VALLEY FARM;

Or, Felicity's Inheritance.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joyce came back to consciousness to find herself being carried swiftly but steadily through the night air. She knew without opening her eyes whose arms were holding her so carefully, and the terrible experience she had just gone through was almost blotted out in the blissful feeling of peace and safety that stole over her. Robert Stone had carried her round by the farm buildings to the door of old Ike's cottage and as he stood there hesitating, Joyce looked up at him, and with an exclamation of thankfulness, he lowered her to a wooden bench beneath the window where the old man was accustomed to smoke his evening pipe.

Still holding her by the arm, as if afraid she would fall, he picked up a handful of earth and sent it smartly at the tiny bedroom window. Old Ike's head appeared almost at once—which confirmed an old suspicion of Joyce's that he was not as deaf as he appeared—and in an incredibly short time he was standing beside them, fully dressed.

Robert Stone said not one word of explanation to him. He merely picked Joyce up again and carried her inside, laying her down carefully on an old settle.

"Shall you mind being left for a little while?" he asked. "I won't be long."

She could not help clutching his arm in a sudden return of terror.

"He can't come here, can he?"

"No, you poor child! I have tied him up safe enough, but I must send for help—get someone to watch him. I wouldn't leave you if I were not quite certain you would be all right here—you know that?"

"Yes—and thank you very much. I shan't be afraid. Please go."

He lit a candle, placed it on the table, and then the two men went out together. Feeling vaguely comforted by his parting nod and smile, Joyce lay down on the hard couch. She was not at all afraid now. She felt perfectly safe. A conviction was growing stronger each moment in her mind—that Robert Stone was good and true after all. If Felicity, whom she had so loved and admired, had proved so false and cruel, might not this man, with appearances so black against him, turn out to be all that she had dreamed? He had saved her life. There was no doubt about that. The least she could do in return was to trust him.

The time did not seem long to her as she lay there dreamily watching the dwindling candle, but it was more than an hour before Robert Stone returned. She sat up eagerly and waited for him to speak, but he dropped into a chair and wiped his wet face with his handkerchief too much out of breath to do more at present. Then he smiled at her—his old, reassuring smile.

"Did you think I was never coming back? I have been much longer than I thought. I had to run to Gossy Lane, you know, as well as find two men, and send a boy off for the doctor. I left old Ike in charge—I knew I should do it quicker than he."

"Were he afraid to be left long alone?"

"Oh, no! I didn't hurry on his account. I was thinking about you."

It was said very simply. Joyce hated herself for blushing, and hoped the little room was too dark for him to notice it. It was light enough for her to see how haggard and exhausted he looked.

"It was kind of you, but I wish you hadn't hurried on my account. I was all right here, even if you had not got back till morning. You took all done up."

"I am all right. The question is, how do you feel? Are you rested at all? Do you feel fit for a long walk?"

"Yes, if it's necessary. Why?"

"I want to take you to Blythe by Vicarage. It seems madness to ask you to walk so far after all you have gone through, but I can't think of anything else. I could borrow a horse and trap, but it would mean delay, and I should have to leave you again."

"I can manage it quite well. I would walk further than that to get away from here!"

She gave a little shudder, and he knew she was not speaking of Ike's humble home. He stepped outside, and brought in her hat and coat, which he had left on the bench.

"I found them in your room. I wouldn't bring them in with me for fear you should feel compelled to go." There was the old kind-crooms smile in his eyes as he held the coat for her to put on. "You could stay here, of course, and I could drive you over in the morning, but it might give rise to talk. As it is, no one knows you are here but old Ike, and he is safe. I don't want you mixed up in this affair at all."

Joyce thanked him quietly, and they went out into the soft moonlight together.

"It means another long walk for you," she said, rather timidly, as they left the buildings behind, and took the path through the fields. "Don't you think I could go by myself? It is so light, and I have only to follow this path——"

"I am going with you. Take my arm—clasp both your arms round it; that will help you."

She did as she was bid, and they walked a long time in silence.

It was a perfect night. Joyce felt as if she were moving in a dream. The milk-white moon shone serenely down on them, the dew brought out exquisite scents from flowers and green things, and the only sound to break the stillness beside their footfalls, was the plaintive cry of a disturbed peewit.

