

The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILE A. LILJENHOLM, author of The Youth of King Canute.
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CHAPTER I—Continued.

"They were Fridtjof's," she spoke his name very softly. "I found them hanging on the chamber wall. In the night the men began to utter faint cries with stifling, and it could be heard that they were getting drunk. I waited till they were all still, and then I crept into the women's room, and found the bondmaids huddled in their beds. I got through the guard-room, where the Englishmen were snoring so loud that they would not have heard if I had stamped. In a niche in the wall outside I found Alnstein, the steward, hiding, full of fear. I made him follow me out of the postern and around to the gate where—my father—and—Fridtjof— Her voice broke, but she struggled on. "The English dogs had left them there, and Fridtjof's sword was in his hand. There was a smile on his lips. I made Alnstein dig two graves. I kissed Fridtjof's mouth—and I laid—my father's cloak—over—and his face."

"It was useless trying to go on; a deep sob shut off her voice and threatened to rend her when she tried to hold it back. Sister Wynfreda, strong with gentle arms to draw her down upon her breast. "Suffer the tears to come, my daughter," she urged her tenderly, "or sooner or later they must."

"They shall not!" Randallin cried brokenly. "They shall not! Am I a weak-minded English woman that I should shed tears because my kindred are murdered? I will shed blood to avenge them; that is befitting a Danish girl. I will not weep—as though there were shame to wash out! I will not weep."

The older woman shrank a little. To see a woman so brave and so kind in a grave, such an outburst was little less than terrifying; she was at a loss

own flushed condition so sharply that her answer was unnecessarily petulant, and the man disappeared before the question could even be put to him. "Two miles more, and nothing was left of her but a flock of ragged blackbirds circling over a trampled wheat-field. Already the sun's round, chin rested on the crest of the farthest hill. In desperation, she turned aside and galloped after a mailed horseman who was trotting down a clover-croft lane with a rattle and clank that frightened the robins from the hedges. He reined in with a gasp when he saw what mettled blade it was that had scooped him.

"Is it your intention to join the army?" he inquired. "Canute will send his best men to meet you."

"I am desirous to—to tell him something," Red Cloak faltered. His grin vanishing, the man leaped forward alertly. "It is war news! Of Edric Jarl's men?" Before her tongue could move, Randallin's surprised face had answered. The warrior smote his thigh resolutely. "You will be able to tell us tidings we wish to know. Since the fight this morning we have been allowed to do no more than growl at the English dogs across the plain, because it was held inadvisable to make a dash until the Jarl's men should increase our strength. It is to be hoped that they are not far behind!"

"You make a mistake," Randallin began hesitatingly. "My news does not concern the doings of Edric Jarl, but the actions of his man Norman—"

"Hold your tongue until you come in to the Chief," the man admonished her, with good-humored severity. "Have you not learned that babbling turns to ill, you sprouting twig? And waste no more time upon the road, either. You are in your shortest way—up that lane between the barley. When you come to a burned barn, do you turn to the left and ride straight toward the woods; it should happen that an old beech stock stands where you come out. Take then the path that winds up-hill, and it will bring you to the war booth before you can open your foolish mouth thrice. Trolle! What a cub to send a message by! But get along, now; you will suffer from their temper if they think it likely that you have kept them waiting." He gave the horse a stinging slap upon the flank, that sent him forward like a shaft from a bow.

(To be continued.)

GOT EVEN ON CONSTABLE.

Mississippi Justice Bound to Have His Dignity Sustained.

"This attack on Gen. Bristow for the disclosures in the special postal report reminds me of a justice of the peace of Mississippi who was hearing a case tried by a lawyer named George Smith and another named Brown," said Congressman John Sharp Williams. "The justice had been looking on the corn liquor when it was white and he was in a dand. Smith had the witness."

"What is your name?" demanded Smith. "I object," said Brown. "It doesn't make any difference what his name is."

"Objection sustained," solemnly muttered the court.

"Where do you live?" asked Smith. "I object!" shouted Brown. "It is immaterial where he lives."

"Sustained," said the justice. Smith blazed up, calling the justice a "drunken old fool" and adding several other complimentary remarks. By degrees the justice comprehended the force and drift of the remarks and then it was his time to get mad.

"Where's Frye?" he demanded. Frye, the constable, emerged from the crowd with a broad grin which enraged the square still more.

