# THE GOLDEN KEY

**Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."**

**By the Author of "What He Cost Her."**

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd).

Monty was sitting up when they reached the hut, but at the sight of Trent's companion he cowered back and affected sleepiness. This time, however, Francis was not to be denied. He walked to Monty's side, and stood looking down upon him.

"I think," he said gently, "that we have met before."

"A mistake," Monty declared. "Never saw you in my life. Just off to sleep."

But Francis had seen the trembling of the man's lips, and his nervously shaking hands.

"There is nothing to fear," he said; "I wanted to speak to you as a friend."

"Don't know you; don't want to speak to you," Monty declared.

Francis stooped down, and whispered a name in the ear of the sullen man. Trent leaned forward but he could not hear it—only he too saw the shudder and caught the little cry which broke from the white lips of his partner.

Monty sat up, white, despairing, with strained, set face and bloodshot eyes.

"Look here," he said, "I may be what you say, and I may not. It's no business of yours. Do you hear? Now be off and leave me alone! Such as I am, I am. I won't be interfered with. But——"

Monty's voice became a shriek.

"Leave me alone!" he cried. "I have I tell you, no past, no future. Let me alone, or by Heaven I'll shoot you!"

Francis shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with a sigh.

"A word with you outside," he said to Trent—and Trent followed him out into the night. The moon was paling—in the east there was a faint shimmer of dawn. A breeze was rustling in the trees. The two men stood face to face.

"Look here, sir," Francis said, "I notice that this concession of yours is granted to you and your partner jointly whilst alive, and to the survivor in case of the death of either of you."

"What then?" Trent asked fiercely.

"This! It's a beastly unfair arrangement, but I suppose it's too late to upset it. Your partner is half sodden with drink now. You know what that means in this climate. You've the wit to keep sober enough yourself. You're a strong man, and he is weak. You must take care of him. You can if you will."

"Anything else?" Trent asked roughly.

The officer looked his man up and down.

"We're in a pretty rough country," he said, "and a man gets into the habit of having his own way here. But listen to me! If anything happens to your partner here or in Buckomari, you'll have me to reckon with. I shall not forget. We are bound to meet! Remember that!"

Trent turned his back upon him in a fit of passion which choked down all speech. Captain Francis lit a cigarette and walked across towards towards his camp.

CHAPTER VI.

A sky like flame and an atmosphere of sulphur. No breath of air, not a single ruffle in the great, drooping leaves of the African trees and dense, prickly shrubs. All round the dank, nauseous odor of poison flowers, the ceaseless dripping of poisonous moisture. From the face of the man who stood erect, unvanquished as yet in the struggle for life, the fierce sweat poured like rain—his older companion had sunk to the ground and the spasms of an ugly death were twitching at his whitening lips.

"I'm done, Trent," he gasped faintly. "Fight your way on alone. You've a chance yet. The way's getting a bit easier—I fancy we're on the right track and we've given those black devils the slip! Nurse your strength! You've a chance! Let me be. It's no use carrying a dead man."

Gaunt and wild, with the cold fear of death before him also, the younger man broke out into a fit of cursing.

"May they rot in the blackest corner of hell, Oom Sam and those miserable vermin!" he shouted. "A path all the way, the fever season over, the swamps dry! Oh! when I think of Sam's smooth jargon I would give my chance of life, such as it is, to have him here for one moment. To think that that beast must live and we die!"

"Prop me up against this tree, Trent—and listen," Monty whispered. "Don't fritter away the little strength you have left."

Trent did as he was told. He had no particular affection for his partner, and the prospect of his death scarcely troubled him. Yet for twenty miles and more through fetid swamps and poisonous jungles he had carried him over his shoulder, fighting fiercely for the lives of both of them, while there remained any chance whatever of escape. Now he knew that it was in vain, he regretted only his wasted efforts—he had no sentimental regrets in leaving him. It was his own life he wanted—his own life he meant to fight for.

"I wouldn't swear at Oom Sam too hard," Monty continued. "Remember for the last two days he was doing all he could to get us out of the place. It was those fetish fellows who worked the mischief, and he—certainly—warned us all he could. He took us safely to Bekwando and he worked the oracle with the King!"

"Yes, and afterwards sneaked off with Francis," Trent broke in bitterly," and took every bearer with him—after we'd paid them for the return journey too. Sent us out here to be trapped and butchered like rats. If we'd only had a guide we should have been at Buckomari by now."

