BOVRIL
ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF
A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's, she surprises Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) at the open safe.

CHAPTER VI.

For some time after he left Araby Kempton wondered rather aimlessly. He was in an unsettled mood. For the first time in his happy-go-lucky life he was beginning to realize the meaning of trouble. His debts had multiplied more than he had guessed, and he was further from paying them than he had ever been in his life.

Once Mrs. Alden had said to him jestingly, in Araby's presence:

"You ought to marry money!"

He thought of that now, and frowned. Then he smiled as Araby's face rose before him. Presently he shook his mind free and sauntered into his club.

He stayed for half an hour chatting with one man and another; then, as he was about to leave, an acquaintance touched his arm.

"Have you anything on the Oaks, Rosslaer?" he asked.

Kempton shrugged. "A little. Lost, as usual!"

"Not the Arlington filly, I suppose?" Then, as the other shook his head, "Lord, but some folks had a pile on her. Your young step-brother plunged rather heavily among others, didn't he?"

Kempton looked up with a frown.

"I didn't know it!" he retorted, and the other man made a gesture of deprecation.

"I heard he backed the Arlington filly pretty heavily. Sorry if so. Youngsters like that ought to keep off betting, anyway. What do you say?"

Kempton muttered something rather brusquely and went off home in a fume of impatience. He dressed for dinner, a frown on his face. He did not greatly care about young Ruthven, and he was conscious of a seething anger that the boy should have committed the folly of betting heavily. He went down to dinner still frowning.

Lord Rosslaer was alone in the drawing room of the somewhat gloomy town house. He looked up quickly as his son entered. He was a thin old man, very delicate looking, with fine features and fiercely proud eyes.

He answered Kempton's greeting curtly. His eyes searched the boyish face closely.

"Have you been risking a fortune on those accursed races, too?" he demanded without preamble, and Kempton paused, raising his brows.

"Not a fortune!" he returned equably. "I dropped a fiver. Why?"

"That confounded young fool Gordon has. Why the deuce can't you keep an eye on him, Kemp? After all, he's only a boy, and he's been wretchedly spoiled. Ruth lets him do exactly what he likes. And the two of them—not to speak of yourself—seem to think I'm made of money."

Kempton stirred, but he did not answer, and the other went on.

"Gordon came to me to-day for five hundred pounds! Of course, I refused. I told him a while back that he'd get no more out of me—I haven't got it to give. And his mother came to me this evening in a fearful state, with the same appeal for him. It appears they hoped the Oaks result would put him straight.

"He's evidently been gambling, card-playing, betting and generally following in your footsteps. And now he's in a hole and scared stiff. But I've come to the end of my tether. I told Ruth so just now. She's gone to her room in hysterics and the boy's with her. I suppose we shall dine alone!"

Kempton swallowed a sigh and followed the old man into the dining-room. The meal was silent and scarcely a comfortable one, and Kempton was glad when it was over. As Rosslaer rose he glanced at his son.

"I wish you'd go up to Ruth and try to find out just how great the boy's difficulties are. I expect they piled them on pretty thick to me—and I'm not saying I'm going to help. Only I'd like to know just where he stands. Ruth was too overwrought to be even coherent. You'd have thought the end of the world had come, to hear her!"

He sighed and passed out. Kempton lingered over his wine for a few minutes, then got up and made his way to his stepmother's apartments. He tapped on the door of the boudoir and got no answer, and after a moment turned the handle and passed in.

The sound of voices came from the bedroom adjoining. The door was not quite closed, and he moved toward it with the intention of making his presence known.

Then, at a chance word uttered in Gordon's voice—a voice curiously cracked and dry—Kempton stood still as though he had been shot. For one tense minute he stood there motionless. Then, white-faced, white-lipped, he reached the door.

Lady Rosslaer, very white and haggard, was lying back in a deep armchair. Her son stood before her, leaning heavily on a table. His lips were twitching, his eyes were bloodshot and his dissipated young face was leaden.

But it was not upon his stepmother or the boy that Kempton's eyes rested. They were riveted upon the table over which Gordon leaned.

On it rested a little brass key, and beside it, glittering in electric lights, a small pile of jewelry and Audrey Alden's pearl necklace.

In all his life Kempton never forgot the horror of that moment, or the scene which followed. When he left, half an hour later, the jewels and the key were in his pocket and on his handsome face was a new look of hardness and age, and a grim, inexorable determination.

Bit by bit he had learned the truth of what had happened. Gordon was in greater straits than even his mother had suspected. He had got himself into the hands of moneylenders, who were now squeezing him, threatening him.

