



CHAPTER XXXII.

If Colonel Prinsep had been perturbed by their interview Jane was no less so. Heaven forbid that she should condemn him for her suspicions, she thought, and only find out their mistake when his life and her own were both ruined. An occasional feeling of anger against him also helped her to the decision to which she at last arrived. She would herself prove his innocence—or guilt.

An opportunity occurred a few days later. The regiment was to go out into the country to practice maneuvers, and as on an occasion like this all the officers would necessarily be absent from their quarters, Jane could visit the Colonel's bungalow without danger. For this was what she finally resolved to do.

Yet she felt her courage flag, as having successfully eluded her mother's observation, she started away on her mission. The two bungalows were not far apart, and by good luck she encountered no one on the way; yet at the gate she paused irresolute, feeling naturally unwilling to cross the threshold of her lover's home.

While she hesitated the sound of wheels decided her, and she went in quickly. It would not have done to be seen standing thus outside his gate. Once inside she put away all scruples and walked on toward the veranda. As she had surmised, none of the servants were about, and the bungalow door being open she might enter if she chose. A deep blush suffused her face as she stepped in. It was the Colonel's dressing-room, the room in which the proof, if proof there were, would be.

Directly for there was no time to be lost, at any moment she might be disturbed—she crossed to where his boots stood side by side on a pair of shelves. Each in its turn was reversed, and after a hasty scrutiny again set down in its place. On none was found the triangular mark she had seen for an instant in the foot-print which the soldiers had on their arrival so thoughtlessly but effectually effaced.

That clue having failed, another yet remained. In her pocket was the bit of cloth she had picked up near the spot where Jacob Lynn was murdered. If she could find the gaiter from which it had been torn, her doubts would become certainties; and she would know the worst. She knelt down beside a portmanteau, and slowly—caressingly, an on-looker might have thought—turned over its contents without finding what so unwillingly she sought. Another box and a wardrobe were equally ineffectually searched; and as she rose to go, a sigh of relief escaped her parted lips.

But so much had not been required of her, and she felt very grateful, very glad at her non-success. Throwing back her veil, she passed through an open door into the next room. It was plainly yet comfortably furnished, its owner having evidently hit the happy medium of having sufficient, yet not too many, things about him. Jane took in every detail at a glance, and moving slowly forward, mechanically picked up a closed velvet photograph frame that stood on his writing table. It fell open as she raised it, and her brow, which had puckered into an anxious frown, cleared as she saw her own pictured face. It was a photograph that had been taken during their engagement, and underneath was inscribed, in a bold handwriting that she recognized as his own, "Jenny, January 29th to April 14th," the dates of their first meeting and the parting on their wedding day.

The girl's eyes grew moist as she gazed. But the next moment her expression changed as she saw an envelope lying on the same table addressed to Miss Knollys. She put down the photograph frame and turned away. After all she could not expect that he would remain true to a mere memory, yet it pained her that he could turn so soon to one she had always looked upon as a possible rival. That he loved her and her only, with a love incapable of change, was the only excuse she had been able to urge for the crime of which she suspected him, and should it become no longer possible to plead that extenuation her one solace amid so much misery would be removed. He would marry Diana Knollys, she felt sure, everything seemed shaping toward that end, and the match was a more desirable one, of course, than that he had contemplated before. Yet a wild, passionate desire came surging into her heart that she had not sent him away from her—that she had condoned the crime instead of suffering it to part them, as his duty to the dead man had seemed to dictate. It would have been so easy, so perilously easy, to forgive, even though she might never be able to forget.

to find out certain facts. Do you mind telling me when—the exact date, if possible—Lynn admitted you to be free?"

"Jane Knox stood for a few moments in silence, her face flushing with the feelings of abhorrence, shame and sorrow, which these questions had provoked.

"Did you complain to any one—of his annoyance?" he asked, after a short pause, and had to lean forward to catch the unwilling murmured assent.

"To whom? To your father?"

"No."

"Then who was it?"—somewhat impatiently.

"Colonel Prinsep."

"Colonel Prinsep?"

Nothing but that ejaculation, yet Jane knew that the suspicion which had been growing on the deputy commissioner had become a certainty in his own mind. Fact after fact had been forced from her, not rendered by her own volition, and with the worst results. By her own lips she had betrayed the lover that she loved, yet only by direct lies could she have saved him.

