# A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Then the ladies went and Gerald was left alone. He looked a dozen years older than he had looked ten weeks previously. All the light and gladness had died out of his face; he had the air of a man who was weighed down by some trouble, almost heavier than he could bear. "She is afraid of my taking cold," he said to himself, with a bitter smile as his wife closed the door. "Poor darling! if I were to take cold and have a fever and die, it would be the best thing that could happen either to her or me." He began to pace the room slowly, his hands behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground. "Nearly three months have passed since Karovsky's visit, and nothing has yet been done. Only two more weeks are left me. Coward that I am, to have kept putting off from day to day doing that which I ought to have done long ago. Even this very afternoon when I reached Beaulieu, I had not the courage to go in and confront Von Rosenberg. My heart failed me, and I turned back. If I had begun one letter to him I have begun a dozen, only to burn or tear them u[p] unfinished; but now there is no time for further delay. I will warn him that if he wishes to save his life he must leave here immediately, and seek some asylum where his enemies will be powerless to harm him. Shall I vaguely hint at some shadowy danger that impends over him? or shall I tell him in plain terms why and by whom the death sentence has been recorded against him? Shall I write to him anonymously, or shall I sign the letter with my name? Better tell him everything and put my name to the letter; he can then act on the information in whatever way he may deem best. In doing this, as Karovsky said, I shall be sealing my own doom. Well, better that, better anything than the only other alternative."

He halted by one of the windows, and stood gazing out of all the pleasant features of the landscape he had learned to know and love so well. "It seems hard to die so young, and with so much about me to make life happy," he sadly mused. "I think I could meet my fate on the battlefield without a murmur—but to be murdered in cold blood—to be the mark for some stealthy assassin! Poor Clara! poor darling! what will you do when I am gone?" He sighed deeply as he turned from the window. His eyes were dim with tears.

Presently he seated himself at the davenport, and drew pen and paper towards him. "No more delays; this very night the Baron shall be told. But how shall I begin? in what terms shall I word my warning?" He sat and mused for a minute or two, biting the end of his pen as he did so. Then he dipped the pen into the inkstand and began to write: "My dear Baron, from information which has reached me, the accuracy of which I cannot doubt, I am grieved to have to inform you that your life is in great and immediate peril. You have been sentenced to death by the Chiefs of one of those secret societies of the existence of which you are doubtless aware. Your only chance of safety lies in immediate flight."

"What shall I say next?" asked Ger[illegible] "Shall I [illegible]

But at this juncture the door was opened, and Mrs. Brooke came hurriedly into the room. "O Gerald, such terrible news!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Gerald turned his letter face downward on the blotting-pad. "Terrible news, Clara?" he said in a tone of studied indifference. "Has your aunt's spaniel over-eaten itself and'—

"Gerald, don't!" she cried in a pained voice. "Baron von Rosenberg is dead—murdered in his own house less than an hour ago!"

Gerald rose slowly from his chair as if drawn upward by some invisible force. The sudden pallor that blanched his face frightened his wife. She sprang forward and laid a hand on his arm. He shook it off almost roughly. "Tell me again w at you told me just now," he said in a voice which Clara scarcely recognized as that of her husband.

She told him again. "Murdered! Von Rosenberg! Impossible!"

"Dixon brought the news; he has just ridden up from King's Harold."

Gerald sank into his seat again. His eyes were fixed on vacancy for a few moments he looked as ifd his brain had been paralyzed.

Miss Primby came bustling in. "Oh, my dear Clara can it be possible that this dreadful—dreadful news is true?"

"Only too true, I am afraid, aunt."

"Poor Baron! Poor dear man! What a shocking end! I never knew a man with more charming manners.—Cut off in the flower of his age, as one may say."

"Perhaps dear, you would like to see Dixon and question him," said Clara to her husband.

He simply nodded. Mrs. Brooke rang the bell and Dixon the groom entered. "You had better tell your master all you know about this frightful tragedy."

The man cleared his throat. Gerald stared at him with eyes that seemed to see far beyond him—far beyond the room in which they were. "I had been down to King's Harold, sir," began Dixon, "to see Thompson, the farrier, about the chestnut mare, and was riding back, when just as I got to the Beaulieu lodge-gates I see the dogcart come out with Mr. Pringle the baron's man in it, along with Dr. King, and another gent as was a stranger to me. Seeing the doctor there, and that Mr. Pringle looked very white and scared like, I pulls up. 'Anything amiss, Mr. Pringle?' says I, with a jerk of my thumb towards the house as the dog-cart passed me. But he only stared at me and my poor master, the baron, was found on without a word. Then I turns to the lodge-keeper's wife and sees that she has her apron over her head, and is crying. 'Anything serous amiss mum?' says I. 'I don't know what you calls serous, young man,' says she, 'but my poor master, the baron, was found murdered in the little shally in the garden only half an hour since—shot through the heart by some blood-thirsty villain.' I didn't wait to hear more, sir, but made all the haste I could home."