Their way was sometimes through meadows where cows lay about, some sleeping, some chewing the cud; through fields of green corn as high as their knees, and once through a dark little wood, where Joyce was quite sure she would have got lost had she been by herself. Then they emerged on to the high road, and Joyce—a little hurt and puzzled by his long silence—began to talk.

"Won't they think it strange at the Vicarage—my disturbing them in the middle of the night? The very thought of it makes me feel nervous."

"It needn't. I will do all the explaining. Mrs. Verinder is a friend of mine, and will be glad to have you."

"I am a perfect stranger to her.

"You are nothing of the kind. I told her about you, and she wanted to call, but I wouldn't let her—it doesn't matter why, now. I wish I had. You would have had her to run to when you found yourself alone. That reminds me, I can't understand why you were left behind. Would you mind telling me—if you think I ought to know?"

Joyce hesitated for a moment. How could she tell him without throwing too much blame on Felicity?

"I never had such a shock in my life as when I saw you at that window," he went on. "I thought you had all gone. Joe told me about the big car coming, and how it had to go into the field before it could turn round. He was full of it. He said there were two gentlemen, and that they carried the luggage between them, and you all went off laughing and talking."

"I expect one of Joe's 'gentlemen' was the chauffeur" Joyce said thoughtfully. "Mr. Carmichael never drives himself—I have heard Felicity say so."

For the first time during their walk Robert Stone turned his head and looked straight at her—a keen, penetrating look.

"Did that—man—know he was leaving you behind?"

"I don't think so. I don't believe he knew I was there. I have never met him. He is a heartless little man, I believe. He probably doesn't know there is such an insignificant person as Joyce Hamilton in the world."

Robert Stone drew a long breath.

"Tell me everything," he said, almost harshly. "I seem to be all at sea!"

Joyce did so, very brief, and shielding Felicity as much as possible. She told him about waking up and finding herself alone in the house, about those two notes what had explained things to her, about her preparations for an early start next morning. Then she stopped. The rest he knew.

Robert Stone stood and faced her. Was it only the moonlight that made him look so pale?

"Joyce, do you know who I thought that second man was—the chauffeur?"—"No."

"I though it was your old gentleman—the one you are going to marry. I thought they had both come to fetch you. She said so."

"But I hasn't got an old gentleman, I am not going to marry anybody."

"Not the man whose children you have been teaching? Miss Gray said you came away because you couldn't very well stay on till you were married, and that you were going back soon as—as his wife."

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful lie!" Joyce said indignantly. "Poor Mr. Ellison! I had almost forgotten about him. It is quite true he asked me to marry him, but I said 'No,' and then I thought I had better leave. I came with Felicity till I could hear of another situation. He wasn't very old," she added naively—"not as old as Mr. Carmichael; but I—well, I couldn't do it. Have you been thinking that of me all the time, Mr. Stone?"

"No, only since yesterday morning, when she told me. But what did you mean when I was angry with you in the lane? Why didn't you defend yourself and explain?"

"I thought you were talking about Felicity. I never dreamt you meant me."

"Felicity!" Stone gave a short excited laugh. "Her affairs don't concern me. She had often told me about this Mr. Carmichael—hinted at the good match she could make. I used to listen in silence; it was no affair of mine; but yesterday I lost patience, and I'm afraid I said some hard things. It was then she turned on me and told me about you. I think I went mad for the moment—fool that I was to believe it!"

"I can't think why she did it," Joyce said, with a sob.

Her sweet wistful face was upturned to his, and he could see that she was trembling.

"Can't you, my little girl?" he said, very tenderly. "But we mustn't stand here—I shall have you ill if I don't take care."

How could he tell her the motive for Felicity's lies? That having failed to make him fall in love with her, she had determined that Joyce should not have him. It was plain enough to him. He drew her on gently, and they fell into step again, but now his arm was round her waist and his hand clasped hers.

"Do you know, Joyce," he went on, "that Miss Gray nearly parted you and me for ever? You would have gone away in the morning to London, and I should always have thought of you as married to that man—if this awful thing hadn't happened to-night."

"Then—then I can't be sorry it did happen," Joyce said bravely.

And then—well, what cared he that they were on the high road and it was as light as day? There was no one to see as he took his sweetheart in his arms and pressed his lips to hers in those solemn kisses in which lovers give themselves to each other for ever and a day.

