A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXXII.

The news that Jessie was undoubtedly still alive was too heavy to be broken at once at Redwoods. Philip was glad of the long, silent walk back over the snow, during which he could think it over and decide how much it would be desirable to reveal.

Before returning to the farm, he turned aside and called at the Rectory, the lights of which shone invitingly on the snowy lawn between the trees. Here he was received with a friendly warmth that gave him the only home-feeling he had had in England. Mr. Ingleby had heard of his unexpected return the night before, and came out into the hall to welcome him, silently pressing his hand and drawing him into his snug study, where a mundane odor of bird's-eye tobacco was distinctly recognizable, and where fishing rods and guns adorned the walls, along with shelves laden with ponderous theological tomes.

"I got your letter, and came at once," Philip said, when they were seated opposite each other before the fire.

"Too late, Mr. Ingleby returned. "I hadn't been as big an ass as ever brayed in a pulpit, I should have written long before. As it is, I might have spared my meddling and left you there in peace."

"Not at all. I can never be too grateful to you for writing," Philip rejoined, warmly.

"She was in the wrong place, Phil," continued Mr. Ingleby, "that is how it all happened. Poor dear child! She asked me to intercede with you and the other guardians to get her away from Redwoods, and I, like a fool, advised her to stay and make puddings for her cousin. I thought it mere girlish discontent and idleness, and never dreamed that the dear child wanted to fly from temptation. I see it all now. If I had been a woman, she might have told me—or a Catholic priest. By Jove, Phil, the confessional is a fine institution, let Protestants rant as they will."

"Do you think," asked Philip, turning very red with a sudden rush of thought, "surely you don't think that was why she was so anxious to leave the place?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, sighing heavily, "that was at the bottom of all. She was tempted, she knew her own weakness, and saw that flight was the only thing. Think, Phil, of the mental and moral loneliness of that sweet child—of her innocence and ignorance, and remember the antagonist she was pitted against—the cool-headed, cold-hearted man of the world, versed in all its slippery ways, ten years her senior, with the serpent's own beguiling tongue, and by heavens!"

He rose, trying to throw off his indignation by bodily movement, in the course of which he upset two chairs and brought down a set of fishing tackle with a crash, while Philip muttered some fierce anathema against the unnamed object of Mr. Ingleby's just anger.

"But the deceit," Philip said in a deep voice, shaken with anger, "innocence does not deceive and plot. Innocence does not make and keep secret assignations in woods."

"Innocence knows no harm in assignations," Mr. Ingleby rejoined, "I vow to you, Philip, upon my honor, that those meetings were guileless in intention on her part. Why, when I told her of the cackle on that day, when my sister's virtue took the alarm and she froze the dear child with her Gorgon scowl, she couldn't see the harm, wanted to know why it was worse to be seen walking in woods with him than with me."

"Absurd," Philip broke in with cruel candor, "at your age."

"H'm. Well, I believe I have some nine years the advantage of that fellow. As a matter of fact," he added with some embarrassment, "she was seen walking with me—and—ah—well, I may as well say at once that there has been some attempt to put the blame on me."

"On you!" Philip laughed aloud. "And where and when, may I ask, did these romantic troubles take place?" he added with a certain savage mirth, whereupon Mr. Ingleby explained the occasions on which he and Jessie had been seen together, the one accidental meeting by the stream and the various times of escorting her home. "You see," he said in conclusion, "those meetings have been equally accidental on her part."

"You are a staunch friend," said Philip, with a kind of gloomy satisfaction; "but how do you explain the disappearance? Suicide?"

Mr. Ingleby quivered. "God only knows," he replied, "what a sensitive, friendless girl may do in desperation."

"Not that," Philip rejoined in a harsh voice. "I can't lay that flattering unction to my soul." And he told his friend what he had just learned from Sally Samson, and was surprised to find that Mr. Ingleby, though viewing the intelligence with gravity, was not much startled. "And I could have killed the old woman for telling me," he almost sobbed in conclusion.

"Philip! Philip!" cried Mr. Ingleby, suddenly appreciating the depth of the young man's grief, laying his hand with gentle firmness on his shoulder. "Poor boy! A heavy burden is laid upon you. God help you, dear lad!"

"Matthew and Martha were so proud of her," he said brokenly, "and she was trusted to me. But what could I do? I had to go out. And then the mutiny."

"You could not do otherwise. But she was too young to be really won before you left. And with such rare beauty—there was temptation on every side."