No word spoke Gerald. The man looked at h[im] curiously, almost doubting whether his master had heard a word of what he had said.

"Thank you, Dixon; that will do," said Mrs. Brooke. The man carried a finger to his forehead and made his exit.

"Poor dear baron!" remarked Miss Primby for the second time. "There was something very fascinating in his smile."

"Clara, tell me," said Gerald presently. "Am I in truth awake, or have I only dreamt that Von Rosenberg is dead?"

"How strangely you talk, dear, I am afraid you are ill."

"There you are mistaken. I am well—excellently well. But tell me this; ought I to feel glad, or ought I to feel sorry? On my life, I don't know which I ought to feel!"

"Glad! O Gerald!"

"Ah; I had forgotten. You don't know."

"You no longer confide in me as you used to do."

He took no notice of the remark. "'Let the Dead Past bury its dead,'" he said aloud, but speaking exactly as he might have done had he been alone. "No need to send this now," he muttered in a lower tone as he took up his unfinished letter. "If I had but sent it a week ago, would Von Rosenberg be still alive? Who can say?" Crossing to the chimney-piece, he lighted a match and with it set fire to the letter, holding it by one corner as he did so. When it had burnt itself away he began to whistle under his breath.

"O Gerald!" said his wife in a grieved voice.

"I had forgotten; Pardon—as Karovsky would say."

"I am grieved to say so, dear, but his brain seems slightly affected," whispered Miss Primby to her niece. "If I were you I would call in Dr. Preston."

Before Clara could reply Bunce came in with a lighted lamp half turned down. He left the curtains undrawn, for a soft yellow glow still lingered over field and woodland.

As soon as he had left the room Mrs. Brooke crossed to the couch on which her husband had seated himself, and taking one of his hands in hers, said: "Dearest, y[ou] must not let this affair, shocking th[ou]gh it be, prey too much on your m[in]d. It is not as if you had lost an old and valued friend. Baron von Rosenberg was but an acquaintance—a man whose name even you had never heard six months ago."

His only reply was to softly stroke the hand that was holding one of his.

Clara waited a little and then she said: "Will you not come and dress for dinner?"

He rose abruptly. "Dress for dinner!" he exclaimed with a strange discordant laugh. "How the comedy and tragedy of life jostle each other! Grim death claps on the mask of Momus and tries to persuade us that he is a merry gentleman. Here a white cravat, a dress coat, the pleasant jingle of knives and forks. There, a pool of blood, a cold and rigid form, a ghastly face with blank staring eyes that seems appealing to heaven for vengeance. Yes, let us go and dress for dinner; for, in truth, you and I ought to rejoice and make merry to-night—if you only knew why."

"Gerald, you frighten me."

"Nay, sweet one, I would not do that;" he answered as he drew her to him and kissed her. "I am in a strange humor to-night. I hardly know myself. I could laugh and I could sing, and yet—and yet—poor Von Rosenberg!" He turned away with a sigh.

At this moment in came Mr. Bunce again. "If you please, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Brooke, "here's a strange young pusson come running to the Towers all in a hurry, who says she must see you without a minute's delay."

The "strange young pusson" had followed close on his heels. "Yes, mum, without a minute's delay," she contrived to gasp out, and then she stood panting, unable to articulate another word. She was breathless with running.

"Well, it ever!" exclaimed the scandalised Bunce, turning sharply on her. "Why, you ain't even wiped your shoes."

"That will do, Bunce, thank you," said Mrs. Brooke with quiet dignity.

Bunce sniffed and tried to screw up his nose further than nature had done already. "Sich muck!" was his comment to himself as he left the room.

The person to whom this depreciatory epithet was applied was a girl of some sixteen or seventeen summers, Margery Shook by name, who was dressed in a coarse but clean bib and apron, a short cotton frock considerably the worse for wear, gray worsted stockings, thick shoes, and a quilted sun-bonnet, from under the flap of which her nut-brown hair made its escape in tangled elf-like locks. Her bright hazel eyes had in [illegible] ted animal than that of an ordinary human being. Her features, though by no means uncomely, were somewhat heavily moulded and did not respond readily to emotional expression. For the rest she was a well-grown strongly-built girl, and when she laughed her teeth flashed upon you like a surprise.

Margery's laugh, if laugh it could be called, was perhaps the most singular thing about her. It was witch-like, weird, uncanny; it never extended to her eyes; it broke out of the most inopportune moments; to have been awoke by it in the dead of night, and not to have known whence it emanated might have shaken the nerves of the strongest man.

