The Diplematist.

It used to be said that a diplomatist was a man who was sent abroad to lie or his country. To-day it would be much nearer the truth to say that a diplomatist is a man who is sent abroad to tell the truth for his coun try. A most interesting account has recently been given of the petition for better treatment of the Jews, and the protest against the Kishinel massacres. In order to gratify the signers of the petition, the state department forwarded it to Ambassador McCor mick at St. Petersburg, although well aware that the Russian government could take no official cognizance of it. When the paper was laid on the table before Count Lamsdorf, he said, "You know I cannot receive this." Then, according to the story which is reported by Collier's, Mr. McCormick replied, "Let us talk for a few minutes as man to man. You are Count Lamsdorf, and I am not an ambassador, but merely Mr. McCormick. The time has come when you can no longer disregard public opinion. The whole world is aroused. Do me the great favor, personally, of keeping this for two or three days. Then if you are still of the same mind, send it back to me, and no more will be said." In the end Count Lamsdorf showed the petition to the czar, who was sufficiently impressed by it to ameliorate somewhat the condition of the Jews.

Science Vs. Charlatanism.

Nothing in years has made the chemists rage together so furiously as the exploited "discovery" of a compound which will make ashes burn better than coal. Of one formulawe are aware that this was not the one tried in a hotel boiler room the other day-Prof. Gill, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: "It contains nothing, nor can it make anything, that in any way will ald combustion." Even if the inventor's preposterous theory of its working be accepted, the professor says that the heating capacity of a gallon of the mixture would be about equal to that of a piece of coal the size of a pea. "Why," the scientific men all ask, "does this piece of charlatanism get itself spread broadcast over the country when discoveries of real scientific not know of any reason which would not apply equally to medical nostrums. They create sensations because of the prodigious value they would have if they were only real. The inventors of ash-burning formulae, remarks the New York Post, might well ask their academic critics to point to any achievement of science within, say, 25 years that would benefit directly and indirectly so many people as a method for burning ashes.

Naming the Spanish baby the prince of the Asturias is just a temporary arrangement until the geographers-and the philologists can get together and, with the aid of relays of stenographers, fix up a permanent name for the helpless infant. The real and official name of a Spanish king is like a Chinese play. You read part of it to-day and come back to-morrow and the day after to get the rest. It embraces everything that the historians can think of and a few more smoothsounding words thrown in for good measure. One would judge from reading the official title of King Alfonso XIII., for instance, that he was the supreme ruler of the earth, the air, the waters under the earth and New Mexico. Alaska, Patagonia and all intermediate points. If you will notice, their photographs show that nearly all the recent kings of Spain were stoopshouldered. That came from trying to carry their full names around with

One of the modern improvements in mail service which the United States government has been foremost in adopting is the establishment of "sea post offices." This means the providing of facilities on ocean-going steamers by which mail is assorted on board and delivery thereby expedited. It is represented that mail thus disposed of reaches the intended destination 12 hours earlier than by the old system. Postmaster General Meyer approves the plan and contemplates extension of the arrangement. He is preparing to create at least two more of these "post offices" on vessels carrying American mail to Europe, the result of which will be highly pleasing to postal patrons.

The German press is strongly opposed to the kaiser's fifth son making a tour of America, saying that "only evil can come to him in that land of dollars and machines." Can it be that the prowess of our automobiles has extended to the Fatherland?

A man out in Montana predicts that the world will come to an end in ten days, and is selling off his property In anticipation of the coming finale.

Countess Sarahoff Gives an Invitation. low, very far below, there is the noisy is stood quite still after Locke had little river that rushes around its base,

Some of the French visitors to the Carnegie institute are said to have been offended by the playing of "Die Wacht am Rhein," which they regarded as an affront. New, if they had been treated to "Nothing from Nothing Leaves You," or some such indigspous selection, they might have had wee for complaint.

Watseka, III., is to have a fountain made in the form of a cradie.



