A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XVIII.—Cont.

She was trying to gather resolution to tell all. "Dare I say I want to flee temptation?" she asked herself again and again, and the pathos of her face deepened under Mr. Ingleby's kind and questioning gaze, until it suddenly overcame him.

"Poor child," he exclaimed, almost before he knew that he was speaking.

There was such a concentrated tenderness and compassion in his voice, that Jessie's overwrought feelings reached a climax, and she burst into tears. She was about to tell him all, when the sound of a heavy iron step on the wooden footbridge made her start, while Mr. Ingleby, with a sudden, half-guilty air, sprang to his feet, dropping her hand, when h ecaught the full, indignant, sullen gaze of Roger Plummer's eyes, and crimsoned beneath it.

The bridge was a stone's throw from the fallen trunk, which was partly screened from it by hazel bushes, and Roger, with a savage touch of his hat, and final scowl, was out of sight again in a moment, leaving Jessie uneasy and half-abashed, she knew not why.

Mr. Ingleby did not again take her hand or suffer his voice to betray too fully the tender compassion he felt for the lonely, lovely child he had seen grow toward womanhood. He stood before her with a grave air, and preached her a nice little sermon on the sin of discontent, to which she listened with becoming meekness, though not without a little reproach in her large pathetic gaze. He recommended her some devotional and other reading, and chalked out various duties for her, and bid her come oftener to the rectory and take counsel of his sister.

"I know," he said in conclusion, "that your position is a very trying one, but heaven will reward you as you bear it patiently. Be of good cheer, Jessie, India will soon be tranquil, and you and Philip will be united and live happy ever after, like a story book. But, I am sadly afraid that your connection with Marwell Court has done you harm. Forgive my plain speech if I say that Miss Lonsdale is not a fit friend for you. Such friendships produce heart-burnings and mortifications, and engender discontent, though you may not be able to trace the feeling. Go less to the Court."

She had turned very red during this exhortation; she was very white as she replied:

"How can I give up the Court while I am at Redwoods? It would be cruel to desert Miss Wedway when I am near and have no other duties."

"The whim will pass with her; don't make yourself indispensable there," he repeated, utterly blind to the real danger. "Go less frequently."

"You may be sure, Mr. Ingleby, that I shall not go there more frequently than I can help," she replied, with despairing emphasis as they parted, and she went home with her secret still locked in her breast.

CHAPTER XIX.

To Philip, Mr. Cheeseman, and Mrs. Plummer, Jessie had appealed in vain for permission to faro forth into a world of honorable toil. But Mr. Ingleby was a man of finer sensibilities, and of wider and fuller knowledge of life than either of her guardians; she had thought he would understand what she dared not put into words, and what she scarcely acknowledged even to her own heart, until that sudden rush of feeling in the Ingleby's drawing-room frightened her. Finding that she must remain at Redwoods, she decided to make the best of it, and was even half ashamed of her own cowardice in trying to flee the temptation that she knew she ought to resist. Was she so poor a creature, that she could not conquer a passing and unlawful fancy? surely not. Philip acknowledged that he was horribly frightened at Alma, but he did not run away, neither would she. She thought of Philip's favorite lines:

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

She followed Mr. Ingleby's counsels, and listened to volumes of good advice from his sister, who took her in hand as desired, and petted and scolded her with zest; she became a Sunday School teacher, and spent many hot Sunday afternoons in turmoil, dust and noise, before a row of stolid, mischievous urchins; vainly trying to explain to them things she did not understand herself, and to keep her temper under maddening provocation, until the day, mis-called "of rest," became the most exhausting and unpleasant of the seven.

Miss Ingleby liked her brother to tease her about her grand flirtation with Claude Medway, and she did not hesitate to say that his visits and the quips and sallies which passed between them, made her feel at least six years younger.

"Nice goings on in your old age, Miss Sue! And then poor Sally is scolded for having a soldier sweetheart, a quiet fellow in the line. Pray, when am I to ask the captain his intentions? I have no doubt the whole parish is ringing with the affair. Well! I hope you will remember your poor relations. I ought at least to get a deanery."

"A pretty dean you would make! Very Reverend, indeed! Rather Reverend would overstate the case."

