BOVRIL
ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF
NEVER COOK UP COLD MEAT WITHOUT IT

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER II.—Cont'd.

Marcia stopped abruptly. A little frown wrinkled her smooth brow. She fully intended visiting the great doctor, but she was uncertain whether to go to him first or after she had seen the solicitors.

Then, with a nod, she made up her mind. "Unpleasant things first!" she told herself. "I'll go to Sir Hugh, and then on to Messrs. Morris & Moore!"

Less than twenty minutes later she found herself in the great man's presence. She had sent in Audrey's note, and he greeted her with a hint of warmth in his usual courteous manner.

He was a thin, worn-looking man of arresting personality, not yet reached middle age, with ever-bright eyes and slender, sensitive hands. He looked almost ill, but he had a quiet charm of manner that was very soothing.

He asked innumerable questions, made a painstaking and thorough examination, and finally turned his back upon her and crossed to the window. For a moment or two he stood looking out. Then he came back to his desk and sat down. He picked up a pencil in his long, nervous fingers, and began to write with it on the blotter before him. His eyes dwelt upon her for a moment, then looked away again.

"—I am sorry, Miss Halstead," he said at last, "but your condition is far from satisfactory. You need constant rest, attention, no physical or mental strain. Indeed"—— he paused, clearing his throat.

Somehow, to Marcia, there was something ominous in the sound. Her face paled a trifle. Impulsively she leaned forward.

"What do you mean?" she asked; then, quickly, "are you trying to tell me that I am ill—seriously ill? That there is something really wrong with me? If so, what is it?"

Dallas made a slight gesture.

"Your heart. My dear young lady, I do not wish to startle you, of course, but you must take care—the very greatest care. Otherwise"—— again he paused.

Marcia drew a long breath: "Otherwise?" she repeated, and again he made a gesture.

"Otherwise," he said quietly, "the consequences will be—disastrous!"

"You mean," she said, "that I should—die?"

He bent his head.

"You have an aneurism," he told her. "Miss Halstead, I am, naturally, a pretty good judge of character. I think you are brave—that you would prefer to know the exact truth about yourself?"

She bent her head dumbly, and he went on: "Well, then, at any time, at any moment, you are liable to be subject to an attack which will end fatally. In any case"—— again he paused. Again, with white lips, Marcia waited on his words.

"In any case—what?"

He got up, and, coming across to her, laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"In any case," he said, slowly, "you have not six months to live!"

CHAPTER III.

When Marcia found herself again in the sunshine she was trembling, in every limb. After that first blunt announcement Sir Hugh had been very gentle, very considerate. But he had made the truth appallingly plain to her.

As she passed slowly along the pavement she lifted her hand for a moment against her eyes. She knew now what a convicted criminal must feel like when the judge assumes the black cap.

The death sentence had just been passed upon her! And there was no reprieve—no chance of deliverance. She was doomed. She had, at the outside, six months to live. No more!

No more! The words hammered themselves mockingly upon her aching brain. No more—no more! Six months—six little, swiftly-passing months! And then"——

A cry rose in her throat. Blindly she hailed a passing taxi and stumbled into it. She felt that her limbs could no longer support her and she sat back for a moment on the cushioned seat with closed eyes.

The demand of the driver to know where she wished to go roused her. For a moment she looked at him dazedly. Then, mechanically, she answered, giving the address of the solicitors.

Vaguely she felt that an interview with them would take her mind off the horror that was impending—the dread sentence which had just been passed upon her. If she dwelt upon it much longer in her present unstrung state she felt that she would go mad. For a little while, until she was calmer, she must think of something else.

Yet she sat staring grimly before her until she reached her destination. And it was with an effort that she forced herself to greet Mr. Morris, a kindly old man with white hair.

As in a dream she heard him talking. She scarcely took in the sense of what he said. He, too, asked innumerable questions, nodded once or twice; then, as she sat looking at him somewhat stupidly, he leaned forward.

"My dear Miss Halstead," he said—"allow me to congratulate you. If you are prepared to fulfill the conditions of your great uncle's will you will be a very fortunate young lady."

"Conditions?"

Marcia looked up. With a great effort she forced herself to keep her mind clear, to give him her full attention. Mr. Morris nodded.

"They are perhaps peculiar. But I can explain them in a very few words. Your uncle leaves his whole fortune to you on condition that, before your twenty-first birthday, you are married—married to a man of good birth and who has a certain social position. Beyond that the choice rests with you. If you fail to fulfill the conditions his entire fortune will revert to his great nephew, Gordon Ruthven."