"He was right about the gold," Monty faltered. "It's there for the picking up. If only we could have got back we were rich for life. If you escape—you need never do another stroke of work as long as you live."

Trent stood upright, wiped the dank sweat from his forehead and gazed around him fiercely, and upwards at that lurid little patch of blue sky.

"If I escape!" he muttered. "I'll get out of this if I die walking. "I'm sorry you're done, Monty," he continued slowly. "Say the word and I'll have one more spell at carrying you! You're not a heavy weight and I'm rested now."

But Monty, in whose veins was the chill of death and who sought only for rest, shook his head.

"It shakes me too much," he said, "and it's only a waste of strength. You get on, Trent, and don't you bother about me. You've done your duty by your partner and a bit more. You might leave me the small revolver in case those howling savages come up—and Trent!"

"Yes."

"The picture—just for a moment. I'd like to have one look at her!"

Trent drew it out from his pocket—awkwardly—and with a little shame at the care which had prompted him to wrap it so tenderly in the oilskin sheet. Monty shaded his face with his hands, and the picture stole up to his lips. Trent stood a little apart and hated himself for this last piece of inhumanity. He pretended to be listening for the stealthy approach of their enemies. In reality he was struggling with the feeling which prompted him to leave this picture with the dying man.

"I suppose you'd best have it," he said sullenly at last.

But Monty shook his head feebly and held out the picture.

Trent took it with an odd sense of shame which puzzled him. He was not often subject to anything of the sort.

"It belongs to you, Trent. I lost it on the square, and it's the only social law I've never broken—to pay my gambling debts. There's one word more!"

"Yes."

"It's about that clause in our agreement. I never thought it was quite fair, you know, Trent!"

"Which clause?"

"The clause which—at my death—makes you sole owner of the whole concession. You see—the odds were scarcely even, were they? It wasn't likely anything would happen to you!"

"I planned the thing," Trent said, "and I saw it through! You did nothing but find a bit of brass. It was only square that the odds should be in my favor. Besides, you agreed. You signed the thing."

"But I wasn't quite well at the time," Monty faltered. "I didn't quite understand. No, Trent, it's not quite fair. I did a bit of the work at least, and I'm paying for it with my life!"

"What's it matter to you now?" Trent said, with unintentional brutality. "You can't take it with you."

Monty raised himself up a little. His eyes, lit with feverish fire, were fastened upon the other man.

"There's my little girl!" he said hoarsely. "I'd like to leave her something. If the thing turns out big, Trent, you can spare a small share. There's a letter here! It's to my lawyers. They'll tell you all about her."

Trent held out his hands for the letter.

"All right," he said, with sullen ungraciousness. "I'll promise something. I won't say how much! We'll see."

"Trent, you'll keep your word," Monty begged. "I'd like her to know that I thought of her."

"Oh, very well," Trent declared, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "It's a bit outside our agreement, you know, but I'll see to it anyhow. Anything else?"

Monty fell back speechless. There was a sudden change in his face. Trent, who had seen men die before, let go his hand and turned away without any visible emotion. Then he drew himself straight, and set his teeth hard together.

"I'm going to get out of this," he said to himself slowly and with fierce emphasis. "I'm not for dying, and I won't die."

He stumbled on a few steps, a little black snake crept out of its bed of mud, and looked at him with yellow eyes protruding from its upraised head. He kicked it savagely away—a crumbled, shapeless mass. It was a piece of brutality typical of the man. Ahead he fancied that the air was clearer—the fetid mists less choking—in the deep night-silence a few hours back he had fancied that he had heard the faint thunder of the sea. If this were indeed so, it would be but a short journey. With dull, glazed eyes and clenched hands, he reeled on. A sort of stupor had laid hold of him, but through it all his brain was working, and he kept steadily to a fixed course. Was it the sea in his ears, he wondered, that long, monotonous rolling of sound, and there were lights before his eyes—the lights of Buckomari, or the lights of death!

They found him an hour or two later unconscious, but alive, on the outskirts of the village.

* * * * * * *

Three days later two men were seated face to face in a long wooden house, the largest and most important in Buckomari village.

Smoking a corn-cob and showing in his face but few marks of the terrible days through which he had passed was Scarlett Trent—opposite to him was Hiram Da Souza, the capitalist of the region. The Jew—of Souza's nationality it was impossible to have any doubt—was coarse and large of his type, he wore soiled linen clothes and was smoking a black cigar. On the little finger of each hand, thickly encrusted with dirt, was a diamond ring, on his thick, protruding lips a complacent smile. The concession, already soiled and dog-eared, was spread out before them.

