



CHAPTER X.

A few days after that mysterious letter had been thrown in at Lady Constance's bedroom window, Federal presented himself at the door of the Duke's house and seated in his chair.

"The duke was in his library, seated at a large writing desk. When the stranger entered he looked up quickly and frowned.

"Sir," he said, haughtily, "I do not know you."

"Federal," returned the other, politely, "I see you have my card in your hand. My name is Federal—Richard Federal."

"What do you want?"

"Money."

"A beggar?"

"Not at all—a friend—of Venezuela!"

The duke started and turned pale. He felt that the eyes of the man were fixed keenly upon him.

"From Venezuela?" he repeated, nervously.

"Precisely—from Venezuela," returned the other, "where your grace, five years ago, before you came into the title, was attached of the Spanish Embassy."

"I repeat, sir, I do not know you."

"Your grace has forgotten me," said Federal, "but perhaps I may be able to refresh your memory. In the meantime I wish to enter your service, as a valet, and sufficiently unscrupulous."

"Sir, you entered this house by a fraud; be good enough to leave it, or I may be forced to call the police."

"Hear me, sir," said Federal, "and for your own sake do not insult me before your servants. Engage me, and I will serve you faithfully. I know well, my lord, that the Duke of Arzoz is a very different person from the young count who, some five wild oats in South America."

Again the duke started, and turned deathly pale.

"What do you mean?" he asked nervously.

"I mean that at one period of my life I found myself in Venezuela, where your grace was amusing yourself. Every one was then talking of a merchant, Emilio Castelar, whose wife your grace admired. The husband remonstrated, he was thrown into a prison, where, I have heard, he died!"

"What is all this to me?"

"Much, for example, your former amusements were talked about here, it might affect your prospects as a marrying man."

"What! You threaten?"

"Not at all," answered Federal, carelessly. "I merely state the case as a matter of business. Engage me, and, as I have already informed you, you will find me useful. Decline my services, and I might offer them elsewhere—near to your rival, the cousin of Lady Constance Howarth, whom she has lately developed."

"How did you learn this?"

"My lord," returned the other, lightly, "my familiar spirit told me everything."

"What a ridiculous notion!" said the duke; "perhaps you might be useful."

"I am a treasure, I assure you. I shall do myself the honor of calling upon your grace in a few days."

With a courteous bow he left the room. The moment the door closed upon him the duke became a changed man. His hand trembled, and a cold, vicious look came into his eyes.

"A thorough vagabond," he said, "whom I should like to strangle. But I must not show my hand to him. He is in my power. He knows too much of my past life for me to make him an enemy and leave him at large. It may be well to utilize him. Such a fellow could be servicable to me in many ways. He shall be. I will make him—my spy."

Three days later Federal again presented himself before the duke and became an inmate of the household.

Once installed, his conduct was curious. For some mysterious reason, he kept a strict watch upon his grace's movements, and one day the duke noticed this, and said sharply:

"You examine me, sir? For why?"

"I was merely wondering, my lord, why you persistently use the Lady Constance Howarth."

The duke smiled.

"I woo the Lady Constance because I am about to marry her, and, as I have already told you, my lord, and refrain from so doing."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely that the lady does not love you."

"I am perfectly aware of it."

"And yet your grace persists in your wish to make her the Duchess of Arzoz?"

"I intend to do so."

If by this conversation Federal had hoped to put off the contemplated marriage of the duke and Lady Constance, he failed.

CHAPTER XI.

Meanwhile the Duke of Arzoz had not been going well, and continued trouble was telling upon Lady Constance, and making her appear the ghost of what she once had been. Her health was failing, and it would be better for her never to marry again. Then Mrs. Meason became seriously ill. It seemed now that the old lady would die, and that Constance would be alone.

"Constance," she said, quietly, one day, "my child, I think that I shall die."

"O, grandma!" cried the girl, "don't say so! I should be so sorry to lose you!"

"I am thinking of that, my Constance. But why should you be alone when there is a good and honorable man who is willing to make you his wife?"

"Grandma, don't speak of it."

CHAPTER XII.

After a short honeymoon spent in Paris, the Duke of Arzoz took his young duchess to Madrid, whither urgent business called him.

He took with him a young man to spend much time in paying court to his wife. Having married her, he concluded that his duty was done, and he turned his thoughts to his affairs. From the first day of her marriage Constance had suspected that he did not love her; on her marriage day this fact was made known to her by the duke's conduct.