Marcia caught her handkerchief up to her lips. She had forgotten the doctor, had forgotten everything but this amazing news.

"Tell me," she said, as if impelled to ask the question against her will—"is—is the fortune large?"

Mr. Morris bent his head gravely.

"Very large," he returned. "Roughly, your income should be something like sixty thousand pounds a year!"

Marcia gasped. Then she began to laugh weakly. Abruptly she checked herself.

"Sixty thousand—a year!" she repeated. "And, to inherit it, I must be married! Married—before I am twenty-one! Oh, talk about the irony of fate! Talk about a fortune within one's grasp—yet utterly out of reach! I—Mr. Morris——" she leaned forward, her dark eyes wide, tragic—"I'd give anything, everything—make any sacrifice to possess that fortune! Not only for myself, but for my mother. But—I can't. I can't fulfill the condition! I know no man intimately. And—and—the day after to-morrow is my twenty-first birthday."

Once more in the street the girl began to walk, swiftly, without any sense of where her steps were taking her. Her mind was whirling. Her hands were clenched tightly.

She could not go home yet. She must have time to think, to readjust her shaken mental balance. The world seemed to have turned topsey-turvey about her ears. A fortune was within her grasp—and she could not claim it. Those dreams she had sometimes dreamed had materialized. It would—but for the mocking cruelty of fate—be in her power to enjoy all those delights for which her young soul craved. Within her power to live in beautiful rooms, wear beautiful clothes, know the smooth ease of expensive comfort, of luxury.

She was so young; so more than usually pretty! And money would mean so much to her! And then there was her mother. Ease would be hers, too—ease for always——

For always! With a sudden sense of shock Marcia remembered the doctor and what he had said. Only six months to live. And at the end of those six months her mother would be alone, with no one to help her or support her.

She cried out at the thought and a sick horror descended upon her. Her brain was working more clearly now. She saw the situation in all its tantalizing wonder—it's hideous cruelty—its irony. She was doomed to die; yet she might—but for that one condition—have lived the six months that were left to her in ease and comfort; might have known that her mother would be well provided for when she was gone. And now——

She sobbed suddenly under her breath, and, stopping short, looked about her. She was physically exhausted, over-wrought, sick to the very soul of her. She longed for peace, quiet, anywhere where she might face this thing which had come to her. But she could not go home. She could not face her mother's earnest, anxious eyes yet. Could not bear her questioning.

She looked about her vaguely. A clock nearby told her that it was eight. The seething traffic was getting on her nerves; the roar of the streets set her quivering.

She must be quiet—somewhere—anywhere. She must, she told herself desperately. And then her thoughts flashed to Arliss Mansions. Mrs. Alden would not be back till late. Both maids went home when their duties were complete, and returned in the morning. The flat would be empty.

Marcia had her own latchkey. She could get in whenever she wished; and if she went there she could be quiet—alone. With the thought she took hold of herself. She was utterly weary, but she could not bear inaction, and she walked to the mansions, though it took her nearly half an hour. She went up by the stairs. No one was about; already the spell of quiet was upon her. Very gently she inserted the latchkey in the lock and passed in. Then, in the centre of the hall she stopped short.

The door of the little writing room was partly ajar. A streak of light shone out into the hall. From within there came the faintest stir.

Marcia made a gesture of impatience. So Audrey Alden had come home early after all! The loneliness and quiet she craved was denied her. With a smothered sigh she moved forward. Her feet made no sound upon the soft carpet. She pushed the door a little wider, and then with a smothered cry, recoiled.

The door of the little iron safe was open. Before it she saw a man in evening dress, in his hands the glittering rings and the string of pearls that she had placed there earlier in the day.

At the sound of her exclamation he turned sharply round—and the girl cried out again, amazed incredulity, something of horror in eyes and voice.

The man was Kempton Rosslaer.

CHAPTER IV.

As Audrey Alden had surmised, Lady Rosslaer and her son attached themselves to her both for luncheon and afterward, when Lady Rosslaer said she was going shopping, and begged Audrey to accompany her.

Ruth Rosslaer was a wise woman and had seen quite sufficient of the world to know who were the people to be cultivated. Audrey Alden was somebody, not merely in her profession, but in the social world. She went everywhere and knew everybody; wherefore her ladyship took great pains to be charming to her.

Audrey glanced across at Kempton Rosslaer after the invitation. He had been a somewhat moody luncheon companion, and his usual fund of good humor seemed to have deserted him completely.

Once or twice he looked at his stepmother and then, with darkening brow, at Gordon Ruthven. Then his attention seemed to stray entirely; he had become abstracted, absent-minded and, meeting his eyes, Audrey shrugged.