It was Da Souza who did most of the talking. Trent indeed had the appearance of a man only indirectly interested in the proceedings.

"You see, my dear sir," Da Souza was saying, "this little concession of yours is, after all, a very risky business. These niggers have absolutely no sense of honor. Do I not know it—alas—to my cost?"

Trent listened in contemptuous silence. Da Souza had made a fortune trading fiery rum on the Congo, and had probably done more to debauch the niggers he spoke of so bitterly than any man in Africa.

"The Bekwando people have a bad name—very bad name. As for any sense of commercial honor—my dear Trent, one might as well expect diamonds to spring up like mushrooms under our feet."

"The document," Trent said, "is signed by the King and witnessed by Captain Francis, who is Agent-General out here, or something of the sort for the English Government. It was no gift and don't you think it, but a piece of hard bartering. Forty bearers carried our present to Bekwando and it took us three months to get through. There is enough in it to make us both millionaires."

"Then why," Da Souza asked, looking up with twinkling eyes, "do you want to sell me a share in it?"

"Because I haven't a darned cent to bless myself with," Trent answered curtly. "I've got to have ready money. I've never had my fist on five thousand pounds before—no, nor five thousand pence, but, as I'm a living man, let me have my start and I'll hold my own with you all."

Da Souza threw himself back in his chair with uplifted hands.

"But my dear friend," he cried, "my dear young friend, you were not thinking—do not say that you were thinking of asking such a sum as five thousand pounds for this little piece of paper!"

The amazement, half sorrowful, half reproachful, on the man's face was perfectly done. But Trent only snorted.

"That piece of paper, as you call it, cost us the hard savings of years, it cost us weeks and months in the bush and amongst the swamps—it cost a man's life, not to mention the niggers we lost. Come, I'm not here to play skittles. Are you on for a deal or not? If you're doubtful about it I've another market. Say the word and we'll drink and part, but if you want to do business here are my terms. Five thousand for a sixth share!"

"Sixth share," the Jew screamed, "sixth share?"

Trent nodded.

"The thing's worth a million at least," he said. "A sixth share is a great fortune. Don't waste any time turning up the whites of your eyes at me. I've named my terms and I shan't budge from them. You can lay your bottom dollar on that."

Da Souza took up the document and glanced it through once more.

(To be continued.)


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## ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.

**Formerly Crown Prince, Is Preventing a Balkan Agreement.**

It is one of the little jokes of fate that the young man, Crown Prince Alexander of Serba, who was treated with such contemptuous condescension by the exalted personages assembled at London in June, 1911, for the coronation of George V.—that he Prince Alexander, should be, in June, 1915, the arbiter of the immediate destinies of Europe.

Bulgaria's entrance into the war on the side of England, France, Russia, and Italy would, it is quite openly stated in each of their capitals, help to bring about an early termination of the war. It would release Rumania, now fearful of a Bulgarian attack on her flank if she flung herself at Austria's throat in Transylvania. It would furnish the allies with a veteran Bulgarian army to march upon Turkey through Thrace, and it would give the allies the Bulgarian port of Dedeagatch, on the Aegean Sea, for the landing of their own troops to co-operate with the allied navies at Constantinople.

**Bulgaria's Demands.**

Bulgaria makes no secret of her willingness to be bought for such assistance. But she has only one price. The Crown Prince of Serbia. Regent in his country, can alone pay it in full. This he persistently refuses to do.

Bulgaria demands, above all else, that part of Macedonia which is inhabited by Bulgarians and which is in the possession of Serbia. To reclaim Macedonia from Turkey, and in pursuance of the ideal of nationality. Czar Ferdinand began the first Balkan War, fortified by a solemn agreement with Greece and Serbia that, in the spoils, Macedonia was to go to Bulgaria. The blood of thousands of Bulgarian patriots was shed in the victorious campaigns of Ferdinand. Greece and Serbia became fearful of Ferdinand's ambitions to dominate in the Balkans. They preferred to entrap and betray him.

*Prince Alexander of Serbia*

**Prince Alexander of Serbia.**

Alexander, the twenty-four-year-old commander-in-chief of the Serbian army, captured Monastir from Turkey, thus bringing about the fall of the whole of Macedonia, and from Monastir the Bulgarians were barred by the sword as from Salonika.