The fortnight in Paris passed to Constance like a dull, monotonous dream. Mechanically she performed the duties which her husband demanded of her, and she was grimly satisfied. Her beauty made the stir which he had foreseen, while her diamonds and the dresses she wore were the envy of all eyes. From the first day of her marriage Constance had suspected that he did not love her; on her marriage day this fact was made known to her by the duke's conduct.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Constance made no reply. She shut down her eyes and turned away, and more silently than before. She hardly expected sympathy from her husband, and he himself had taught her not to look for love. He took her hand in his and kissed it. She looked at him and found herself wondering why people were born into this world, as she sat there listening to the dull roar of the street, she seemed to hear a voice—the voice of her friend, Alice Greybrook—whisper in her ear:

"Constance, promise me that if you are ever in trouble, my child, you will turn to me instantly to your aid."

With a cry Constance rose to her feet and rang the bell.

"Order my carriage instantly," she said.

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BAD FLOUR DETECTED

PROCESS OF MOST SCIENTIFIC EXACTITUDE.

The "Tester" Can Tell If Their Is Slight Change in the Manufacture of the Flour—Is an Analyst, a Miller and a Baker.

A Test Made Each Morning. In a building in Mississippi is a man who has the power to say that this flour can be manufactured and this cannot. He is the flour inspector, and each morning gives some attention to the samples that are brought to him to test. He can tell when the slightest change has been made at the mill, and often orders a mill not to manufacture a certain kind of flour. This inspector of necessity is an analyst, a miller and a baker.

It is the duty of this tester or "inspector," as he is technically called, to take these samples of wheat each day and ascertain first what proportion of gluten and starch, and what of mixed starch and gluten they contain. The germ at the center of the kernel is the vital principle; the gluten is the most important commercial as well as economic element, that which makes for wealth of purse and health of body and mind as well.

In the inspector's room at one hand is a tiny roller mill, run by electricity, a duplicate in miniature of the grinding machinery of the large mill. The wheat from one of the sacks is ground in this mill, the steel rollers crushing

the kernels into a flaky dust. Below the rollers are silk sieves which separate the bran from the flour. When the flour has been secured it is washed thoroughly—so completely that the starch and the gluten are wholly separated. There must be not less than 40 per cent of gluten in the flour to keep up the required standard, and the inspector knows when he has finished his washing, by the amount of the gluten residue, whether the wheat of the day is up to the required standard.

The gluten thickness or solidifies into a little pat, about the size of a toothsome marshmallow, and about the color of a maple sugar caramel, but having more nutriment in it than all the candy you could eat in a month. It is very sticky, and the color of the wheat is as it lies in a round disc on the piece of silk where it has been collected.

But not only must the inspector know its color, weight and consistency as to the quality of the gluten—he must judge it as to its nutritive value. The inspector carefully weighs out sixteen ounces of flour. It must be exact to the fraction of a gram. He mixes this with water in a white earthen bowl, ten ounces of water to the sixteen ounces of flour. He is planning for a round loaf, and when he turns it out of the tin fully baked it will be such a loaf as the flour is what it should be. He does not knead the flour at all—lingular statement to a housewife—mixes it as it is pulled. Fifty pills are taken thoroughly.

At the end of sixty minutes the loaf is found to be baked through and through, with no trace of dough or heaviness. Then it must be weighed and measured. It must be so many inches high, so many long; so many inches around it one way, so many inches around it the other way. This loaf of bread is a test of the flour's quality. If it is not baked through, it is a sign that the flour is of poor quality. If it is baked through, it is a sign that the flour is of good quality.

When the loaf is cooled it is cut open lengthwise. It must be just the right height, inside as well as out. If the inspector finds it has a peculiarly white interior, he knows that there is too much starch, too little gluten. Your ideal flour does not make the chalky white bread so many people have come to consider the best.

All around the inspector's room are shelves on which are glass jars of samples of each day's flour. Each sample is labeled with the details of the various tests. The jars are kept in a cool place. It is in that dealer in Liverpool or Havana, or New York, or some little town far from that matter, reports that his patrons complain of the flour ground on a certain date, a request for a sample of the flour. When it is received the inspector subjects it to precisely the same test he gives to his flour. Then, after he has washed and baked and colored-test, he takes the little record jar showing what the flour of the mills was like at the day of the manufacture of this particular lot of flour and compares it with a record of that of the test of the flour under suspicion. Immediately he knows from the agreement or disparity of the two flours whether the consumer has made groundless complaint or whether some unscrupulous dealer is trying to palm off an inferior grade of flour upon the consumer.

Every man looks as though he needed a new suit of clothes.

HONORING SOLDIERS.