Margery was an orphan, and until she was sixteen years old, had been brought up on a canal barge. It was her boast that she could drive a horse or steer a barge as well as any man between London and the Didlands. But there came a day when the girl could no longer either drive or handle the rudder. Ague got her in its merciless grip. The barge-man for whom she worked landed her at King's Harold with instructions to a relative of his to pass her on to the workhouse. But before this could be done Mrs. Brooke had found out the sick girl. She was placed in a decent lodging, and the mistress of Beechley Towers paid all expenses till she was thoroughly restored to health. But not only did she do that; she went to see Margery three or four times a week, and sat with her, and talked with her, and read to her, and tried in various ways to let a few rays of light into the girl's darkened mind. Sometimes it happened that Mr. Brooke would call for his wife when she was on these expeditions, on which occasions he would always stay for a few minutes to have a chat with Margery, so that in a little while there was no such gentleman in existence as "Muster Geril." But towards Mrs. Brooke her feeling was one of boundless gratitude and devotion; it was like the devotion of a dumb animal rather than that of a rational being. Willingly, gladly would she have laid down her life for her benefactress, to go back to her old life on the canal. About this time it was that the Baron von Rosenberg set up his establishment at Beaulieu. An assistant was required in the laundry. Margery thought she should like the situation, so it was obtained for her.

"Why, Margery, what can be the matter? Why do you want to see me so particularly?" asked Mrs. Brooke.

"It's about him—about Muster Geril," she managed to gasp out. "O mum! the polis is coming, and I've run'd all the way from Bulloo to tell you."

"The what is coming, Margery?"

"The polis, mum," answered the girl with one of her uncanny laughs. Miss Primby, who had never heard anything like it before, gave a little jump and stared at Margery as if she were some strange animal escaped from a menagerie.

"The police, I suppose you mean?" Margery nodded, and began to bite a corner of her apron.

"You must be mistaken, child. What can the police be coming here for?"

"To take Muster Geril."

"To arrest my husband?" Margery nodded again. "What can they want to arrest him for?"

"For murder."

"For murder!" ejaculated both the ladies.

There was a moment's breathless pause. Gerald, with one hand on the back of a chair, and one knee resting on the seat, had the impassive air of a man whom nothing more can surprise. He had gone through so much of late that for a time it seemed as if no fresh emotion had power to touch him.

"Great heaven! Margery, what are you talking about?" said Mrs. Brooke with blanched lips.

"They say as how Muster Geril shot the gentleman—the Baron—what was found dead about a hour ago. Not as I believes a word of it," she added with a touch of contempt in her voice. "A pistol set with gold and with funny figures scratched on it, was found not far from the corpus, and they say it belongs to Muster Geril."

"My Indian pistol which I lent to Von Rosenberg ten weeks ago," said Gerald quietly.

"And now the polis have gone for a warrin to take him up," added the girl.

"A warrant to arrest my husband?"

Again Margery nodded. She was a girl who, as a rule, was sparing of her words.

"I the murderer of Von Rosenberg!" said Gerald, with a bitter laugh. "Such an accusation would be ridiculous if it were not horrible."

Mrs. Brooke wrung her hands and drew in her breath with a half moan. The blow was so overwhelming, that for a few moments words seemed frozen on her lips.

Gerald turned to the window. "Can the irony of fate go further than this," he said to himself, "that I should be accused of a crime for refusing to commit which my own life was to have paid the penalty!"

In came Bunce once more carrying a card on a salver which he presented to his master.

Gerald took it and read, "Mr. Tom Mr. Starkie!"

"Says he wants to see you very perticler, sir."

"Into which room have you shown Starkie?"

"Into the blue room, sir."

"Say that I will be with him in one moment. Come, Clara, come aunt," he said with a smile, as soon as Bunce had left the room; "let us go and hear what it is so 'perticler' that Mr. Tom has to say to me."

None of them noticed that Margery had stolen out on to the terrace, and was there waiting and watching with her gaze fixed on a distant point of the high-road where it suddenly curved, before dipping into the valley on its way to the little market town of King's Harold. Twilight still lingered in the west, and Margery's eyes were almost as keen as those of a hawk.

(To be Continued.)

## A RAILWAY IN THEAIR.

**Richard Dix's Scheme for Propelling Aerial Cars By Compressed Air.**

When the idea of Richard Dix, of London, England, is carried out, people will be able to travel through the atmosphere in cars high above the earth, impelled by compressed air. It will be a railway without engines, without cables, without electricity. The passenger coaches are to be pendent from a tube overhead. Compressed air is to be forced through this tube from the central power station and the car will be propelled. This suspended tube or permanent way is made of iron. It is open at its under side from end to end and supported at any desired height by lattice girders carried at proper intervals by pillars or posts. The tube is in sections, with openings at the ends of each section which are closed by valves.

The longitudinal opening in the tube provides for the passage from end to end of a pair of pendent plates, from which the carriage is suspended. These plates severally depend from trolleys which run within the tube, each carrying a piston that fits the tube. The plates are provided at their periphery with an elastic packing for making an air-tight joint with the tube. The longitudinal opening in the tube is covered by an elastic valve formed preferably of indiarubber, imbedded in the face of which is a strip of steel.

MOTOR POWER.