The sight of Audrey Alden's jewels had seemed to sear into his brain. A wild, mad thought had come to him—a thought from which he had been powerless to rid himself. He was desperate.

In reply to Kempton's white- lipped question as to how he had obtained possession of the safe-key he said that he had seen it on a table in Audrey's drawing-room while they had been waiting that morning.

He had picked it up idly, knowing nothing of its use. He had unconsciously carried it in his hand when they had been shown into Audrey's writing-room. And when Audrey had run back to tell Marcia Halstead where to find the duplicate key he had heard her as plainly as Kempton himself must have done.

He had not handed it over. Against his will he had clung to its possession. And it had seemed to burn in his pocket all the morning. And then temptation had come to him. It was quite easy to yield. It was very simple to leave the two ladies over their shopping in the afternoon, to go back to Arliss Mansions.

Once, not long ago, Mrs. Alden, the most careless of creatures, had shown them where she hid a third latchkey, lest she or Marcia Halstead should lose theirs. He knew that her servants left in the early afternoon unless she was at home. And he had found entrance simplicity itself.

No less simple had been the rifling of the little iron safe. And now—he was a thief.

The story was soon told. Kempton had listened in a sort of stunned incomprehension at first. Then he had found his voice and had begun to speak. And in those few moments both Lady Rosslaer and her son came to realize that there was another Kempton Rosslaer as well as the easy-going, rather boyish individual whom both had hitherto known.

When he had left them he had left them speechless, helpless and shrinking beneath the lash of his scorn and his rage.

And he took with him but one thought—the desire to replace those jewels while yet there was time, before ever their theft could be discovered.

CHAPTER VII.

For a moment the brilliantly lighted room seemd to swim round Marcia Halstead. She could not believe her own eyes; she fancied that imagination was playing her some startling trick.

Involuntarily, breathlessly, she said his name—"Kempton Rosslaer!"

And then, as she met his eyes she stopped short. Her breath was coming and going quickly, one slim hand was pressed heavily over her heart, which was pounding furiously.

The bewilderment which had been hers at first was giving place to a dismayed unbelief and horror. Her glance went from his deadly white face to the string of pearls that still dangled from his fingers, and she choked back a sudden cry.

As she did so Kempton straightened himself and drew a long, hard breath. His face in the brilliant glare of the electric light looked livid, his lips were twitching. He laid the pearls back upon the open case within the safe and turned to face her again.

There could be only one construction placed upon his presence here at such an hour in such circumstances. He knew that. Even in the midst of his bewilderment and dismay he knew it.

It did not need the horrified condemnation of her eyes to tell him what was her thought of him. Indeed, it would have been more than a little strange if she had thought otherwise.

At the realization of the situation he flushed dully, and a sudden hot fury of resentment rose up in him.

A thief! In this girl's eyes he was a thief, a common thief! He, Kempton Rosslaer! It was abominable, impossible, unbearable! Involuntarily he took a step toward her and his eyes were blazing.

And before his advance Marcia recoiled. Now that the first moment of petrified astonishment was past her usual steadiness of thought, her coolheadedness was returning to her.

Her first impulse was to act in protection of Audrey's property—property which had been left in her charge for her to place in security.

And, with a sudden quick, lithe movement she reached out behind her, locked the door and slid the key into the bosom of her gown.

She faced him again, a little pale, wide-eyed, and with compressed lips. He had at first not realized all that her action meant. He gave a quick glance toward the windows and met an uninterrupted view of a star-studded sky.

The flat was three-quarters of the way up a remarkably high building; there was no means of egress from this particular room, and, with a sudden cold sinking of the heart he realized that he was trapped.

For a long, tense minute he stood staring at her, then he flung out his hands in a quick, nervous movement.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, "Miss Halstead, what are you thinking?" He scarcely knew what he said. He was conscious only of an overpowering longing to deny, strenuously, fiercely, that accusation which had not yet left her lips, but which was burning in the clear depths of her half-contemptuous, startled eyes.

"Surely," he went on thickly, even a little desperately, "you don't—you can't believe that I——"

Marcia made a sudden, quick movement of her hands. She was conscious that a queer, sharp pain and an intense, distressed compassion were warring with her contempt and her embarrassment.

The attempted denial was so stupid, so futile. She bit her lip, turning her eyes away as she answered him.

"That you were robbing that safe?" She spoke very low, and added, as he winced beneath the words as though she had struck him, "What else can I believe?"