"She was a pretty child," he assented, rather coldly.

"She was an unusually beautiful woman," returned Mr. Ingleby, with fervor. "She developed marvellously of late. You did not see her—as we did. She tried to be true. She struggled against temptation."

"A good girl does not allow herself to be tempted; she is true without trying."

Mr. Ingleby removed his caressing hand from Philip's shoulder; he thought him hard and unjust, but he considered the bitterness of an injured lover.

"What shall you do?" he asked after some minutes' silence.

"God knows," replied Philip, heavily. "Of course," he added after a gloomy pause, "I shall leave no stone unturned to effect a marriage. And I shall probably thrash him publicly."

It would be tempting, said Mr. Ingleby, thoughtfully reflecting how he should enjoy doing it, "but I wouldn't do that, Philip, yet—certainly not yet, and most decidedly not till the thing is proved."

"Proved!" cried Philip with scorn. "Certainly proved beyond doubt. You are very ready to see the worst conclusion, dear lad, and in your truly crule position one cannot blame you."

"My good soul," returned Philip, desperately, "how in the name of all that is maddening is any other conclusion possible? What other can you even suggest?"

"Have patience and listen to a man much older than yourself, and at least more experienced if not wiser—venerate these gray hairs, Phil," he added, pointing to some silver threads which had appeared in his blue-black curly hair of late, together with some lines about the eyes and mouth and a haggard look quite foreign to his sweet and sunny nature. "It is my impression—confirmed by what Sally Samson told you this morning—that poor dear Jessie went alone to the equal [illegible] farm, London, where that scoundrel met her. It was very ill. He went to London that day, so did I. We did not meet or catch a glimpse of one another."

"He would take care of that. Besides, Mr. Ingleby, what possible motive could she have had for going alone?" He did not like to add that he knew that she could have had no money for the journey.

"Two motives," settling himself in a chair and crossing his legs with the air of an assured advocate, "first, to flee from temptation; secondly, to fly disgrace."

"Which she merely courted," Philip objected.

"Look here, Phil," Mr. Ingleby continued, earnestly. "I don't think you quite realize what scurrilous talk may mean to a sensitive, high-spirited, pure-minded girl. You know that I told her, heaven only knows how clumsily and brutally, but there was no one else to do it. You know how my sister behaved, and you may imagine what Mrs. Plummer's gentle spiriting would have been like, so I had to put my great blundering paw into the matter for the dear child's sake—I wish to heaven I had left it alone—and yet she must have heard sooner or later. And I have since found that women had been cutting her right and left. Confound these virtuous women, Philip! Why can't they preserve their ferocious virtue without driving sweet and gentle creatures to desperation? By Jove! if I were a layman I could say some things! Well, I am warranted as it is in saying that many a poor, drunken, fool-mouthed outcast reeling along the streets to-day will pass into Heaven before these Pharisaic Plummers and people. I've preached and I'll preach again—but, no, I won't—it only makes them worse, the moment, they scent a personal application. But I tell you this," he cried, bringing his first down on the table so that the lamp clattered and the dog sleeping on the rug woke up and barked, "if that old harridan—I mean if that con—if Mrs. Plummer opened her door this night and saw that sweet child in the cold, she would shut it in her face—for the mere suspicion and scandal, guilty or not guilty. My sister would do the same. And if she had erred and returned penitent, either of these bitterly righteous women would drive her forth with blows rather than receive her. And then those dam—those exec—those Pharisees would stalk grimly to church and expect me to give them the Sacrament. Philip, Jessie had a taste of my sister's Christian charity beneath this very roof, and she knew the coarse treatment Mrs. Plummer was likely to afford a tempted or compromised girl. She knew that in the eyes of the gossips she was compromised, for I told her—God forgive me—and I the stony-faced Pharisees told her more by their silence and grim looks. To what rash acts such desperation might drive her, I fear to think, but she might well have run away to hide from this storm of calumny, as I believe she did, she went off in the very heart of the storm. Poor child, poor dear child!" he added sitting down with thick-coming breath and covering his face.

Philip was comforted by this outburst, for we like sympathy, and the more our hearts and even tongues accuse those dear to us the better do we like others to defend them, but he was surprised as well as comforted, especially surprised at the heterodox fury with which Mr. Ingleby assailed the fierceness of female virtue as manifested in his own sister and Mrs. Plummer, who could scarcely be expected, he thought, to behave otherwise than Mr. Ingleby indicated. He ventured to make some observation to that effect, saying that female honor was of such vital importance to society that no price was too high to pay for it, that the suffering, even if unmerited, of individuals, was as nothing in comparison with the virtue of the whole sex, and such like platitudes.

