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BOVRIL ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

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 finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, and a young man who puts the two girls into a taxi.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"That was Jasper Waldron. He's a perfect dear, I think. The sort of person who's always ready in an emergency, you know. He never fusses; just does what is necessary. I expect that's how he's got where he is."

Marcia's eyes asked a question and Miss Trask proceeded:

"He's awfully rich. And he's made his money by sheer hard work and dogged determination. As far as I can make out, he's been everywhere and done a little of everything, including pearl fishing, mining and writing books! He's interesting, clever and much travelled, but he never gives himself airs. He can be as serious as any one when necessary, but he loves enjoying himself. And though he's got a heap of money, unlike most wealthy folk, he's generous. A real white man through and through."

Marcia was interested; so interested that she was puzzled at herself. She asked:

"You know him well?" Araby shook her head.

"Not very. He's been wandering all over the face of the earth for years; only came back to England about a couple of months ago. He's often at the studios of various friends of father's—that's how I came to meet him. Are you interested in art?"

Marcia shrugged.

"I hardly know. You see, I've been a very work-a-day person until—until quite recently. Now——" She hesitated. Araby's clear eyes regarded her at once with interest and sympathy. Marcia found herself answering both almost against her will. "Now I'm in a position to see more of the world—to—to have a good time. My luck's changed."

The sympathy deepened in Araby's eyes. She gave a little jerk of her curly, shining head.

"I'm glad!" she declared, and Marcia felt, with vague surprise and shade of wonderment, that she meant it.

Under her lashes she fell to studying her with a new, searching interest. She was not in the least like she had imagined she would be—when she had thought of her at all. She seemed such a child, yet with nothing of a child's gaucherie.

The understanding of a woman was in her clear eyes; there was character and sweetness in the young lines of her face, as well as beauty. There was a friendliness in her manner that was wholly irrisistible; and Marcia had known little of friendship in her short life.

The girl's personality and charm as well as her warm kindliness attracted her; the cloak of somewhat unnatural austerity with which she had wrapped herself about since she had been a seeker after a livelihood slipped from about her. The coldness with which she had learned to arm herself thawed. She forgot that this girl had any connection with Kempton Rosslaer for the moment. She began to talk to her interestedly, almost eagerly.

On the step outside the dingy boarding house she hesitated, flushed, then said impulsively:

"Won't you—won't you come in? I should like you to meet my mother."

"I'm afraid not to-night, though I'd love to. Dad will be waiting for me, you know. But if I may run around to-morrow, just to see if you're all right? And perhaps——" She, too, hesitated, a shade uncertainly, a half note of shyness in her voice.

"There'll be a sort of impromptu concert at one of the studios the evening after. All sorts of more or less interesting folk, mostly professionals, of course, will be there. Con Wilde, just back after five years in Paris, is going to give us a private view of his extra special pictures; Rosini, the new Italian tenor, is coming—and, of course, Jasper Waldron. I wonder if you'd care to let me take you?"

Marcia shook her head almost vehemently, a quick refusal on her lip. She caught it back and stood for a moment wavering, uncertain. She spoke after a minute, slowly:

"I was going away—out of England—almost immediately," she explained, and Araby interrupted with a little exclamation of disappointment.

"Oh! But that's too bad! I rather hoped we'd see something of each other—be friends."

Marcia laughed, half nervously, half pleased.

"It's very nice of you. I—haven't many friends." She paused. Her face shadowed a trifle, her lips tightened. Her eyes were sombre with something that was at once dread and defiance.

She was thinking that on the evening after the next day she would no longer be Marcia Halstead; that the step she contemplated taking would be beyond retracing; that her bargain with Kempton Rosslaer would be ratified.

And this girl—the girl for whom he cared, who, presumably, cared for him—was offering her friendship! She stirred sharply. Then a quick flush ran up hotly over her face.

She heard again Araby's assertion that Jasper Waldron would be there. She saw a close-cropped fair head, graying at the temples, a pair of blue, concerned eyes—felt the strong pressure of a big, brown hand. The color burned warmer in her cheeks.

"Oh, well," she said impulsively on a rather breathless little laugh, "I'll come!"

CHAPTER XV.

Wide-eyed, wakeful, Marcia watched the dawn come. With it, utterly exhausted, she fell into a fitful slumber, broken by chaotic dreams, in which, curiously, Jasper Waldron played a more prominent part than the death sentence which had been pronounced upon her, the fortune she had been so perilously near to losing, or even Kempton Rosslaer.

She waked late to find her mother, anxious and a little perplexed, bending over her. She held a great sheaf of early yellow roses in her hand. As Marcia tossed the hair out of her eyes and sat upright she laid them upon the pillow.

"A Mr. Waldron brought them," she said, "and inquired after you. Mrs. Alden sent round, too, saying you had not turned up and asking if you were ill. It's awfully late; nearly luncheon time."