"I was always fond of a cathedral town, and with a good library and historic buildings near me, could almost fancy myself learned. I wonder if anybody knows what deans are expected to do——"

"Die, and make way for others."

"Then the cathedral music! By the way, how I wish I had your hussar's voice in Marwell choir! Roger Plummer's bass is of the most exasperating quality for a merely human voice, one can fancy fiends, if fiends ever sing, possessed of such voices. So strong, too, it dominates the whole choir. Jessie's sweet little pipe scarcely atones for it. By the way, Sue, it was rather too much of a good thing to call out the military to cut up the children's cake for you."

"I didn't. I had set Jessie to cut it in the school house. Captain Medway happened to be passing by and just looked in. When he saw poor little Jessie slaving away at the slabs of cake with a great carving-knife, the good-natured fellow quietly took the knife out of her hands. Jessie made no demur, but abdicated her post with her little princess air. I believe that if the Prince of Wales were to rush headlong to pick up her handkerchief, she would accept it as a natural and proper attention. Unless heredity is humbug, that child is the changeling and not Philip Randal."

"She is a dear, good, little soul; and she doesn't hack expensive plum cake about and waste it, as if it were Russians or Sepoys."

"No, not a stroke more work did I get out of her that night. Finding slaves ready to do her work, she immediately went home with some cock and bull story about helping Cousin Jane pick fruit."

"Sensible girl; she knew that three is an awkward number when one is beau sabreur. Of course you heard of Randal's wound. I told her I thought he might manage to get himself invalided home. She said he would not wish it; he seems to be a regular fire-eater."

"Well, they can wait, they are young enough."

"But Jessie's position is so peculiar, Sue."

"Peculiarly pleasant. I should think. Happily engaged, young and pretty, with no cares, petted by everybody, even middle-aged parsons. What can the girl want more?"

About a week after Jessie's confession by the stream a message came from Ethel Medway entreating her to come up and spend the day with her. Everybody was out, even the nurse wanted the afternoon; it was too rainy for Ethel to venture out of doors. So in half an hour's time Jessie was standing by Ethel's couch, a fresh and hope-inspiring vision, with rain-drops sparkling upon her bright hair, and her color heightened by the damp, soft air; ready to do anything to while away the tedium of the sick girl, for whom she had a tenderness. The pale, pinched face brightened at the sight of her, and Ethel raised her arms and drew Jessie down to kiss her, the latter submitting to the caress with the princess air Miss Ingleby had observed.

"Everybody is so cross and disagreeable this morning!" she said in a querulous tone, "I suppose the rain spoils their tempers. Do you feel cross, Jessie?"

"Not in the least, dear Miss Medway," she replied, with a gentle smile; "it is a treat to come and see you."

She soon chased away the gloom and peevishness, and in a few minutes had her patient in a wheel-chair traversing the North Gallery, in which there were a few good pictures among many family portraits and others of mediocre worth. To Jessie it was the picture gallery, and a source of great inspiration, since she had seen no other, and it was a real pleasure, as she said, to linger through it and hear all that Ethel could tell her about the pictures. Indeed Marwell Court, really a fine building full of artistic and interesting things, was the most interesting place Jessie had ever seen, though she had discovered that refined and beautiful surroundings do not make people perfect.

At the end of the long gallery was a large, deep bay window, and in this, at Jessie's suggestion, luncheon was served on a large oak table. Here, besides the long vista of the gallery, they had an extensive view of the park with its beautifully grouped oaks and beeches, so that they seemed to be in the moist green world outside, being protected and divided from the rain-swathed park only by the window-panes.

"It is like a picnic in the rain," they said, and the time, instead of dragging by with leaden weight, flew, and the rare sound of Ethel's voice echoed through the gallery.

It fell pleasantly upon the ear of someone approaching the bay window unseen, by a side corridor, so pleasantly, that he paused a moment to listen to the girls' mirth. Jessie was showing some Indian toys and knick-knacks that she had just received from Philip; she had thrown a richly colored silken sari around her, and was playing with an ivory cup and ball, laughing and making little jests with the happy abandonment of a child; while Ethel hung upon every word and gesture of her entertainer like a little kitten enjoying the gambols of an older "kit."

