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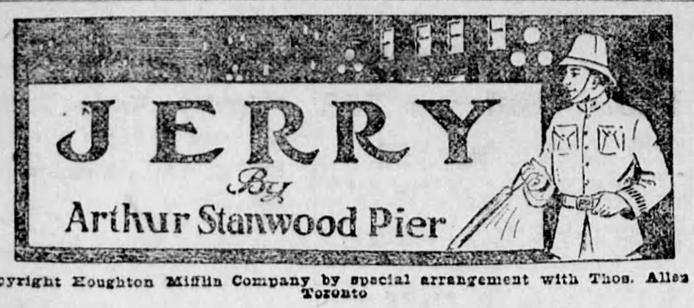

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CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd.)

"There's nothing crazy about me," Maguire rejoined. "I shouldn't wonder if sometimes you went a little off your head."

He watched her attentively while she affixed the ornaments to her ears.

"You know how to do it just by instinct," he remarked. "I don't suppose I could get one of those things on if I was to stand in front of a looking-glass. You certainly are a picture."

She smiled at him. "Do they look well on me? How I wish I could see myself."

"You will; that's part of it," was his somewhat enigmatic answer. He waited till she had carefully arranged her veil again and then said, "Now shall we toddle along?"

They went bowling down the road at the leisurely rate of twenty-five miles an hour. At least it seemed a leisurely rate of travel in that smooth-running, comfortably cushioned car.

As they proceeded, silence again fell between them. Nora wondered when the next wayside stop would occur and what act of presentation would signalize it. If there was to be another stop and the principle of climax was observed, it could hardly be less than a diamond tiara or a pearl necklace. She began to feel there was something magical about the creature; certainly he was superb in both audacity and opulence. She could comprehend now as she had hitherto been unable to do his power over men. No longer could she think of him with a tinge of disparagement in her liking; with a compassionate sense of his ineligible qualities. He revealed himself as formidable and romantic; it was a bewildering discovery to make.

There was no other wayside stop, and to a fairly well-satiated Nora this was hardly a disappointment. On the contrary, she was glad when, upon entering a town that was the seat of a small college, they turned into the grounds of the attractive inn.

"We'll lunch here," said Maguire. "You'll have a chance to see how you look."

He left her at the entrance while he drove off to put up the car. When he rejoined her, she was seated in a chair on the verandah; her veil was pushed up and the earrings showed in their full splendor. He smiled at seeing how her eyes sparkled.

"What did you think?" he asked.

"I hardly knew myself," she acknowledged. "I want to have another look before we go."

He smiled; a few minutes later she caused him to smile again. On the way to the dining-room they passed the inn parlor, and Nora espied an oval mirror in a gilt frame on the farther wall. She could not resist its lure; she slipped into the room, the four ladies who were playing bridge stopped their game to look at her; she went up to the mirror and stood in front of it for some moments, patting and pretending to arrange her hair. The four ladies watched her with pleasure, for they saw a slim, graceful figure, appropriately clothed, a face youthful and happy, merry, whimsical eyes, pretty lips parted in a smile; and they accepted the pearl earrings and the big diamond sparkling on the white hand as the proper appurtenances of such a handsome, high-bred young woman. Maguire, who had followed Nora into the room, waited blandly for her to finish.

"Aren't you the little humbug!" he said when they were once more on their way down the corridor to the dining-room. "But it was worth looking at, wasn't it?"

"I liked it," she admitted. "Do you think anybody else would?"

He laughed indulgently at such obvious guileless coquetry.

She was quite surprised to find how well he seemed to understand her and how much sympathy he had with what Jerry was accustomed to make her feel were her weaknesses. A thought entered her mind and enchanted her with its brilliancy. Perhaps that would be weaknesses in one condition of life might be graces in another. With the flash of insight to guide her, she felt that she understood herself completely.

Not until they had finished luncheon and Maguire had lighted a cigarette did he embark upon the theme of themes.

"Well," he said, pushing back his plate and folding his somewhat stubby forearm on the table, "are you having a good holiday?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"No reason why you shouldn't have every day a holiday like this."

"You forget the letter I wrote you. The reason is in that."

