

# That Mysterious Major...

...BY...  
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## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

But Evelyn did not utter a syllable as she tore open the envelope and read the following hurriedly-penned words, which she instantly passed to her companion—

Dear Evelyn—I have scarcely a moment to write to you, having only just received a telegram from Royston School asking me to go immediately, as Wilfred, poor lad, had a serious fall this afternoon, and is lying in a most critical condition. I am therefore starting off to him at once, and am hoping to catch the 8:30 express. If not, there is a fairly train at 9:10. Anyhow, you will receive this in time for you to catch the latter, as, of course, it is impossible for you to return to the hotel alone; so there is nothing for you to do but follow immediately. If I am in time for the express, I shall leave Parker at the station to wait for you. Your affectionate aunt,  
LYDIA HOWARD.

"Dear me, child"—It was Mrs. Courtenay who was the first to speak—"how very dreadful! Poor Lady Howard—what a state she must be in!"

"Yes, indeed; but what am I to do?" asked Evelyn, who was only just beginning to grasp the situation and to realize that there was not a moment to lose. If I am to leave on the 9:10 train, I ought to start at once—it must be almost that time now—with a despairing glance round.

"Nearly 9:10? Oh, it cannot be so late already! But surely, somebody can tell us! Ah, yes! Is that you, Mr. Falkland? How fortunate!" broke off Mrs. Courtenay, with a sigh of relief, for Falkland was passing back to his seat after the interval. "You will be able to give us the right time."

"The right time? Certainly!" Falk-

## CHAPTER XIII.

After all, it seemed that her aunt was right when she so emphatically declared that they would have been utterly at sea without the kindly help of Mr. Falkland; and she began to think that for the future she would not be so ready to venture her opinion when two such unreadable characters as Major Brown and Gilbert Falkland were on taps. Alas, could it be possible that he had been so hopelessly mistaken in the former? To her it was incredible.

There was the usual bustle and excitement consequent upon the departure of a train reigning at the small terminus of Saltcliffe as Evelyn and Falkland stepped out of the cab and made their way quickly through the throng of hurrying porters and trucks of baggage. Falkland made a rush for the ticket office, and then hastened forward to find Evelyn, who had gone on to the platform, looking anxiously around for signs of her aunt and maid.

"Aunt Lydia must have left by the express—she is not to be seen anywhere," she said in some agitation; "but Parker—both Parker and Sambo—they must be here."

"Yes—of course they must; have you not seen them yet? But you get in here, Miss Evelyn, and make sure of a carriage to yourself, and I will go and find Parker at once and bring her to you."

"But if she is not here—if she has mistaken the train?" The girl's tone was thoroughly hopeless.

"Take your seats! Take your seats!" came the voice of the guard. "Are you going, miss? Then take your seat," he said to Evelyn.

What was she to do? She was in despair as she mounted up quickly to

as these? No—decidedly—"I shall carry out my promise to the letter; and, sooner than any blame should fall upon me, I shall certainly escort you all the way to Royston. Let me see, though, I suppose it is Parker who has made the mistake. What did Lady Howard say in her letter? Are you sure the train she told you to come by was the ten minutes past nine one, and not the nine train?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure! But here it is—" She broke off somewhat abruptly, however, as she glanced down at the paper in her hand, and found that it was only the program of the theater which she had been keeping so securely. "How tiresome! I must have dropped Aunt Lydia's note!" (To be continued.)

## CYANIDE'S ATTRACTION.

Those Who Handle the Drug Draw Almost Irresistibly to Swallow It.

"Just now we are engaged in the making of tons of cyanide of potassium," said a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists, "and of all poisons, this, to my mind, is the most dangerous, because of a singular quality it possesses. It is in appearance so very attractive to those who handle it that they are often seized with an almost overwhelming desire to eat it. To one man it probably suggests sugar, if he have a fondness for saccharine substances, and to another snow newly fallen; but to both it is so alluring that they may only overcome the temptation to put it in their mouths by great force of will power. The very men who make it and who are most familiar with its deadly properties are pursued by an unreasonable desire to eat the poison, and as long as they remain in its vicinity this extraordinary craving endures. They know that to give way to the craving means death almost instant and horrible, and as a consequence are usually able to resist the strange temptation, but during the last ten years we have been engaged in the manufacture of the drug four of our most intelligent and steady workmen have committed suicide in this way."