**Prince Stands Firm.**

Rumania is to-day feverishly eager to restore the Dobrudja if thereby she can quiet the dogs of war upon her flank and rush her force of a million men into Transylvania. It comprises thousands of acres of territory and millions of inhabitants, Rumanian in blood, to the thousands of the Dobrudja, Austria-Hungary, at the present moment, could not defend Transylvania. Greece will not give up Thrace to Bulgaria, but England, France and Russia have offered compensation elsewhere which is acceptable. It is only Serbia which is the stumbling block, because it is Macedonia which Bulgaria demands first and last, and for which she will not be compensated elsewhere.

June 24 of last year King Peter a man of seventy-three and weak in health, left his capital and the Crown Prince was appointed Regent. Alexander has coldly rejected every compromise which included the giving up of a foot of territory now held by Serbia. His father is ensconced at some watering place away from Belgrade. His elder brother, Prince George, has been dancing and dining in the hotels of the Riviera.

## FOREST FIRES.

**Many More Trees Perish By Fire Than Are Cut By Lumbermen.**

No man can claim himself a friend of Northern Ontario, who plays fast and loose with the interests of the standing forests. No area in all America, has had greater cause to deplore the continual depredations of fire. Loss of the forests, as all understand, is due, far more to fire than to cutting. It is hard to conceive what quantity of lumber could have been developed from the enormous stretches of timber destroyed by the famous Porcupine fire. One fact is known, namely, that from six to eight times as many trees perish by fire every year in Canada, as are cut down by lumbermen. Clearly, then, the first duty of those who want to keep the lumber industry in running condition and the prices of lumber, within the consumer's reach, is to block in every way, that forest destruction, which brings only irreparable loss and danger in its train.

No loyal citizen of Northern Ontario will contend that forest fires perform the slightest good service for any part of the community. The prospector, who deliberately sets fire to a forest so as to uncover the rocks, is actually forfeiting for himself and his community the biggest gold mine which the country possesses. He is threatening the employment of hundreds of men, who in a few years, will look to that particular belt of timber to provide them with jobs. It is a happy fact, however, that prospectors, surveyors, campers, and all others who have occasion to use the woods, are becoming decidedly more careful of their handling of fire, in dangerous surroundings. The arrest of several scores of settlers, Indians, and others in Quebec Province, last year, and the fining of many of them for carelessness in burning their slash, putting out camp fires, etc., has had a remarkable effect. Everywhere, it has become known that the laws of Ontario, and Quebec, provide penalties for acts of vandalism in the forests and the deterring influence is great. When Ontario gets to the point of following up the law with stiff fines and imprisonment, the view taken of the rights of the forest will undergo a sharp change.

A few years ago a Canadian settler started a fire on his clearing, to prepare for about five bushels of potatoes. He ended up with burning down three million dollars worth of pine. The amount of forest wealth destroyed by careless settlers in Northern Ontario, would certainly equal the market value of all their farms put together. Acts of this kind cannot longer be countenanced. Public opinion on the value of the forests to Northern Ontario, must force adequate action.

While no one denies the culpability of the railways, it has been proved conclusively, that the bulk of the fires in Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec are due to settlers. In one timber area of about 12,000 square miles last year no less than eighty conflagrations were proved to have received their start from slash-burning operations of farmers. Some of the guilty parties had a taste of a jail sentence as a lesson to themselves and neightors. The Quebec forest protection service does not ask that a settler forego his burning operations, merely that he consults a fire ranger as to the sefest way to handle his brush. Usually he was shown how to pile it in the easiest and best way, how to minimize fire risk by setting it ablaze after nightfall when the surrounding forests are covered with moisture, and other points of a like order. The agitation for a similar system in Northern Ontario is becoming stronger, particularly since the bulk of the population recognizes the immense money value of standing timber as opposed to miles of charred wastes.

**Took No Chances.**

Old Waiter—So, sir, you went after the job I thought you believed that the office should seek the man?

Old Patron—I do, but this is a fat job and I thought it might get winded before it reached me!

**Culture.**

"My brother is going away to study culture," said the boastful boy.

"Agri-culture on a farm, I suppose," remarked the giggly girl.

The word "Whig" means a pack-saddle thief; the word "Tory" a band of robbers.

# About the Household

**Recipes for Dainty Dishes.**

**Syrup Scones.**—One pound of self-raising flour, add four ounces of butter or dripping, two ounces of sugar, an ounce of sultanas, one-half pint of milk and a tablespoonful of golden syrup. Mix all together thoroughly, cut into shapes and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. These are called scones.

**Saucer Potatoes.**—Take cold boiled potatoes, mash them with milk and a little dripping and pepper and salt and a little minced parsley. Fill saucers with this mixture, allowing one for each person; sprinkle the top of each with brown bread crumbs and a little grated cheese. Bake in quick oven till browned.

