Heartsease and Gentian

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

PART II.

"I am carrying some jelly to old Madam Turner on the Powder Mill road. She used to teach the Birch Point school, you know. She taught my mother and she taught me; but now she is old. The Powder Mill people gave her the ground for her little home, and the Helping Band looks out for her as much as it can. It can't do much because she is very proud. But she does love my mother's jelly, and she likes to have me read the Psalms to her on Sunday afternoons. She taught me to read, you see."

"And you read to her every Sunday afternoon?" said Horace thoughtfully.

"Yes; I do it instead of going to Sunday school. Mother thinks it is better for me." They walked on in silence through the pine woods that bordered the grass-grown road. Presently, at a turn, Eloise took the basket and book from his hand.

"We are almost there. That is Madam's cottage under the big pine yonder. Thank you for carrying my basket, and for the gentians."

Thus dismissed Horace Ludlow turned back a few paces into the woods and sat down dazedly on a boulder. He could hear the girl's curiously singing voice. She was reading the Psalms to her old schoolmistress. A strange smarting sensation stung the man's eyes. Shamefaced, he stole farther into the woods.

An hour later he saw her come out of the cottage and start homeward. He watched the swaying flower-like figure until she had passed through the woods and was nearly home. He did not know that she had left her old friend earlier than usual in the innocent hope that he might be waiting for her at the turn of the road.

It was ten days before Horace Ludlow saw Eloise again, for he was away from Birch Point marking out lumber from a pine timber reserve some miles distant. On the way home from the woods he found a great clump of velvety-brown asters. So irresistibly did they remind him of the young girl's eyes, that almost against his will he gathered them and carried them to Eloise that night.

At the door of the great colonnaded house he clanged the iron knocker with emphasis, but the same propitious chance that had graced his former encounters with Eloise did not attend him now. The stately woman who opened the door bore scant resemblance to the maiden of his dreams.

"I wish to see Miss Cheney," Horace announced.

"My daughter?" There was a gently surprised lift to the voice in which Madam Cheney responded. "But it isn't necessary. You have brought some flowers for the church, I see. I will attend to them."

All of Horace Ludlow's assurance wilted. The promptness with which his asters were whisked into the house and he himself bowed down the steps assured him that if Eloise did not realize the meaning of his attentions, her mother did, and far from approvingly.

The next Sunday afternoon, Horace Ludlow walked on Edgecomb Bridge. This time he was equipped with a tiny wooden basket in which a slender maidenhair fern was growing. Eloise also walked on Edgecomb Bridge, but not alone! Madam Cheney accompanied her daughter on her errand of mercy. Inspired by a sudden resolve, Horace walked up to the pair and offered his basket.

"May I give you these ferns, Miss Cheney?" he ventured.

Madam Cheney forestalled her daughter. "Thank you, Mr.—eh—Ludlow," she said. "We will take them to our old friend, Madam Turner." And Madam Cheney swept on, leaving the man standing foolishly on the bridge behind them. Eloise, without a backward glance, trailed in her mother's wake.

"The poor little thing," Horace muttered to himself. She hasn't any spirit of her own. She wanted to speak to me!" His eyes fell upon something red lying on the bridge. It was the little copy of the Psalms from which Eloise read to the old schoolmistress. He picked it up and slipped it in his pocket.

The next week Horace Ludlow left Birch Point. He carried a dead hope in his heart, and a little red psalm book, frail remembrance of that futile aspiration, in his pocket.

Five years later, Horace Ludlow, browned and matured, and valued partner of a thriving lumber company, found a wounded lumberman in a tract of forest he was estimating. Horace took the man to his camp and doctored him with the skill of a woodsman. After he had bound up the crushed foot on which the poor chap had been hobbling for weary miles, he recognized him as one of his fellow workmen in the Birch Point shipyard.

The wounded man was pathetically glad to see some one who established a link with home. Half-delirious, he babbled ceaselessly of happenings in his home town, from which he had been absent but a few months. Presently he mentioned the Cheneys. Madam Cheney, it seems, had been very ill. She thought she was dying and made Eloise promise to marry a young sea-captain who had spent the time between cruises for the past few years in Birch Point. He had, it seems, bestowed many entirely unrequitted attentions on Eloise. Eloise had steadily discouraged the young skipper, without being able to give any definite reason for her inability to care for him, but she was also unable to refuse the request of her dying mother. She accepted the captain, formally, at her mother's bedside, and then Madam Cheney got well!

Madam Cheney, nevertheless, held Eloise to her promise. The girl at last consented to set a day for the wedding; it was exactly one week distant.

