

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The cultivated hyacinth is a native of Persia and Asia Minor.

The most valuable leather belt ever made sold for \$5,800. It is 243 feet long, 72 inches wide, and three-ply.

Any child over 7 can be prosecuted as a criminal in England, but in Germany 12 is the limit of responsibility.

Asparagus has been cultivated for more than 2,000 years from wild varieties found in Natal, Siberia and Persia.

For the second year in succession the Rhodes scholarship for Manitoba has been won by a youth of Icelandic parentage. Joseph T. Thorson is the name of the latest winner.

Announcement that airship communication will be started in May between Munich and Oberammergau in Germany recalls the fact that proposals for an aerial service from Paris to Lyons were made in 1784, within a year of the first balloon ascent.

Victor Hugo was a good business man. One of his biographers describes him as "the keenest hand imaginable at a bargain, a past master in the art of drawing up contracts and the only author on record who made a fortune out of his books while his publishers lost on them."

M. Edmond Blanc is looked upon as the real ruler of Monaco. He pays \$350,000 a year for the gambling concession he holds and thus provides the greater part of the revenue of the principality. In one respect M. Blanc is a disappointed man. He can not gain admission to the French Jockey Club.

As a result, it is said, of the increased spirit duties under the British budget the police have noticed in remote districts of Ireland, indications of a revival of illicit distillation of liquor. There has also been a considerable increase, it is reported, in the consumption of spirits of ether as a beverage since the price of whiskey was raised.

In Italy the supply of machine guns is still in its infancy. By the end of the year, however, every infantry regiment and every Alpine battalion is to have one gun for training the men. In the fall of 1910 a beginning is to be made to give every infantry and cavalry regiment one battery of four and every Alpine battalion one battery of two such guns.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, bream, sturgeon herring and sprats were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

A piece of railroad construction was recently completed by which the Island of Japan now has a system running throughout the full length of the empire. The total length of the line is 1,750 miles and the distance from north to south of the island can now be covered in five days and nights. At the close of the fiscal year 1907-8, 4,452 miles of state railroad had been opened for traffic and 455 miles of railway were controlled by private interests.

An orange vender, intent on forcing trade, has been doing a novel business in the residential part of the city for the last few days. He rings the bell and tells the servant who answers that he has a box of oranges to deliver. The box is properly addressed and is said to have come from California. The express charges are usually about \$3.50 or \$4, and an amount far in excess of the value of the fruit which the box contains. A number of credulous people have been victimized.—New York Tribune.

The Pekin Gazette of recent date gives two rescripts in connection with criminals who "on account of madness" have killed their father and grandfather, respectively. The words are always added in such cases, for the crime of parricide is so heinous that strictly speaking the whole population of the city is responsible; the city walls have to be razed and a new site found elsewhere. In Szechuan province there is a deserted city, visible to travelers from the river, where this law was once strictly carried out.

"More than half of the young men who enter college in the United States are physically defective" said Dr. R. Tati MacKenzie, physical director of the University of Pennsylvania gymnasium, in a recent address. "Students are not deformed except in rare instances," Dr. MacKenzie continued, "but more than half of them are defective. Two-thirds of them at least are round-shouldered, 30 per cent incline to flatfootedness, and lateral curvature of the spine, more or less pronounced, is distressingly frequent. Cigarette smoking has impaired their wind and to some extent their heart and nerves. The freshman's carriage is usually far from erect and digestion and eyesight are also apt to be below normal, due to lack of care."

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The visit of Mr. Franz threw no new light on the Wayne murder mystery. As to the disappearance of Betty Lancey and of the Man-Aperilla these riddles were still at their baffling inception. The police found themselves up against a polygonal enigma: The murder of Cerisse Wayne; the identity and whereabouts of Hamley Hackley; the unparalleled resemblance between Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Wayne; the disappearance of Betty Lancey; and the appearance and disappearance of the Man-Aperilla—all surrounding the death of Mrs. Wayne.

Larry Morris grew thin and gaunt as the days passed on, and no tidings came from the missing Betty. Harcourt's wife had been taken to a sanitarium and Harcourt was held in jail pending her recovery and the clearance of the mystery. The copy of the letter Harcourt had made was pronounced by experts to be a disguised hand, and the signature of Harold Harcourt on the hotel register was found to be almost identical with the formation of the initials H. H. appended to the letters found among the effects of the dead Cerisse Wayne. Opinion was divided among various speculations and some thought that Harcourt had killed Mrs. Wayne, other theorists held that Harold Harcourt and Hamley Hackley were the same; others still, that Harcourt had been masquerading as Hackley, and in that way explained the vanishing of Hackley. This left still unaccounted for the abduction of Betty and the mystery of the Man-Aperilla.