"Come, darling," he said presently. "I mustn't be selfish. It is quite time I handed you over to Mrs. Verinder. She is a charming woman, dear—one of the best, and you will be quite happy with her. I shall come round to-morrow morning as soon as I can, and you shall tell me all I'm dying to know. You will be looking out for me, little woman?"

And Joyce shyly said she would.

The vicarage—a long, low, ivy-covered house—stood at the entrance to the village and five minutes walking brought them to the gate. As they stood inside the porch, waiting for some one to come in answer to his ring, Joyce turned to him impulsively.

"Will you tell me one thing before you go? Who is that dreadful man? He is mad, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is mad. It is Robert Stone."

CHAPTER IX.

Joyce's lover did not come next morning after all. It was Mrs. Verinder's fault, for she sternly forbade him to come near the place till afternoon; and though he pleaded and grumbled he had to own she was quite right.

"You won't see her if you do come," she had said calmly, "for I shall not let her get up till lunch, so there!"

Never before in all Joyce's life had she met with such petting, such tender care and delicate consideration, as was lavished upon her now at Blythe by Vicarage. From the moment when the little lady with the silver hair and bright blue dressing-gown had kissed her in the dim hall till the hour when she shut her up in her pretty drawing-room to wait for her sweetheart's coming, Joyce had felt as if she were in a dream-world. It seemed too good, too beautiful to be true. Mrs. Verinder had asked no questions, had refused to listen to any explanations. She had carried Joyce off to the dainty bedroom always kept ready for a chance guest, and had ministered to her as if she were her dearest friend. Nor had she forgotten the man waiting so impatiently for news of her before he took his lonely way back to the farm. She brought him refreshments and made him eat and drink, then she insisted on his taking the Vicar's bicycle, and finally filled his cup of gratitude to the brim by inviting him to tea and dinner.

But if Mrs. Verinder had forbidden any conversation is the night—or, rather, the early morning—Joyce found that she was quite willing even anxious, to hear all there was to tell when she was rested. She brought her sewing to Joyce's room after the girl had done justice to an appetising breakfast, and evidently expected her to take her into her confidence. This she longed to do, but it was not easy to begin. She was still so much in the dark herself; she was afraid of being disloyal to her lover, of telling even this kind friend things about the farm that perhaps he wished to keep secret. Mrs. Verinder put her hesitation down to shyness and began to talk herself—which was the best thing she could have done, as it enlightened Joyce on many points, and showed her there were few things the Vicar's wife did not know already.

By this time Joyce had almost got used to hear her lover spoken of as "Chris," or "Mr. Carleton." She wondered how they could have been so blind, so foolish, as ever to have taken it for granted he was Robert Stone!

"We liked Chris from the very first," Mrs. Verinder said, sewing as rapidly as she talked. "You don't mind my calling him Chris, do you? He was so good to that poor lonely old man. I can't think what he would have done without him, for he was very eccentric, you know, and would not have a nurse, and poor Mrs. Macdonald was getting quite ill. Chris hardly left him towards the end. Walter says it was all the nicer of him because they were really strangers—Chris told me he thought his uncle George was dead years ago. It was quite by chance the poor old man's letter found him—though Walter says we mustn't call it chance."

Joyce had early divined that the much-quoted "Walter" was the Vicar.

"Did old Mr. Carleton want him to come and see him?" she asked.

"Yes. I don't know how he got his address, but it found him on his ranch near Alberta, and he came at once. Walter says that was nice of him; some young men wouldn't have bothered. And it wasn't as if he wanted the old man's money, for he has plenty of his own, you know."

Joyce did not know, but she maintained a discreet silence.

"Mr. Carleton didn't leave as much as people expected," the Vicar's wife went on, smoothing her work out on her knee and regarding it with her head on one side; "but how could he when that Robert Stone had been systematically robbing him for years? It did him no good, the wretch! He lost it all in betting, they tell me, and his wife and children would have been destitute if it hadn't been for Chris."

Joyce's heart glowed at this praise of her lover. Mrs. Verinder noticed the softly shining eyes, the color coming and going in her cheeks, the nervous hands clasping and unclasping, and she smiled to herself. She had lent Joyce a rose-pink dressing jacket of her own, and the girl looked really beautiful in her now-found and as yet only half-realized happiness.