"Get up there!" he yelled to the constable. "I fine you \$5 for letting George Smith insult me on the bench. Court's adjourned."—Boston Journal.

To Abolish Standing Armies. The smaller countries of Europe are finding that standing armies are too expensive to maintain in time of peace. A captain in the Bulgarian army, writing in the Independent, says that the thinking men of Europe are in favor of abolishing standing armies and substituting the American plan of state militia.

In Bulgaria, for instance, there are not so many people as there are in Greater New York, yet it has a standing army of 48,000 in time of peace. Roumania, which has a million fewer people than the state of New York, has a standing army of 130,000.

If the American standing army were as large as the Turkish, in proportion to our population, we would have 700,000 soldiers to support. The cost of these standing armies is staggering the people in half a dozen European countries.

Japan Preminent in Science. The Japanese have already done a great deal more than adopt Western science. They have materially added to it. Hitherto their greatest success has been in bacteriology, a study demanding the utmost patience, manual dexterity and refinement of technique; and in the records of this branch of science they rank only below France and Germany, and well in front of Great Britain. Their first conspicuous success was the discovery of the bacillus that causes cholera, which was made some years ago by Kitasato, and has already been the means of saving many lives from this disease by the use of an antitoxic serum prepared from the bacillus. Shiga discovered the bacillus which is responsible for the form of dysentery which is the scourge of Russia.

Overstayed His Dream. "I had a great dream the other night. I dreamed I met a man who offered to cut me a pound slice of radium."

"When?" It was worth more a million in answer!

"That's right. 'Want a slice?' he says to me. 'Yes,' I answered him. But I was too grasping."

"How was that?"

"I woke up just as I asked him to cut it thick."

Heavy Burden of Books. Mrs. Crawford—In what way is your little boy too delicate to attend the public schools?

Mrs. Crawford—He isn't strong enough to carry home all the books the children have to study.

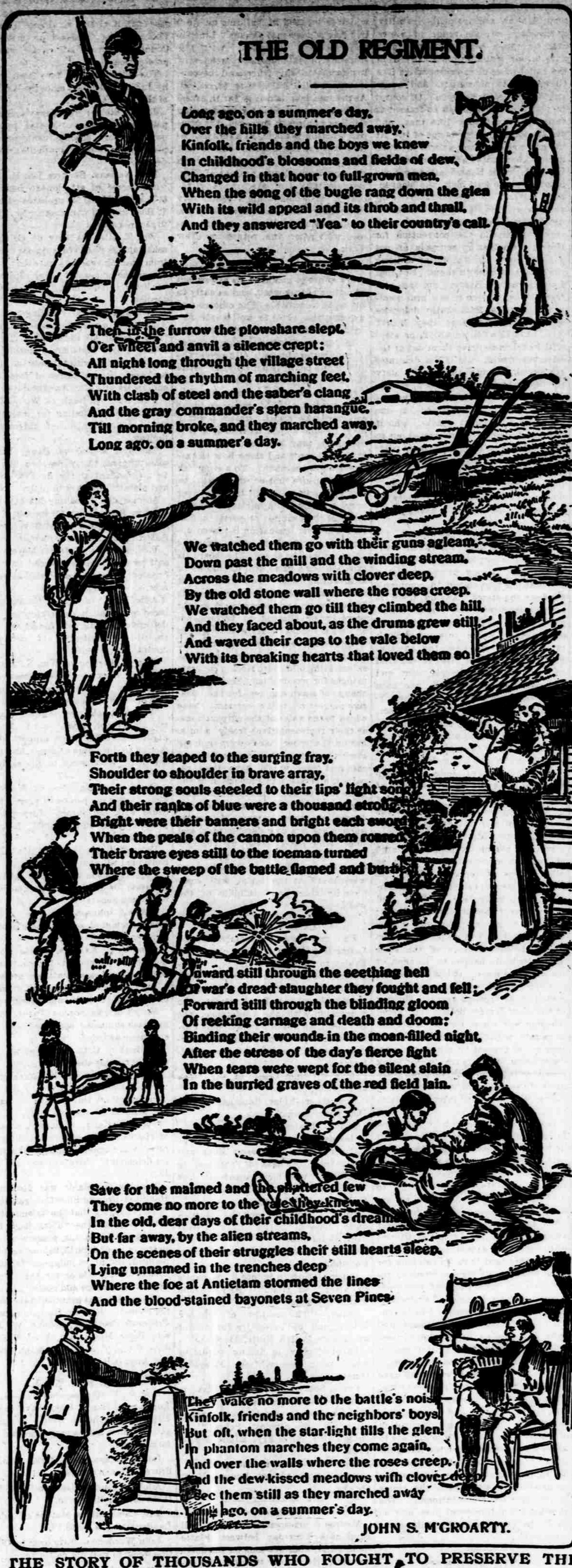
Partial Believer. "I suppose," she said, "you would not believe that I am a grandmother at 37?"