The pendent plates which are attached to the carriage top are formed with lateral flanges, which join at the forward end of the trolley and constitute a kind of wedge for lifting the longitudinal elastic valve from its seat to open a passage for the pendent trolley plates

[illegible]tive power is pumped at permanent stations into receivers and connected to the permanent way tube with pipes and caps. A small high pressure pipe fixed along the tube serves, as the end valves are closed and communication is open between the pipes and the suspended tubes or tubular way, to supply the compressed air to the back of the piston and to force forward the carriage.

This arrangement provides for the pressure being put on at convenient points in the system. In long distances additional pumping engines may be erected. At the junction of the sections the tube will be open to the atmosphere, and the impetus given to the trolleys will suffice, when desired, to pass the suspended carriage from one section to the other, so that on the closing of the end valve in the new section reached, the propelling power, applied as before, will continue the progress of the carriage without any intermission.

## CROWNING A QUEEN

**Coronation Ceremonies of Holland's Young Queen**

Elaborate preparations are being made already for the grand ceremony of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, which is to signalize the termination of her minority and her assumption of the reins of government next year. It is expected that the function will take place at Amsterdam rather than at The Hague, although the latter is the national capital, the royal palace at Amsterdam, as well as the so-called New Church there, offering far better accommodation than do the edifices of the same kind at The Hague. Indeed, the royal palace at Amsterdam is one of the noblest structures of the kind in Europe. It is erected on a foundation of more than 13,000 piles, is 300 feet in length, 250 feet in depth, and 150 feet high. It was built nearly 300 years ago, but, curiously enough, never has been used as headquarters by any Dutch monarch, except King Louis Bonaparte.

The ceremony will doubtless attract visitors to Holland from all over the world, for in these modern times coronations are comparatively rare, being considered out of keeping with the spirit of the age, and as savoring too much of the mediaeval era. Thus Emperor William never has been crowned, neither has King Humbert of Italy, nor yet the present King of Wurtemberg; King Leopold of Belgium, likewise never has been crowned, nor yet has the King of Bavaria.

The late King of Spain, the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, the late King Victor Emmanuel and the present King of Greece are all in the same category in this respect, and the only monarchs of the present time who have gone through the costly ceremony of coronation are Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Sweden and of Denmark, and King Charles of Roumania, the latter's crown, unlike those of his brother monarchs, being not of gold nor set with jewels, but of gun metal and steel, taken from the cannon and the swords captured by the Roumanian soldiers from the Turks in the bloody war of 1876.

## A LEGAL DILEMMA.

Judge—Who owns the mule?

Casey—I own wan half ov him an' Fogarty owns the ithur, Yer Haner.

Judge—Then what's the trouble?

Casey—Fogdarty won't let his half work.

Judge—Court's adjourned. I must look up the law.

## PREDICTIONS NEVER FAIL.

### AN INGENIOUS WAY TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.

**Excellent Results Obtained by Means of M. Jaubert's Meteorometric System—Scientists Approve of the New Method and Are Anxious to Have It Perfected.**

A new and thoroughly scientific method of making weather predictions is now being tested in Paris. Of its success no one who has examined it has the slightest doubt, and certainly the excellent results already obtained by means of it are in some measure a guarantee that it will in time be found to be unerring. Mr. Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor of anthropometry, is indirectly the author of this new method. To M. Joseph Jaubert, however, the credit of being the actual inventor is due. He is the director of the municipal service of meteorology in Paris, and for some time he has been trying to discover a method by means of which reliable weather predictions can be made. One day it occurred to him to follow in M. Bertillon's footsteps. In other words, he said to himself:—

"If human beings can be unerringly classified by means of anthropometry, why cannot atmospherical conditions be classified in the same way?"

What he wanted was some method which would enable him to predict the weather a day in advance, his guide for the purpose being the atmospheric conditions prevailing on the day when the predictions were made.

What does M. Bertillon do when he desires to classify human types? He observes his subjects closely and minutely, jots down numerous notes in regard to their physical formation and points of difference, and concludes by classifying these notes, taking as his basis of classification the human head, since there are fewer points of difference, or rather, less likelihood of change or variation, as regards this part of the body than there are as regards any other part. Now M. Jaubert uses a similar method—he styles it the meteorometric method.

CLOSE OBSERVATION NECESSARY.

The uninterrupted observations which are made every three hours by the officials of the meteorologic bureau, as well as mechanically by registering instruments, and which thus show the hourly physiognomy of the sky, are transcribed on the left hand pages of a large ledger, while on the right hand pages are recorded the cards published each day by the Central Weather Bureau in regard to the atmospheric conditions prevailing throughout Europe. By means of this ledger, or index, M. Jaubert arranges a daily weather guide, of which this is a model:—

State of the weather ........189..
Prevailing Wind. { Force..........Swiftness. / Ascending. / Descending.
Mean Temperature..........
Mean Humidity..........
Nebulosity....... Tension of Vapor
Rain or Snow.......
State of the weather. { Yesterday Evening.... / To-day.......... / To-morrow..........