But Marcia did not heed. Her eyes were on the roses and the card attached. They were unwontedly bright and there was a wild-rose warmth in her cheeks that made Mrs. Halstead look at her wonderingly. It seemed to her that, somehow, her daughter was quite remarkably changed. She sighed a little as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Whatever kept you out so long yesterday, Marcia?" she asked. "I began to feel dreadfully worried. And what did the lawyer people want you about?"

Marcia roused herself sharply from her contemplation of Waldron's flowers and sat upright. She threw an arm about her mother's shoulders and pulled her down for a hurried, tender kiss.

"Poor mumsie! But I couldn't help it—everything seemed to happen at once yesterday. There is such a heap to tell you—only I daren't wait now. I'll have to fly. I forgot all about Mrs. Alden—and I'll have to see the solicitors again without delay. Be a darling and get me some tea—I don't want anything to eat."

She was pinning on her hat when Mrs. Halstead came back. She drank the tea thirstily; then, catching the older woman's wistful, troubled eyes as she was about to take her departure, she paused, stooping impulsively to kiss her again.

"Be patient a little longer, darling. I think the gods of good fortune have smiled upon us at last; but I want to be quite sure before I tell you much about it. This time to-morrow," she caught her breath for an instant, "I shall know—for certain."

She went first to the soliciter's office. She saw Mr. Morris again, and plunged at once, nervously and a little disjointedly, into an explanation that she was, after all, prepared to fulfil the condition of the will. The old man watched her shrewdly, nodding in silence; and, gaining confidence under his quiet gaze, she added:

"Needless to say, Mr. Morris, such a marriage will be entirely one of convenience. We—both of us—earnestly wish that none of our friends—no one—not even my mother—shall know that it has taken place. I take it there can be no objection to this?"

Mr. Morris met the anxious eyes reassuringly.

"None whatever. By the terms of the will it is required that you shall be married before you can inherit. Nothing more than a form of marriage is demanded of you. As regards secrecy, myself and my partner are the only people who know the contents of the will. Naturally, our clients' affairs are strictly confidential. May I know the name of the—er——"

He paused and Marcia rose rather abruptly. She answered his question briefly, flushed under the keen, surprised interest of his eyes, then shook hands with him and departed.

She went on to Arliss Mansions, where she found Mrs. Alden puzzled at her absence and a trifle anxious. After apologizing she plunged afresh into explanations, this time with more of self-assurance.

Somewhat to her own amaze the panic of yesterday, the bewilderment, the uncertainty had left her. Her nerves had steadied; she had herself completely under control. Moreover, though she had scarcely been aware of it, she had already decided upon the course she meant to pursue.

Where it was possible she meant to tell the truth. She had no love of deception; at the same time she shrank from giving Sir Hugh Dallas's complete verdict. The thought of pity, horror, distress made her writhe. To see these in other people's eyes would be intolerable—a constant reminder of the grim truth. And she wanted to forget it.

Six months lay before her—six months that much gold could make wonderful, dazzling, brilliant. She wanted to crush all of life and joy and happiness that was possible into those six months; wanted to shut her mind and her eyes to what lay beyond. Only in this wise could she free herself of the grim shadow which had spread its dark wings above her; only in this wise make endurable the knowledge that her life was no longer a chain of years, but only short days.

"I am afraid," she said, as Audrey Alden waved her to a chair, "that I shall have to ask you to dispense with my services—at once." Then, at the other's exclamation of consternation, "You see, Sir Hugh prescribes absolute change. It is not only necessary, but imperative."

She paused. The genuine concern in Mrs. Alden's pretty eyes touched her. She went on hastily, with a quick little tremulous smile:

"I have been very happy with you; I didn't realize until now how sorry I shall be to finish with this life. Of course—under ordinary circumstances—it would be impossible to do so. But I had a rather startling piece of news yesterday. I think—I am almost sure—that, provided affairs are settled satisfactorily, I have suddenly become a very rich woman."

Rapidly, a little excitedly, she gave details, leaving out the conditions of her uncle's will, and—without quite knowing why—the fact that, failing her, Gordon Ruthven was to benefit under it. And in the telling the thing seemed to become more real; less like a fantastic dream.

Mrs. Alden's congratulations were as sincere as they were astonished. Her warmth brought a little lump to Marcia's throat. As she rose to go Audrey caught her hands.

"Talk about truth and fiction!" she ejaculated. "This sure has truth beaten to a frazzle! My dear, what are you going to do with such a fortune?"

"Do?" Marcia's head flashed up suddenly, her eyes took a quick, hot flame. "I'm going to spend it! I'm going to make up for all the days of drudgery, for all the dreary days of existence on bare necessities. I'm going to have all the pretty things my heart has hungered for!