"Oh," he replied, "I can believe the grandmother part of it all right."

Enough for Anybody. Briggs—What do you suppose this man was thinking of when he wrote: 'Man wants but little here below'?"

Griggs—Radium, I guess. A couple of pounds of it would satisfy me.

THE OLD REGIMENT.



Long ago, on a summer's day,
Over the hills they marched away.
Kinfolk, friends and the boys we knew
In childhood's blossoms and fields of dew,
Changed in that hour to full-grown men,
When the song of the bugle rang down the glen,
With its wild appeal and its throbbing thrall,
And they answered "Yes" to their country's call.

Then in the furrow the plowshare slept,
O'er wheel and anvil a silence crept;
All night long through the village street
Thundered the rhythm of marching feet,
With clash of steel and the sabre's clang,
And the gray commander's stern harangue,
Till morning broke, and they marched away,
Long ago, on a summer's day.

We watched them go with their guns a gleam,
Down past the mill and the winding stream,
Across the meadows with clover deep,
By the old stone wall where the roses creep,
We watched them go till they climbed the hill,
And they faced about, as the drums grew still,
And waved their caps to the vale below
With its breaking hearts that loved them so.

Forth they leaped to the surging fray,
Shoulder to shoulder in brave array,
Their strong souls steeled to their lips' light song,
Bright were their banners and bright each sword,
When the peals of the cannon upon them roared,
Their brave eyes still to the toeman turned
Where the sweep of the battle flamed and burst.

Forward still through the seething hell
The war's dread slaughter they fought and fell;
Forward still through the blinding gloom
Of reeking carnage and death and doom;
Binding their wounds in the moon-filled night,
After the stress of the day's fierce fight
When tears were wept for the silent slain
In the hurried graves of the red field plain.

Save for the maimed and the shattered few
They come no more to the green fields new,
In the old, dear days of their childhood's dream,
But far away, by the alien streams,
On the scenes of their struggles their still hearts sleep,
Lying unnamed in the trenches deep,
Where the foe at Antietam stormed the lines
And the blood-stained bayonets at Seven Pines.

They wake no more to the battle's noise,
Kinfolk, friends and the neighbors' boys,
But oft, when the star-light fills the glen,
In phantom marches they come again,
And over the walls where the roses creep,
And the dew-kissed meadows with clover deep,
See them still as they marched away
Long ago, on a summer's day.

JOHN S. MCGROARTY.

THE STORY OF THOUSANDS WHO FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

FULL OF PATHOS AND GLORY.

Massachusetts Governor's Comment on Presentation of Battle Flag.

This pageant, so full of pathos and of glory, forms the concluding scene in the long series of visible actions and events in which Massachusetts has borne a part for the overthrow of rebellion and the vindication of the nation.

These banners return to the government of the commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne, one by one, out of this captiol, during more than four years of civil war, as the symbols of the nation and the commonwealth, under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the field—they come back again, borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted.

At the hands, general, of yourself and of this grand column of scarred and heroic veterans who guard them home, they are returned with honors becoming relics so venerable, soldiers so brave, and citizens so beloved. Proud memories of many a field; sweet memories alike of valor and friendship; and memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds; grand memories of heroic virtues sublimed by grief.

I accept these relics in behalf of the people and the government. They will be preserved and cherished, amid all the vicissitudes of the future, as mementoes of brave men and noble actions.—Governor's Acceptance of a Flag Returned by Massachusetts Regiments, December 22, 1865.

the people in the vicinity, which is one of the most attractive in the South. On it is this significant inscription: "None knew who they were, but all knew what they were." As may be imagined, it was erected to these nameless ones.