"Virtue!" cried Mr. Ingleby, passionately, "virtue be—by Heaven, Philip, it is enough to make a saint swear to see the cruelty perpetrated on women in the name of virtue. I tell you, man, that all this twaddle is in the interest of vice and not virtue. It is this that makes our cities sinks of foulness, it is this that drives tempted or misled innocence into the ranks of the outcast army, that army of oppressed misery that in its turn tempts and oppresses and preys on the vitals of society, it is this that shuts every door of hope upon her, who has slipped but once and declares in a voice of thunder, henceforth thou shalt sin more and more, in Satanic opposition to the gospel, sin no more. This cruelty to the one sex, the weak and defenceless, in fiendish wedlock with total immunity to the other sex, the strong and aggressive—" He paused for want of words to his passion, and Philip broke in, horrified.

"Surely, surely you would not condone such wrong on the part of any woman! Why, it would be an insult and outrage to those we are bound to reverence to the utmost to permit the once fallen to mingle with them."

"I would condone nothing," he replied, more tranquilly, cased by this outburst, "but I cannot see why women are more injured by the society of sinful women than of sinful men, which the best of their sex are expected to endure daily. For instance I doubt if Claude Medway's society would have been more baneful to that sweet girl if he had been a lady," he added, grimly smiling.

"Women think otherwise."

"It is the mystery of mysteries that women should be so hard on women. It must be owned that here their cruelty passes men's."

"For their honor's sake, Philip said, "and for this we honor women. But surely," he added, retiring from theory to fact, "Jessie could not have run away from shame. She had better have taken her life at once. What should she do alone in the world? Where would she shelter? Who would befriend her? Why, a child of thirteen could do nothing more frantically foolish."

"Heaven only knows what she thought, in worldly matters she was such a child," Mr. Ingleby replied, with his eyes full of tears. "I have sometimes wondered if she thought she could support herself by painting. She did sell one or two of her pictures."

"She would have come back long ago in that case," Philip replied, thinking this theory too wild even for conjecture.

"Would she?" asked Mr. Ingleby with heart-stricken emphasis, and both were silent for some moments with fears they dared not express.

Then Mr. Ingleby told Philip of Claude Medway's strenuous denials of all knowledge of Jessie's whereabouts and his expressed anxiety concerning her. He added the significant fact that the supposed engagement between Medway and his cousin was undoubtedly at an end, since Miss Lonsdale was engaged to and about to marry the Marquis of Bardexter, whose family was more remarkable for antiquity than wealth. Finally, at Philip's request he related all that he knew of Jessie's history during his absence in India and ended with a vivid depicture of her beauty and grace, her sweet manner, her modest bearing, her singular intelligence and taste.

"Upon my honor," Philip thought when he left, greatly heartened by his interview, "if the dear old fellow were ten years younger, I should think he was in love with her himself."

The next afternoon he called at Marwell Court. Sir Arthur took his visit as a matter of course, regretted that Lady Gertrude was not at home, spoke of the interest with which he had followed his movements in India and heard of his distinction and talked of the Mutiny.

"Sir Arthur," Philip broke in at last, "you do not perhaps know that I am one of the guardians of Miss Jessie Meade, respecting whose—ah—connection with some members of your family I am anxious to know everything that can be known."

"Quite so," replied Sir Arthur, with a sudden change of manner. "It is a sad business. I have done all I could to get to the bottom of it, in vain. It has occasioned great distress in my family. My daughter, who is an invalid, as you may know, was attached to Miss Meade, whose society was the means of beguiling many weary hours for her. My niece, Miss Lonsdale, was first struck by Miss Meade's singular beauty and refinement, and, brought her to my house, where I was glad to receive her as your future wife as well as for her own sake. Miss Meade was not well placed at Redwoods. The Plummers are excellent people, for whom I have the highest respect, but with her."

"Miss Meade was born in that station," said Philip, stiffly, "and I was bred in it."