"Ever feel like eating it yourself?" asked the reporter. "Yes," the manufacturer replied. "Many times when in contact with the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave work precipitately in consequence. So well is this curious fact known in all works where cyanide of potassium is made that there are always two men at work together, and a jar of ammonia, which is the antidote to the poison, is kept at hand. Potassium is one of the most interesting substances known to chemical workers. The metal itself is scarcely used at all in the arts, but its many salts are of immense practical value, being used largely in the production of gunpowder, fertilizers, medicines and dyeing compounds. Cyanide is a compound of cyanogen with a metallic agent. Cyanogen is a colorless, poisonous liquefiable gas which has the odor of almonds and burns with a purple flame. Cyanide of potassium is made by burning potassium, an alkali metal, in cyanogen gas, and is really a prussiate of potash. It is produced also in blast furnaces in which ore is smelted, with coke or coal, and is permanent when kept dry, but decomposes readily in moist air. It crystallizes in dry, octagonal blocks, and is extremely soluble in water. It has the odor of prussic acid and kindred bitterness of taste. Cyanide of potassium is also used in electro-metallurgy and photography to a considerable extent. It will remove metallic oxides, the juices of fruits and indelible ink."

## How It Worked.

Mrs. Newlywed (reading)—Love is a balloon that lifts us up to heaven; marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth again. Mr. Newlywed (also reading)—Another parachute horror! Man falls 3,000 feet and is dashed to pieces! Same old story! Parachute fails to work.

## HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

The man hoo soze tyranny must reap regret. The suckcaseful author is a person hoo kin crystallize his dreamz in pay, ing kwantifteeze.

Preparin this world for our brothers to live in comfortably is the best preparashun we kin make for heavin. "To the victor belongs the spoils." Even the burglar kin see no rong in sich doctriin, and the cat lives on sich faith.

The man hoo goes away from home to hunt happiness, is like the man hoo never looks on his own dog's back for fleaze.

A poit hoo never felt pain nor experienced love and hae and rang, has no other feelin too put in his rimze but vanity.

Man must pay internal revenue to live, and pay his last det too nateyoor too die. The rode too the graveyard is a hard wun.

A man is never any better than his religyus. The canniball is as strictly religyus as the pope or Rome, but his religyus is peccolary.

In a land ware free speech is not aloud, Freedom is ded, and the giant oy tyranny struts about pretendin to be the anointed oy God.

Oppreshun kin take away from a man everything but his appetite; it takes disease to finish up a feller after oppreshun gits its work in.

Life is like colored glass—we look in upon our nabor and note only the brilliant tints. He looks out and sees only the many little flaws.

A cunning statesman has no other vetyoor but trickery no other power but deapshun, no other motive but gain, and no other hope but political sucksees.

Tears never yet wound up a clock or worked a steam engine.

## CUPID'S REVENGE.

"Your wife, Thornton? Why, it seems only yesterday you were carrying my books to school. What do boys know of love?"

And Nellie Rivers glanced innocently up into the face of him she addressed—as innocently as though she had not known for many a month the question just put to her had been trembling on his eager lips.

A hot flush dyed Thornton May's cheeks at her words. A flash of anger leaped into the dark eyes, a moment before so tenderly passionate.

"Flirt! Heartless!" burst in a muttered whisper from the young man's white lips. Then he rose with a dignity which seemed suddenly to have sprung into life. Without even extending his hand, with simply a low bow of courtesy, he left her, she sitting motionless, the echo of the closing of the outside door ringing in her ears strangely like a knell.

"They say Thornton May is engaged. What wonderful strides he has made in his art!"

"Wonderful, indeed. But who is the fortunate winner of such a prize?"

"A Spanish girl whom he met abroad. His last picture, about which every one is raving, is said to be her counterpart."

Such was the idle conversation at an evening party which fell upon Nellie Rivers' listening ear.

And this was the meaning of his in-

the only sufferer. Good-by, Mr. May, and godspeed!"

She the only sufferer? What could she mean?

For a moment a wild hope crossed her mind, to be extinguished the next as he glanced into the calm face and the eyes whence all trace of tears had fled, but at the hall door a moment later he paused.

He would return to disabuse her mind of this idle folly as to his engagement. So, again crossing the hall and mounting the stairs, he stood upon the threshold of the room he had left so short a time before. But, O, how changed!

Down upon her face lay the figure of the girl who had haunted him all these years, while sob after sob racked her frame.

His revenge was in his hand at last. The moment had come to mock her as she had mocked him; but surely the light growing in his eyes had no mocking ray, as he clasped the sobbing girl close to his heart.