It seemed such a pity to interrupt this innocent pastime, that the newcomer, whose footfall was unheard upon the thick, soft carpeting, slipped behind the heavy curtain of the deep window, and watched it.

The silken sari glided gradually from the slim figure as its poise altered with Jessie's efforts to catch the ball until it lay at her feet and she paused, flushed and radiant, with one bright braid of hair loose on her shoulder, to hand the cup to Ethel, that she might essay her skill. Then turning aside to arrange her disordered hair in the mirror formed by a glazed picture near the curtain, she uttered a little startled cry.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't like to spoil your game." Captain Medway said, coming forward, and bending over Ethel, holding a bouquet of white moss-roses to her face, his foot catching in the sari as he did so.

Jessie after the first crimson of wide-eyed surprise, became very pale, and hastily adjusting her hair and dress, stood apart. How like the brother and sister were, and how very patient and gentle the former was with the slight, maimed creature to whom he was so devoted.

He was not too graciously received; his sister pointingly reminded him that he was supposed to be absent for the day. It was true that he went off with the others, he replied, but he could not bear her to be all alone on that dismal day, and she so low and depressed; and see, he had brought her the rare white roses she was longing for, and gone almost on purpose for them, ridden home ten miles in the rain and mud for them; was he not a good brother?

"No," was the ungracious response she and Jessie had been perfectly happy together, she wanted no one else; and then began a catalogue of Jessie's virtues, which the latter interrupted by making an attempt to go. But Ethel dissolved in tears at the very thought, and assured her that she had promised to stay and have tea.

"It would be a pity to spoil a good action by curtailing it," Claude said in a tone that implied a sort of resigned reproach; and Jessie saw that she could not go away without making a fuss over nothing.

"Besides," Ethel added, "you have not read me Captain Randal's Lucknow letter as you promised."

Jessie hesitated, but the word "Lucknow" was a cue that Captain Medway did not fail to seize. Everybody had a right to be interested in Lucknow.

"Oh, but that was all in the papers long ago," Jessie objected; "this is stale news, the letter was delayed, and it is only Captain Randal's personal experience, which might, I thought, interest Miss Medway."

"Only! Lucky fellow!" he exclaimed, and she found that she must read the letter.

Would a girl under any circumstances read a love-letter, he asked himself, while attentively studying her movements, and pulling his lovely bouquet to pieces at his sister's desire.

"Dear me!" said Jessie, looking silent and searching among the toys scattered on the table; "where is the letter? Oh! here it is at last!" and she picked a large foreign-looking packet from the floor, where it had fallen entangled in the sweeping sari.

Captain Medway smiled behind his roses; it was not thus he had been led to believe, that lovers' letters were usually treated, tossed about and mislaid.

"Let me see," she continued, opening it. "Dear Jessie—I was very glad to find your letter—yes—Cousin Jane—hum. Abraham. I beg your pardon, Miss Medway. Oh! here is the interesting part at last!—Sir Colin is a fine old fellow, we learnt his value in the Crimea——"

"That we did," commented Captain Medway, who had carefully noted the significance, or rather, insignificance, of the little staccato quotations.

"It is very badly written," Jessie interpolated, laughingly; "but I have read it aloud twice already, and know it pretty well. It is understood that I am to save him the trouble of writing to others in this way."

"I think," said Ethel, when they drew breath after the final capture of Lucknow, "that it must be rather unpleasant to have read one's love letters aloud."

(To be Continued.)

MEN AS HOUSEKEEPERS.

Why They Would Be Out of Place in the Suggested Role.

A writer in an English review expresses the opinion that if, for a while, men could take over all housekeeping duties, keeping women entirely out of domestic management, the ensuing revolution would solve the servant problem. By planning everything on business lines about 50 per cent. of the present labor would be saved. It is asserted that all the labor-saving devices in use at present are the inventions of men, and that there are plenty more of these beneficent ideas on tap in the masculine brain only awaiting an opportunity for realization. Men do not have the same troubles with their employes that women do with their servants, says the writer, and it would not take the mighty masculine intellect very long to do away with the servant question entirely.