"I never approved of him masquerading as Robert Stone," Mrs. Verinder said frankly, "and I tried to persuade him not to do it, but I couldn't. You can't shake a person in love—though they often want shaking," she added with a laugh. "And I took a dislike to that cousin of his—I don't quite know why, for Chris always spoke very nicely of her."

Joyce caught her breath. Of course Felicity would be her lover's cousin—a second cousin, it is true, but still a cousin. And she did not know it. What a strange story it all was!

After that Mrs. Verinder had no cause to complain of Joyce's shyness. Once the girl knew there was no need for reserve she opened her heart gladly, thankfully. It all came out—the fear, the doubt, the heartache she had borne in silence during her stay at the Valley Farm; the story of Felicity's unkindness—which she felt she could never wholly tell to Chris Carleton; the terrible experience of that last dreadful night. And at the end the kind woman sat down on the bed beside her and gathered her into her arms, while they shed a few tears together—not wholly of sorrow.

"You have been good to me," Joyce said gratefully, when she was calm again. "I shall never forget your kindness. Why have you done so much for me—a stranger?"

"My dear, I like you, and I like Chris. And I love to make people happy. Walter says it's my hobby."

"I wish it were everybody's hobby. The world would be a different place."

"It would. I will tell you something else." She lowered her voice, and laid her cheek on the girl's hair so that she might not see her face. "Walter and I had a little girl once. She was taken from us. If she had lived she would have been about your age."

Joyce understood, and kissed her new friend with tender sympathy.

Joyce thought that the drawing-room at the Vicarage was the prettiest she had ever seen. There was nothing very costly in it, but the chairs and settees had been chosen with a view to comfort; books and papers lying about gave it a "homey," well-used look; and bowls of the Vicar's cherished roses were everywhere. It would have been an impossible room in the smoke and dust of a town, for only the palest colors had been chosen, which accounted for its bright, fresh appearance.

It was here that Joyce waited for her lover. Too restless to sit down, she flitted about, examining the photographs, admiring the ornaments, peeping every now and then in a shame-faced fashion through the ferns in the window that commanded a view of the road—herself the prettiest thing in the room, had she but known it. Mrs. Verinder had insisted on lending her a white blouse, for her own had lost its freshness; and Chris Carleton had also been inspired with a desire to look his best, for he had donned a gray suit.

Joyce had felt almost afraid when she thought of that meeting. She told herself they hardly knew each other yet. Would he not think it very bold and unwomanly of her to be waiting here for him like this? It had seemed quite natural last night that he should hold her to his heart, and kiss her over and over again in the moonlight; but here, in the sunny room, with the soft breezes coming in at the windows, it was surely a dreadful thing.

(To be continued.)

STRAY HINTS AT PEACE.

Significant References From London and Paris Bankers.

While diplomatic and official pronouncements by belligerents are still fairly unanimous on the point that the war will be prolonged, the observant follower of current financial events may sense a feeling in the foreign capitals that peace is nearer than is generally supposed. There may be no authority for this. Once before, since the war began, financiers thought they detected signs of faltering which, they imagined, presaged early peace negotiations. They were wrong then—or rather the signs that were evident to them did not work out. But some day the financiers will be right, and if history repeats itself, when the news does come, the markets will have it first. For this reason the financial cables sent from London and Paris to New York bankers during the past few days, because of their significant references to a possible pretext for peace overtures, have been of great interest. Some of those correspondents who usually write with a good deal of authority have taken the view that the United States protest against the German war zone may yet be used as a pretext to terminate with dignity a war in which most international financiers admit, it is no longer possible for Germany to gain a lasting advantage. The reports of acute economic difficulties in Germany and Austria may be exaggerated, but financial commentators, even as close to the scene as Holland, apparently do not think so.

Even the statesmen are making somewhat frequent references to a more speedy conclusion of hostilities as witness the threat of Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty that the paralyzing force of the pressure now being exerted upon Germany through the navy may itself decide the issue of the war.

Not Needed.

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

There's always room for one more in the crowd at the bottom.

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HOME

Celery and Bean Sandwiches.

Method—Put celery stalks through food chopper; use twice as much bulk of cold baked beans, mix together and stir in a very little salad dressing. Spread between buttered rounds of steamed brown bread.

Celery and Meat Sandwiches.—Method—Take small left-overs of lean pork or beef, mince with an equal quantity of celery, putting them through food chopper together. Season with a made mustard and salt if needed, and spread between thin slices of buttered white or rye bread.