"Is this true, my darling?" he said. "And has our game been cross-purposes all this weary time? O, Nellie, my pride would have kept me silent had you not shown me your secret. I had meant, darling, to teach you, if I could, to love me, but I forgot I had learned the lesson long ago—a lesson whose sweet teachings will guard all my future life."

Thus, with lip pressed to lip, and heart to heart, her sobs now sobs of happiness, Thornton May wreaked his revenge.—Spare Moments.



MAY I NOT HAVE THIS WALTZ.

## EARNINGS OF PLAYWRIGHTS.

More Than One Drama Has Coined Its Author Over \$100,000.

Dramatists of established reputation write plays only upon order. Their ordinary pre-payments are five hundred dollars upon the delivery of a scenario, and five hundred dollars more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations," writes Franklin Fyles, of "The Theater and Its People," in the November Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to the author. But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually five per cent, payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned one hundred thousand dollars for its author. A dozen have yielded fifty thousand dollars each; three times as many, twenty-five thousand dollars, and a goodly number, ten thousand dollars."

## Hints for Women Doctors.

A well-known physician in New York city, who during a small lifetime of work has accumulated a fortune, attributes her success to "sick-room manners." Her advice to young doctors is to maintain a cheerful and sunny disposition, a hearty manner, and bright, interesting conversation when in the sick room. Also, that before she leaves she must not fail to return to the subject of the patient's illness. People who are half sick—and there are more of them than of any other kind—are morbidly sensitive about the condition of their ailment, and the popularity of the physician depends greatly on her manner. Another successful physician claims that an important phase of the doctor's sick-room conduct is never to be in a hurry. No matter how great the provocation might be to hurry, she must never appear to do so. The tiniest appearance of neglect or indifference will ruffle the patient's temper, and the physician is likely to lose.

## Impolite Interruption.

New York World: Tramp—Lady, I'm hungry, an' I'm lookin' for a chance to work—Lady—Very well, there's the woodpile. Tramp—Lady, it ain't perlit to interrupt. I was jest sayin' I'm lookin' for a chance to work somebody for me breakfast.

## LILLIAN RUSSELL ON DIVORCE.

Operatic Star Accounts for Her Youthful Appearance.

Lillian Russell has been an operatic favorite before the American public since the day when, at 16, she graduated from a music hall to the comic opera stage, and began creating leading roles in Audran and Offenbach. Miss Russell has been married to Harry Braham, to Teddy Solomon and to Sig. Perugini. The following article on divorce was written by Miss Russell for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "Divorce ends more useless suffering, breaks more irksome bondage than any other institution in existence. Take away divorce, and there will be more unholy alliances lived out by weary, heart-sick men and women than can be chronicled. I am not putting myself up as an authority, for I know that anything I may say will possibly bring forth gibes and sneers from many who frown upon divorce. I am not making this a personal question. I am speaking in the abstract. If women find that their husbands have vices which they cannot tolerate, or brutish tendencies that are obnoxious to refined womanhood, do you think they ought to be forced to drag out a loveless existence by the side of these men? Where two people have not one thought in common, do you think that life together holds for them any happiness? I tell you no, and that marriage of that kind is unholy and should be dissolved. But, you ask, do I not think these things ought to be considered before the leap is made into matrimony? Most certainly I do, as far as possible. But there is no judging a man or woman before your marriage. It takes the little frets and jars of daily life to bring out different phases of character. Before marriage the curl papers are taken down carefully and the hair arranged in a soft, crinkly coilure. After marriage the curl papers are as often as not left up, and the greater details of life are neglected in the same ratio. It takes some people longer than others to find out whether or not they have made a mistake, but when they do make the discovery I think they ought to rectify it at once. I do not mean that they should cry quits at the first quarrel, but after time to gather a full realization of the hopelessness of trying to get along together. People come to me and ask me how I have preserved my good looks. (One would think me as old as Methuselah to hear some of them.) I will tell you the secret; it was no hygienic feat performed by beauty experts. I got a divorce; that's what kept me free from worry, wrinkles and—look, you don't see a single crow's foot! Well, just think of those I would have had if I had not been divorced. The woman who continues to live with a man simply for the looks of the thing, and to be supported by him, is a coward. If she allows herself to be subjected to ill treatment or humiliation or hardships through the fault of a man, she is not deserving of sympathy, and lowers the standard of womanhood. It is no easy matter to brave public opinion, but life is a fight of one kind or another. And divorce is far better than wrinkles and crow's feet."

