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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 and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage ceremony Rosslaer and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Trask was quite in earnest and carefully drew forth a somewhat well-thumbed note book to jot down the appointment.

"I shall paint you as 'The Rose Girl,'" he said solemnly, and Audrey Alden broke in unkindly:

"Don't. It reminds one of 'Alexandra' Day, and four pink calico petals stuck on a pin! For goodness sake, think of something really original—for once."

The orchestra was tuning up. Waldron moved forward. He stooped and lifted Marcia's cloak, laid the fur of it across her slim shoulders. In doing so his hand inadvertently touched her bare neck.

"Paint her just as she is!" he said. Trask looked at her. At Waldron's unintentional touch the color had leaped to her cheeks; her lips were apart, her eyes misty. Trask's own eyes brightened.

"I will!" he cried. "And when it is finished I shall call it 'Awakening!'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The rising of the curtain prevented further conversation. At Audrey's imperious gesture Michael Trask remained where he was. Marcia gave more attention to him than she did to the stage. There was something about him that touched as well as amused her. He was such a simple soul, and so unlike anyone she had ever known before.

She noticed that he looked very often at little Mrs. Alden. That little lady seemed to awe as well as attract him. Certainly, while she seemed to order him about and criticize him outrageously he appeared to like it. In his eyes there was something of that steady, half wistful, half perplexed light that one sees in the eyes of a faithful dog watching a capricious and inconsiderate mistress.

Yet, Marcia concluded presently, his interest was not unshared by Audrey. More than once she turned her eyes a trifle furtively to look at him, and in her expression was a mingling of irritation, indulgence and a warmth of tenderness that surprised the girl while yet it made her smile.

She was intrigued. Hitherto she had seen Audrey Alden only in her own home, or among her less Bohemian acquaintances. She realized to-night that there was another side to her; that the real Audrey was a warmer hearted, more womanly and sweeter person than the gay, kindly butterfly who had flitted her way through the busy days at Ardiss Mansions. The faint suggestion of artificiality left her in her present company; she was her natural self, more than ever inconsequent, and wholly delightful. Upon the fall of the curtain she turned swiftly to Trask.

"What have you done with Araby?" she asked. "How is it you are enjoying a stall at the theatre and she isn't with you?"

Trask looked a little guilty.

"I met Boris Varnoff," he told her, with an obedience that made Marcia smile afresh. "He had this stall and could not use it. I had heard a good deal about this play and—and there was only one. Besides, Araby hasn't an evening dress—not good enough for here."

Listening, something caught Marcia sharply by the throat. She glanced at the shiny, out-of-date garments the man was wearing. She remembered the rather shabby black georgette blouse Araby had worn that other night at the restaurant. Involuntarily she glanced down at the perfection of her own apparel, at the rich folds of the wonderful cloak, the fine meshes of her gown.

The delight she had taken in purchasing them! The pleasure there had been in feeling herself equal to any other woman! And following this thought came the remembrance of other days, only a short week old! Days when she, too, had been almost shabby; when she, too, had not possessed evening dress really suitable for the stalls—when she, too, would have looked upon the gift of that same stall as a child used to stick candy looks upon a be-ribboned box of expensive chocolates!

She knew what it was to go short, to have little, to feel insignificant even in a crowd. She knew, so well, the fierce yearning of a girl's heart for pretty things. She had experienced, herself, the stifling regret of fingering crepe de chine and purchasing cotton crepe!

She stirred sharply in her chair. For the first time it was borne upon her how very much she had, how full was her purse. And for the first time she realized how much of power wealth brings. Power was hers, as well as the good things of life. Power to bring brightness into other lives.

The newness of her good fortune had made her selfish. The strangeness of its getting had kept her mind occupied entirely with herself. She had not meant to hug her possessions greedily to her. It was only that she had not thought.

She was conscious of a dimness in her eyes as she looked again at Trask. A fierce, swift flame of desire had leaped up in her—desire to taste the pleasure of making others content as well as herself. She looked at Waldron, the breath still stifling in her throat, the brilliance still in her eyes.

He was rich, they said. She wondered if he felt the same—if he, too, at any time ached to make other people's burdens less hard to bear. He met her eyes, looked at her half questioningly; but she turned her attention once more to Trask. Audrey was frowning upon him accusingly.

"Positively, you're a pig!" she declared. "But there, never mind! You're only a man, after all, and men are proverbially selfish. I was going to ask you to supper with us—now I shall punish you by sending you home to cold ham and a cup of tea."

From his place in the background Waldron laughed.

"Why not send him back to fetch Araby along to supper with us?" he suggested, good humoredly. Audrey pursed up her lips, then nodded. Her eyes dwelt with an odd warmth upon the culprit. Despite his beard and gray hair he looked incongruously like an erring schoolboy.

"He doesn't deserve it!" she complained. "But I suppose it will be better for his digestion."

After which she turned her back upon him and gave her attention fully to Waldron.

At the commencement of the finale Trask arose.

"I'll get along," he said. "Chelsea's a good way off and I don't suppose I'll get a bus. Where are we to meet you?"