"Is that all you wish to know? May I go?" she asked, wearily.

It dawned upon him slowly, for the commissioner, though shrewd, was not naturally quick of apprehension, that he had caused her more suffering than he had known of at the time. Whatever reason she had had for jilting Stephen Prinsep, upon what should have been their wedding day, on her side at least it had not been lack of love.

Foreseeing many difficulties ahead, his brow was puckered into a decided frown as he continued his way to the Cutchery. He was only too well aware—as what magistrate is not—of the number of crimes that remain unpunished, and consequently go unpunished, and knew it would be better for him to risk making a false or untenable accusation against one who held so high a position, socially as well as in a military sense, as Stephen Prinsep.

When he went into his private office he found the quartermaster had been there, and gone nearly an hour ago. An accumulation of letters and business papers lay on his desk, and during the morning a case came on at the Cutchery, but he went through all mechanically and without his usual keenness. It was a relief to him when the thanedar came in with his report on the subject of which his brain was full.

The report itself dealt principally in negatives. Trooper Lynn had no enemies among his comrades—was not of a quarrelsome disposition even when in drink; no one in the barracks seemed to have a suspicion as to who was answerable for his death, yet a vague opinion prevailed that had it not been for his fatal passion for the Quartermaster's daughter he would be alive still.

When Mr. Knollys returned to his bungalow in the afternoon, he met his daughter on the veranda.

"I am just going to send off those invitations for the dinner party—Monday's dinner party," she said, standing on tip-toe to kiss him.

"Did you ask Col. Prinsep?"

Then, as she held up the addressed envelope in reply, he took it rather roughly from her hand and tore it in half.

"I won't have him enter my house again. You understand, Diana. If you meet him in society, you must be merely civil to him, nothing more; if he calls, he is not to be admitted."

"But, papa—"

"Not another word. You may be quite sure I should not give such an order without good reason."

"Then whom shall I ask in his stead?"

"Ask Valentine Graeme."

"He was here the night before last."

"Never mind. He is one of the nicest fellows in the regiment. I sometimes think he has a penchant for you, Di."

"Nonsense, papa!"—with a brilliant blush.

(To be continued.)

IRON IN FOOD.

Spinach Contains More of It than Eggs or Beef.

Prof. Bunge, in the course of a paper on iron as a medicine, read before the German Congress of Internal Medicine, has been ventilating some ideas which are as much matter of general science and therefore extremely important as they are details connected with the physician's domain. He is strong on the point that iron should reach our blood through the medium of our food, rather than through the druggist's specialties. Iron, as everybody knows, is a food element absolutely essential for the proper constitution of the body. It is as rightly demanded by the plant as by the animal; and it is from plants that Prof. Bunge shows we should chiefly receive our iron supply. Spinach, he tells us, is richer in iron than yolk of eggs, while the yolk contains more than beef. Then succeed apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and wheat, these substances being given in the order in which they stand as regards the plentifulness of their iron constituents.

Cow's milk is poor in iron, but, as balancing this deficiency in the food of the young mammal, it is found that the blood of the youthful quadruped contains much more iron than the adult. Thus, in a young rabbit or guinea pig one hour old, four times as much iron was found as occurs in these animals two and a half months old.—London Public Opinion.

Had No Use for Another Fortune.

A laborer employed in one of the iron mills in Allegheny, earning the unenviable salary of \$1.10 a day for wheeling ore in a wheelbarrow, received a telegram announcing that a relative in Ireland had died and left him \$20,000. He left his job, went to Ireland, secured the cash and started upon a career of luxury and high living. Two years later he reappeared in Pittsburgh, asked for his old position and went back to wheeling ore. One day another telegram came announcing that a relative in England had died, leaving him \$20,000. He threw up his hands in despair. "Hivins!" cried he. "Must I throw up my job and go over there to waste another year or two in spending that? It's a shame to handicap a decent workin' man like that. O'f'f and word to him 't' can't do it!"

The highest point ever attained by man was that reached by Cox and Glalisher, in 1862, thirty-seven thousand feet above the sea.



RARE CREATIONS IN CORSETS.