Roquefort Cheese and Celery.—Method—Mash roquefort cheese with a little butter or thick cream; mix one-third as much minced celery, and place on a little plate on crisp lettuce leaf. Dust top liberally with paprika and serve with toasted crackers.

Celery and Cabbage Salad.—Method — Shred three cups of fine white cabbage, add one of minced celery, salt and pepper to taste, then add a piquant dressing and mix well in bowl. Now place in salad dish and dip a little more of the dressing over.

Piquant Salad Dressing.—Ingredients—Two teaspoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one sweet red pepper, three tablespoons olive oil, five tablespoons vinegar. Method—Seed and grind pepper through food chopper. Add to sugar oil and salt, and rub to a smooth paste. Stir in the vinegar gradually, and mix well.

Novel Celery and Apple Salad.—Method—Pare, core and slice snow apples; lay slices in a circle, so each slightly overlaps the other, on individual plates. In centre mound a celery salad made of finely cut celery, chopped walnuts and a thick boiled dressing.

Potato and Celery Salad.—Method—Pare and cut potatoes into small cubes, and cook in water with a few outer leaves of the celery. When done remove celery and add the water to soup stock. When potatoes are cold add one-quarter as much finely cut celery, a small minced onion, a few sprigs of chopped parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Dress with a plain French dressing of oil and vinegar or use the piquant dressing. This is nice for Sunday supper with cold veal or chicken.

Delicious Fruit Salad.—A delicious fruit salad, which is a very good substitute for dessert at a luncheon, can be made of apples and dates. For four persons use two apples and a dozen dates. Pare, quarter, and core the apples, then cut the quarters in small pieces of uniform size and mix a little lemon juice through the apple to keep it from discoloring. The dates should be scalded and, when dried, cut away from the pits in lengthwise pieces. They should then be mixed with the apple and the whole seasoned with a fourth teaspoonful each of salt and paprika and dressed with mayonnaise dressing. Serve in lettuce leaves.

Household Hints.

Never cook vegetables in an iron kettle.

If a cake cracks open while baking, there is too much flour in it.

Bulbs grown in fibre in the house should be kept moist, but not wet.

Soaking in cold water makes the washing of all garments much easier.

Oil, lemon juice and salt are the ideal dressing for the everyday salad.

Make enough corn meal mush one day to serve for three or four if fried.

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 bread custard, it will bake very firm.

A scrubbing brush nailed upside down to the floor of the back porch is an excellent shoe scraper.

A pinch of baking soda put into the water when cooking tough meat or fowl will make it tender.

It is said that Hamburg steak can be creamed exactly as dried beef is, and that it is really delicious.

A good test in choosing beef is to press it with the thumb; if it rises quickly, it is of good quality.

In the sick room, it is much more pleasant for the patient if the medicine bottles are kept out of sight.

Try frying fish in fat that has been saved from former frying; the flavor will be very much improved.

Grape fruit is delicious served on lettuce leaves with a little olive oil—in fact, one of the best spring tonics.

Boiled puddings should never be turned out the moment they are done. They are very likely to break if this is done.

Dampen the wrinkled spot on a ribbon and wrap it around a clean lighted electric bulb and it will be perfectly smooth.

An ordinary rolling pin is an excellent thing to keep veils fresh. Cover the pin with a bit of soft white flannel.

Fine damask linen needs no starch. If sufficiently damp and ironed until dry, it will have all the necessary dressing.

A good fruit filling for a cake is made of one orange peeled and cut fine, a can of pineapple and three bananas sliced thin. Drain and put between two layers of cake.

A delicious orange sauce is made with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one-half cupful of sugar, add one-half pint of boiling water, bring to a boil, and add the juice of an orange and half the grated yellow rind.

Don't give house plants too much liquid during this season. Once in three days is often enough to water most plants, even in a warm room—some retain sufficient moisture for a week or two. Over-watering is ruinous.

Most convenient work aprons are made by turning up the bottom on the right side to form a generous pocket, stitching once up the centre to hold in place. When setting the house in order in the morning, these aprons save many steps.

Little bits of flannel and flannelette that are too small for making anything else may be cut up in small pieces to fill sofa cushions for poor invalids. If they are covered with a pretty cretonne these make most useful and acceptable gifts.

BULLETS STRANGE FREAKS.