"I can't take that seriously, Nora. I know you don't love him. You may think you do, but I know different. If you did, you couldn't be enjoying yourself so much to-day. You couldn't have kept me going all this time as you've done if you loved him. I knew you didn't love him when he happened along yesterday just as you were getting out of the machine; I could tell by the look on your face. I saw the look on his face, too, and I'm not so awful sure he loves you. Maybe when you two are alone together you work each other up into thinking you're in love. But there's nothing real about that, you know. Maybe you're the kind of person that could never really be in love with anybody. I'm not sure that you ain't."

"If you really thought that, you couldn't care anything about me," said Nora, quite outraged.

"That's the funny thing, I do. I'll do the loving, and you'll do the appreciating. That makes a good team. Satisfactory to both. Some day, maybe"—Maguire spoke slowly,—"something may happen that will make you do some loving too. But I don't hardly expect it for myself."

Nora dropped her eyes and let them rest on the sparkling ring.

"What did you do after you got my letter?" she asked presently.

"I thought about it for a little while. Then I went out and bought those jewels."

"You decided you could bribe me into marrying you?"

"Bribe's an awful coarse word, Nora. I've been in politics a lot, and I've never got so I like the sound of it."

"But that's really what you did think, isn't it?"

"I would say," replied Maguire, speaking slowly, "that I wanted to bring home to you what you'd be missing in one case, what you'd have in the other."

"If I were to change my mind now and say I'd marry you, I think you'd despise me; you'd know I had been influenced by your presents and I wouldn't seem a nice person to you any longer."

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference in my feelings; in fact, I've already anticipated all this. I was afraid the registry might be closed by the time we got back this afternoon, so after my visit to the jeweler's I went round there." He drew out a long envelope from his coat pocket, took out the enclosure, and handed it to her.

She unfolded it, glanced at it, and gasped.

"Is it a joke?" She looked over the paper at him incredulously.

"Joke, no. It's a marriage license."

She glanced at it again, saw again his name and hers—"Of all the impudence! How did you dare?" Her cheeks were blushing, but her eyes twinkled and a smile plucked at her lips.

"After buying diamonds and pearls, that wasn't taking any chance at all," responded Maguire with a grin. "I know the registry clerk intimately, and I swore him to secrecy. Now would you like to hear the rest of my plan?"

She hesitated just a moment. "Yes."

"Go back to the city just as fast as the automobile will take us—well, not quite that, for I don't believe in being reckless even over such a thing as this—"

"You don't!" interjected Nora. "I'm glad to hear it."

"We'll round up your mother and brother"—Maguire was reckless anyway of her interruption—"go straight to the priest, and take the night train for Chicago. We'll stay there a few days—long enough for you to fit yourself out with all the clothes and fixings you want; and then we'll make for California; we'll take in the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite and anything else you say; and we'll go from one big hotel to another and stop in each place as long as you like. Then, when you feel ready for it, we'll come home and start in to make a home. What do you say?"

He had spoken with suppressed excitement, his words tumbling out faster and faster as he proceeded. Now he hung over the table and looked eagerly and confidently into her face.

She looked for a moment into his, dropped her eyes, raised them again, inhaled a long breath, expelled it in a sigh, and then said, quite plaintively, "Oh, dear, I wonder— Are you sure you want me, Patrick?"

He reached out and covered her hand with his. "I'm sure."

One moment more she hesitated while she searched his face.

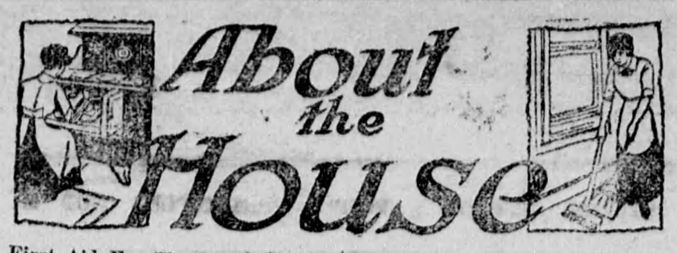
"Well, then," she said, "it's yes."

Maguire gave her hand a long squeeze. Then he rose.

"Now," he said, "I'll get the automobile."

(To be continued.)