CHAPTER X .- Contin Looked at in this manner the ghast- eyes open?.

ly portent was vividly suggested. The nostrils of the two heads together made use of;" those were Locke's formed the eyes of the death-mask; words. He had believed that the mustache of the father made the would attempt to make use of eyebrows; and the brow and the eyes Heaven grant it, I thought, with of the boy prince formed the nose and thrill of hope. We should then see death-mask itself was a wound in the look out for Counters Sarahoff. But temple, from which flowed a streak of scarcely in the manner Locke had

"This wound." I asked, shuddering. Early in the afternoon a message "is it merely a coincidence? The look came from her, as I had felt confident of agony—the staring eyes—is that meant to be a menace, a threat of a were to leave Lucerne that evening.

Locke, replacing the envelope carefully in his pocketbook. "That deathmask is regarded by a large portion of Ferdinand's dissatisfied subjects as tionale. And would I pardon the ab-Ferdinand—it introduces into Bul- nor her cousin expected to dress. garian politics an awful and solemn I accepted the invitation with

"A 'heavenly sign?" I asked, shuddering again. "But he still lives?" suppose he is safe there. But when carelessly thrown at Mrs. Grundy. he returns to his capital at Sofia-"

"And the woman—this Countess Sarahoff, is she one of the revolution- struggled against a sense of shame. aries who regard that stamp as a was accepting her hospitality, and I 'heavenly sign?' You told me that had come to spy on her. But I reas- are conditions attached to them." she was supposed to be the friend of sured myself with the conviction that Prince Ferdinand."

"I did. But is she? She is a woman of mystery. Is she really in earn- was ushered was dimly lighted, and est in seeking to entrap Sir Mortimer the air was heavy with the perfume of hind Bulgaria in her invasion of Turk- the white damask and silver of a table ish Macedonia? Is she ignorant of the existence or at least the significance of this stamp? Or, posing as a friend of Ferdinand, having ready access to him at any hour, will hers be the dagger plunged into his breast at the fatal hour? Perhaps Sir Mortimer is not the guileless victim we think him to be. Perhaps the king's messenger does not have two sets of dispatches to be presented at his discretion. Perhaps this death-mask is a ghastly accident and not a menace. Perhaps Countess Sarahoff, alias Sophie de haps! But, my dear chap, don't trust that 'perhaps.'

Locke rose and pulled on his gloves. I stared at him in sudden comprehen-"I understand now. You had more

than one object in coming to see me this morning." I said, soberly.

He lit a cigarette, looking down at me in deep thought. "In America the game of politics is

a fair game and above board. We show our cards; they are on the table for all the world to see. The very frankness of our methods puzzles the diplomats of Europe. Here in Europe things are managed differently. There are wheels within wheels. No pawn is too insignificant to be made use of. This pawn may be a simple citizen. even a tourist-"

I shook the hand he held toward me, and retained it, bewildered.

"But that is absurd on the face of it. In what possible way could I be of use to this Countess Sarahoff?" Locke shrugged his shoulders care lessly, and blew a ring of smoke with precision at the chandelier.

"Nothing is quite absurd," he returned, calmly. "Two days ago I read of an unfortunate accident of a fellow-countryman and an old college acquaintance. To-day I am surprised to find this countryman of mine on excellent terms with a woman whom I have every reason to believe is a dangerous adventuress. I come to see my fellow-countryman, to offer him

Mortimer Brett. Secondly, Countess charm. Sarahoff has made your acquaintance. Thirdly-contradict me if I am wrong -she has already interested you; Her eyes burned with a fire that at more than that, I venture to say that you have made an appointment with was the incarnation of what one calls called to me. I must follow; I must

He looked at me keenly. I was

"These, my dear Haddon, are simple facts. Perhaps there is no relation between them. Again I say, 'perhaps.' But don't let the mysterious hanging, looking at me over her shoul with me. Perhaps now I am asking machinery of intrigue catch you in der. its meshes. Its wheels may crush you. You have had enough trouble. and look out for Countess Sarahoff." "I shall try to remember your ad-

vice," I said, struggling to control my excitement, and placed his visiting-card in my pocket. "Yes; I shall see you again before I leave Lucerne." "Oh, suit yourself about that," said Locke, coldly.

Not until afterwards did it occur to me that I had treated him rather cavallerly—indeed, laid myself open to suspicion by my silence.

CHAPTER XI.

left me, lost in thought.