We are inclined to agree with the writer to this extent: that after a man had conducted the domestic affairs of a household for a few weeks there would be no servant question, and no servant either, writes Robert Webster Jones in the June Housekeeper. It would be a task of Herculean difficulty to persuade a servant to enter that house again. We can picture in our mind's eye the domestic chaos that would result, the astonishing innovations that would be introduced from cellar to garret. Fancy the average man attempting to discipline the cook by employing the same methods with which he is accustomed to coerce the office boy. Imagine this man debating the vital questions of "Thursday afternoons out" and "What shall we have for dinner?", with an indignant Abigail whose eloquence exceeds her logic!

As for us, we do not want a home run on "strictly business principles." There are plenty of them in the land, but they are called hotels. Here is a conundrum: When is a home not a home? When it has a man for housekeeper. Home is that realm where woman rules.

FOOLING THE SPY.

Japanese Clerks Supplied Him With Bogus Plans.

The spy in Japan is not necessarily a Russian, for Muscovite gold has not always been powerless to sap the virtue of the weaker-minded and more avaracious Japanese. Early during the progress of hostilities a quarter of a mile stretch of the railway between Aomori and Sendai was blown up by Russian agents, three of whom were arrested, and only a few days ago a Japanese was sentenced by the Yokohama court to a long term of imprisonment for an unsuccessful attempt to secure military and naval secrets. This fellow was in the pay of a Russian naval attache, and for upwards of five years had been paying large sums to the draughtsmen at places like Yokosuka and Kure for maps and plans of the defences. The humorous aspect of this true story is that the draughtsmen, so far from betraying their trust, had merely betrayed the spy, to whom, with the connivance of the authorities, they had all along supplied false plans and sketches.

A RACE FOR WEALTH.

The two boys were standing with their noses glued to the jeweller's shop-window, when a kind-looking old gentleman approached.

"Now," he said, "I wonder which of you two lads is the best runner?"

Both immediately loudly claimed the distinction.

"Sh-sh!" said the old gentleman. "We will soon settle that point. You must start now from here, and run completely round this block of buildings. I will wait here, and the boy who reaches me first shall have ten cents. One, two, three!"

The boys started off like the wind, and simultaneously there was a loud crash. The jeweller rushed out of his shop, and perceived first that there was a large hole in his shop-window, and, secondly that two boys were running for dear life up the street. He thirsted for their blood, and so he ran also in pursuit. Then the kind-looking old gentleman entered the shop, from which he emerged with bulky pockets a few moments later, looking, if anything, more benevolent than ever. There have been many touching inquiries about that old gentleman, but up to this time he has not attended to award that ten cents.

Mistress—"If you want eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place." Bridget—"Oi'll misfon it to the hens at wanst, mum."

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

FOOD AND MILK.

"It is well known that milk may be watered through the animal body"—this is the key to an article by Allan B. Graham, published in the transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland for 1904. Incidentally he touches upon variations in food rations. A series of interesting experiments was carried on by Mr. Graham, for the purpose of testing particularly as to difference in water supply. Two of these were as follows: Two cows were given the following rations per day:

15 to 18 lbs. long hay.
Hot mash—
4 lbs. chaff (cut hay and straw, equal parts).
2 lbs. bean meal.
2 lbs. bruised oats.
2 lbs. bran.
3 gals. water, and 2 ounces salt.
4 lbs. decorticated cotton-cake.
Treacle drink; 4 gals. water.

On the 4th of February, the mixed morning milk tested, butter-fat, 3.35; solids not fat, 9.7.

On 5th February, the water was increased to 10 gals. A sample of the mixed milk was tested on 11th February, the result being butterfat, 3.2; solids not fat, 8.8.

On 3rd March 6 lbs. Indian meal was substituted for the cotton-cake, thus producing a ration less rich in albuminoids, and the cows were fed thus for five weeks. At the end of that time, a much richer ration was given, and continued for eight weeks. This time six pounds decorticated cotton-cake and six pounds bean meal made into a porridge were given instead of the 6 lbs. Indian meal, the hot mash in other respects remaining the same; but the water supply was reduced from 10 gallons to 6 gallons. The results of the experiment showed that during the five weeks, when 10 gallons of water were given, the percentage of butter-fat was quite low; immediately, however, after giving a ration richer in albuminoids, and decreasing the water to 6 gals., the butter-fat increased and continued much higher, till in the seventh and eighth weeks it was over 3½ per cent., the increase in the quantity in each case being in inverse ration to the variations in the butter-fat content.