**Potato Fritters.**—Boil half a dozen potatoes, beat them and mix with three well-beaten eggs, a gill of milk, a little oiled butter. Mix well together and drop into boiling dripping. Fry a light brown, dish up and sprinkle with sugar. Serve hot.

**Vanilla Cake.**—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little milk, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Sift in half a pound of self-raising flour, beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the mixture, stirring all together for five minutes. Bake in a hot oven.

**Raisin Bread.**—Half cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 7 cups white flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 yeast cake, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins. Scald milk and add water. Dissolve yeast in half of this lukewarm mixture. To the remaining milk and water add four cups of flour and make a batter. Beat thoroughly, then add the yeast. Let stand until light. Cream butter and sugar and add eggs one at a time. Now add egg and sugar mixture to the sponge, together with raisins and remaining flour. Place in a buttered bowl and let rise until light. Form into loaves, place in buttered pan, let rise again and bake 40 minutes.

**Stale Bread Fritters.**—Cut the bread in slices, about a third of an inch thick, fry in fat, from which a faint bluish smoke is rising, and when each piece if fried on one side, turn it over and spread the browned side with marmalade or jam. When cooked, lift out and sprinkle with caster sugar mixed with a little cinnamon.

**Irish Potato Cakes.** — Take one pound of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and three ounces of dripping with a pinch of salt. Work these together, then add one pound of cooked mealy potatoes and mix to a stiff paste with a little lukewarm milk or water. Flour a board and roll out, cutting into neat squares one inch thick. Place on a greased tin and bake for 10 or 15 minutes. Split open, butter and serve hot.

**Fish and Rice Croquettes.**—Put a quarter of a pound of rice into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a pint of milk, simmer slowly for an hour and a half, by which time the rice will have absorbed all the milk, and do not stir it while it cooks. When cooked, add a seasoning of salt and stir in the yolk of an egg. Turn on a plate to cool. Have ready some cold cooked fish, mixed with a little thick white sauce (previously seasoned). Take portions of the rice, roll into balls, make a hole in the centre, fill with the fish mixture, close up the hole and brush over with the white of the egg. Roll the balls in fine bread-crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with sauce.

**Fritters.**—Hard boil two eggs for half an hour, then shell and mash to a fine paste. Mix with an equal quantity of boiled chopped ham and pounded to a paste, add a high seasoning of salt and pepper and the beaten yolk of a raw egg. Cut stale bread in thin slices, put together in sandwiches with a thick filling of the paste, then trim off crusts and cut in pieces two by four inches in size. Beat together two raw eggs and mix with a quarter of a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and sufficient sifted flour to make a thin batter. Dip each piece in this, then drop in a deep smoking hot fat and fry golden brown. Drain for a moment on soft paper and serve spread on a dish; do not heap on one another.

**Household Hints.**

A cupful of anything means a half-pint.

Sugar needs a dry, cool place; so does jam.

Cake tins should be scalded out once a week.

The good housewife utilizes every scrap of food.

To soften fruit can rubbers, add a little ammonia to the water.

Green pepper shells, stuffed with corn and baked, make a dainty luncheon dish.

To keep eggs—To a pint of salt add one pint of fresh lime and four gallons of water.

A piece of sandpaper is of the greatest help in removing stains and food from cooking utensils.

To remove a rusty appearance of black suede shoes, use a mixture of olive oil and ink in equal parts.

Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire.

If curtains are allowed to dry thoroughly before being starched, it will be found that they will last clean longer.

To clean ribbon, sponge with alcohol and rub over the spot with clean white soap, holding the ribbon straight.

Use wash pillows whenever possible for living rooms and dens. They are more hygienic and more sanitary.

A most effective way to clean linoleum is to wash first with a little water and then polish by applying milk.

To remove ink spots from colored goods, dip the stain in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow and ink goes with it.

A teaspoonful of boracic acid added to a cup of boiling water and allowed to cool is excellent for inflamed, weak eyes.

It is said that a rag soaked in a cayenne pepper solution and stuffed in a rat hole will set them all scampering off the place.

Stains on flannel may be removed with yolk of an egg and glycerine in equal quantities. Leave it on for half an hour, then wash out.

If cream will not whip add the white of an egg. Let both become thoroughly chilled before whipping. Keep cold until ready to serve.

An excellent way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill with cold water and one cupful of rye meal. Keep at boiling point several hours.