WIND THE CHIEF FACTOR.

The difficulty lay in discovering the best means of classifying these data. Finally, it was decided to choose that phenomenon which, popular opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding, has more fixity than any other—namely, the wind. That is why the wind is the first entry on these weather guides, and why attention is first given to its strength and the direction in which it is blowing.

These weather guides are placed in pigeon holes, and the work is then done. Any one knowing the atmospheric conditions prevailing on any day can now tell what kind of weather there will be on the following day. Say [illegible] northwestern wind prevails all that need be done is to search among the weather guides for one which shows the result of a northwestern wind under certain conditions of temperature, humidity, etc. The simple rule is weather conditions that prevail on e and produce a similar result whenever they prevail again. If this rule does not hold good, the only reason can be because the prevailing conditions, though apparently the same on the various occasions under observation, are really not quite the same.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S ESTATES

### SKETCH OF THE GREAT EXTENT OF HER TERRITORIES.

**The Empire Which Circles the Whole World—No Other Country of Ancient or Modern Times Equals It.**

It is safe to say that never has a monarch been called upon to reign over a realm of greater extent or wider influence than that which acknowledges Victoria as Queen and Empress.

The British Isles alone consist of not far short of a thousand distinct islands or islets, excluding isolated pinnacles or rocks. Their area is 121,115 square miles, forming the boundaries within which some eighteen and a half millions of males and nearly nineteen and a half million females live, move, and have their being. They are fearfully in debt as a nation, to the amount of something like 680 millions, with an income of ninety-one millions.

The British Empire is a political creation without parallel in the world's history. It is scattered here, there, and everywhere, with an area approaching ten million square miles. Its 400 millions of inhabitants represent

ALL DEGREES AND PHASES

of civilization. The Queen's Christian subjects are in the minority, there being two hundred million Hindoos, some seventy million Mohammedans, and eight million Buddhists. Something like 130 languages and dialects are spoken in this vast realm, in each of which the Bible is printed.

The Union Jack now floats triumphantly over a continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, double that number of rivers, and no less than ten thousand islands. This stupendous estate enables the Britisher to perform a feat which the native of no other nation can imitate—to circumnavigate the globe and touch a portion of the national possessions the whole journey. Sailing from England he makes for Halifax, N. S., dashes across Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Pacific to Hong Kong. Resuming his way he halts at Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, the latter place being the last stoppage ere Britain's white cliffs are reached. There is, however, an alternate route after arriving at Penang, thence he can go to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, Malta, Gibraltar, and home again.

All zones are embraced in the British Empire, from the icy wilderness of Hudson Bay to the tropical jungles of India. There is scarcely a product of commercial value which a British province does not bring forth in

ITS HIGHEST PERFECTION.

Notwithstanding the diversified elements comprised in this tremendous organization, the Government, with very rare exceptions, maintains order, and there is no apparent sign of dissolution.

Without a doubt the most splendid jewel in the Queen's crown is the Indian Empire, which is equal in size, if we exclude Russia, to the Continent of Europe. Its population, bordering on three hundred millions, is composed of a variety of distinct nationalities, professing a multitude of religions, practising diverse rites, and speaking different tongues. Official reports state there are over a hundred distinct languages, as apart from dialects, spoken in India. Many of the races are further divided by discordant prejudices, conflicting social usages, and antagonistic material interests.

The diversified elements constituting the Indian possessions represent, according to a late Governor-General, as complicated a social and political organization as has ever taxed human ingenuity to govern and administer.

After India comes Canada, and the Australian colonies, which are about to form a new southern Dominion.

## ORGANIZED CHARITIES

### SOME FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT JULY CONFERENCE.

**Relief and Prevention Work — Poverty, Crime and Other Social Problems to Be Considered—Large Attendance Expected —Programme Outlined.**

Toronto is being specially favored by large Conferences this year. The first of these great meetings is the National Conference of Charities and Corrections which opens with a public reception in the Horticultural Pavilion on the evening of July 7th, and continues in session until the afternoon of July 11th. This Association is composed of the leaders in the great charitable movement that is doing so much at the present day to ameliorate the condition of the poor and the afflicted. Every phase of benevolent work will be represented at this meeting, from the humble contributor to the poor of his or her own neighborhood, to the official heads of the great institutions for the care of the insane and the custody of the prisoner. Men and women who have made a life study of relief work and who direct the charity organizations of the country will be present to exchange experience and the managers of reform institutions will state the degree of success that is attending their efforts. The morning and evening meetings will be devoted to papers and addresses of a general character in which all will be interested, while the afternoon meetings will be given over to some six or eight sections dealing with special branches, such as charity organizations, child-saving, the care of the insane, municipal and county charities, social settlements and prison reform.

This Association has been in existence for twenty-four years. The President is Mr. Alex. Johnson, Superintendent of the Indiana State School for the feeble-minded, while the Secretary is Mr. H. H. Hart, Secretary of the State Board of Charities of Minnesota.