When at last his patient was asleep, Horace Ludlow opened the trunk in the corner of his tent and took from it a little red psalm book. Between its leaves lay a sprig of heartsease. Little heartsease it had brought him, he reflected, as he fingered it ruefully, and little there was likely to be for the girl who gave it to him if she married the man for whom she had been induced to set the wedding day. He remembered the man distinctly as a young renegade he had known in St. John's years before. There were rumors that the man had a wife in a Brazilian port.

Was it his duty to interfere and save Eloise—to save any girl—from such a marriage? All the old desire which he thought had been quelled in the past surged back into his consciousness with stinging force. It was incredible that her mother should be willing to sacrifice Eloise to an ignoble man. Surely, Madam Cheney was ignorant of the man's character.

(To be continued.)

What "Boudoir" Means.

"Boudoir" really means a "sulkery," for it is derived from the French word meaning "to sulk." Thackeray had a room in his house, upon the door of which was a sign, "Mr. Sulkery!" and whenever that door was locked he was never disturbed.

Two Mark Twain Stories

One evening, when a few friends were at Charles Dudley Warner's, Mr. Warner succeeded in getting Mr. Clemens to tell the story of how he announced to Judge Langdon that he and Lily Langdon were engaged to be married. When he had settled himself to his liking, he preluded his story by telling of his periodical visits to the Rochester house of the Langdons, and proceeded to explain that at each visit he proposed himself to Miss Langdon as an anxious but undesirable suitor. On each occasion he was gently declined, whereupon he would say:

"I didn't suppose you would have me. I wouldn't, if I were you! I don't believe I should respect you as I do if I thought you would ever marry me!"

But one day she did accept him. As he told this part of the story, says Mrs. Candace Wheeler in Yesterdays in a Busy Life, the sweet humility and surprise of the man seemed to envelop him like a garment. It was as if it were always a new astonishment that his dream of this priceless creature as his wife could ever be realized.

That was the inner man; but the announcement of the engagement to her father was Mark Twain, the inimitable, the one and only man of his kind. His story proceeded. He found the judge in his office, plainly impatient of this unexpected visit. After some uncomfortable delay, he burst out:

"Say, judge, have you noticed anything in particular between Livy and me lately?"

"No, sir! Certainly not," replied the judge, somewhat flustered.

"Well—look sharp—and you will," drawled Mark.

I remember, Mrs. Wheeler continues, that one afternoon, when we were all gathered in the sitting room, he proposed to give me one of his books, asking which I would rather have. I said, "Oh, any one," but Mrs. Clemens chose for me the Prince and the Pauper, which was evidently more to her mind than some other of his books. Mr. Clemens brought it from the bookcase, and I asked him to write some sort of inscription so that it might go in my autograph collection. He carried it to a writing desk in a bay window, and in the course of our chatting it occurred to Mrs. Clemens that he had taken a long time in which to write a sentence or a name.

"Why, Samuel," said she, "aren't you through with that? You must be writing a chapter."

"No," drawled Mr. Clemens, "but it doesn't go. It doesn't sound just right. I will read it, and perhaps you can see what is the matter."

So he began to read: "To Mrs. Wheeler, with as much affection as is proper between two people whose relicts are yet alive."

Of course we looked at each other with a burst of laughter.

"What is the matter with it?" said Mr. Clemens innocently. "Somehow it doesn't sound right!"

COLONEL BECOMES CONSTABLE.

Everybody has heard of the Englishman who went into the war a private soldier and came out a Brigadier General. A case even more remarkable, however, is reported from Cardiff, Wales, and has created something more than local stir—though Cardiff itself appears to have taken the matter with entire calmness.

Before the war Arthur Ritchings was a police constable in the town. He enlisted in the army in 1914 and served in the ranks in that first critical year and the two years following. In November, 1917, he was promoted Second Lieutenant on the field, by February, 1918, he was a Captain, a little later he was a Major, and the end of the war found him a Lieutenant Colonel. In that time he had been six times wounded, he had won the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with palms, and the Military Cross, having been mentioned three times in despatches and having proved himself a gallant soldier and able officer

Not long ago Lieut.-Col. Ritchings left the army—the war being fought and won—and quietly resumed his place as a common policeman pounding a beat in Cardiff. The Chairman of the Municipal Bench made a point of saying he was glad to see him back, and even went so far as to congratulate Constable Ritchings publicly upon his military record. In fact, it seems there was a sort of ceremony welcome.

So the Lieutenant Colonel with four years of active military service to his credit and field rank, won at the front, displaying the ability to command 3,000 and odd men, modestly undertook to take charge once more of casual drunks and disorderlies in that busy Welsh mining town.