One man in every sixty is partly or wholly color blind.



First Aid For The Lunch-Box.

In nearly every home, at some time or other, lunch boxes are a necessity and the vexing problem has worried many a house-wife. When the man of the house needs to carry his lunch the problem is not much different from the one presented by the children's lunch, although the chief factors to be considered is the kind of work the man is doing and to furnish him with the necessary food that will supply the essentials he needs.

In selecting suitable boxes in which to carry the lunch, consideration must be made for the things you intend to send in the lunches. The man's lunch box should be substantial and ample to hold a good sized lunch. The children like to change the style and color of their boxes occasionally so that good firm cardboard boxes will answer very nicely.

It is well to keep on hand plenty of plain white paper napkins. Colored napkins are apt to fade off badly on the things in the box and give a sad-looking appearance to the lunch. Another necessary is paraffin paper.

A thermos bottle meets the problem of keeping coffee, chocolate and even cream soups piping hot and these things add much to the otherwise cold meal. Where a thermos bottle is not available for the hot drinks a good heavy bottle may be made to answer for the purpose.

Individual porcelain cups are nice to use for desserts, baked beans, custards and many things which cannot be sent without a dish.

For sandwiches many kinds of bread and fillings may be used. Day-old bread will cut to better advantage and make better sandwiches than fresh and is much better for the digestion. The bread should be cut about one quarter of an inch thick in oblongs, rounds, diamonds and even heart shapes to lend a little change to the "looks." Grown-ups as well as the children enjoy finding odd-shaped sandwiches with unknown fillings and it takes only a few minutes longer to cut them.

In packing the lunch, place the things to be eaten last in the box first and the things which naturally would be wanted first on the top of the box.

Too many things in the box is not good. Better have three things to-day and a complete change to-morrow than to have to repeat to-morrow.

In preparing the desserts for dinner to-day, plan ahead for the little dessert cups for the lunches to-morrow. Make enough more to fill them and set them aside all ready for packing in the morning.

Try to make the lunch hour a happy one for the absent ones by adding zest and interest in the unexpected contents of the lunch box. This is easily accomplished by adding one new feature or dish each day, something different and not repeating day after day the same hard-boiled-egg-cold-meat-and-bread variety too often met with in the average lunch box.

It is wise to keep a proper balance of foods in the lunch. For example if the sandwich filling is of meat, plan a simple fruit dessert; or if the sandwich is a sweet filled one, use the custard pudding, gelatine desserts, baked beans or something more hearty for the other dish.

When the lunch is planned, packed and all ready to close, slip into the corners a few nuts, simply shelled or salted or a few pieces of candy or maple sugar to "top off with." These make the whole complete.

The following little table of First Aids for the lunch box may be cut out, mounted on cardboard and hung up for reference in planning the family lunches.

Bread for sandwiches: Wheat, brown, nut, nut brown, oatmeal, rye, raisin.

Fillings for sandwiches: Minced ham, beef hash, bologna, veal salads, baked beans, minced egg, apple and celery salad, tuna salad, olives and green peppers, brown sugar, peanut butter, jelly, jam, marmalade, honey, molasses, lettuce and salad dressing, raisins and corn syrup, salmon salad, minced chicken.

Fruits: Oranges, apples, figs, dates, bananas, raisins.

Cakes: Cup cakes, spice, cinnamon rolls, raised doughnuts, sugar cookies, coffee cake, ginger snaps, graham crackers, cream puffs, ginger bread, oatmeal cookies, chocolate cookies.

Soups: Cream of pea, cream of celery, bean, chicken with rice, cream of corn, clear tomato thickened.

Puddings: Celatine with fruit, bread with raisins, rice, tapioca, chocolate.

Other desserts: Cup custards, junket, baked apples, canned fruit.

Drinks: Milk, chocolate, buttermilk, coffee.

Extras: Puffed rice balls, pop corn balls, nuts, candy, sweet chocolate bars, seedless raisins, celery.

Recipes for any of the above will be sent by mail if request is accompanied with sufficient postage for mailing.

Prolonging Shoe Serivce.

Unless you are an invalid and have little use for substantial foot coverings, your shoe bill probably amounts to a good deal, and you are more than anxious, now that shoes have gone soaring skyward, to get all the wear possible for your expenditure.