Remarkable Escapes of Soldiers in Present Conflict.

A sapper in the Royal Engineers tells the story of an extraordinary escape which one of his comrades experienced. A bullet took his cap off and cut a groove through his hair, without injuring the scalp, in such a manner that it looked as though he had carefully parted his hair down the centre, says London Tit-Bits.

This is but another illustration of the tricks that bullets play at times. It is doubtful, however, if any soldier in the present campaign has had such marvelous escapes as Lieut. A. C. Johnson, the Hants County cricketer, who relates how, shortly before he was slightly wounded, a shell hit the wall six inches above his head, while shortly afterwards a bullet hit the ground half a yard in front of him, bounded up and hit him on the body, bruising his ribs. Then a bullet hit him over the heart, but was spent before reaching him, and when in the hospital he picked it out of his left-hand breast pocket and sent it home to his wife.

A charmed life, too, seems to be borne by a private of the Manchester regiment, who relates how while smoking a cigarette in the trenches, a bullet took the "fag" out of his mouth, while another cut the crown off his hat, leaving the peak still sticking on his head. And it is characteristic of the humor of "Tommy," even when the fire is hottest, that when a bullet took off the top of a tin of bully beef which another private had in his hand, he looked at it, coolly turned round, made a bow in the direction of the enemy, and thanked them for saving him the trouble of finding a tin-opener.

A curious escape from what might have been a mortal wound was that of a Royal Scots Fusilier. During a severe fight he suddenly felt the shock of a bullet. "I am hit," he said to his chum. Looking down, however, he saw that the bullet had struck a clip of cartridges in his top left-hand pouch, but had done no other damage. The first cartridge must have been a little loose, and as it twisted round when it was struck the bullet was turned off instead of going straight through the soldier's body, as it would have done had all the cartridges been firm.

Mr. Frank Scudamore relates an extraordinary incident which occurred during the Soudan campaign, when he saw an officer, a friend of his, go down, apparently shot through the head. "To my surprise," he says, "I met him walking about after the battle apparently none the worse for wear, saving that his head was bandaged. Then he showed me how the bullet, striking and deflected by one of the hooks of his helmet chain, had run round his forehead, cutting a groove under the skin, and had then glanced off the helmet hook at the other side.

BOY IN FIGHTING ZONE.

Adventurous Trip to Belgium of 13-year-old London Lad.

Determined to fight the Germans, a 13-year-old London boy managed to reach Flushing and Antwerp. In Antwerp he was arrested by the Germans, but was released and made his way through Belgium and Flanders home to England.

When war was declared he was attending school in the day and working for a butcher at night. More than once he tried to join the army, but was too young and too small. At Christmas he received $2.50 as a chorister and decided to go to the front. He took train to Folkestone, but as he had not much money left, the fighting line appeared as far off as ever.

Luck was with him, however. He was seen by a customer when on the promenade who gave him a money gift as a Christmas box. He bought a ticket for Flushing. Here he was sent to a home, but escaped, and joining some Belgians eventually got to Antwerp.

He was only at liberty in Antwerp a day. He was arrested, but on account of his youth was released and allowed to return to England as best he could. He wandered through Belgium and Flanders and eventually landed at Tirbury Docks. Being mistaken for a Belgian refugee he was taken to Alexandra Palace, and it was some days before he was restored to his parents at London. He is now trying to join the navy.

Not Tactfully Put.

Houseman—If I'd known you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly we would have had a better dinner.

Horton—Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure and let you know.

In a Restaurant.

Patron—I suppose you have a good many queer people to serve.

Waiter—Yes, sir; all things come to him who waits.

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A RECORD OF ATROCITIES

LIST OF THE MURDERED BELGIUM CLERGY.

Churches and Tabernacles Wantonly Destroyed by Germans.

The London Times has received a list of the Belgian clergy killed by the German soldiery between August 4 and 31 last. The list is given below. It is necessarily incomplete, as no information could be obtained from the dioceses of Bruges and Ghent. In addition to those reported as killed in the diocese of Namur, 10 priests who have disappeared since the invasion are presumed to have been slain. All the clergy named in the list are known to have met their death by violence. Many of them were tortured before they were shot.

Churches Destroyed.