While the government has done much in recent years in honoring such of the dead as those which are located at Antietam, South Mountain, Arlington and others famous in history, the Southern people have also engaged in the same work for their own, and although most of the funds raised for this purpose have been through private contributions they have effected a great transformation. This is especially notable at Antietam, where the resting place of most every Southern soldier has been marked in some way. It also contains several of the finest monuments of this character in the United States. At Marlinton, Ga., where thousands of nameless Southern troops were buried, the graves are marked with blank stones in order that they may not be forgotten, and yearly these are decorated as well as those which contain inscriptions.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Secret Patent Box.

In secret orders which require a ballot to be cast in order to determine whether applicants for membership shall or shall not be admitted, so little complaint has been heard because the one has been so far from the admission of a man whom he believes to be ineligible or objectionable. When more than one member is in opposition there is little use in sending a ballot, but in at least one order a single black ball will prevent an applicant from becoming a member. Should some one in favor of the applicant chance to see the black used and make mention of the member's name, he is apt to be the subject of much criticism among the other members. It is necessary that the ballot should be as secret as possible, permitting no one to know who is the one casting the unfavorable vote.

There is probably no better way in which to attain this end than by the use of the ballot box here illustrated. In the body of the box there are two channels for the reception of the ballot, one for those of a white color and the other for those which are black. When the members come forward to cast their ballots for or against the applicant for membership in the order, it is only necessary for them to push the sliding pin in connection with either one of the channels. If a member opposes the candidate he will push the pin on the right and drop a black ball into the drawer beneath; if on the other hand, he is in favor of the applicant, he pushes the pin on the left and drops a white ball. The objection to this device seems to be that the person who has charge of placing the balls in the channels might mix one or more of them intentionally or accidentally. This can be obviated by delegating two or more members to attend to the ballot box. As the ball is encased in the box while the ballot is being cast, it is impossible to see which pin is being moved, and the result only shows when the drawer is opened at the close of the vote.

The inventor is Henry J. Fox, of Denver, Col.

Portable Phone.

The latest Swedish invention that is being discussed is a portable telephone. The specimens that have been sent abroad have elicited unstinted praise from American, Russian, Greek and Turkish experts who have tested them, and, while large demands and inquiries for the new phone have come from France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the United States, those from Great Britain have been even more noticeable.

Within the cylinder of the telephone is a small dry cell, the whole apparatus (including both receiver and mouth-piece) being small enough to go in the pocket. With each instrument is a coil of thin copper wire, and it is reckoned that a soldier could easily carry 13,000 feet of this wire with him.

The uses suggested for the portable telephone are innumerable, military considerations being kept specially in the front. Outposts, it is declared, could be kept in constant communication with the main force, and it is pointed out that it would furnish a valuable means of keeping in touch with headquarters for police and fire brigades. For use between railway coaches on a moving train, for engineers at work underground, or on great public works, for steamers, for cyclists and in many other fields it would be most desirable.—New York Commercial.

Electrical Science.

In the Physikische Zeitschrift, Dr. A. Kohn describes a new receiver for telephony and the telegraphic transmission of half-tone process blocks. In the transmitting apparatus the writing of the points and lines of the half-tone blocks are formed by a non-conducting ink on a sheet of metal foil. This is wrapped round the surface of a cylinder which is rotated with uniform angular velocity. The electric current is transmitted by means of a metal pen which moves forward 0.001 inch in each revolution. In the receiving apparatus the cylinder is rotated in an angular velocity greater by one per cent than in the transmitting apparatus, and at the end of each revolution is made to wait a synchronizing signal by which it is restrained. The impression at the station is produced on sensitized paper by a small electric lamp or vacuum tube, which by means of a suitable relay of Tesla currents is made to glow whenever the pen at the transmitting station passes over a non-conducting portion of the picture. The paper is illustrated by specimens of hand-writing transmitted by this method.

Potatoes on New Soil.

Excellent crops of potatoes can be grown on newly turned soil, the only difficulty being that such crops are liable sometimes to be attacked by wireworms or cutworms. For wireworms in such land nothing can be done to save the first crop, but if a sharp lookout is kept at the time of ploughing these yellow, easily recognized grubs may be seen, and instead of putting in potatoes some other crop to which they cause less injury should be chosen. On it is this significant inscription: "None knew who they were, but all knew what they were." As may be imagined, it was erected to these nameless ones.