She shrewdly guessed that he was in no mood for frivolous chatter or occupation. He had something on his mind, was worried and distrait, and, with another shrug and a sigh she had accepted Lady Rosslaer's suggestion that she should accompany her.

It was with something of an effort that Kempton concealed the wave of relief that surged over him at the decision. He shook himself together, endeavored to appear brighter during the rest of the meal and finally saw them on their way.

Gordon accompanied them, but upon reaching the first shop chosen he made an excuse to leave them.

"I have an appointment in ten minutes with a fellow I know," he told them. "I shan't be more than half an hour. I'll pick you up later for tea—say at the Criterion—if that's all right."

Audrey nodded laughingly. His mother hesitated for a moment, giving him a sharp glance. He met it almost sullenly, and with a sigh she let him go.

"Very well, then," she said. "The Criterion at four. Don't be late."

(To be continued.)

> Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such word as "can't" or "give up"; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him.

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Very Simple.

"I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science," said the learned professor of zoology to the young housewife. "Take the electric light, for instance; I haven't the least idea how it works." The young woman gave him a patronizing smile.

"Why," she said, "it's very simple, really. You just press a button and the light comes on—that's all there is to it."

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

She Did Not Sell the Farm.

Every year hundreds of women with families suddenly find themselves facing life without their chosen companion. Mrs. Fannie Morris, now one of the successful farmers in a big farming district, four years ago found herself in this predicament.

Before the death of her husband, her time had been entirely taken up with the care of five children and the home duties. Her husband's financial success on their 280-acre stock farm had made possible all the necessities of life and many of its luxuries.

Mrs. Morris had had no experience in business. What should she do with the farm? Where could she make a home for five fatherless children.

At first she thought of selling the farm. Then she concluded that she should retain the home which the children's father and grandfather had left them as a heritage.

Mrs. Morris kept the thoroughbred cattle and hogs. She has a flock of 38 sheep and 6 lambs which keep down the weeds about the place. Part of the land she rents on shares for the growing of corn, wheat and clover. She believes renting on shares to be the fairer way—fairer to the man who works the land and fairer to her. On one corn field she made $3,000 last year. The children and Mrs. Morris did the work in this field themselves.

Mrs. Morris believes in keeping accounts. She has a household budget and a farm budget. The butter and eggs pay the grocery bill. She can tell exactly what her expenses have been and what profits have been derived from each enterprise on the farm.

Each child has chosen the work he likes best. Mary cares for the White Wyandotte chickens, some of which are worth $50. Elizabeth, who is a very successful grower of flowers, cares for the flower garden. John, Eustace and William, three sturdy school boys, each have a calf and belong to a calf club.

A stated allowance is given to each of the children. The car bought this year is known as "the children's car," and its upkeep is to be paid out of their allowance.

The beautiful home life of the Morris family can best be judged from the words of Mrs. Morris herself. "It has taken me twenty years to make my home what it is to-day. I have time for reading. I will wear calico but I want good things in the heart and in the head.

"My home is always open to the children of the neighborhood for we like to have them join in our music and games and reading in the evening." Mrs. Morris continued. "Mary plays the piano, Elizabeth the violin and we also have good record music. We enjoy fishing and bathing in Rock Creek with a party of neighbors. All of us love Nature and especially the study of birds and flowers."

Boiled Puddings.

The famous suet pudding of England is rather a simple dessert. To make it, chop four ounces of beef suet. Add a pound of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix to a paste with cold water, tie in the cloth and boil three hours. Of course, this pudding cries aloud for a nice tart sauce.

Plum duff and jam roly polies are two other famous English puddings. For the plum duff, sift together two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a half a cup of sugar. Add a cup of finely chopped suet, a cup of raisins, an egg, well beaten, and three-quarters of a cup of milk. Flavor with nutmeg.

Tie into a cloth and boil for three hours. This is served either with sugar and cream or a hard sauce—preferably the latter.

The roly poly is simply a paste made with chopped suet instead of the usual shortening. Roll out on the board and spread with any kind of jam. Roll up into a roll, pinching the ends together so the jam won't boil out, and tie in the cloth. Boil an hour and a half. Serve with fruit sauce.

An oldtime boiled Indian pudding is very good served with whipped cream or a small serving of vanilla ice cream. Warm two cups of milk and add a cup of molasses and four well beaten eggs. Chop a pound of suet and add it to the milk, with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of salt. Now stir into this enough Indian meal to make a stiff batter and boil three hours.