"Pardon me, Miss Meade was bred out of it, and had virtually left it in becoming engaged to you. Whtever your breeding may have been, Philip, and you can choose it yourself, remember, you have simply justified your gentle birth. In spite of my natural interest in a young lady of beauty so rare," he continued, "I tried to discourage my niece's intimacy with her. Miss Lonsdale is in the habit of forming sudden and ardent friendships and as suddenly getting tired of them. I considered Miss Meade too good for such treatment. But ladies sometimes have wills of their own. Miss Medway then became interested in Miss Meade who was able to soothe my daughter's sufferings as no one else could. Seeing this, I offered her a home in this house. Had she accepted it, she would have had the advantage of Lady Gertrude's personal supervision and guidance, she would have been a privileged inmate and enjoyed every comfort and consideration as my daughter's companion. This, to my regret, she declined. She would have been as a daughter to me, for the charm of her companionship is not less than that of her beauty. And when you returned to claim her, I had pictured to myself a marriage from this house. She continued to be a welcome guest here until October, when we were pained by her refusal to visit my daughter, and soon after, that startled by the news of her mysterious disappearance, to which in spite of the absurd rumors circulating on such occasions, there has been not the slightest clue. My own opinion is that some accident befell her."

"Did you ever make her any present?" Philip asked, suddenly rousing himself from gloomy reflections.

"Nothing beyond fruit and flowers. She was not a girl with whom one would venture a liberty of that kind."

"Do you know if your daughter gave her a present?"

"You shall see Miss Medway, only let me beg of you not to distress her by any surmise of a—painful nature."

But Ethel had given Jessie no presents, they found on inquiry. Then Philip spoke of the share attributed to Claude in Jessie's disappearance.

"Surely," Sir Arthur replied, "you do your sister grievous wrong by crediting these reports. And as the world regards these things, you do not injure my son."

"Why injure him?" returned Philip, coldly. "But I shall do so unless he is able to explain his conduct to my satisfaction. No man has a right, whatever his intentions may be, to compromise a young girl ignorant as she was of the ways of the world, by walking alone in woods with her as he undoubtedly did."

"If you take my advice," said Sir Arthur, "you will let Claude alone. He knows no more of the matter than you do. He scarcely knew her. I give you his address and warn you against rashly dragging your ward's name in the dust. I am sorry that this miserable scandal should have arisen, and will afford every possible help to clear it up; but I warn you that a young woman's name is best guarded by silence."

So Philip thought, but he was unshaken in his conviction as to the cause of Jessie's disappearance. In the event of any accident to Jessie her remains must sooner or later have been discovered, the coincidence of Claude's sudden journey on the day of her disappearance after a meeting between them ont the previous evening was remarkable.

Before leaving the house, Philip was summoned to see Miss Lonsdale, whom he had once met when dining at Marwell Court after the Crimea.

(To be Continued.)

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FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

THE FARM DAIRY.

Do you keep scrub cows or cows of any breed that are of less two hundred pounds butter capacity? If so, why not sell, trade or beef them and get some good ones of three hundred pounds or more butter capacity? It costs more to feed, milk, stable and pay taxes on five or six than on three or four. If you do not value your time, feed etc., but just keep cows for their company and a little butter, cream and milk, the poor ones will answer, but they will not build up your bank account very fast. Not making a business of selling milk or butter, eh? Well what is the difference? You are keeping cows to furnish milk, butter and cream for your family and costs more to feed six poor cows than four good ones. Why not have the four good ones and sell four tons more hay and fifty bushels more grain that the two extra cows would have eaten, and put fifty dollars more in the bank for a rainy day? A plain business proposition isn't it? Does your wife milk the cows while your boy and dog mind them in the lane or in one corner of the pasture field? Try it yourself once or twice when the flies are troublesome, and we believe you will realize the necessity of a change in the arrangements for milking. Fix a nice clean place in the darkest part of your stable where the cows may be tied and fed a couple of quarts of bran or meal each; rip up three or four old bone dust sacks and sew them together; throw this over the cow while you are milking to keep the flies off; or better still to keep some Shoo Fly on hand and apply that two or three times per week. It pays in the increased flow of milk as well as reducing the annoyance while milking. If you insist on having your wife do the milking this arrangement will make it

MUCH EASIER FOR HER.