A life for a life, Helena had said. of a loved brother.

over the mind and actions of a man the lonely mountains, and the storm as famous in affairs as Sir Mortimer | beats against the curtained windows, in all cases, from cattle. It belongs Brett was absurd. Even had that and the fire of huge logs in the hearth been possible Helena would have been does not reach the somber cornersthe last to intrest his honor in my oh, it is then that I live. I am in- is a plant. Bovine cattle derive tu- He beheld, among other nightmare hands. And yet, as Locke had said, spired. In the night the passionate what if I were a pawn in the game of soul of Chopin speaks to me. And in

trough accompanying it ought to be pawn, to be moved if you will, care turbulent, there are my flowers and is not hereditary, neither is there any man faces and protruding tongues, may evaporate gradually. It will kill sly here and there in the game of my books and my poor. And there is predisposition to it in the individual. passing in rapid view before him.

mouth. And more horrible than the what we should see. Yes: I would

it would. A cousin was with her: they en route to a little village in the "Can you doubt it?" demanded Bernese Alps, where she had taken a 'heavenly sign.' That little stamp, surd hour of 6:30? I was to come in venture to say, is a death-knell for my morning clothes, since neither she

alacrity. That meant privacy-a certain intimacy. A cousin was to be there, it was true. But the presence "Yes; at present he is in Paris. I of the cousin was, of course, a sop

The cousin had not arrived when presented myself that evening. it was to be a game of tit-for-tat.

The apartment de luxe into which into influencing England to stand be flowers. In the center of the room my chateau to find happiness."

That is the castle we are all lookng for," I said wintfully.

Perhaps she had wished to make me fall in love with har! She made the frank confession with a children She moved rectionally to the plane. She struck the opening chords of that prelude of Chopia which is at once suggestion of a funeral march and procession in a cathedral. I watched her, fascinated, though I had sworn would not be faccinated by her.

"You speak in riddles." I de

"My purpose!" I cried.

sicion was startling.

I have told you everything."

you," she promised airly.

the window.

tening, of course.

weapons.

down on the street below.

mined to no longer refuse.

etulantly. "Tell me your purpose." She looked up at me swiftly, half in

thereily. Apparently she was satisfied that I spoke the truth. But that she

should have even a glimmer of a suc

"Look, my friend, I speak no more

n riddles, but very frankly. Come to

my chateau because there you can do

me a service, a great service. Volla,

"Not quite everything." I replied

quietly. "You have not told me, for

instance, the nature of the service that

you ask of the first stranger you

"When you are my guest I shall tell

She plunged into a stormy mazurka

to drown my protestations. I watched

her, irritated and yet half yielding, as

she played with the brilliancy and

elan of a virtuoso. Then I walked to

To reach it I passed a pier-glass pan-

eled in the wall. A man's face was

dimly reflected there. Though I did

not look. I knew that he must be

standing behind a door leading into

I did not betray my surprise. . I

stepped out on the balcony, looking

shred of reluctance. These adven-

The music reached a stormy climax.

There was silence. I did not go back

into the room. I waited curiously.

Would she again insist? If so, I deter

The heavy curtains at the window

were parted. She stood beside me

Again I noticed the feverish light in

her eyes; her bosom rose and fell

tumultuously; her color came and

"Then you have no liking for an ad-venture?" she demanded in a spirit

of desperate gayety. "Even when that

"Not when adventures are thrust on

me," I replied coldly. Her emotion

"Ah, you persist in being ungra-

cious. Then say this adventure brings

"I should require proof of that."

"You have set yourself a task. What

"Again you speak in riddles,

"If I said I were listening last

I frowned on her, furious, but I did

She felt no shame in making this

confession. One hand rested on her

hip, with the other she snapped finger

"My dear monsieur, you are not at-

tractive when you look like that. Even

I have heard the English proverb, 'All

"And since this is not love, you wish

me to infer that it is war? And you

ask the enemy deliberately into the

"It is neither love nor war. It is a

"Until you tell me the service I am

to do you, it must be an armed truce,"

"Bien! At Alterhoffen you shall

truce. Does that satisfy you?"