During the following summer a number of cows were put in a pasture, with an unlimited water supply and as the summer was wet, it was supposed that the cattle took a great deal of water along with the grass. Under these conditions, even when fed 6 lbs. decorticated cotton cake daily, the fat content of the milk was low. Indian meal was substituted for the cotton-cake, with the result of a very slight decrease in fat; hence Mr. Graham deduced that the quantity and quality of milk from cows fed on grass during a wet season cannot be influenced to any great extent by feeding, and that it is mainly by regulating the amount of water consumed by a cow that we can alter the per cent. fat in the milk. Mr. Graham also considers that overmuch water has a deleterious effect on the quality and texture of the butter made from the milk.

Regarding the question as to whether the quality of milk is increased by difference in quantity or quality of feeding rations, a summary of results attained through experiments conducted by Professors Farrington and Woll are given, which tend to show that an increase in feeding rations will not change the richness of milk, provided the cows have not been starved or underfed to begin with. The quantity will increase, but not the quality. For the first few days after the change has been made, the milk will be richer, but as soon as the cows have got used to the new rations the milk returns to its normal quality; hence, the professors have concluded that the quality of milk a cow gives is natural to her, and that the only way of permanently improving the richness of milk is by disposing of cows that give poor milk, and keeping only those whose milk is rich in butter-fat. On the other hand, it must be remembered that, though one cow may give poorer milk than another, she may, more than make up the percentage in the larger amounts she yields. The persistency of a cow in keeping up the yield is also a point of importance. Hence, both cow and feeding require selection, those cows only being retained which give the highest total amount of butter-fat.

WEIGHING SMALL ARTICLES.

Many farmers having a large farm scale with a capacity of from twelve to sixty hundred pounds, have no means of weighing accurately any article weighing less than, at the very least, a half pound. When it is necessary to weigh less than this, and the usual farm scales at hand, the following method will be found quite simple, and, what is often more important, it is very accurate if ordinary care be taken. In the ordinary farm scale a one-pound weight must be put on the counterpoise to weigh articles over one hundred pounds. In other words, one pound on the end of a beam balances one hundred pounds on the platform. If, then, it is desired to find the weight of a small article, it is only necessary to attach it to the counterpoise at the end of the beam and place weight enough on the platform to exactly balance it, then weigh what you have placed on platform in the usual way, and divide its weight by 100 to find the weight of the small article. Thus it will take twenty-five pounds on the platform to balance one-quarter pound on the counterpoise, or six and one-quarter pounds on the platform to balance one ounce on the counterpoise.

In some large scales the "100 pound" weight is marked "4 ounce." In that case, of course, four ounces on the counterpoise balances one hundred pounds on the platform, or one ounce balances 25 pounds.

POULTRY NOTES.

No ventilators are as injurious as draughts.

The best results are secured by giving the setting hens dark nests.

A variety of food even with the smallest chickens is worth the trouble.

Some consider the flesh of the guinea fowl equal to that of the wild duck.

For the amount of money invested, poultry pay better than any other stock kept.

Fowls are never properly fed unless they are regularly fed.

Ducks are somewhat hardier and much easier to raise than chickens.

It costs less to run an incubator than to feed the hens required to hatch the chickens.

Plain whitewash liberally applied will rid the poultry house of lice.

Some hens lay their eggs shelless no matter how much material is supplied them.

Fowls confined to yards need more food and care than those of unlimited range.

One advantage with chickens raised in a brooder is that they are never chilled and never get wet.

A small flock of fowls make a good adjunct to the garden to consume the waste and surplus products.

If broody hens are properly treated, nine out of ten will begin to lay again within two weeks after being removed from the nest.

An egg is largely nitrogenous, the white is albumen, the yolk contains phosphoric acid and mineral substance and the shell is composed mostly of lime.