A boiled date pudding is a delectable winter dessert. To make this, chop a pound of dates and six ounces of beef suet together. It is a very good plan to use one's meat chopper for the suet in all these recipes. Weigh twelve ounces of dried bread crumbs and add them to the dates. Then stir in three-fourths of a cup of sugar, a well-beaten egg and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Boil for three hours. Serve with tiny individual molds of hard sauce, each one topped with a stoned date.

A Royal Wedding Dress.

Princess Mary is the first bride of the British Royal House to wear a dress on her wedding day that typifies the far-flung Empire.

Ex-soldiers and sailors of the War Service Legion Guild of Sailor and Soldier Borderers spent weeks hard at work on the wonderful border of silver embroidery to go round the train, which is of lustrous ivory satin on one side and woven from silver thread on the other.

It was suggested some time ago that the daffodil, the chosen emblem of Wales, might be included in any symbolic design which found a place on the Princess's wedding gown.

This flower, it is now learnt, played its part in the embroidered border. Worked in the shining silver threads are also roses for England, the thistle for Scotland, and the shamrock for Ireland, together with little flowers and leaves representing most of the Dominions.

A maple leaf stands for Canada, a spray of mimosa for Australia, a lotus bud for India, and a fern leaf for New Zealand.

The Queen and Princess Mary decided to use for the dress, in which so much interest is taken, some of the material which was used by Queen Mary when she was married to the King.

It was decided that Princess Mary's white satin dress should be draped with the very lovely English point lace which beautified Queen Mary's wedding-dress, and those of other Royal brides before her.

This lace is arranged in "waterfalls," which fall to the hem of the ivory satin gown, and there is also a piece of the lace falling in straight lines from the shoulders.

The Barometer's Secret.

Most of us have "tapped" the barometer in the morning.

"Ah," we say, if the glass has risen, "it's going to keep fine!"

"Um," we say, if the glass has fallen, "another wet day!"

But can we explain these mysteries? After all, they are comparatively simple.

The principle of the barometer rests on the fact that the normal weight of the atmosphere at sea level equals the weight of a column of mercury thirty inches high. When the air is hot or wet, its pressure is less than normal, and the barameter falls. When the air is dry or cold, its pressure is greater than normal, and the barometer rises.

But wind also affects the pressure of the atmosphere. So it is not safe to assume always that a high barometer means fine weather and a low barometer wet.

Generally speaking, the barometer rises for cold, dry, or less wind; and it falls for hot, wet, or more wind. A north or north-west wind, however, will invariably send the barometer up, while a south or south-west wind sends it down.

Rapid rises and falls are sure signs of unstable weather. During fine spells the barometer will move but little.

One thing you must always remember, the higher you ascend the lower will be your barometer readings. You should allow, roughly, 1 in. for 1,000 ft. That is to say, if your house stands 500 ft. above the sea, and your barometer reads 29.5, the sea level reading would be 30 in.

Have Animals Memories?

Can horses and dogs pick up a foreign language and still remember that of the land of their birth?

This subject was broached by one of the speakers at the World Service Exhibition in Liverpool, and it was declared that a British horse can recognize its own language abroad.

The experts who have been consulted agree that this is so. They emphasize the fact, however, that it is primarily the inflexion of the voice that the animals learns to understand when sent to a foreign country. It pays much closer and quicker attention to the tone than to the sound of the words.

Dogs, like horses, remember the sound of the language of their masters, and even after many years in a foreign land can remember the meaning of sentences.

A clear proof of some dogs' cleverness is to be found in the way they pick up several native tongues and dialetcs when they live with their British masters in India or Africa, in places where several languages are spoken.

Cats, on the contrary, seem incapable of picking up more than their names in the language of the country in which they live; they do not deign to comprehend the human tongue, and a cat that does is exceptional

If we do not learn some things that are not in books, we shall fail; but if we do not learn some things in books, we shall not go far.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you and every life like yours, this earth would be God's Paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.—Ambrose.

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Doors.

Little Bobbie Jones was told to write an essay on "Doors," and the effort which he sent in was as follows:

"Most houses have all the doors that they need, and no house is complete without at least one. The two main differences between a door and a gate is, first, their opposite location; and, second, that people have much less respect for a gate, and would rather kick it than knock on it.

"But a gate is more useful than a door because it does everything that a door can do, and besides that, it can be climbed over, and often is.

"The doorhandle is a small but important part of the door which people never appreciate until it comes off. Most people never notice the doorhandle unless it is brought to their notice on account of having jam spread all over it.

"Doors are great things to give people privacy, and would give them still more if it wasn't for the keyholes."

The Australian "bush" cure for a cold is stated to be a good walk, with arms swinging free and no hampering overcoat.

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