Somebody wrote an indignant letter to a London paper about it, otherwise apparently the incident would have passed if not unnoticed, at least as not more than ordinarily noticeable. As a consequence the Watch Committee of Cardiff, equivalent to our Police Commissioner, took the ex-Lieutenant Colonel off his beat, and gave him the job of training the police awkward squad of recruits in the proper bearing and behavior of a constable. The Lord Mayor when pressed for information whether there was any intention of appointing the distinguished officer to a higher and more responsible position on the force went to the length of admitting that he thought he might say all the members of the Watch Committee were sympathetic with this idea, and that he had no doubt that when the opportunity occurred Colonel or Constable Ritchings would be given a chance such as he deserved.

It was also said in authoritative quarters (to quote the British press account) that Lieut.-Col. Ritchings himself "recognized, as every right-thinking man would, that he had a moral obligation to return to the Cardiff police force for the reason that the ratepayers had been contributing during his absence to the support of his dependents at home."

The Whale's Complicated Breathing Apparatus.

An eminent naturalist says, concerning the breathing apparatus of the whale: "The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works its breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown it, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs."

Keep the Weeds Down.

Weeds will grow where anything else will grow. If they are not destroyed they will ruin any crop. Survival of the fittest is an inexorable law of nature, and the weed, being propagated by natural methods, has an immense advantage in competition with a cultivated crop.

Constant attention is the only remedy. Once the crop is sufficiently above ground to be distinguishable, cultivation of the soil to kill the weeds should be continued till the crop is high enough to crowd the weeds out. This cultivation is also necessary for good growth as it permits the soil to retain moisture during dry weather and leaves the surface in better condition to absorb rainfall.

Light.

An enthusiastic admirer came rushing up to Arnold Bennett, the English author, at a reception in Chicago recently. "O Mr. Bennett," she cried, "I am so delighted to meet you! You have been a wonderful help to me!"

"Indeed? In what way, might I ask?"

"Oh, that last book of yours! It has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? Well, well, that's nice! Now tell me, what are you concentrating on?"

"Oh, on lots and lots of things!"

"If you will not grub for your neighbor's weeds,
In your own green garden you'll find their seeds."
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Drying Fruits and Vegetables.

It has been estimated by reliable authorities that from one-fourth to one-half of all perishable crops raised in this country before the war were allowed to go to waste. Through attention to modern methods of preservation (drying, canning, storing and salting) the percentage of foods formerly allowed to go to waste has been greatly reduced.

Of the four methods of preservation—drying, canning, storing and salting—widely recommended for use during the past few seasons, the first is worthy of special consideration. The system of drying, or dehydration, is especially applicable to those crops which can not be stored satisfactorily, as well as those which are difficult to can, particularly on a small scale. There are two methods or systems of drying suited to the handling of surplus produce from the average farm. The first of these systems includes the operation of the majority of cook-stove drying contrivances, the most satisfactory of which is a set of cloth or screen-bottom trays arranged horizontally over the kitchen range. The second system comprises the operation of fan-equipped commercial driers, or dehydrators, which may be had in sizes adapted for farm use. Driers of this type usually consist of a horizontal or a slightly inclined tunnel or cabinet fitted with a steam coil or a hot-air furnace at one end and a large exhaust fan at the other. Trays containing prepared produce are placed in the cabinet or chamber through which is drawn a current of heated air. As the heated air becomes moisture-laden, it is removed and replaced by the fan, thus reducing the time ordinarily required for drying by about one-half.

Not all kinds of products can be dried satisfactorily. In fact, little or no attempt should be made to dry those crops which keep well in ordinary storage, unless through drying the crop can be marketed to better advantage. In all cases an attempt should be made to secure a first-class product from each kind of produce handled. This means that only produce of good quality should be used. Cull fruits or vegetables give a cull product—that is, one of inferior quality. All produce should be thoroughly and carefully prepared.

Temperature best suited for drying varies between 110 deg. and 170 deg. F. In the commercial drying plants, produce is ordinarily entered at the end of the drier where the temperature is lowest, preferably 110 deg. to 130 deg. F. Trays entered here are shifted gradually toward a higher temperature (toward the steam coils) as drying progresses, and the produce is finished off and removed at a temperature of 150 deg. to 170 deg. F.

In the drying of produce over the kitchen range, an attempt should be made to duplicate this temperature. This can ordinarily be accomplished by lowering the trays nearer to the top of the stove as drying progresses.

Apples—Apples dry best when peeled, cored and sliced on hand-power or belt-driven machines, because the slices are of uniform thickness, and such slices dry best; where a hand-power or belt-driven machine is not available, special effort must be made to secure uniform slices, preferably three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. After slicing, the prepared fruits should be placed in a four per cent. salt solution for fifteen minutes. Then rinse, spread one-half inch thick on trays and dry as quickly as possible at a temperature of 110 deg. to 160 deg. F.