Among the different subjects that will be taken up and a few of the speakers that will take part, the following might be mentioned:—

The Chairman of the Committee on the study of Social Problems, will be President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., and this committee will be attended by the Professors of Social and Political Economy from the great Universities of the Continent.

Mrs. E. E. Williamson of Elizabeth, N. J., is chairman of the committee on Municipal and County Charities. The management of poor houses, the distribution of outdoor relief, the tramp problem, and kindred questions will be dealt with by such men as Prof. Henderson, of the Chicago University, Homer Folks, Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, J. J. McLaren, Q. C., of Toronto, Miss A. M. Machar of Kingston, Ont., and Mr. Ernest Bicknell, Secretary Board of State Charities of Indiana.

The committee on the feeble-minded will be presided over by Dr. F. M. Powell, of Glenwood, Iowa, and the main subject treated by the committee will be prevention. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, will read a paper on "State Regulation of Marriage," and Dr. Krohn, of Illinois University, will deal with child study as applied to defective children; while Dr. C. T. Carson of Syracuse will also take part.

The committee on the care of the insane will be presided over by Dr. H. C. Rutter, of Gallipolis, and the proceedings will be participated in by nearly all th leading authorities on the care of the insane.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, Rev. Percy Alden, of Mansfield House, London, England, and Rev. Robt. Ely, of Cambridge, will speak of social settlements in large cities. The chairman of this section is Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University.

The Prison Reform section will be presided over by Philip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia, while the discussion will be taken part in by the Hon. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, Hon. Charlton T. Lewis, of New York, and Warren F. Spaulding, of Boston.

Child-saving work and juvenile reformatories are two of the largest and most interesting sections of the Conference, and all matters relating to neglected and dependent children will be discussed at these meetings. Altogether the gathering promises to be a most enjoyable and instructive one. Special railway arrangements are being made whereby single fare rates can be secured, and it is expected that many Canadians from all parts of the country will attend this meeting. Hon. S. H. Blake is chairman of the local committee, while the secretaries are Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh and Mr. J. J. Kelso. Any desired information can be secured by writing to them.

Outside entirely of the benefit to be derived from the meeting, the opportunity to make the acquaintance of so many distinguished persons is one that should induce a great many Canadians to attend.

## CARVED IN CHEESE.

One of the most peculiar bridal or marriage customs known is one that has prevailed for centuries in what is called the "cheese region" in Switzerland. In that portion of the Alpine country, when a pair join in wedlock, it is the fashion for [illegible] to buy a "register cheese" for the young couple. This is presented to the newly-wedded people on the evening of the wedding day, and it is ever after retained by them and used as a family register. On these heirloom cheeses the whole history of the family is carved, such as births, marriages, deaths and other incidents which it may be desired to make matters of record. Some of these old Swiss family cheese records are said to date back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

At the agricultural fair annually held at Gessenay a great many cheese registers have been exhibited which were known to be from 180 to 200 years old. The oldest that has yet been displayed belongs to a country squire living near Gessenay, who shows his family record carved on a cheese made in 1660.

## COULDN'T TOUCH 'EM.

Ethel—Did you ever run across a real smart man in your life?

Penelope—No, indeed; such men jump very quickly when they hear a bicycle bell.

## NOT A WELCOME TOPIC.

She—It was just three years ago to-night that you proposed.

He—Now, what did you want to bring that up for on the only night of the week that I have away from business?

# HEALTH.

## FARE FOR THE SICK.

No matter how much care one may take to guard against it, sickness comes to every household some time. Then the housewife's brain is taxed to the utmost to provide suitable and tempting fare for the patient. The preparation of dishes for an invalid is a perplexing problem, for the food should be nourishing and nicely cooked and served in the daintiest and most attractive manner. In addition, changes are constantly required to tempt a capricious appetite. These few simple hints may be of assistance to some one.

An excellent thing for a delicate or exhausted stomach is a glass of hot milk. Sweeten it slightly and put in a piece of stick cinnamon while it is being heated.

One of the most satisfactory ways of giving an invalid raw beef is in a sandwich. Butter lightly on the loaf bread twenty-four hours old, and then slice it very thin. Scrape a choice, tender piece of beef, season it with salt, and also pepper, if the latter can be taken; spread it upon the buttered bread, put another piece of bread over it, and then cut the sandwich into finger pieces, being sure to remove all the crust. Serve them upon a prettily embroidered doily or a fringed napkin as soon as they are made.

When a stimulant is required, try putting a spoonful of whiskey or wine in a cup of beef tea instead of a glass of milk.

Beef tea is a food of which an invalid quickly tires. Try making it into a jelly. Soak for an hour a third of a box of gelatine in water enough to cover it; then pour over it a pint of hot beef tea; season to suit the taste, and turn the liquid into small cups or individual moulds and set it away to harden. When needed, turn the jelly from one of the moulds out upon a dainty saucer. Served with a nicely toasted cracker it will be very inviting, and the same amount of nourishment will be obtained as when the beef tea is taken in liquid form.