A number of priests and members of religious orders were sent as prisoners to Germany and from evidence received it is certain that they were treated in an ignominious manner. Several churches were destroyed. For example, the Collegiate Church of St. Pierre at Louvain was deliberately set on fire. A great number of other churches were profaned. The tabernacles were broken open and the plate was stolen. In some places the consecrated wafers and relics were thrown to the winds or trodden underfoot. List of victims:—

Diocese of Malines.

M. De Clerck, parish priest, Bueken.

M. Dergent, parish priest, Gelrode.

M. Gorish, parish priest, Autgaerden.

M. Lombaerts, parish priest, Boven-Loo.

M. Wouters, parish priest, Pout Brule.

M. Carette, professor at the Episcopal College at Louvain.

M. Dupierreux, S. J.

M. Father Vincent, monk.

The Brothers Sebastien and Allard of the Society of Josephites.

The Brother Candide, of the Society of Mercy.

M. van Bladel, aged 71 years, has disappeared; he is believed to have been killed, but his body has not been found.

Diocese of Namur.

M. Ambroise, parish priest, Onhaye.

M. Alexandre, parish priest, Mussy-la-Ville.

M. Georges, parish priest, Tintigny.

M. Glouden, parish priest, La Tour.

M. Hottlet, parish priest, les Alloux.

M. Leisse, parish priest, Spontin.

M. Pierrard, parish priest, Chatillon.

M. Piret, parish priest, Anthee.

M. Poskin, parish priest Surice.

M. Schloegel, parish priest, Hastieres and district.

M. Patron, curate, Deux Rys.

M. Gilles, curate, Couvin.

M. Pierret, curate, Etalle.

M. Bilande, almoner, Bouge.

M. Docq, Professor at the College at Virton.

M. Gaspar, Professor at Dinant.

M. Burniaux, Professor at Namur.

M. Zender, retired priest, at Ciney.

M. Delcourt, seminarist at Anthee.

M. Marechal, seminarist at Maisin.

The Father Gillet, Benedictine of the Abbey of Maredsous.

In addition to these a canon and two brothers, belonging to the Abbey of Leffy, together with two priests from the Diocese of Tournai, were killed by German soldiers in the Diocese of Namur.

Diocese of Tournai.

The parish priest of Acoz.

The parish priest of Roselles, and

A seminarist from Tournai.

Diocese of Liege.

The parish priest of Blegny (Trembleur).

The parish priest of Foret.

The parish priest of Haccourt, Vise.

The parish priest of Heure le Romain.

The parish priest of Hockay.

The curate of Oine.

Concealed knowledge is as useful as buried treasure.

THE KAISER FEARS DEATH.

If He Catches Cold He Goes to Bed Immediately.

Whilst travelling in the rear of his troops the Kaiser has in constant attendance a number of court physicians. He fears the attack of disease almost as much as he dreads the assassin's knife. If Wilhelm catches as much as a cold he immediately retires to bed and cancels all his engagements. Unhappy court officials who suffer from chills have to carefully hide their symptoms from the Kaiser, otherwise they will be at once banished. They have to use their own handkerchiefs behind the shelter of a friendly palm or slip through a window on to a terrace, where they can sneeze out of the range of his Majesty's observance.

In Berlin the Kaiser used to exercise in a covered tennis court, which was frightfully overheated, according to Wilhelm's orders. In this oppressive atmosphere he played tennis with perspiring officers. Rather than run the risk of developing a chill, the Kaiser would dispert himself in this building with its hot-house interior. It was the same with his riding school. The Master of the Horse was always finding his charges developing coughs owing to the heated atmosphere in which they were exercised by the Kaiser.

Miss Anne Topham, at one time governess to the Kaiser's daughter, tells in her "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" how the Emperor was always making panic-stricken exits from one palace to another to avoid disease. On one occasion the Emperor and his court were comfortably installed at the Belle Vue Palace, when Prince Oscar developed chicken-pox. So all the luggage was repacked and a few hours later the Kaiser was scurrying off to another palace. This occurrence happened just prior to the German Emperor's visit to England, so that he spent an apprehensive week in the latter country, always on the alert for symptoms of the disease which he feaged had infected him.

Bad Company.

Mother—Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!

Johnny—Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it.

Mother—Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you.

In For It.

Modest Suitor—I have only $5,000 a year, sir; but I think I can support your daughter on that.

Father (enthusiastically) — Support her, my dear boy. Why, you can support her entire family on it.

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