Beans—Beans for drying should be young, tender, and uniform in size. After being washed and snipped, they should be cut crosswise into one-half inch lengths, or run through a rotary slicer, blanched for three minutes in boiling water, cold-dipped and dried in layers one inch deep at a temperature of 120 deg. to 170 deg. F.

Carrots—Carrots should be washed, peeled, or scraped free of outer skin, cut into three-sixteenth inch slices, or three-eighths inch cubes, blanched two minutes in boiling water, dipped in cold water, spread from one to one and one-fourth inches deep on trays and dried at a temperature of 120 deg. to 170 deg. F. From six to eight hours' time is required for drying at this temperature.

Cauliflower—Heads of cauliflower must be washed, separated into parts or branches, cut one-fourth inch thick by means of a sharp knife or rotary slicer, blanched three minutes in boiling water, cold-dipped and dried in layers from three-fourths to one inch deep at a temperature of 105 deg. to 150 deg. F.

Peas—Peas should be shelled, blanched from one to one and one-half minutes in vigorously boiling water, cold-dipped and dried in layers from three-fourths to one inch deep at approximately the same temperature as that given for string beans.

Pumpkins and Winter Squash—These, handled in the same way as summer squash, give a satisfactory product.

Summer Squash—This should be peeled, cut into three-eighths inch slices or one-half inch cubes, blanched for three minutes in boiling water, cold-dipped and dried in from one-half to three-fourths inch layers at a temperature of 110 deg. to 160 deg. F.

Sweet Corn—Sweet corn should be husked, silked, blanched for from five to eight minutes in boiling water, cut and scraped from the cob and dried in layers from one-half to three-fourths inch deep at a temperature of 110 deg. to 140 deg. F. An occasional stirring of the corn on the trays tends to shorten the drying period.

All products should be dried enough to prevent them from spoiling when held under ordinary storage. Dried or dehydrated apples carry approximately twenty-five per cent. moisture. However, a product which has less moisture will keep to better advantage. When thoroughly dried, the slices of apples or vegetables should approach a brittle stage. In general, the quality of the product is not affected by more thorough drying, provided it is not allowed to scorch during the drying process.

Many vegetables which adapt themselves for use in the form of vegetable meals, such as pumpkins, tomatoes and peas, may be dried to a brittle stage and ground immediately through a hand grist-mill. The meal may be stored, until needed for use, in paper cartons with close-fitting covers.

A home-made cook stove drier that can be used on a wood or coal range or a kerosene stove can be made easily and cheaply. Dimensions: Base, 24 x 16 inches; height, thirty-six inches. A base six inches high is made of galvanized sheet iron. This base slightly flares toward the bottom and has two small circular openings for ventilation in each of the four sides. On the base rests a box-like frame made of strips of wood one or one and one-half inches wide. The two sides are braced with one and one-quarter inch strips which serve as cleats on which the trays in the drier rest. These are placed three inches apart.

The frame is covered with tin or galvanized sheet iron, tacked to the wooden strips of the frame. Thin strips of wood may be used instead of tin or sheet iron. The door is fitted on small hinges and fastened with a thumb-latch. It opens wide so that the trays can be removed easily.

The bottom of the drier is made of a piece of perforated galvanized sheet iron. Two inches above the bottom is placed a solid sheet of galvanized iron which is three inches less in length and width than the bottom. This sheet rests on two wires fastened to the sides of the drier. This prevents the direct heat from coming in contact with the product and serves as a radiator to spread the heat more evenly. The first tray is placed three inches above the radiator. The trays rest on the cleats three inches apart. A drier of the given dimensions will hold eight trays.

The frames of the trays are made of one-inch strips on which is tacked galvanized screen wire, which forms the bottoms of the trays. Each tray is 21 x 15 inches, making it three inches less in length than the drier. The lowest tray when placed in the drier is pushed to the back, leaving the three-inch space in front. The next tray is placed even with the front, leaving a three-inch space in the back. The other trays alternate in the same way. This permits the heated air to pass around and over the trays. There is a ventilator at the top.

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Let this good-bye of our—this last good-bye—
Be still and splendid like a forest tree;
Or like the hands of Silence holding up
The blue and burning corners of the sea.

Let there be one deep look within our eyes,
Built of the wonderment of these past years;
Too vast a thing of beauty to be lost
In quivering lips and burning floods of tears

Back to the chaos of the world, we go
Shining with one sweet secret no one knows;
Crutches of dreams to help us on our path,
From snow to tender petaling of the rose.

So in our places we lift high our heads,
That none may find within our calm clear eyes
The secret that two travelers have returned,
And cast away their key to Paradise.
—Archibald Sullivan.

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