We have always held the opinion that under most circumstances it is the man's place to do the milking. Surely a man has but little thought of his wife if he compels or allows her to tramp around in a dirty barnyard or stable after cows. Her place is in the house, and if she takes proper care of that, and cooks wholesome meals for you and your hired man and the children and keeps your clothes clean and in order, she has done enough without milking cows, hoeing the garden and many other things some men seem to think their wives should do. Do you still use the old fashioned gallon crocks or cans for setting milk? If so, discard them and adopt a better system. Of course a hand separator is the best proposition and following that some system of deep setting, using ice or cold water. Be careful about investing in so-called creamers. About one-half of the kinds sold on the market are worthless. Do not use any kind that require any preparation put in the milk, or the milk diluted with water. You can go to a tin shop and get a very good outfit without very big outlay. Have the tinner make you a number of cans about sixteen inches high, and eight inches in diameter, put handles on, two inches from the top, make a tin lid for the can in the shape of a cone; solder on to the cone a rim two inches wide, one half inch larger in diameter than your can is, so that the cone-shaped lid will go down over the cap and rest on the handles. Fill within one inch of the top with milk and set in cold water. Make a water tight box to hold the cans and fill the box with water so that it will come up above the lower edge of the cap. If you are any kind of a mechanic you can arrgnge such a box conveniently, possibly so you can have running water through it, at any rate, so you can fill it once or twice from the well each day. It is little work, but it pays in more and better cream and butter and you will always have sweet milk and cream for breakfast, even if it did thunder during the night.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHURN.

Still, using the old-fashioned up-and-down kind? Let your wife take that to keep her chicken feed in and get her a splinter new barrel churn. One of five gallons capacity won't cost more than three or four dollars, and is ever so much better. Do not buy any churns of peddlers—the kind that will churn in two minutes, or get one or two pounds of butter out of a gallon of milk, they are fakes. You can get the right kind of your hardware merchant if he is up-to-date. Do not keep your cream standing around where it is hot or where the flies will get into it. Keep it in the coolest place possible until you get enough for a churning. Then warm it up to about 90 degrees and keep it warm until it becomes slightly sour. Reduce the temperature to about 63 degrees and churn. As soon as the butter breaks and the butter globules are about the size of No. 4 shot, draw off the buttermilk and put in three or four gallons of cold water; give the churn a dozen turns, and draw off. Fill the churn with water and wash the butter again; draw off water and salt to taste, about one ounce to the pound, not more than this. The butter must be worked in the churn. Much butter is ruined by too much working. Better get a pound butter print and some parchment paper; it is nice for your own table and keeps better. If you take the surplus to your grocer, he will soon pay you an extra price for what you have to spare as his trade will call for your butter. Better still find one or two private customers who are willing to pay a good price for good butter, and sell to them, getting at least five cents per pound advance over the market price for common country butter. There is a satisfaction in producing an extra fine product of anything, try it on butter.

SHEEP NOTES.

The earliest lambs bring the highest prices.

Merino sheep should never be confined on low lands at night.

Shipping poor sheep to market is practically giving them away.

To secure the best prices, wool should be sent to market in the best condition.

For poor lands and short pasture sheep are decidedly better adapted than cattle.

Sheep are not naturally so well adapted to rough usage and picking their own as cattle.

It takes blood to feed sheep ticks, and blood is too costly to be used in that way.

Any animal when fed heavily should have a variety of food. This is especially so with sheep.

All flocks should be graded according to age, size and conditions as far as practicable.

The most unfavorable condition under which sheep can be grown is to subject them to feeding on low, washy pastures.

It is often the case that poor sheep are kept at a positive loss when good sheep under the same circumstances would return a profit.

The permanent futility of a farm is increased to a great extent by the number of sheep kept on a the farm.

Under present conditions it is very poor economy to select a ewe for breeding that has no merit to recommend her.

So far as can be done the flock should be culled, cut out, so that there will be one grade of wool.

One half the trouble that is experienced from foot rot might be avoided if the sheep's feet were kept trimmed and the animals kept dry under foot. Wool is a product which does not take fertility from the soil like grain growing, but if slightly managed adds to value of the soil for grain growing.

Sheep to fatten the most rapidly and on the least grain must be kept quiet and not allowed to run about so much as to run their flesh off.

Sheep are the most difficult of all stock to put into a good condition again, after they have been allowed to run down.

The longest and finest wool and the heaviest fleeces grow on sheep which are well fed and are kept steadily in a good condition.

It is a very exceptional case that it was advisable to purchase old sheep even to feed to fatten, the better plan is to get rid of old sheep and keep only vigorous thrifty ones.

The type of sheep most to be desired is the one that will bring in the largest returns under the peculiar conditions and surroundings under which they are raised and they will vary radically in different localities.

NOT IN THE RECKONING.

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar at a street corner the other day there approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars a day do you usually smoke?" asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs.

Three, replied the youth as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued.