"But it's not so. It's a horrible mistake. Miss Halstead, for heaven's sake——"

He broke off. He had spoken in a sort of desperation of panic. With an effort he took hold of himself. The girl looked at him again from beneath level brows, and then as quickly as before, but a little more coldly now, spoke again.

(To be continued.)

Nearly 1,000,000 telegrams are sent over the world's wires daily.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

Accident Favored Lifeboat Inventor.

Among the "accidental" inventions may be mentioned the lifeboat. In the course of a country stroll William Wouldhave, the inventor of the self-righting lifeboat, came across a woman who asked his help in lifting a heavy vessel of water just drawn from the well. On the surface of the water there floated the broken half of a wooden bowl.

Wouldhave was drawn into conversation and, like many another man who cannot keep his hands quiet while he talks, he idly toyed with the floating piece of wood. Naturally he turned it over and found to his surprise that it immediately righted itself. He inverted it again, with the same result; and since he was at the time actually at work on the problem of an unsinkable boat he immediately realized the importance of his chance discovery.

It is an experiment that anyone can readily make for himself. All one requires is the fourth part of a hollow "prolate spheroid"; or to put it in more homely language, the quarter of a cocoanut shell split from end to end. Put the shell in a bowl of water and you will find that it will not remain capsized, but will return at once to an even keel. In scientific language, it will float only with the convex surface downward.

Dye Old Wrap, Skirt, Sweater, Curtains in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a rich, fadeless color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything! Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Colored Evidence.

In the course of a lecture, a member of the faculty of a law college endeavored to make clear to the students the significance of the term "colored evidence"—that evidence that has been tampered with.

"Here is an excellent illustration," he said, "that came within my observation recently. A physician had said to a patient:

" 'Madam, you are a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes—nothing stiff or formal.'

"When the lady returned home this is how she rendered to her husband the advice given to her by the doctor:

" 'He says I must go to the seashore, do plenty of motoring and bathing, and get some new summer gowns.' "

Resemblance Noticed.

Mrs. Beame was admiring Mrs. Deare's baby.

"Oh, what a darling!"

"Da-da! Goo-goo! Ho-o! Da!" replied the baby.

"The dear," exclaimed Mrs. Beame. "He's trying so hard to talk!"

"Yes; he talks that way all day, but he doesn't say anything," ventured Bobbie, the 5-year-old brother of the baby.

"The baby is so much like his father," Mrs. Deare commented—apropos of nothing, of course.

Recognizing His Portrait.

She—"The man I marry must be as brave as a lion, but not forward; handsome as Apollo, yet not conceited; wise as Solomon, but meek as a lamb; a man who is kind to every woman, but loves only one."

He—"By Jove! How lucky we met, isn't it?"

JINGO—GERMAN STYLE.

"Ve don'd vant to pay,
But, by Ohinko, if ve do,
Ve've got no ships,
Ve've got no coal,
Und ve gif de marks to you."

—*The Daily Express* (London)

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Woman's Sphere

Monograms for Household Linen.

Every woman is proud of her chest of household linens, especially if they are of the finest Damask and are correctly marked with handsomely embroidered initials and monograms.

Sheets and pillowcases, tablecloths, napkins, bedspreads as well as handkerchiefs and lingerie are not only identified but are ornamented in this way.

There are several varieties of appropriate lettering: fancy script, block, old English and Japanese style, according to one's taste.

The letters can be used singly or combined in monograms. They are often effectively designed to fit into circles, diamonds, ovals, triangles, oblongs or squares. Initials are frequently combined with dainty embroidery sprays which greatly enhance the beauty of the otherwise plain initial. The bride-to-be always uses her maiden initials in marking her hopechest linens.

Initials are appropriate for handkerchiefs, underwear, towel-ends and other fancy things. Monograms are used on the larger household linens, such as sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths, luncheon cloths, napkins, bedspreads and counterpanes.

Napkins should be initialed in the centre of the side though a centre monogram is always attractive. The size of the monogram depends on the size of the napkin. Luncheon napkins require the initial one-half to one inch high; for dinner napkins, two-inch letters are suitable.

Small table or luncheon covers have the monogram in the centre at one end only, while the large tablecloths have the monograms in the centre of either end.

Two-inch monograms are used for luncheon sets and two to four-inch letters for the larger cloths.

Towels are monogramed or initialed according to the size. For dainty guest towels, small in size, the initials one to one and one-half inch are appropriate. For the larger towels, two-inch are best suited. The monogram or letters are placed the width of the hem above the hem.

Dresser-runners and buffet scarfs are monogramed in the centre of the side, the width of the hem, above the hem. One and one-half inch letters are correct to use.