NO fashionable woman of the day dreams of wearing corsets other than those specially made to suit the peculiarities of her own figure. Then there seems to be corsets for every occasion under the sun, for cycling, golf and riding, for high dress and for lounging. And so perfectly are they all made that there is no effect of slovenliness, so that if blessed with any sort of a figure, the same girl may wear all kinds and still seem the trim girled being man loves to know her. A corset for a figure that needs to be held in a little, and yet leave the blessed right to breathe, is a short one of unlined coutille, hand made, and with the seams of the front running toward the steels in a distinct V. In a good quality of coutille and with a chunty or valenciennes lace frill at the top, it can be had ready made for \$15. A dainty little lounging corset has shoulder straps and is hardly more than a bust supporter. This is especially suited to slight figures. With easy morning gowns, however, matinee or any frock on the empire order in which the waist line is hidden, stouter women may also wear them to advantage, as in these cases they confine the figure sufficiently. An elastic corset for cycling, golf and other athletic pleasures is identically suited to these sports. This is hardly more than a girdle, but it is shaped into the figure with gussets, corset-fashion, at the bust and hips. Like a girdle, too, it has only one opening, which is in front and that closes with hooks over which the lacing loops. For riding there is a corset with the lower portion very short, and ending in a wide elastic band that runs from a spoon busk over the hips to the back. These are declared to be most comfortable and the only proper sort for the saddle.

Again for athletic women who do not care to have the body kept too warm there is a novel thing in stays. This is a ventilative affair made of linen braid, or narrow satin ribbon crossed in squares and liberally bound at the top and down strips. Corsets for fat women are enormously long, but the newest ones are very lowest at the bust, which does away with that ugly crowding up of the flesh so long seen. The bottom fits on the hips like a cap in almost a straight line, and is finished with a wide elastic band that stretches or rolls up slightly in sitting. This makes it possible for such stays to be worn without great discomfort; and it

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

complete costume of her native land, but occasionally dons Western garments. The latter, however, seem to make her look smaller, and for this reason they are rather shunned by the little oriental maiden. Before coming to this country she had studied English at the American mission schools in Nagasaki, where she embraced the Christian faith. There also she made the acquaintance of Dr. Gault, a woman phy-

FROM THE MIKADO'S LAND.

Among all the students at the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery none is more popular than Tomo Inonye, a Japanese girl, who began her studies at the institution named last September. Miss Tomo is absurdly petite—scarcely 4 feet tall. Her charm of manner and inexhaustible good nature have made her an immense favorite with all who enjoy her acquaintance. Usually she wears the



TOMO INONYE OF JAPAN.

Women Burglars in London. Women burglars will exercise a soothing moral influence on the profession if their example of always including a family Bible in their plunder be adopted by their brethren, followed by assiduous devotion to reading the volume. One burglarious damsel named Sarah Cummins broke into a house in Fortescue avenue, North London, and appropriated the family Bible, a clock and an album—the last either through curiosity or spite—and would, no doubt, have taken something else had her movements not been sufficiently noisy to awaken the sleepers and thus cause her own arrest. Sarah honestly admitted that she broke into the house for the purpose of stealing, and asked to be allowed to retain the scriptures. This could not, of course, be done, but no doubt a copy will be provided for her in her cell, although it might be advisable for the authorities to attach it to the wall with a chain. She has been committed for trial at the central criminal court.—London Telegraph.

A Tramp's Useful Companion.

I met a very sensible tramp at Arcos—a man who ought to go a long way and not fare badly, either. He was accompanied by a tame nannygoat, with a fine, full udder of milk; and so, go where he would, his wholesome wine bottle was ever at hand. It looked odd, but why not a goat, instead of a "seless dog"? The dog is a dear, good fellow, feeling and sympathizing with all our cares. There is no one like him when the way is long and the heart is low. You can't mistake the charity in his eyes. He is everything for you, and proud to be your companion in adversity—few men and women are like him in this. But you can't milk a dog, and you must feed him, while this "nanny" feeds both herself and her master. I am selfish. I would like to have been the discoverer of the advantages of a goat companion, but I will give the Spanish tramp his due. May he go far and get far on the rich nutriment which his little friend yields him.—From "A Vagabond in Spain."

Over the Dog's Back.