I emphasized the adjective.

adventure is to be shared with a wom

an—yes, a beautiful woman?"

happiness for yourself."

if I can help you fulfill it?"

repelled me.

her purpose.

madam."

night!"

camp?"

not answer.

and thumb.

is fair in love and in war.'

I interposed cautiously.

This incident banished my

She stopped abruptly in the midst of a phrase. Her white arms dropped to her lap. She looked over toward Then she leaned her elbows on me. Then she leaned her elbows on the keys; she nodded to me, half in entreaty, half in command. I stood ite her, leaning toward her,

opposite her, leaning toward her, across the pland.
"But sometimes I am lonely in my chateau," she said in a low voice. Come with Dr. Starva and myseli Be our guest, Mr. Haddon."

I started. A man! I had not coun ed on that. I had known this was to be an evening of surprises. I had schooled myself to meet them without wonder. But this invitation, so strangely and so unexpectedly given, com pletely astonished me. Who was this convenient cousin, this Dr. Starva?

The chance I had expected had come. To accept such an invitation as a matter of course, however, would be too absurd. "You give invitations to all

world?" I asked ungraciously. "No. monsieur, only to those who interest me, and who-" "Are of use to you?" I asked indis-

She looked at me with cool, level eyes, still playing. "Absolument." "And in what way do I happen to be of use to you. Mademe de Varnier?" She smiled mysteriously, shaking

her head. "That is a secret." "I detests secrets," I said irritably. "But if the secret were a condi

"Then I should probably refuse. I do not accept invitations when there mined to meet them with their own "Then if I say that it is because I

like you?" "I should not believe you." "Then perhaps I am sorry for you.

You are unhappy. I will take you to "Come, Madame de Varnier, let



my sympathy. I remain to warn set for dinner gleamed under the soft | stop fencing. Why did you speak to light of candles. In some vague way, me last night? Why do you pretend "But why?" I demanded, still skep- this room, one of a hundred others in to be interested in me-so interested the hotel, had lost something of its that you ask me, an utter stranger, to "There are three facts that should stiff formalism. It had charm. Charm! visit your chateau? Do you remember make you think, Haddon. First of That was the word that best de my story of yesterday? Am I to think, all, you have made the acquaintance scribed this mysterious woman. Well, do you wish me to think-" the mother and the sister of Sir I must steel myself against that She looked at me intently, very pale.

> before; this evening she was radiant. pitiful. once disconcerted and excited. She am a woman of the world. Fate has the joy of living. Never for an in- meet my destiny; sometimes I must stant was she still. Now it was to walk in the dark places. The world, glance critically at the admirably set your world, let it think what it will! table; now to rearrange the flowers. Bah, it is not my concern what it Presently she moved to the window, and drew back the heavy brocade morning, I wished you to fall in love

she demanded, petulantly. "At 11 to- matter?" night we go to Vitznau by the boat. Before the birds awake to-morrow we must be off-up, up, up the mountains to my chateau. It will break my heart if we are delayed."

"Your chateau has great attraction for you," I said, smiling.

She came toward me impulsively, her hands clasped. "Oh, you would like my chateau monsieur. It is strong and rugged; and so high that to see its towers through the branches of the pine trees, as you climb the hillside. It seems a dream, a fantasy. And beclose to it for protection. And within, But is not honor sometimes dearer there are great shadowy rooms with than life itself? At least the honor gleaming bare floors and tapestries. Oh, yes, and there is my beloved piano. That I could exert any influence When the thunder rolls terribly over the morning when the sun is shining

Her lips were trembling, and yet she She had been beautiful the evening smiled—a smile mysterious, tragic,

"Monsleur, I am not a jeune fille. thinks of me. Perhaps last night, this you to give me a little respect, a very "Why does my cousin not come?" little, monsieur. But what does it

decide if we are to be allies."

an effort.

When do we start?" Now that I had made my decision she grasped the railing of the balcony, exhausted. Presently I noticed that her lips were moving, and as I looked at her in wonder, I saw her furtively

> night to Vitznau, a little town on Lake | thread. Lucerne, an hour's journey from here. To-morrow morning at the dawn we drive en diligence to Alterhoffen." "Is it necessary that I go to Vits-

"Yes," she said hesitatingly, averting her eyes. "The last boat leaves Lucerne at 11. Your luggage, can it be ready then?"