Audrey told him. Waldron rose.

"My car's outside," he said. "It will be quicker and much more comfortable for Araby. We'll wait for you here."

"Awfully good of you." In rising Trask stumbled a little in the darkness passing Mrs. Alden. She put out a quick hand, catching at his to steady him. Marcia saw his eyes for a moment, and, in a slow-dawning comprehension and wonderment, drew in a slow breath betwee her pursed lips.

"But it's too absurd!" she whispered within herself. "And yet—and yet—I don't know!"

She looked after Trask. He did not stoop quite so much as usual, and there was a boyish eagerness in his eyes. He had scarcely noticed Audrey's saving hand; had not even thanked her. As the door shut upon him the latter stooped to examine the hem of her flimsy gown upon which he had trodden. As she straightened herself her lips were compressed; her eyes unusually bright.

"But that man," she declared, temperstuously, "is the clumsiest creature who ever made a nuisance of himself in civilized society! His head's in the clouds all the time!"

She flung a disgusted glance at Waldron.

"What on earth possessed you to ask him to join us?"

He looked at her in blank amaze.

"Good Lord! I thought you'd like it! And he's not at all a bad sort."

"I think he's rather nice," Marcia interjected. Mrs. Alden sniffed, rose, and shook her damaged skirt.

"He's stupid!" she said, contemptuously. "Dense as—as a mole—or a hedgehog—or whatever those things are that grope about under the ground. And at times he's most irritating. Besides—I can't endure men who don't shave!"

Waldron rubbed the top of his head hopelessly. But Marcia smiled. A new understanding had quite suddenly been given to her. A certain, rather amazing suspicion was forming in her mind. Somewhat inconsequently it occurred to her that falling in love may not be entirely without its drawbacks.

She was still smiling—in a way that made Waldron insanely desire to kiss her—as she followed the ruffled Mrs. Alden into the corridor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

That night was the real beginning of her new life for Marcia. From then on she learned to know more of pleasure and enjoyment than she had ever thought possible. She met with new acquaintances every day; she found new comradeship among people whom she had scarcely known existed before. Within a week she was settled in the flat which Audrey Alden had helped her choose, with her mother. It was not large, and dainty rather than luxurious. But there was a freshness about it that soothed and pleased both women; a "homeyness," as Mrs. Halstead expressed it, which made it far more desirable than a more elaborate dwelling would have been.

There was plenty of room, not only for themselves, but for a couple of efficient servants and a lady's maid. Again Audrey assisted in the selection, with excellent results. Marcia found that her small establishment ran upon oiled wheels, while the "housekeeping" gave her mother just enough occupation and not too much fatigue.

In the opinion of both women the arrangement was ideal. Mrs. Halstead had never looked better. Her thin cheeks were softly flushed, her eyes bright; the weariness seemed, in a measure, to have left her.

She entertained with a certain measure of enthusiasm, though deep in her heart she was perplexed and a little disturbed at the girl's seeming desire to crush as much of amusement and movement as possible into her waking hours.

It was unlike Marcia as she had been. In the old days she had been very content with a book and an occasional box of chocolates of an evening—or had appeared so. A "special" supper or tea had given her pleasure; to dine out, occasionally, with Mrs. Alden, had been an event.

But she had completely changed. She was eager to go about everywhere, to see everything, to miss nothing. She spent long mornings shopping and lunching, afternoons visiting, evenings at the theatre or on the river as the summer closed in, warm and alluring. She was never still; never at rest. It was as though she could not find enough of novelty to please her, enough to do to fill in the days.

She was scarcely conscious of it herself. She was vaguely aware that at the back of her every thought there was something that drove her to make the most of every golden day, every fleeting hour. It was not even that she remembered the sentence that had been passed upon her. In the whirl of excitement which now was hers she found it easier and easier to forget; to give herself up entirely to the present.

Still something urged her always to make the most of this wonderful today of hers. She found it easy with Araby, Audrey and Jasper Waldron to help her. She knew delightful hours in the Trask's quaint, old, shabby house. She kept her promise of sitting to Trask for her portrait, and, to her amusement and his daughter's surprise, he concentrated upon it with unusual intentness.

The result was, as Araby declared, surprisingly satisfactory. There was even, she further conceded, a touch of genius in the way hyr father had handled the very simplicity of his subject.

(To be continued.)

Happy Suggestion for Uncle.

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:

"'Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says: "Wait till your uncle croaks!"

A new apparatus, consisting of a revolving drum of paper on which an ink line is drawn, is so sensitive that it indicates the smallest vibration of a house due to a passing vehicle.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Save Time and Keep Your Temper

Dishwashing is the day's most disagreeable task. Pot washing is the dirtiest job of all. Save time and keep your temper by cooking with utensils that cannot absorb dirt or grease—pots and pans that wash easily with soap and water and wipe sweet and clean like china. Make your housework easier by using

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Women's Sphere

How Can I Overcome Bashfulness?