Most people abuse their shoes, and so get less service than they should. As a woman's appearance is judged in a measure by the condition of her shoes and gloves, she cannot afford to wear shabby articles if she can help it.

For black shoes a bottle of polish, a bottle of vaseline, a pair of shoe trees, and a bit of old cloth are a necessary equipment. As soon as the shoes are taken off they should be put on the shoe trees so that creases and wrinkles are straightened out while the shoe is still warm. Before they are worn again, or as often as necessary, a little of the vaseline should be rubbed into the surface of the kid or leather to keep them soft and pliable, and the edges of the soles and heels should be blackened neatly. Occasionally the shoe itself may need polishing, but the frequent treatment of vaseline will prevent cracking and lengthen the life of the leather.

If the shoe is wet it should be dried at a distance from the fire, so as not to harden or crackle the leather. When it is dry it should be treated with the vaseline promptly.

Colored or white shoes are not difficult to keep in order if they are given regular attention. For most of these it is desirable to have a bottle of cleaning fluid especially intended to clean without destroying the color. A little soap and water, or gasoline used away from the fire, are often useful also. When the shoe is perfectly clean it should be dressed with a tan, brown, gray, or bronze dressing, as the case may be, and careful attention given to the heels and the edges of the shoes.

Shoes last longer if they are not worn every day, but one pair alternated with another that the leather may "rest." Rubbers which have begun to break at the heel should be taken at once to a repair man. A perfectly good heel can be made if attention is given in time, and that, too, at small cost.

LUCKY BREACH OF THE LAW

English Woman Photographer Got £50 for Her Offence.

The following story is told of how a woman photographer broke the law and thus helped to bag a number of U-boats:

The Admiralty had been baffled in their efforts to locate the lair of a group of submarines which were operating off Land's End and in the Bristol Channel.

While spending a holiday on the coast this woman was unwitting induced to offend against Dora (the Defence of the Realm Act). Attracted by a picturesque spot on the coast, with a beautiful stretch of sea, bounded on each side by a projection of rugged rocks, she determined to take a photograph of the scene. The negative was left at a local chemist's shop for development. She was asked to return in a few days, and when she again called, the chemist had many inquiries to make from her about the locality of the photograph and her object in taking it. She was told to wait a few days longer.

In the meantime a communication arrived from the Admiralty, requesting her presence at Whitehall, and enclosing a railway pass. Surprised at the invitation, she decided to break her holiday and proceed to London. She first called on the chemist and was then astonished to learn that her photographic plate had been sent to the Admiralty. Forebodings of impeding trouble dawned upon her. At the Admiralty she was closely questioned, and informed that she had committed a breach of the Defence of the Realm regulations. She was, however, greatly relieved and astonished when the officials thanked her for having rendered a "great service" to the State.

"Do you get these spots in the photograph?" she was asked. "Perhaps you don't know what they are. Well, we don't mind telling you they indicate German submarines lying at the bottom of the creek, and we have bagged the lot." What was the actual fate of the U-boats remains to be told in the official narrative, but it may be stated that the take was one of the best of the war.

It appeared that the particular spot had been repeatedly photographed, but the results were never satisfactory until the woman photographer, aided by a favorable light ,"snapped" the hidden enemies. She was rewarded in the sum of £50, which was promptly handed over to the Red Cross, and £20 was sent to the vigilant chemist.

"Tars" and the Artist.

A portrait of Admiral Jellicoe at the Sea Power Exhibition in London came in for severe criticism from a group of blue-jackets. They at once saw a point where the artist had stumbled. He has put the Admiral into the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, the highest rank of all. It is curious that no one pointed out the blunder until these lower-deck experts came along.

We have always sailed the sea like gentlemen.—Mr. Ian Macpherson.

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EIGHT HUN SPIES SHOT AT TOWER

MANY ARE UNDERGOING LONG TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT

Were Tricked by British Secret Service by the Use of False News.

In the possession of a sergeant-major of the British Military Foot Police is a particularly made leather strap—or rather, a series of straps—for which Madame Tussaud's doubtless would pay a large sum of money, says a London despatch.