Larry Morris persistently held to it that it was only right that an expedition should be fitted up and sent to Africa to see if there might be any further clues picked up there. His paper laughed at him, and one editor, who guessed the condition of Larry's heart, called him a "lovesick fool." Larry fumed until one night late in August he had a dream about Betty. He saw her in a jungle, amidst a horde of libyans and hideous black men. And she was standing there stretching out her hands to him. Her voice, thick with pain, called out to him, "Larry! Oh, Larry!" That settled Larry Morris. He threw up his job the very next day, and with Johnny Johnson in tow left for New York. Five days later Larry had made a tie-up with a press syndicate to go to Africa, along with Johnny Johnson, and see what could be done towards tracing out that end of the tale. They had no charts, nothing but a few half obliterated postmarks torn from letters found in the safety deposit box kept with Doubleday, Franz & Co., but on these Larry was pinning much faith. It was the mustard seed he hoped would move a mountain.

CHAPTER X.

Betty Lancey came back to consciousness and the world of things as mortals think they see them, with a most monstrous smell of sulphur choking her. As nearly as she could distinguish the room was filled with glass globes the circumference of a fair-sized musk-melon, and every globe was a-twitter with lemon yellow or pale violet lights, bathing the room with odd sputtered flashes.

Realities reverted slowly. Betty made out a ceiling, domelike and corrugated, later a floor, and eventually descried that she was nestling on a couch piled soft and easy with pungent pillows. Barely had she discerned these facts when a swaddled personage confronted her. It was tall and garbed in sombre swatches that left the outlines of its great bulk all in doubt.

"Ah, that is better," came the guttural comment, "do you wish more medicine?"

"No, indeed," she expostulated. "I didn't wish any in the first place. Why did you give it to me? Where am I?"

The being answered with a shrug. "Pray, calm yourself, my dear Miss Lancey. I only trust the machinations of this electrical apparatus will not disturb you too much. Do be quiet! Do not excite yourself unduly."

"Oh, but who are you? Where am I? And why?" asked Betty. "There's such a rushing in my head, such a sounding in my ears, and that swish and swash of water—what does it all mean? Am I delirious or dreaming?"

"You've been both," replied the figure, "but you're better now. Well enough to go into the salon where you can rest far more comfortably than in here. As to who I am—well, you may call me Le Malheureux if you like—it suits me better than any other title, for I am the unhappiest in all the world! My baptismal name was Francis—Francis—the free—but freedom for me—never!"

The figure sunk in a heap. Above the sputterings of the electrical apparatus Betty could distinguish the

swirl of waves, and the surge of deep water. She tried to rise but was too weak, and reclined once more upon her pillows. Vainly she endeavored to recall what had passed before. Event after event raced through her brain. She remembered dimly as a child traces back the progress of an evil dream the incidents of her last waking hours. The inquest of Cerisse Wayne, the scene in the Directory Hotel, the quest for the papers, her attempt to interview the mysterious woman, and last of all that shuddering fright, that fearful, struggling embrace with a horrible furry being that held her in a grasp from which escape was impossible, endurance intolerable.

She glanced at the heap of draperies by the side of the couch, watched the swing and sway of the room about her, and tried to gather her tortured senses together. Betty Lancey had never had any imagination, but she was possessed always with the poise of six men and the common sense of a dozen. She examined her hands carefully, and found them without scratch or bruise. She felt no soreness of body but a numb heaviness of brain, and a confused medley of thought. She closed her eyes and again dropped into a numbness.

She awakened from dreams of a meal at Le Roy's with Larry Morris urging her to "have just another piece of this steak, Betty, do."

By her side was a small table, neatly spread with dainty linen, fragile china, and exquisite silver, laden with a dozen appetizing viands. A negro woman of hulking build was gently bathing her temples.

"That's right, child," said the black woman, "open your eyes and you'll feel better. Open your lips, too, and taste this broth. It's so nice! I made it for you, just the way Mr. Francis likes it. He says it is the nicest he ever ate."

Mention of "Mr. Francis" fetched to mind the shock of an earlier hour to Betty. She suffered herself to be fed, which the negress did as gently as a mother might. With reviving strength Betty found her tongue again. She questioned her servitor closely.

"Have I been sick or drugged?"

"You've been very sick, my girl. But this sea voyage will put you right again. When you get back from Africa, you'll—"

"From Africa?" shrieked Betty. "Oh where and why and how am I going there? Oh, what has happened to me?"

"You're sailing straight for Africa in the most comfortable manner possible," answered the negress, "but as I tell you, you'll be sent home well and safe."