One of my girl readers wrote me lately that she had overcome a great deal of her bashfulness by paying more attention to her clothes and appearance. She found that if she dressed with care she had more confidence in herself and was happier. Her system is worth trying. Take comfort, too, in the fact that you will outgrow some of your bashfulness, but make up your mind not to let anything interfere with your meeting people. Do not avoid people, but mingle with them whenever possible. Take part in the things that are happening in your neighborhood. Go to church and to Sunday school, and if asked to serve on a committee do not refuse, but do what you can to make the work of that committee a success. You can always forget yourself in trying to do things for others. Read the experience of this girl. I am sure you will find it helpful:

"It seems that half the girls who seek advice are asking how to overcome self-consciousness. A lot of us know just how they feel, for self-consciousness is that miserable feeling which comes when you are in company, making you tongue-tied and awkward. I am not offering a positive cure for this trouble, but I am going to tell you of a few things that I have found helpful. People feel better if they know they are looking well. One does not need expensive clothes, but something appropriate and becoming. Well-cared-for shoes, stockings and neckwear count a lot. See that your shoes are not run down at the heels, nor your gloves soiled.

"While you are dressing, dress carefully. No one can feel perfectly at ease who has dressed too hurriedly and feels that she is coming to pieces. If your hair is slippery, fasten a net over it, but not too tightly. It also pays to be particular about your finger-nails, for nothing is more disconcerting than to discover dirty nails after it is too late to attend to them. Having made a careful toilet you can forget about yourself entirely. Avoid fussing with your hair, picking at your face, playing with your necklace or drumming your fingers, for it is annoying to others and betrays your nervousness.

"Practice good manners. Try to be natural and at the same time be as nice as you can to every one all of the time. Think of nice things to say to people and say them even if you think it will kill you. It won't.

"If you don't talk very brilliantly, try being a good listener. Be sympathetic and attentive. Find out what other people's ideas are. Be interested in everybody and you will find them interested in you. Go out of your way to please them. Smile. Avoid cultivating the little mannerisms of other people, for what is natural for them is not natural for you. When you meet strangers make yourself believe that you like them. By liking them you can make them like you.

"Study yourself first, be sure of yourself, but most of all study other people so hard that you won't have time to think of yourself. Therein, I think, lies the secret of a charming personality."

How To Get Rid of the House Fly.

House flies are recognized as a most common vehicle for the transference of certain diseases from sick to well persons. Their activities are especially associated with the distribution of such diseases as typhoid fever, tuberculosis and infantile diarrhoea, the germs of which may be found exposed in feces, and other discharges of sick persons. The flies infect themselves by feeding on such substances. They carry the germs on their legs and bodies, as well as in their digestive tract and then pollute such food as milk with the germs. They also carry organisms from decaying substances, which will promote decay in the material infected.

A fly that has fed upon feces of a typhoid patient may carry the organisms of typhoid in his digestive tract, and vomit it on food for a period of at least seven days.

The best method to prevent their breeding.—House flies breed in decaying or decomposing vegetable and animal matter and excrement. THEY BREED CHIEFLY IN STABLE MANURE. See that the regulations respecting the storage of manure in urban municipalities is enforced in your town. In order to control the breeding of flies, manure should be regularly removed every six days in the summer, and either spread on fields or stored at a distance of not less than a quarter of a mile, the further the better from the house or dwelling. Flies also breed in fermenting matter, such as kitchen refuse and garbage and in moist earth, sometimes found around garbage and privy receptacles. Garbage receptacles should be kept tightly covered. If you have no garbage collection in municipality, all refuse that will ferment should be buried or burned within a few days. When it cannot be disposed of at once it should be sprinkled with chloride of lime in summer.

Rid your house of flies—First screen your windows and doors, especially those in the dining-room and kitchen, then drive as many of the flies out as possible through the sunny opening. Flies naturally seek the light, and in summer do not seek dark corners.

To poison flies—Mix two tablespoonfuls of 40 per cent. Formalin (a solution which may be obtained from any drug store) with one pint of equal parts of milk and water. This mixture should be exposed in shallow plates in sunny windows, and a piece of bread may be placed in the middle of each plate to enable the flies to alight and feed. All dead flies should be swept up and burned. The burning of pyrethrum in a room, preferably at night, is sometimes effective. Immediately after, the flies should be swept up and burned, as many are only stupefied by this substance.

Stable flies—All of the foregoing methods may be applied in the extermination of the stable fly. These pests cause animals a great deal of pain and prevent them properly resting. Money that is spent in keeping the stable free from flies and their breeding grounds and for chloride of lime—to be lightly sprinkled in the troughs and behind the horse-stalls—will more than compensate in the improved condition of the animals, and will guarantee them comparative freedom from the attacks of flies in the stable.

Place-Cards.

Place-cards are used at formal dinners or luncheons in order to seat the guests without confusion. The names of the guests are written on the cards and arranged at the places where the guests are to be seated. On entering the dining-room each guest seeks his or her name and in this way finds his place. The cards also have decorative value, especially when made to harmonize with the other decorations, or are in keeping with the purpose or special features of the entertainment.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Arms and legs will gradually disappear from the human body, according to one scientist, who prophesies that the change will, however, take ten thousand years.

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