Another liquid of which an invalid soon tires is a raw beaten egg mixed with milk or wine. For a [illegible] prepare a cup of hot coff[illegible] cream and sugar, or as it is liked. Have an egg previously beaten very light and gradually stir it into the prepared coffee, standing the cup holding the coffee in a pan of boiling water to keep it very hot. This makes a change and is very palatable as well as strengthening.

Always give a patient beef juice in a colored glass, a red one if possible. A good plan is to have for the purpose a claret glass or a pretty sherbet cup ornamented in gilt and standing upon a saucer to match. Put a hot toasted cracker upon the saucer to be eaten after the juice has been taken. Beef juice offered to an invalid in this manner is not so likely to be greeted with the words, "I cannot take it."

A very soothing drink for an inflamed throat or lungs is flaxseed lemonade. To make it put two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed into an earthen bowl and pour over it a generous pint of boiling water. Cover the bowl and place it at the back of the stove, where it will keep warm for three or four hours; strain the liquid, and add to it the juice of two lemons and as much sugar as is desired. This drink may be taken hot or cold as the individual fancies.

When mutton broth is wanted quickly and there is not time for slow cooking, take the lean part of the meat, remove every thread of fibre, and chop the meat fine. For one pound of chopped mutton add two cups of cold water and a very little rice or barley. Cover the dish and let the ingredients soak fifteen minutes; then put them over the fire and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and season with pepper and salt.

Nourishing gruels are always in demand for delicate persons as well as invalids. Those most called for are of Indian meal or oatmeal.

For oatmeal gruel, put into a pan over the fire one quart of boiling water; add to it two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal by sifting it in slowly between the fingers, stirring all the while; when well mixed, cover the saucepan and place it at the back of the fire, where it will just simmer, for two hours. Season with salt enough to make it palatable, and sweeten it if desired; strain it through a medium fine sieve. To a small teacup two-thirds full of this hot gruel add a teaspoonful of cream when serving it to an invalid.

Indian meal gruel is made by mixing two level tablespoonfuls of meal with half a spoonful of flour. Stir into the dry ingredients half a cup of cold water before mixing them with one quart of boiling water. Let this mixture cook slowly at the back of the fire two hours, stirring it occasionally to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the pan. Season generously with salt, a very little sugar, and a suspicion of nutmeg. This gruel should also be served with cream like the oatmeal gruel.

Milk gruel, or porridge, as it is most generally called, is made thus: Put into a double boiler two cups of milk and half a cup of raisins, and stand it over a good fire; mix a heaping teaspoonful of flour with half a cup of cold milk, and stir it into the boiling milk; season with salt, and cook about twenty minutes; this gruel may be strained or served with the raisins; frequently two tablespoonfuls of wine is added to this porridge as soon as it is removed from the fire. It should be served as soon as possible, as it is best when hot.

Rice gruel is made in this manner: Cook a tablespoonful of rice in two cups of water for fifteen minutes; add a generous cupful of milk and a tablespoonful of flour, into which a gill of cold milk has been stirred, and slowly cook twenty-five minutes. Season with salt, a dash of mace and a little sugar, if it is liked. Strain and serve very hot with a crisp bit of toast.

## TO WHITEN THE HANDS.

You can whiten your hands and prevent them getting coarse and red by washing them in oatmeal-water. To make this you have but to boil five ounces of oatmeal and two ounces of starch in a pint of water for 25 or 30 minutes, and then strain off the liquid through a piece of muslin into a jug. This oatmeal water must be made fresh every day, as it soon turns sour. Occasionally, if the hands are very red, a few grains of chloride of lime can be put in the softened water you wash with, but remember to remove all rings and jewelry, as the lime discolors. Perforated sleeping chamois or white kid gloves smeared inside with a good cold cream, if worn at night, will materially assist matters. But above all things be sure and dry the hands thoroughly.

## HIS APPEARANCE BELIED HIM.

"I jist escaped from the Mississippi floods," said the man at the door for something to eat. "I wus in th' water three days."

"You haven't been in the water for three years," declared the woman as she slammed the door and shot the bolt.

Gibbon says that sugar was first brought from Asia to Europe A. D 625.

# WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

**Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.**

Twelve thousand feet of lumber was unloaded from a railroad car and piled up in twenty minutes at Gardiner, Me., the other day.

To gain her liberty a negress managed to squeeze herself between bars only six inches apart at the Paris, Tenn., jail it is said.

David Hunter of Troutdale, Or., killed two seals, one of them weighing 400 pounds in the Columbia River in the early part of this month.

Harry Snyder's coon dog, in chase of a hog at Williamsport, Md., seized the quarry and stopped so abruptly that it broke its own neck.

At West Canaan, N. H., a wild goose was shot which measured three feet two inches in length and four feet ten inches from wing to wing.