Betty sank back quieted and dutifully ate for the negress. When she had finished the black woman went away and came back with steamer rugs and wrappings.

"My name is Tyoga," announced the negress, bluntly. Then she set about combing Betty's sadly tangled hair, and wound the braids loosely around her fevered head. "I'm going to take you up on deck, now. Mr. Francis says you need the air."

Tall and strong as Betty once had been the giant negress picked her up as if she had been a little girl, and bore her to the upper deck and placed her in a luxuriously arranged steamer chair.

The glare of the sun on the water hurt Betty's eyes terribly, but the salt breeze refreshed her and the relief from the smell of sulphur and the sputterings of the electrical flashes was unbending. The surface of the water was unwrinkled and sea and sky were joined without a visible seam at the juncture. The craft on which she was sailing was the oddest Betty had ever seen. Not larger than a comfortable yacht, it was devoid of rigging, machinery, or even sails so far as the casual eye could note. All around pervaded that uncanny silence born of the dearth of human companionship. Tyoga pushed a little table covered with books close to Betty's side, tucked her round with the blankets, and handed her a little bell.

"I shall be busy below," announced the negress, "but if you want me, ring."

Then she disappeared down a hatchway. Betty picked up the magazines listlessly and found in addition several current scientific journals in French and in German, numerous of the lighter American and English periodicals, and a San Francisco daily of a date several days prior to the murder of Cerisse Wayne. The yacht, for such Betty termed it in the absence of any more accurate knowledge of the nature of the craft, made good time through the water. Its soft motion, and the glare of the sun, sea and sky acted as a gentle hypnotic and Betty, with a few final efforts for the retention of consciousness found herself slipping into a dream of wild unrest. Once it seemed to her that the Malheureux stood beside her, and then again Tyoga—she had hard shift to differentiate

between them, both were so tall, so hulking, so sombre. Had she not heard their voices in a guttural converse whose syllables she could not distinguish, she would have thought that the dual personality was but a trick of her rebellious fancy and that only one person beside herself was aboard this yacht of enchantment or delirium. The golden day faded in a rainbow clash of scarlet and silver, jasper and jade, pink and purple and gold and green. Pale evening, star-shot and misty followed in its footsteps. At intervals Betty roused to be fed, only to fall again into her dreams of things chaotic and things incomplete. Then when it grew the dark gray dusk, with a tight and shrivelled little quarter of a moon above them, Betty heard the twang and tinkle of a banjo beside her, and looking saw Le Malheureux, deep in the shadow, picking from the strings of the instrument melodies with all the heartbreak and all the soul-ache of the world within their measures.

As the night darkened the music grew more weird and from the hatchway joined in Tyoga's voice, deep, rich, alluring as the jungles from whence she had come, and the yacht sailed on and on to the south, with Betty fast asleep and all unconscious of the world-wide search for her, now paralleling the mystery of the murder of Cerisse Wayne.

CHAPTER XI.

One day Betty, tired of watching the seascape slip monotonously by, sampled putting her foot to the deck. The touch of the timber awakened ambition within her, so the second foot slowly followed the first. Then Betty made another try, and found that she could stand erect—rather tottery, it was true. Then she tried to walk, but hardly had she gone half a dozen steps when Tyoga was with her.

"Careful, careful," smiled the negress. "Don't try too much, and be careful, mighty careful 'round this boat. This is a bad boat, Missy, it ought to fly the pirate flag."

Betty shivered. She had grown to like Tyoga, for the negress had been devoted to herself in the services she had given to the young American girl. Taciturn and commanding, Betty had never been able to evoke from her either the object or the direction of their journey beyond what the negress had told her that first morning. That she had been very ill, Betty knew, and that Le Malheureux was a physician of high skill she had shrewdly guessed. Betty rarely saw him, never in a bright light, though when he played on deck of nights, as he always did, the magic, mystery and misery in the music made her heart throb and her eyes fill with tears. It was the wall of a heart and of a soul in prison, and in despair. All endeavors to elicit any information from her surroundings having failed, Betty had resigned herself to the inevitable, postponed the finding of the answer and estimating her own enfeebled condition had got down to taking things as she found them, reveling in the salt and sweep of Nature and the sea-air and the willy-nilly voyage that had fallen to her lot.

Time and its reckoning had all been lost. Betty, finding that the comptometer of the days had slipped from her mind did not try to retain it. She merely rested and waited. But there were times, occasions and remarks that Tyoga and Le Malheureux both would oftentimes make that caused Betty to shiver, and forced her once more into a wonderment of the wherefore and the why.

"Don't, Tyoga!" she fretted now. "You make me so unhappy when you speak like that. I'm restless, anyway, and I want to be amused. Take me some place!"