One Cause of Baldness.

The cause of baldness is attributed by Dr. Gilbert to tight bands. He remarks that cutworms and savages do not suffer from the condition, and suggests the use of small cork pads around the forehead, voiding pressure to certain parts or sections, leaving the intervening space free for normal blood supply and free ingress and egress of air from inside the hat.

Formic Acid a Stimulant.

The Journal des Debats recites experiments with formic acid, a secretion of ants. Eight to ten drops of the acid taken three or four times a day had a marked effect in stimulating muscular activity which might be continued a long time without resulting fatigue. "That tired feeling" also disappears under the influence of the acid.

Material for a Farm House.

M. J. L. is the cheapest and best material for building a good, plain farm house. I could use concrete, brick or field stones. What would be the cost of such a house 30 by 30 feet, with a small ell for kitchen, two stories high? What is the cost of concrete per square yard?

The cost of hauling stone, sand and gravel and brick being equal and the freight charges on cement are not too high, concrete would be the cheapest material to use. Where cement can be gotten direct from the mills, concrete would be still cheaper. What size of concrete per cubic foot, or even less in some cases. The cost of building a concrete wall may be arrived at by calculating from the following basis: One barrel of Portland cement will build 27 cubic feet of wall, if stones are used as filler, according to its thickness and height. I have had each of whom could build 53 cubic feet of cellar wall, one foot thick, in one day; but about 40 cubic feet is considered a fair day's work.—N. B. H.

Drawing Water From House to Barn.

W. D.—The water in a well at the barn has become so shallow that I would like to draw water from the well at the house by a windmill pump; the distance from the house to the barn is 145 feet, the well at the house is 32 feet deep and usually contains 7 feet of water; the ground between the house and barn is level. What size of pipe should be used in connection with a pump having a 3-inch cylinder? Could the pump be done satisfactorily?

In this instance it is doubtful if the pump situated at the barn will raise the water from the well at the house. The height is twenty-six feet and the horizontal distance one hundred and forty-five feet. These circumstances would tax to the utmost capacity the power of a pump to raise water. I think it would be a better venture to have the cylinder of the pump placed about four feet into the ground and there connected with the horizontal pipe to the well at the house. In addition the pipe should be large, not less than 4 inches, and all the joints should be perfectly tight. The addition of air-chambers above and below the cylinder would make the pump work more satisfactorily especially as the water has to be forced from the pump to the tank.—J. B. R.

Floor for a Stable.

I intend to floor a stable and would like to know whether plank or cement would be the cheapest and better material to use.

While a floor of cement may cost slightly more than one of plank, the advantages afforded by the former far exceed the difference in the initial cost. Besides being many times more durable the cement is altogether the more sanitary, as it can be kept cleaner on the surface and liquid manure cannot be held, and all the joints should be perfectly tight. The addition of air-chambers above and below the cylinder would make the pump work more satisfactorily especially as the water has to be forced from the pump to the tank.—J. B. R.

Concrete vs. Plank for Stable Floors.

A. McD.—I shall build a barn 48 by 72 feet for horses, cows and hay. Would you advise me to use concrete or plank for flooring for the cows? How much cement would be needed for 20 cows?

If gravel can be procured without teaming it too far a concrete stable floor can be laid as cheaply as a plank one at first cost, and it will last over so much longer. It will require about 14 barrels of natural rock cement for 24 cows; by using Portland cement it would take about one-fifth less.

Floor for a Creamery.

T. P. L.—I wish to put a new floor in a creamery and would like to know if it will answer to lay concrete on top of a wooden floor.

Concrete is seldom if ever laid over wooden floors, and it is doubtful if it would be a success. It might answer to remove the old floor and fill between the joists with cement and lay a layer of concrete over the entire surface.

For Shoeing Heavy Horses.

R. H.—Do you know of any contrivance on the market by which the shoeing of heavy horses is made easy? If so, please describe it.

As a rule, heavy horses are as easily shod as light ones. We know of no special contrivance for making the job easy. A shoeing smith is generally an ingenious man, who can invariably apply a method to suit individual cases.

Value of Metal Roof.

A metal roof is said to be positive protection against the building it covers being struck by lightning.