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Didn't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building at the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the other.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

"Poor old Prof. Thinkard went home the other night, and he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't think what it was." "And didn't he remember it at all?" "Oh, yes; after thinking about two hours he realized that he had wanted to go to bed early."

WAS ALMOST UNKNOWN

COL. YOUNGHUSBAND'S SUCCESS IN THIBET.

The Leadership of the Expedition Called for Great Ability.

All the world is wondering at the dogged courage and splendid manhood of Lieut.-Col. Frank J. Younghusband, the British Commissioner to Thibet, who has succeeded in honeycombing his way into that forbidden country with his life in his hand.

Col. Younghusband is the first foreigner to enter, undisguised, the mountain city of mystery, Lhassa, capital of Thibet.

Henry Savage, the explorer, was tortured almost to death because he tried to enter the closed city, merely to satisfy his curiosity about it.

Colonel Younghusband entered it for quite another reason, one which should have made his reception yet more doubtful than that of Explorer Savage. He went to demand of the Dalai Lama, the Grand Lama, temporal and spiritual ruler of Thibet, why he had violated the treaty with Great Britain. Briefly, Col. Younghusband went to Lhassa, the city of weird sights, of blood and death, to settle a cup of tea. In the language of Lord Rosebery, the trouble was a war over a cup of tea, and Colonel Younghusband had come to settle the cup for all time.

STICKS TO THE POINT.

Why do you not buy your tea of Ceylon, as arranged in the treaty?" he had come to demand of the Dalai Lama, but he had to ask the question of the Amban, the resident Chinese Minister, because the Dalai Lama had run away.

"No doubt it can all be arranged to your satisfaction," the Amban had said, with many salaams and much smiling suavity. And Colonel Younghusband, the man of courage, is calmly, and in imminent danger of losing his head, waiting for the matter to be arranged. In fact, he has not the slightest intention of leaving the weird white city until it has been arranged, and that entirely to his satisfaction and the pleasure of his Government.

TROUBLE OVER SUPPLIES.

His chief trouble just now is in getting enough to eat for himself and troops.

Thibetan officials, having been warned that if supplies were not forthcoming the British would be obliged to seize them, replied that they were unable to compel the peasants to sell their grain. One thousand troops, with four guns, marched one day to the Daipung Monastery, a mile distant, containing seven thousand monks, and probably the largest monastery in the world. Colonel Younghusband sent a small party ahead with a letter asking the abbot of Daipung Monastery for supplies, and offering to pay liberally for them if they were furnished. If not furnished for payment, Colonel Younghusband's letter added, they would be taken by force.

Crowds of monks collected at the entrance to the monastery. They refused to take the letter, and flung stones and Thibetan oaths at the couriers. The detachment of British officers left the letter on top of a pile of stones and weighted by a heavy stone and returned to camp.

The abbot, watching the melee from the window, ordered that letter be brought to him. Six hours elapsed before there was a reply to the letter.

MONKS GAVE IN.

Then a long procession of fierce-eyed, reluctant monks came up the narrow mountain pathway bearing 100 maunds, or 800 pounds, of flour for distribution among 1,500 hungry men.

Another letter was sent to the abbot by the returning priests, a letter of few words and curt, giving the abbot four days in which to produce 3,500 maunds (28,000 pounds) of flour.

It is characteristic of the British army that of this man who has performed one of the bravest feats in history almost nothing is known. He has been in the British service for more than twenty years. He is an Englishman and a brave man. That is all that is known, and perhaps that is enough.

RUSSIA'S LOST LIBERTY.

Constitution Proposed by Alexander Second.

Russia has asked for its liberal constitution, and in Copenhagen such a document really exists and is considered of high value.

Russia had in 1879 drawn up a sketch of a constitution, providing for the summoning of a consultative chamber, and preparing for the introduction of liberal institutions. The Czar Alexander II. had approved of the sketch with several alterations, and it was also approved by the then Hereditary Grand Duke, who later became Alexander III., and by several Ministers.

But the murder of Alexander II. in 1881 stopped every approach to a liberal policy, and the documents referred to seemed to have disappeared.

Now the Russian Government, remarkably enough, appears to have interested itself in the outlined constitution, for, learning that the son of the man who drafted it lives in Copenhagen, it invited him to search his father's papers.

There, after 25 years, has been found the paper in question, containing both the marginal notes of Alexander II. and also the names of those statesmen who had read it.

The document has now through the Russian Embassy at Copenhagen been sent to the Government, and there is a great deal of excitement and expectation concerning its further fate.