When the "old hen" is depended upon as the incubator, it is highly essential that she be quiet and not too heavy in order to secure success.

One advantage in feeding buckwheat, especially in winter is that it aids internally in keeping fowls in a good condition and at the same time, is not as fattening as corn, and is equally valuable as an egg producer.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

What He Thought of Tennyson, Dickens and the Rest.

Two more volumes of letters by Carlyle have recently been published and an English critic has culled from them the following references to some of Carlyle's contemporaries.

Here is his rather vicious estimate of Thackeray:—

"A great deal of talent in him, a great deal of sensibility—irritability, sensuality, vanity without limit—and nothing, or little but sentimentalism and play-actorism to guide it all with."

Later he says that for Thackeray "I care nothing, though he is a clever and friendly man." These ebullitions of idiosyncrasy must not be taken too seriously. It is what we all say in literary deshabille. Even of Tennyson, whom he liked, he writes:—

"Good-natured, almost kind; but rather dull to me! He looks healthy yet, and hopeful; a stout man of 60, with only one deep wrinkle, crow wrinkle, just under the cheek-bones."

Again: "Tennyson distinctly rather wearisome; nothing coming from him that did not smack of utter indolence, what one might almost call torpid sleepiness and stupor." Of Dickens he says:—

"Has narrowly escaped death by rushing about on his readings—in chase of still other thousands of pounds which he needed so little."

Of Bret Harte he writes:—

"A man altogether madelled upon Dickens, like Dickens seeking his heroes in the region of blackguardism and the gutters, where heroic magnanimities and benevolences, I believe, were never found, and delineating them like him, by all-deep mimicry, instead of penetrating to the real root of them."

When Disraeli offered Carlyle a baronetcy and a pension he wrote:

"You would have been surprised—to have found your poor old brother Tom converted into Sir Tom, Bart—Dizzy is the only man I almost never spoke of except with contempt."

PRINTERS' QUEER ERRORS.

To the many instances given of typographical errors, which, like the poor, are always with us, we add the following:—

Horace Greeley was noted for his wretched writing, which puzzled many a printer. Once he wrote, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," quoted from Shakespeare. It appeared the next day, "'Tis two, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty 'tis fifty-two!"

A paper printed this extraordinary piece of news in connection with a great demonstration: "The snouts of ten thousand people rent the air." Of course the reporter had written "shouts" instead of "snouts."

Bishop W. A. Candler was once advocating a more liberal loosing of the purse-strings, and told his audience that several years ago he sent an article to a paper, in which he said, "We pray too fond and work too little." The compositor, consciously or unconsciously, perpetrated a little joke, for when the article appeared it read "We bray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

It's very easy for a clever man to get around a woman—with his arm.

RUSSIAN WAR-CHEST

THE CHURCH TREASURY OF THE EMPIRE.

Immense Sums Available After Ordinary War Fund is Exhausted.

Among the things which seem to have struck Henry Norman the most during his recent stay at St. Petersburg was the glimpse which he was allowed to obtain of the war chest of Russia, which dispelled in his mind all doubts as to the financial ability of the Russian Government to prosecute the present conflict for a considerable time to come, independently of the assistance of the foreign money markets. The Russian war fund amounts, it is said in Russia, at the present moment to $600,000,000 in gold, an estimate which by some is thought to be exaggerated. But even if this were the case there is no doubt that it exceeds under any circumstances $350,000,000, the tremendous monetary loss sustained by the absence of any returns from this vast pile of gold in the shape of interest being more than compensated for by the assurance which its presence in the treasury gives to the Muscovite Government in crises such as the one to which the Russian Empire is now being subjected.

CHURCH'S HOARD.

But in addition to this war chest, concerning the existence of which no concealment is made, the Czar can in a moment of great emergency draw upon a still more gigantic fund, of which little is known, especially abroad. It is known as the "Holy Gold Fund of Russia," and has been amassed by years and years of collections from the orthodox faithful in all portions of the empire, and from the profits of the administration of the landed estates, the mines and enterprises of one kind and another belonging to the churches and to the monasteries.