"Do you want to go into my kitchen," suggested Tyoga, humoring her. "Most little girls like to mess in the kitchen. If you want to you may go down and make fudge."

"Tyoga," asked Betty, "where did you get that wonderful education of yours? Tell me, do. Your English is perfection!"

A shade of pain crossed the negress' face, and her features set in immobility.

"Do you want to go into the kitchen?" she repeated.

"No," replied Betty, imperiously. "I want to go see Le Malheureux. I don't like him, Tyoga, he repels me as much as if he were a horrid beast. But I feel sorry for him. Take me where he is."

(To be continued.)

With Wiles and Smiles.

Maud—There's no use trying your arts on Jack. He is wedded to his profession.

Ethel (archly)—Oh, I don't know. I think I could make him commit bigamy.—Boston Transcript.

Business Is Business.

Count (to the matrimonial agent)—One other point. I am living out of the country; my intended must be shipped to me. Are your terms f. o. b. or do you pay the freight?—Fliegende Blätter.

Tactful Tactics.

Miss Saphron—Do you sell anything to restore the complexion?

Chemist—Restore! You mean preserve, miss.

(Deal to the amount of 17s 6d immediately executed.)—London Tatler.

Step by Step.

I believe in improving environments, but when we have made the world fit for men to live in we shall still need to make men fit to live in it.—Sir James Duckworth.



The Kitchen Entrance.

The kitchen entrance of a house should be as attractive as the front entrance. A back porch with mops, brooms, buckets and scrubbing outfit scattered about is inexcusable. A large box, painted any desired color, could be used as a closet for them. Plant boxes placed along the porch edge and filled with flowers will add beauty. Vines over a door, where there is no porch, will prove bright and cheerful.

Salad Dressing.

One tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of vinegar, three-quarters cup of water, a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Mix flour, mustard, sugar and salt with a little of the water until smooth, then add the other ingredients and stir over the fire until thick.

Mock Mince Pie.

Roll out four crackers and stir into them one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cider, one cup of water, two-thirds of a cup of butter, melted, one cup of chopped raisins, spices to taste, and, last of all, two well-beaten eggs. Bake in a pie plate lined with good pastry and cover with an upper crust.

Hollandaise Sauce.

Cook together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and pour on them a cup of heated milk. Beat to a smooth sauce. Take from the fire and beat in gradually the whipped yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of salad oil, pepper, salt and sugar, a pinch of each, and the juice of half a lemon. Serve at once.

Bran Biscuits Again.

Two cups of cleaned wheat bran, one cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and add one-half cup of molasses and one and one-half cups of sweet milk. Bake in gem tins in a slow oven for thirty minutes.

Chocolate Almonds.

Shell and blanch the almonds by pouring boiling water over them, then slipping off the skins. Lay on a towel until dry. Melt in a double boiler a cake of sweet chocolate and dip each almond quickly in this, rolling it over and over, and then lay on waxed paper to dry.

Bean Soup.

Cook small soup beans (which have been soaked over night) in the water in which the ham was boiled. About twenty minutes before serving add a couple of potatoes cut fine. No seasoning will be required. Serve very hot.

Looks Well and Tastes Well.

A round loaf-shaped sponge cake with the center scooped out and filled with diced pineapple and mixed with whipped cream and seasoned with sugar makes a slightly and tasty dessert. Decorate the top with cherries.

Oatmeal Soup.

Slice one large onion into one teaspoonful of melted butter. Add one cup of cooked oatmeal. Cook five minutes. Add two small cups of milk, one cup of stock and season. Strain. Boil up and serve hot.

Nut and Cream Sandwiches.

Chop very fine (or grind) two dozen English walnut meats. Whip half a cup of cream very stiff, add a little salt and add the minced or ground nuts and spread between slices of graham bread.

Olive and Cheese Sandwiches.

Chop a dozen stoned olives very fine. Rub a Philadelphia cream cheese to a paste with the minced olives and spread between crustless slices of bread cut thin.

Hints About the House.

A cloth wrung out of vinegar and wrapped round cheese will keep it from molding.

Stuffed potatoes are made by mixing cheese and bread crumbs in with the contents.

Ammonia water that has been used for washing may be used for plants. It is an excellent fertilizer.

Suede shoes that have become shiny and worn looking can be freshened by rubbing them with fine sandpaper.

A coarse cloth dipped in salt and water and rubbed over straw matting will prevent it from turning yellow.

Pour a little melted butter on top of cereals and cover with stewed prunes, figs, canned peaches or raspberries.

Garments that are to be hung out to air can be put on hangers rather than pinned to the line. This prevents sagging or marking with the clothespins.