Two new equestrian statues as those of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock and Gen. John M. Corse.

That of Gen. Hancock was designed by H. J. Elliott, of Washington, who will receive \$40,000 for the monument.

The equestrian statue of Gen. John M. Corse, which is to adorn the base of the lower soldiers' monument at Fort Monmouth, was cast by the American Bronze Company. The sculptor is Carl Rohl Smith, whose successful figure of Gen. Sherman recently disturbed the complacency of Eastern competitors.

A second casting is in progress for Burlington, Iowa, the birthplace of Gen. Corse, to cost \$5,000, which was raised by voluntary contributions. Gen. Corse is known to war veterans as the "hero of Altoona Pass." Corse was left in command by Sherman of a force of only 1,500 men, and with this small garrison he successfully repelled a Confederate division of 4,000, which had suddenly attacked his position. Sherman's famous signal, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," was "dis-

played during this engagement. Gen. Corse was severely wounded, but continued to repulse the enemy. He was personally commanded by Sherman and Grant for his distinguished services and was breveted major general.

How Noise-Producing May Be Manufactured from a Willow Twig. Every boy may have a whistle, and one that will make noise enough to suit the most exacting youngster. The whistles may be made from a short slip cut from a willow tree or twig. Whistles are made the same way every where. A smooth limb or sucker is selected and cut off. The mouth end is trimmed right, a notch is cut in the top for the escape of the breath, a ring is cut in the bark at the right distance from the end and then the bark is moistened with saliva and the whistle is put on the knee and pounded with the knife handle to loosen the bark from the wood. A twist of the bark pulls it out of the wood and then a deep notch is cut

through, with no trace of dough or heaviness. Then it must be weighed and measured. It must be so many inches high, so many long; so many inches around it one way, so many inches around it the other way. This loaf of bread is a test of the flour's quality. If it is not baked through, it is a sign that the flour is of poor quality. If it is baked through, it is a sign that the flour is of good quality.

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THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Causes of Failure in Life."

Text: "Man shall slay his body, but he cannot slay his soul."—John xviii, 21.

This sermon seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are men as a theatre of spectacles to angels and to men." It is evident from the text that some of the habits of the theatre were known in Job's time, because he describes an actor hired off the stage. The impression comes on the boards, and either through lack of study of the part he is to take or through sheer laziness, the audience is offended and expresses its disapproval and it disgust by hissing. "Man shall slay his body, but he cannot slay his soul." This is a very old saying, and it is a very old saying. It is a saying that is as old as the hills. It is a saying that is as old as the hills. It is a saying that is as old as the hills.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellect and equipment and talent to do a good deal of good, but they have a wine-sodden brain that contains all the forces for their soul's ruin, and they are a moral overboard. So, too, the young man who is a failure of his part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellect and equipment and talent to do a good deal of good, but they have a wine-sodden brain that contains all the forces for their soul's ruin, and they are a moral overboard. So, too, the young man who is a failure of his part in the drama of life through dissipation.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Cork is about the most buoyant substance known.

The microscopist says that a mosquito is about as buoyant as a cork.

Yawning is caused by a deficiency in the air supply to the lungs.

The carbons of electric arc lamps are made of powdered graphite, instead of coke.

Scales are now made that will weigh an atom of matter.

In England farmers always soak their seed in bluestone of vitriol to prevent rust and rot.

A recent invention is a new type of refrigerator car that can be run for twenty days without re-icing.

It is said that a really indestructible ink has been discovered.

The platinum belt in the Ural Mountains in Russia are the only ones in the world in which that metal is found in grains.

An Ottawa (Canada) electrician claims to have discovered a process for utilizing electricity for light, power, and heat, as well as for the production of ice.

London scientists have recently demonstrated that the purest air in the cities is found about twenty feet above the street surface.

A goose with three wings is the latest record in the flock of Mrs. Samuels, of Worcester, Montgomery County, Penn.

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THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Causes of Failure in Life."

Text: "Man shall slay his body, but he cannot slay his soul."—John xviii, 21.

This sermon seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are men as a theatre of spectacles to angels and to men." It is evident from the text that some of the habits of the theatre were known in Job's time, because he describes an actor hired off the stage. The impression comes on the boards, and either through lack of study of the part he is to take or through sheer laziness, the audience is offended and expresses its disapproval and it disgust by hissing. "Man shall slay his body, but he cannot slay his soul." This is a very old saying, and it is a very old saying. It is a saying that is as old as the hills. It is a saying that is as old as the hills. It is a saying that is as old as the hills.

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