In no country in the world are people so generous in their donations to the church as in Russia. The weekly offering never fails. It is contributed to by the Czar, by every noble, every officer, and soldier, and by every individual, no matter of what class, from prince to moujik. On the great feast days a great cloth is spread near the altar in church, and there rich and poor heap up gold, silver, paper money, jewels, copper kopecks, pearls, ikons studded with gems, all their most cherished treasures, until the cloth is completely hidden. On such festivals as these the Russians yield to a perfect mania for surrendering their wealth to the church, and as they are the most fervent, religious and excitable people on the face of the earth, especially the masses, their generosity is unbounded.

SMALL EXPENDITURE.

The expenditure of the church does not absorb a half, probably not even a third, of its revenues derived from all these sources which I have just indicated. The remainder goes to swell the Holy Gold Fund, of which the Emperor is the chief custodian in his double capacity of temporal ruler and supreme pontiff of the church. Ever since the burning of Moscow during the great Napoleonic war, that is to say, for nearly a hundred years, the accumulation of this secret holy fund has been going on. The growth of the wealth of the church and the development of gold mining have combined to pile up the increment. A quarter of a century ago it was estimated to amount to a sum in gold as large as the national debt of the United States at the close of the civil war, namely $2,000,000,000, and it is a well-known fact that neither in 1877, during the war between Russia and Turkey, not yet during the Crimean war, when Russia was confronted by a coalition comprising Great Britain, France, Turkey and Italy, was a rouble of the holy fund touched to meet the expenses.

And so it will be during the present war with Japan. Russia, before she even touches her war chest, will exhaust by every available means her capacity for borrowing money abroad. Not until the foreign money markets shut down hard and fast against her will Emperor Nicholas permit any use to be made of the gold in the war chest, and it is only when that has been drained to its last dregs, and when Russia is called upon to fight for her very existence as a nation, that the Holy Gold Fund of Russia will be proclaimed by Emperor Nicholas as available—but not until then.

OTHER WAR CHESTS.

Compared to these tremendous resources, at the disposal of the Russian Emperor, those of Germany, which has a war chest in the so-called Julius Tower in the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin, estimated at $200,000,000, seem small. In the case of Germany these figures are, of course, only approximate, for the hoarding of gold in the fortress of Spandau has been going on for a long time, all that is known with any degree of certainty being that a large proportion of the war indemnity exacted by Bismarck from the French at the close of the war of 1870 went to swell the war chest at Spandau.

France is credited with a war fund of $200,000,000 in gold, while Emperor Francis Joseph has available for the same purpose bullion to the amount of $130,000,000 in the custody of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. Italy, too, has her war chest, and the only two great powers that have no regular fund are the United States and England.

"How can you scold all the time?" was asked of the woman with five step-children and an indolent husband. "I can't just explain it, but I knows that I'm blessed with wonderful powers of endurance."

No man can break a girl's heart as easily as some other man can repair it.

All Used Up By Headaches

Could Not Eat or Work—Powders and Quick Cures of no Avail—Lasting Cure Obtained From DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

This case of Mr. Barber well illustrates the way in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures headaches.

He tried the so-called "quick cures" first, but without obtaining benefit. It is a well known fact that such remedies when they do bring temporary relief do so with a tremendous waste of nerve force and consequent injury to the system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures by enriching the blood, vitalizing the nerves and building up the system. Headache, as well as all other symptoms of an exhausted system, disappear before its influence. Its cures lasting because it removes the cause of trouble.

Mr. O. Barber, Simcoe, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a splendid medicine. I was troubled for a long time with headaches, which would come on about once a week with such violence that I could not eat or do my work. I tried headache powders and quick cures, which did no good.

"About eight months ago I took six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I have not been troubled with headache since. It made a thorough and lasting cure."

Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water street, Peterboro', Ont., states:—"I have used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found them an excellent medicine. I was troubled more or less for nineteen years with severe headaches, which made me useless as far as accomplishing my work was concerned.

"The Nerve Food seemed to build me up generally, and so made a thorough cure of my old trouble. I would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the house, and would strongly recommend anyone suffering as I did to give it a trial. It succeeded in my case after a great many remedies had failed."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.