received the order. A few days afterward the police observed that news of current events was being posted in the public square. They paid little attention until a large placard announcing the death of Pope Pius X. appeared. This was before the telegraph brought the news.

Police Told of Invention.

When the news was confirmed the police called on Father Argentieri and said they must search his house. He offered no objection and said that anything they confiscated could be reconstructed without difficulty. "In which case we shall confiscate you," replied the police. Prof. Argentieri then told them that he had invented a pocket wireless receiver. The Government sent Prof. di Pirro, an expert, to investigate.

According to Prof. di Pirro, the Argentieri apparatus receives messages from any distance without antennae, without ground connection, without attuning device, without batteries, without Leyden jars, and is so simple that any one with a slight knowledge of electrical mechanics could make one for himself. In practice it is necessary merely to attach the receiver to any exposed part of the telephonic or lightning system. Whether this be carrying current or not, and whether the current be direct or alternating, matters not at all.

Thinking of it For Years.

Father Argentieri, who is only twenty-seven years old, is an enthusiastic student of physics, especially of radio-telegraphy. He says that he had been thinking out his apparatus for several years, but completed it only three months ago. To a reporter for the Corriere della Sera of Milan he said:

"Although my apparatus will go in the pocket, it is no toy. Nor is its principle new, for Gugliemo Marconi has told of receiving messages without antennae, and I know that hundreds of persons, especially in Paris, receive communications from the Eiffel Tower by attaching their apparatus to water-pipes, iron railings, windows, etc. But in Paris they receive from Paris, while I in Aquila receive from Norddeich, a thousand miles away. My apparatus is entirely new, and when I say that I use it with electric light wires it is because I am sure it will not be so easy to imitate me. The new receiver is the essential part of the apparatus, as is proved by the fact that all efforts to receive messages by attaching ordinary receivers to the wires of a telephone or lighting system have failed."

The Italian Government have tentatively taken over the Argentieri invention pending thorough tests.

When His Bed Walked.

An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said:

"You will have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man but he's getting better now, and he won't stand it."

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Why You Wink.

The unconscious act of winking bears quite important relation to the welfare of the eye. This being the most delicate and sensitive organ of the body exposed to the air, it is in constant need of the protection given by the eyelids, which not only close quickly at the approach of danger, but are employed in washing the surface of the eye. Moistening is required to offset the drying effect of the air, and cleaning to prevent the injurious effect of dirt. Every time you wink the eye is washed. Inside the eye is the little tear gland which, as its name implies, is busy storing up the supply of tears. This gland keeps the inside of the lid moist, and you wink automatically whenever the surface of the eye becomes dry, or a particle of dust or anything else strikes it. This work is done as often as necessary, and to realize how often it is necessary try how long you can keep your eyes open without winking.

The British Soldier.

Lord Raglan, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, at an ambulance prize distribution in Douglas, relates an incident illustrative of the self-sacrificing spirit of the British soldier. When his Excellency's son, the Hon. Wellesley Somerset, who is a lieutenant in the Welsh Regiment, was seriously wounded during the recent fighting in Belgium, a private soldier of the regiment first bound up the wound cleverly, and having done so remarked—"They shall not hit you again, sir," and lay down in front of his wounded officer, effectually interposing his own body as a protection against the enemy's fire.

Use for Talent.

Every man, every woman, every child, has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for using this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to the character. As we neglect it, it dwindles and withers and disappears. This is the stern and benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring.

RUSY DOCTOR

Sometimes Overlooks a Point.

The physician is such a busy man that he sometimes overlooks a valuable point to which his attention may be called by an intelligent patient who is a thinker.

"About a year ago my attention was called to Grape-Nuts by one of my patients," a physician writes.

"At the time my own health was bad and I was pretty well run down, but I saw at once that the theories behind Grape-Nuts were sound and that if the food was all that was claimed, it was a perfect food.

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