Sheets are marked with initials or monograms three to four inches high and pillow-cases two inches high. These letters are always placed the width of the hem above the hem.

A bedspread or counterpane is most effective when monogramed in the centre. The monogram should be from eight to twelve inches in height.

To embroider either linens or lingerie, first pad the letters in running or chain stitches with soft cotton floss. Then, work over the padding, with a close satin stitch using a fine embroidery needle and strand floss.

"I Never Dreamed!"

It is surprising how many girls incur unnecessary and discouraging expenses because they take it for granted that certain things that they want will cost no more than they can afford. A correspondent writes that a young friend of hers—a nurse in training—recently came to her with a tale of anxiety and chagrin. She had needed a new uniform, and, since the seamstress who had always done her work was ill, she had gone to another dressmaker and had planned for the dress without first asking what it would cost to have it made. When she called for the garment and found that the charge was just double what she usually paid she was astonished. "I never dreamed it would be so much!" was her comment.

In another instance a woman who had to go to a sanatorium for several months left her young daughter in charge of her house. An allowance for personal and household expenses had been provided, and as the girl had had good training in the management of a house she did very well for a time. But just before her mother's return she decided to have the downstairs floors waxed, so as to put the finishing touch to the well-ordered rooms, and thereby delight her mother The man who had always done the work was out of town, and so the girl engaged another man. She neglected, however, to ask what his charge would be for the job, and, since she had furnished both the brush and the wax, she was astounded when he presented a bill for six dollars for four hours' work. What she said was exactly what the nurse had said: "I never dreamed it would be so much!"

Another girl came from a part of the country where flowers cost very little. She was visiting a school friend in a Western city, and since she had been generously entertained she decided to show her appreciation by giving a luncheon at the most fashionable tea room in town. While the luncheon was going on an idea that seemed a brilliant and happy one occurred to her. She asked a waiter to obtain a number of corsage bouquets—one for each of her guests. As she had expected to pay no more than fifty cents for each bunch of flowers she was almost panic stricken when she found that the favors cost three dollars apiece. The "I-never-dreamed" habit cost her ten days of her allotted holiday, for she had only a limited amount of money to spend on it.

Don't be among the "I-never-dreamed" class of girls. A little forethought will save you many anxious hours and many hard-earned dollars.

My Improved Kitchen.

When we bought our home, the kitchen was just a plain room about 15½ x 15½ feet with the chimney in the centre back of the room. The only convenience it possessed was a large case or cupboard built on one side of the chimney. Our water supply was at the back porch, about 12 steps away from where it was needed.

The first thing we did was to build a worktable from the cupboard out toward the door that opened on the back porch. Then we moved in the pump and sink from the porch, and put them at the end of the worktable. A small case was built up over the sink between the window and the door which holds articles such as tooth brushes, paste, shaving equipment and so forth. The sink has a drain pipe to a cesspool which carries away all waste water without walking a step. This is one of the best things about having a sink in the kitchen.

We were able to save a few more steps by turning the range around so that the oven door opens toward the worktable. This makes my work in that corner of the room in a space about 6 x 8 feet and I have very few steps to make to cook a meal.

A stool which can be pushed out of the way under the worktable adds also to the general convenience. A wire dish drainer (cost 20c) which fits the sink saves good time in dishwashing. A rack with hooks, on the wall between the cupboard and the window over the sink, holds all the little cooking utensils used daily, such as egg-beater, can-opener, grater.

We have recently enclosed the porch and built some shelves in same and it now makes a very useful storeroom and laundry.

Of course my kitchen does not compare with one equipped with running water but, for the cost, it has been worth an untold amount. I do not have any water to carry. Of course, I have it to pump, but it is much easier to do in a warm kitchen than out in the cold, and it does not seem so hard when I do not have to carry it several steps and lift it up to a table.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Wash Tubs or Table.

An inventor has mounted a pair of metal wash tubs, corrugated to serve as wash boards, so that by covering them with a porcelain top they form a kitchen table.

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CORNS
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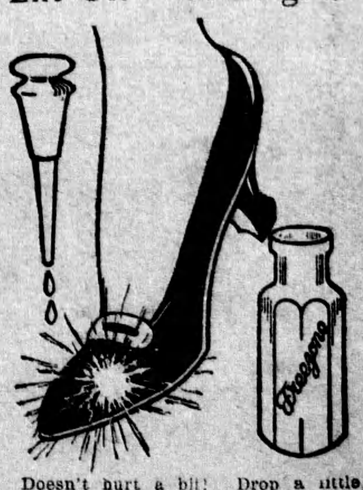

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.