## SEA AND MOUNTAINS.

A woman who had lived some few years in a mountainous district of France recently was heard to say that she had fallen under the influence of the mountains, and could not be long absent without feeling that curious yearning for them which is commonly attributed to natives of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and that no one could understand this who had not experienced it. The friend whom she addressed replied that she could perfectly understand, having herself a similar feeling for the sea.

"Oh, but that is not the same thing," said the mountaineer decisively. "Indeed, I think it is very much the same," said the sea-lover, "and is it not very natural that we islanders should have it?" "Not at all; there is nothing in the sea to inspire it," was the uncompromising answer. It is very extraordinary that persons who are sufficiently imaginative to feel influences of this description can yet be so narrow-minded concerning the varying impressions of others.

In point of fact, sea and mountains are about equal in the grandeur and suggestiveness which constitute their fascination. The lofty peaks and eternal snows lift our thoughts into regions of high endeavor, but the sea always us equally by the sense of infinite space and continual variety. Moreover, these are not the only things in nature capable of producing that curious homesick longing.

English people exiled in dusty and arid places say that it is to the green fields that their hearts constantly turn, and to the deep shady lanes with wild roses clustering in the hedges and the sound of running streams in the summer woods; the thought of these things is a refreshment in the desert, but it comes with a longing which is pain. Different minds are subject to these different influences—some more or less to them all—and it is idle to deny any of the links which bind humanity to nature.

## What He Would Settle on Him.

George—"What will your father settle on the man who marries you?" Milly—"All the rest of the family, probably."—Harlem Life.

Conduct is one-fourth of life; misconduct is the other three-fourths.



BEHELD FALKLAND'S GAUNT FORM COMING TOWARD HER.

land paused and pulled out his watch. "It is exactly four minutes to nine. But something has happened, I am afraid. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

Mrs. Courtenay rose quickly from her chair.

"Oh, Mr. Falkland, of the very greatest in the world! The fact is, Miss Luttrell has just received a note from her aunt telling her of an accident which has happened to her son; and, as Lady Howard is going straight off to the school, Miss Luttrell has to leave also, and is to catch the 9:10 train."

"Then in that case, Miss Luttrell, you have not a second to lose," returned Falkland, taking a rapid survey of the troubled-looking pretty face, which at the sound of his voice had grown, if possible, a shade paler.

"You may just catch the train, but only just; and you will have to drive with the greatest speed imaginable. However, come at once, and I will promise it for you; only—Don't you trouble, pray, Mrs. Courtenay—there is not the slightest occasion: you can trust your charge with perfect confidence to me, and I will give you my word not to leave her until I have delivered her safely into the hands of either Lady Howard or the redoubtable Parker."

And so two minutes later it happened that Evelyn found herself dashing along at breakneck speed through the streets of Saltcliffe, seated side by side with her rejected suitor, Gilbert Falkland.

"It is very kind of you to trouble so," she had tried to tell him above the rattle of the wheels the instant he had given directions to the driver and they had started off at a pace more suggestive of a fire engine than a crawling English "growler;" and perhaps her conscience smote her a little as she remembered with what disdain she had treated him during the past few days.

the first-class compartment, and then paused with her hand upon the open door, gazing anxiously down the platform. The next instant, however, she beheld Falkland's gaunt form coming rapidly toward her.

"Where is Parker? Have you found her?" gasped Evelyn, as, to her horror, she perceived that he was quite alone.

"It is all right, Miss Luttrell—there is no need for alarm;" and to Evelyn's astonishment, Falkland himself jumped into the carriage, pulling the door to with a vigorous slam, as the train immediately steamed out of the station.

"There—we are off at last!" He sank back into the seat opposite her with a sigh of relief.

"Yes—but I do not understand. Where is Parker? What is she doing?"

"What is she doing? You may well ask that!" laughed Falkland. "Did you ever know a maid yet who managed to catch the train she was expected to? The fact is, she made some mistake about the luggage; it was put into a wrong train—one which left ten minutes earlier. At any rate, there was no time to get it out again when the mistake was discovered; so that Parker has gone on with it to the next station, where she was to see it taken out, and then wait for you."

"How very tiresome! I never heard of such a thing in my life!" exclaimed Evelyn, with some annoyance. "Fancy, if nobody had told you, I might have been waiting at Saltcliffe still! I should not have known what to do; and, as it is—again her conscience gave her one or two undoubted pricks—"what a fearful trouble I am—But really, there was no need for you to have come. I could have managed by myself."

"Nonsense, Miss Luttrell! Did you not hear me promise to deliver you safely into Parker's hands? And surely you do not suppose I should be so remiss as to leave you in such straits