I nodded absently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A New Consumption Theory

If True, the Disease Can Be Banished From the Earth.

briefly stated, is that tuberculosis is case consumption would be extirpated. an animal disease primarily derived, to the mycotic group of diseases in

saprophyte, feeding on decay of the gar pour lightly two tablespoonfuls of vegetable world. But the bacillus be vinegar. Cook until brown. This comes pathogenic-capable of causing | twice cooking of the potatoes makes A London physician, Dr. W. Picket disease in cattle when they are de them delightfully rich yet digestible. Turner, who has made a first-hand prived of actinism or the property of Serve on hot plates with the creamed idy of the disease for many years, the chemical rays in sunlight. It tongue advances the theory that the medical would, if all this be true, become reas world is attacking the problem of con- onable to assume that by restoring sumption by an utterly false route, actinism to cattle, the bacillus would says Current Literature. His view, again become a saprophyte, in which

The Horrors of Haschisch.

A gramme of Egyptian baschisch which the original source of infection played havoc with a Russian artist. berculosis from timothy and other al- shapes, a series of vividly colored lied grasses by natural affinity. Man luminous figures; losthsome repacquires the disease by ingestion or tiles with gaping, blood-flecked jaws; inoculation, never by inhabitation. It and huge tarantula spiders with hu-

GOOD POLISH FOR FLOOR

out It was a curious plea. med Article.

> It is chaper to prepare your own drug store one half pound of white becawax: place in a crock: nour over it one-half gallon turpentine and set on back of range until melted; remove and cool, when it should be ittle cakes of wag are sold for an ounce and are not uniform; the begin-ner would better try half the quantity given above and if, when cool, it is too thick, add a little more turpen tine: if too thin, add more wax and melt over. Be careful no turpentine as it may easily catch and set fire to the preparation; and for this reason if placed on the gas stove lay a stove lid over the flame. Rub this polish thinly and evenly over the entire floor; let stand to harden at least half an hour, then rub with weighted brush, beginning in the corner where the polish was first applied, as it will have had a longer time in which to harden.

CARE OF HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

The linen cupboard with plenty of shelves is a great convenience, but many housekeepers have to be content with storing their linen in drawanother apartment. He had been lisers, as the scarcity of cupboards is one of the drawbacks of modern

When the shelves are turned out and cleaned cover them with fresh paper when perfectly dry. Whether the linen is kept in a drawer or cupboard it should be arranged in neat piles. turers spied on me; it was equally fair Tableclothes, table napkins and tray that I play their game. Yes; I detercloths in one shelf or drawer, pillowcases and towels in another.

Sachets of lavender, thyme or rose leaves should find a place among the piles of linen.

If any of the sheets show signs of ear, cut them in the middle and seam the outer edges together, so that the worn part is placed where it gets least wear. It is a good plan on a fine warm day to take all the linen which is not much used and hang it on a line for a few hours.

Stationary Ironing Board.

One of the most satisfactory ironing boards that ever I have used is a stationary board hinged to the wall in place of the usual movable one which is placed on a table or chair. The board is 51/4 feet long, 14 inches wide, and 1% inches thick, and is shaped in the usual manner. It has two cleats on the back to prevent warping. At its wide end it is fastened with loose pin hinges to a three-inch cleat which She saw that I was not to be won is screwed to the wall, so when the over by coquetry. She became seri- board is in position to use a kitchen ous, almost anxious. Instinctively I chair will form the support for the felt that she was about to play her | board. When not in use the board is last card. Had she known it, I was al- turned up against the wall and held ready decided. But she was ignorant in position by a hook at one side. of that, and risked everything to gain | The back of the board can be papered or painted so as to match the wall. and the cover for the board can be pinned or tied on at each ironing, as it takes but a moment to prepare for

Coceanut Custard. Bring a quart of milk to the scaldng point, but do not boil. Take from the fire and stir into it the yolks of three eggs and three tablespoons of sugar that have been beaten to a cream. Stir well, put back on the fire. Thicken with one tablespoon of cornstarch, and add one cupful of shredded or grated cocoanut. When thick pour into the serving dish and let cool. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, spread over top and boo tree is used for medicinal purlet brown in the oven. Sometimes for poses. "Tabasheer," or "banslochan," a change instead of browning the is sold in all Indian bazars, as it has whites whip a little rose coloring been known from the earliest times as which gives them a lovely pink tinge a medicinal agent. It is also known and use a paper cone to make a fancy in Borneo, and was an article of com-