"I'm going to live with beautiful furniture and sunshine and flowers about me. I'm going to drink what I like and eat what I like and—and wear crepe de chine! I'm going to be selfish and—greedy—and happy! I'm going to crush three days into one! I'm going to live!"

(To be continued.)

A KITCHEN CABINET

John Bull—"No! Don't kill it, Marianne. Let's fatten it, and gather the eggs as we may."

—De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam)

Women's Sphere

The Price of Motherhood.

The reason that so many people fail in life is because they are not willing to pay the final price of success.

For all that we get in the world we have to pay something. Nothing is free, but when we pay little, we get little.

The trouble with most of us is that we are always on the hunt for a bargain. We want the best, but we expect to get it marked down, and we are surprised and disappointed when we find that we do not get first-class articles for a second-class price.

Women fail as mothers because they think that somehow they can bring up their children on the bargain counter plan.

Motherhood is a costly enough thing at best. For her children every woman pays in agony, in endless anxiety, and sacrifice. She cannot escape that, and having paid so much, one would think that she would go on and pay her final instalment on the superlative motherhood that would insure her boys and girls turning out to be the sort of men and women that are an honor to their parents and a blessing to the community.

Unfortunately, all too many women baulk at this last settlement. They dodge the final payment. These are the mothers who let their children run the streets while they are gadding about. These are the mothers who are so occupied with amusing themselves that they do not know how their children are diverting themselves. These are the mothers who follow the line of least resistance, and give in to their children because they have not the nerve and courage to stand up and fight self-willed, half-grown boys and girls.

The final price of motherhood is a staggering one, but only the women who pay it do their duty by their children, and reap the reward.

Whether a marriage turns out well or ill, depends absolutely on whether a man and woman are willing to pay the final price of matrimony. Everyone who marries must pay something. They can't get out of that. Marriage is bound to bring cares and anxieties and burdens, from which the single are free. It exacts the giving up of one's own inclinations and desires.

Every husband and wife must pay this price for being married, and it is because they pay it with grumbling, and whining, and under protest, that so many marriages are failures. It is because so many husbands and wives try to cheat and get all for nothing that so many homes are broken up.

It is those who are just enough, and generous enough, to pay the full price of matrimony who make of marriage and parenthood a shining success. They pay in love, and patience, and forbearance. They strive for the happiness of each other. They give truth, and loyalty and sympathy, and understanding. They count sacrifice a joy because it is made for something dearer to them than their own selfish egotism. Always it is those who pay the full price who get the worth of their money. Fate runs no bargain counter.

Hair-Dressing.

It is exceedingly difficult to suggest a style of hair-dressing for a person whom one has never seen. So much has to be taken into consideration—the shape of the head and face, and the kind and quality of hair—that only general rules can be given. It is hardly necessary to say that the hair must be kept in good condition in order to look its best.

Very long and heavy hair is difficult to arrange. Few women who possess such hair are willing to sacrifice a part of it, but those who realize the difficulty of arranging it in a becoming way, will cut a lock out of the centre, in order to keep the coils or knot within a size which will not distort the contour of a shapely head, nor make its owner look top-heavy. The head should, however, be well-covered with hair of sufficient length to form a graceful outline and provide a frame for the face. Like gowns and hats, the hair arrangement should be studied from all points. If the shape of the head is good, keep it so; if the contour is not good, study to improve it. Be most particular about back and side-views of the head, and study the face well in deciding style of the coiffure.

When one's forehead is well shaped it will stand an arrangement which shows it off; but the exceedingly high forehead, or one which has an ugly hair-line, looks best with the hair brought well down to the brows. In spite of the protests against covering the ears most women look well with the hair dressed softly over the upper part of these members. There are few really beautiful ears, but if only the lobes are shown, no one can prove that ours are not perfect ones, and most of us need this softening effect.

The shape of the face gives the cue to one's coiffure. If it is long and narrow, strive to arrange the hair so the face seems shorter and broader. If the face is short and broad, work for the opposite effect. Never emphasize a long, thin neck with a high head-dress, but the woman with the short plump neck needs to dress her hair high.

Above all, choose an arrangement which suits your particular type. Because Miss Blank looks well with her hair waved and dressed in an elaborate manner does not mean necessarily that you will. Be conservative; for while none of us wants to look old-fashioned, we surely do not care to be so new-fashioned that we are ridiculous.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

England contains 150,692 miles of roads, Scotland 24,771 miles, and Ireland 55,562 miles.

"Lifeboats, with chambers filled with rubber sponge, would be even more unsinkable than the present type," says an English scientist.

The best system of education is that which draws its chief support from the voluntary effort of the community, from the individual efforts of citizens, and from those burdens of taxation which they voluntarily impose upon themselves.—James A. Garfield.

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.

Four small islands in the South Seas were recently offered for sale in London.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

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GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble, Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

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.