It is the strap with which German spies caught in this country and condemned to death were fastened in a special chair at the Tower of London prior to being shot. Like a wise man, the sergeant-major had the strap made to his own design and paid for it with his own money. It is to him a priceless relic of the great war.

Germany's vaunted spy system, like the overboomed German navy, hardly realized expectations. There were, it is true, a great many spies in England, both before and after the war, acting on behalf of the Kaiser. Most of them came originally from South American states.

The British Secret Service resembled its magnificent navy. It did its work as silently and effectively, and the necessary reticence observed as to its doings contributed very materially to the discomfiture felt by the German Government owing to the misleading information which "fell" into German hands.

Mythical Barrage in Channel.

As a matter of fact, the Naval Intelligence Department, under Rear Admiral Hall, acting in conjunction with the censor's department, provided false information to the Germans, an instance being the mythical Strait of Dover submarine barrage revealed by Sir Roger Keyes.

Nearly all Germany's spies in this country attempted to forward their information by post. But thanks to the astuteness o fthe censor's staff it was rarely these letters, even although written in invisible ink, went undetected.

All spies were not arrested immediately they were detected. The British secret service, ever considerate, allowed them to send and receive letters and collect information, but it reserved the privilege of opening the correspondence both ways and making alterations likely to be of more use to the allies than to Germany.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the information obtained by this method. The Hun, wth his profound disrespect for British finesse, probably never will believe that Britain could be guilty of such astuteness.

It is certain that Germany obtained very little that was useful from her spies in England. From the outbreak of war the ports were too carefully guarded to permit of much leakage. The wild stories of wireless telegraphy and signalling to sea had little or no substance in fact: the risks of detection were too great.

Up and down the east and south-west coasts of England were, however, many "hydros," palatial hotels, built right on the sea with large copper domes twinkling brightly for many miles out at sea. And the manager was often a German.

Eight German spies were executed in this country, while many more are undergoing long terms of penal servitude. For obvious reasons the names of many never were revealed. The Imperial Government continued to communicate with them, blissfully unaware that their agents had gone to a bourne from which not even a German spy returns. The British secret service kindly acted as the spy's deputy.

The execution of these spies is naturally an unpleasant subject, but none the less interesting. After the secret trial and condemnation to death the spy was taken to the Tower, there to await the dread summons in the early hours of the morning. Taken from his cell by a party of military police, the spy was strapped to a chair in a quadrangle of the Tower. There, facing him, about ten paces distant was a firing party, usually eight men, from the battalion of guards on duty at the time.

Bared Chest the Target.

The preliminaries were soon arranged. The spy was placed in the chair and his body and limbs were tightly strapped to it. Then his chest was bared to receive the bullets of the Englishmen whose country he had wronged.

That was his last look at the world. A handkerchief was tightly bound around his eyes by the sergeant-major of the military police. The firing party, leaning on their rifles, stood up and brought them up to the aim as the sergeant-major stood clear. A low instruction from the officer in command to aim at the heart, a sharp order, "Fire!" a burst of flame, and the crack of eight rifles had ended the career of another of Germany's tools.

Some of the spies stood their execution stoically; others again made a last despairing fight and went to their death shrieking and cursing their Maker.

HUN HAD FOUND PICTURE

Curious Story of Photograph of Pte Lanchetti's Family.

Nearly four years ago Mrs. Lanchetti, of Toronto, sent a postcard group photograph of herself, her husband and two daughters to her son, Pte. Frank Lanchetti, with the 75th Batt. in England, then on his way to France. He was wounded on Aug. 4 last year after much hard fighting and now lies in hospital in England slowly recovering from wounds in the back. His father has gone to see him. Pte. Lanchetti was born in London, England, and is now but 24 years of age.

The other day Mrs. Lanchetti received from No. 512400, B. Lunau, a Toronto boy with the Canadian troops in Bonn, Germany, the picture she had sent to her son. On the back he wrote that he had got the picture from a "Fritz" and had forwarded it to the family address on the back.

It apparently had been lost on the battlefield by Pte. Lanchetti, picked up by the German and recovered by Lunau.

Winnipeg war veterns want unnaturalized enemy aliens returned to the lands from which they migrated.

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