Best Ways to Wind Wool. never be wound very tightly into a to consist almost entirely of silica, know all. Then it will be for you to hard ball, as this makes it thin and with traces of lime and petash. From poor. Some good knitters merely un- its remarkable occurrence in the hol-"Very well," I assented briskly. "I wind the skein into a soft heap, but lows of bandoos the eastern mind has will go to your chateau with you. this method is only possible where long associated it with miraculous there is no fear of entanglement, as if powers. the heap of wool be disturbed it soon gets into a hopeless tangle. A better plan is to wind the wool over three or four fingers of the left hand held outside the ball. These fingers make the sign of the cross. When she should be gently withdrawn at frespoke again, it was languidly, as with quent intervals to change the position of the ball, says Woman's Life. Wool "Dr. Starva and myself are to go to- thus wound is always soft and full of

> Tomatoes with Rice. Scald and peel three large, smooth tomatoes. Cut them in halves, scoot out the seeds and juice without breaking the pulp. Scald the juice enough to strain out the seeds. To the juice add sugar to taste and mix with it as much warm boiled rice as it will absorb. Add salt and a little melted butter. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Place each half tomato on a round of bread buttered. Put them in a shallow pan and bake until the bread is browned.

Sweet Potato Saute. Have one pint of sweet potatoes cut in slices. Put into the blazer two tablespoonfuls of butter, and as soon as hot lay in the potatoes. Sprinkle two low the children to drink any kind of tablespoonfuls of sugar over the top coffee, but she said Postum was the of the potatoes, and on top of the su- most healthful drink in the world for

Worth Knowing. Before mending a torn kid glove it is a good plan to buttonbole neatly all around the edge of the hole with silk or cotton twist, the color of the glove. This will keep the kid from tearing further open, as so often happens when the needle is drawn through it.

Prevent Mothe. It is much better than moth balls to put a small bottle of chloroform, one or two ounces, in the bottom of the packing chest. Split the cork that it Don't Use "Prac Pure" White Lead

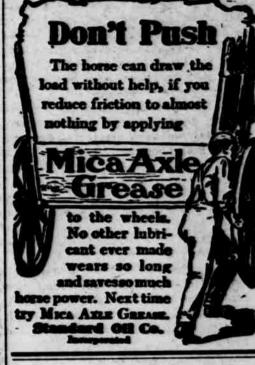
practically Water

Vhite Load Point Pure White Load, good point th that over his bear the De made by the Old Date Pro-

SEND FOR BOOK "A Talk on Paint" gives valuable

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY





A 8ad Mistake. In my father's native village lives the summer months he lets his spare rocms to some of the many pleasureseekers who frequent the place, says a Boston Herald writer, and one day last summer, while Mr. S. was in his garden, a young man of the village chanced by, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Mr. S." "Mawnin'"

"You've got your house full of boarders this summer." Mr. S. was picking potato bugs off

from his plants, but he managed to stop long enough to answer, "Yes," "Some nice looking young ladies among them," continued the young

Mr. S. stood up and eyed the potatoes critically, then answered: "Well, they'd ought to look purty good. I just picked two quarts of

Medicine of Bamboo Sap. In India the sap of the female bammerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling. It Wool for knitting or crochet should has been analyzed and has been shown

> Something New. A lady novelist thus describes the

youth of her hercine: "In that walled-in garden of a place she, so young, so brilliant, so alluring, grew with the air of a Shirley poppy. That was the flower she most resembled, both in color and in her step."

We confess to having seen a doorstep, but it has not been our privilege to witness the ambulatory exercise of a poppy.—Westminster Gazetta.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school "I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal

time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can eajoy drinking with the children." "I was astonished that she would alchildren as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children

and adults showed that to be a fact. "My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it afteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavourt In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after mouth, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with case and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying reg-

ular codes for any money."

"There's a Reason." Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pless.