Keep a supply of old plates and saucers on which cold meats, scraps, etc., can be put away. Avoid leaving anything on the dish it has been served on.

Embroidered garments should always be ironed on the wrong side upon several thicknesses of flannel. This makes the pattern stand out quite boldly.

One pint of tar and two quarts of water in an earthen vessel will keep red ants away. Keep this in your pantry or cellar and you will never see one.

Next time you make a mayonnaise, or other salad dressing, try peanut oil instead of olive oil. It is just as good to the taste and half the price of olive oil.

**A Monorail Ride.**

Buttinsky, who heard some travelling men talking about the monorail, adopted his usual tactics.

"I rode on one of those once," he piped in.

"Rode on what?"

"A single rail."

"I'll bet you did," replied one of the drummers; "and I'll also bet there was a man carrying each end of the rail."

It is a criminal offence in Britain to make use of profane oaths. The following penalties may be imposed: In the case of a day laborer, common soldier, or seaman, 1s.; any other person under the degree of gentleman, 2s.; any person above the degree of gentleman, 5s.

According to Chinese history, the custom of small feet among the females of China originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the government and tried to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes so small as to disable them from making any effective use of their feet was enforced on all female infants.


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## COTTON AND WARFARE.

**Not a Shot Fired Which Cotton Has Not Propelled.**

W. S. Hopkins, Secretary of the British conference of Chemists and Engineers, advances the following strong views:

When a shell, whether high explosive or shrapnel, is manufactured, two separate and entirely different charges are used. One is the charge necessary to send the shell from the gun and launch it over the trenches, and the other is to burst it and scatter the shot and shell over our men after it has reached the spot chosen. Now take away or capture the propelling charge and the gunner will have to throw his shell or use hand-grenades, which are impracticable for long distances.

This country has failed in its duty by allowing the raw material to go freely to the enemy for the manufacture of further supplies.

This material is cotton, one of the few materials which the Germans cannot do without. Not a shell is fired that is not propelled by cotton, and not a machine-gun or rifle bullet which has killed and wounded our brave men that has not been sent on its way by cotton. Mr. Lloyd George stated in the House, recently, that one of the surprises of this war has been the extraordinary amount of ammunition used, and that "during the fortnight of fighting in and around Neuve Chapelle almost as much ammunition was spent by our artillery as during the whole of the Boer War."

A moderate computation of 300,000 shots fired by the Germans, Austrians, and Turks from their ordinary 3-inch field guns every twenty-four hours necessitates a consumption of 500 tons of cotton. If one-tenth of the 300,000 shots is fired by, say 6-in. guns the expenditure of cotton is 900 tons every twenty-four hours. Add to this 100 tons a day for the enormous expenditure of ammunition for machine guns and for the millions of rifles in use, we get a total of 1,000 tons of cotton consumed a day.

Yet, although these facts must have been known a few weeks after the outbreak of war, our enemies have been allowed to import freely.

## THE LINEMAN IN THE TROPICS.

**The Animals of East Africa Have No Respect for the Wires.**

The life of a telegraph or telephone lineman in the tropics is not easy, for a service that uses overhead wires is subject to constant damage both from wild animals and from wild men. The animal culprits are of all sizes, from elephants and giraffes down to white ants and spiders. The giraffes of East Africa, when they find their progress checked by a telegraph line, do not know enough to draw back or "duck" their heads, but push on and carry the wires with them, and sometimes the poles, too. Teak is the only wood that certain kinds of ants respect, so instrument cases have to be made of that or of metal. Bees make nests in telephone instruments, and spiders attach their webs to the porcelain insulators. When the webs become coated with dew, the insulation is for the time being destroyed. In Argentina, spiders breed in millions in the pampas grass. As soon as the egg hatches, the young spider spins a single web, which the wind carries across the country. Veils of webs sometimes stretch from pole to pole and cover all the wires. Beetles have been known to bore holes in lead cable and lay their eggs in them. In the region round Victoria Nyanza, the natives tear down the wire to use for personal adornment. Because of the many annoyances that are inseparable from an overhead system in the tropics, the wireless system has superseded it in many places.

**Providing.**

New Mistress—Now, Lena, are you a good cook?

Lena—I think so, ma'am—if you don't help me.

**True.**

Rubble—It's easy to make friends, but hard to keep them.

Stubble—Oh, I don't know. I've got a number of friends who are perfectly willing to let me keep them.

In the Middle Ages sovereigns used to be worth twenty-two shillings.

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