In twelve days of the maple sugar season in New Hampshire, J. E. Hartford of East Hebron made 2,100 pounds of sugar. He tapped 800 trees.

In a railway collision in North Carolina a four-year-old child at an open car window was thrown out of the window by the shock and escaped injury.

An eighty-year-old man of Somerville, Me., who for half his life has been partly blind and partly deaf, has recovered his senses in full without treatment.

Southern Oregon's fruit crop will be a large one, according to indications, and it is said that in the country surrounding Ashland half the population will be required to thin out the fruit on the trees.

It has been estimated that 10,000 dead fishes were cast upon the shore of the lake at Loring Park, Minneapolis, when the ice melted this year, the unusual thickness of the ice during the winter having caused the fishes to perish of suffocation.

Lightning struck the home of Marshall Spring at Hiram, Me., and set fire to six rooms, besides tearing up a board under Mr. Spring's chair and melting a bronze bracket near which one of his children stood. The whole family escaped unhurt, however.

According to Maine law the bounty for bears is paid on the exhibition of bruin's nose, while under the New Hampshire law payment is made when the ears are brought in, and hunters living near the common boundary of the States, it is said, collect twice for each bear they bring down.

Instances of the fallacy of the saw that lightning never strikes twice in the same place are continually occurring. The other day at Erath Station, near Abbeville, La., Stanville Theriot was struck and killed by lightning in his home, and two hours later Mrs. Ernest Garie was instantly killed by a bolt in the same house, while she was assisting Mr. Theriot's family in their trouble.

A squirrel which had left its winter home under some stones and gone up a neighboring apple tree, near Bath, Me., was seen by a dog. The dog took its stand at the foot of the tree and lay in wait. The squirrel lingered awhile, but the dog showed no signs of moving. Finally the squirrel dropped a withered apple near the dog. The apple rolled away down an incline, and the dog ran after it to find out what it was. While the dog was gone the squirrel escaped to its quarters.

In a lawsuit in Penobscot county, Me., to recover for damages resulting from the presence of a hog in the highway, an opinion written in 1865 was cited, which the learned Judge began in this way: "It appears that - - the plaintiff's daughter, with a suitable horse and vehicle, and in the exercise of ordinary care, was traveling in and along a public highway when an animal, called by various names, such as hog, [illegible], swine, and by the classical counsel for the plaintiff, 'monstrum horrendum,' aged, of large size, filthy, unclean by the Levitical and prohibited by the statute law," etc.

Two convicts, James C. Stewart and C. L. Banks have been taken from the State penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., by Deputy United States Marshal William Neeley and lodged in the county jail at Topeka on a charge of counterfeiting while they were in the penitentiary. Stewart being a photographer by pursuit, was made penitentiary photographer when he was sentenced to that institution. In this office, with Bank's help, he made photographs of bank notes and filled them in with water colors and India silk.

## HE SHOULD NOT HAVE TOLD.

**Story of the Man Who Built Up His Fortune on False Pretenses.**

"I feel that my whole life, my fortune, my family pride, everything that I possess worth having, have been built up on false pretenses." The speaker was the foremost man in the community and he was talking with one of his oldest friends.

"You know how my road to prosperity opened. My parents were [illegible] before I knew them. My grandfather died when I was nine, leaving me to a family that lost no opportunity to show how much of a burden I was. One day a group of boys were going down the street, a stone was thrown, it caromed on the pavement, went through a plate glass window. The proprietor came out, the other boys ran [illegible] confessed to being the [illegible] my arm was gripped as if in a vise, and when asked why I had not [illegible] grandad had taught me [illegible] with tears on my cheeks [illegible] en inside. As we talked [illegible] $2 a week to look after [illegible] little later in the conversation [illegible] to have a room of the [illegible] I was to be learned [illegible] then supplied with books [illegible] drew me to her side [illegible] told what a brave good boy I [illegible] and what a noble [illegible]

"I've heard [illegible] times."

"So have I, almost every [illegible] years my old patron would [illegible] ter saying that [illegible] 'this is my clerk' [illegible] 'this is my partner' [illegible] 'this is my son-in-law' [illegible] made me a hero [illegible] the time [illegible] brought me friends [illegible] were always [illegible] wealth. It made my [illegible] happier and better [illegible] in their children for it is [illegible] ideal and tradition."

"But where do the false pretenses come in?"

"Well, I must tell someone. [illegible] er threw that stone. I never [illegible] that window. My tears were [illegible] grandfather, but were wrung [illegible] by the grip on my arm. [illegible] I was in a state of moral [illegible] acknowledged a wrong I never [illegible] did wrong through a [illegible] ation to always do right. [illegible] never been a time that [illegible] and I have lived up to my [illegible] I wouldn't destroy the [illegible] builded on the dust [illegible] and children for the world. It would pull a moral prop from under [illegible] that may yet stand for ages [illegible] how much of good [illegible] dation."

"I wish you had kept your [illegible] secret."