If you have to reprove a man, it is better, as a general thing, to do it indirectly; but there are times when it is allowable to come at the matter in a more roundabout course. Two young clergymen were engaged in a warm dispute over some deep theological question, says an exchange, and finally raised their voices till they disturbed a dog that had been lying by the fire sleeping soundly. Thus suddenly awakened, the dog began barking loudly. At this an old preacher, who sat at a table sipping his tea, turned and kicked the dog.

"Be still!" said he. "What have you to say about it, you silly brute? You know no more about it than they do."

Funeral Flowers.

Funeral flowers are no longer all white, and set pieces are not desired. Boxes of loose flowers are most often sent by friends, although small wreaths are still used, but have become so full that they are more like a round mat of flowers. At a recent funeral each member of a large family laid a wreath of violets on the mother's coffin.

The skin of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable, or digestible, or are unhealthful in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes, which may have penetrated into the covering of the fruit.



FOR ATHLETIC GIRLS.

It is claimed even that the size of the hips may be reduced through their constant wearing. Apropos of fat ladies and all those who wish to do away with superfluous undergarments, many stylish women are now wearing flannel bloomers or knickerbockers instead of petticoats for walking. A skirt is worn over them.

Donned Bloomers and Painted Face.

Miss Ida Monroe, of San Francisco, is looked upon by her neighbors as a kind of heroine, because she performed what she herself considers the very simple feat of painting her mother's house. Her family are in the habit of speaking of her as the "man of the house," and calling upon her to drive nails and fix fences, so when the roof needed painting, and they could not afford to hire any one to do it, it seemed a very natural thing for her to take the task upon herself. She donned her bicycle bloomers, and says that she enjoyed the work immensely.

Disposing of Balloons Steves.

A practical woman has proved that a very useful thing with which to shove, push, place, arrange, fix or cram—whichever term best expresses the process of getting the flamboyant modern dress sleeves into a jacket—is of course, armed with this harmless knife one, without the services of a maid, husband or sweetheart, may be able to do an outer jacket with some comfort and wear it with comparative ease. It is rather dispiriting, however, to know that chatelains are out of style. Dangling with the watch, keys,

WHEN LEAP YEAR SKIPS.

This Year the Girls May Propose, but Not in 1900.

As the nineteenth century draws toward a close, perhaps it may interest your readers to know that the year 1900, which ends this remarkable century, will itself be a remarkable year.

Those who live until that time will witness a peculiar chronological event, which has not occurred since 1800, and will not occur again until 2100. I refer to the skip of leap year, which will take place at that time.

The year 1896 will be a leap year, as everybody knows, but it may be that all do not know that 1900 will not be one.

With the exception of Jefferson, all our Presidents have been elected upon a leap year, but the Presidential candidates of 1900 will have one less day to impress their claims upon the people.

The true solar year, or length of time it takes the earth to make a revolution around the sun, is 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-six seconds, but we assume the fraction to be six hours when we add an extra day to every fourth year. Thus we are counting forty-four minutes fifty-six seconds too much at every leap year.

In 100 years this amounts to eighteen hours forty-three minutes and twenty seconds, or over three-fourths of a day.

By calling each centennial year a common year, too much would be dropped by five hours sixteen minutes and forty seconds, or nearly a quarter of a day; therefore, each fourth centennial year remains a leap year, while the extra day is dropped from the other three, which preserves the balance nicely.

Thus the years 1700, 1800 and 1900 will contain 365 days, as other leap years do. To determine whether any given centennial year is a leap year or not, divide it by 400. It is not a leap year if a remainder occurs.

This is according to the Gregorian calendar, a correction of the Julian calendar, which latter provided for the leap years, but not for this skip of a leap year. Nearly all Christian nations except Russia and Greece now use the Gregorian calendar, and there is a difference of about twelve days between our time and that of the above countries. At the time the Gregorian calendar was adopted in England, 1752, an error of eleven days had to be corrected. These days were dropped, which accounts for our celebration of Washington's birthday upon Feb. 22, although he was born on the 11th by the old style of reckoning.

By the Gregorian calendar an error is made of only one day in 3,600 years. It has been proposed to remedy this by allowing the year 4000 and its multiples, 10,000, etc., to remain common years. This, however, is too far in the dim future to call for any immediate legislation or concern.—Indianapolis News.

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