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# 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. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rosslaer claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The introduction of Araby's name into the conversation with Mrs. Alden had taken Michael Trask's mind momentarily off Marcia and her obvious confusion at the mention of Kempton Rosslaer.

But he remembered it when he got out into the street, and he sighed. It disturbed him, and he was not easily disturbed. It perplexed him, set him thinking for once of other things than his beloved art. There were times when Michael Trask was, for all his dreaming, more keenly observant than his friends supposed. And it had struck him that Marcia's manner had been not merely confused, but agitated.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have shrugged and given it no further thought. But he had not failed to hear a little of the talk concerning Kempton's attentions to his daughter, and, remembering her, he was troubled.

He stood at the corner of the street hesitating. He had been going to join Boris Varnoff at a cafe for the purpose of expounding his own views upon the painting of pictures, but he changed his mind.

Instead he boarded a 'bus which would take him to Chelsea. He was suddenly uncomfortably aware that he neglected Araby. His heart smote him.

There was a great deal of boyishness about Michael Trask. He desired, overwhelmingly, as was his fashion, to make up in some way for his negligence as regards his parental responsibilities. Wherefore he descended from the bus half way through the journey.

He had remembered, with satisfaction, a certain inimitable French pastrycook's, and Araby's childlike love of puffs and eclairs. He had remembered, too, with a sudden lighting of his far away eyes, that Jasepr Waldron was going to pay him five hundred pounds for Marcia's portrait.

It was a great deal of money, he reflected, and, within the pastry-cook's, began hurriedly searching his pockets. He brought to light a two shilling piece, a sixpence, some coppers and a ten-shilling note. He spent the lot upon eclairs and had to walk home in consequence. But he felt much better.

He found Araby about to sit down to a lonely tea. With immense enjoyment he watched her open the cake box, shrugged deprecatingly over the soft scolding she gave him for his extravagance and helped her, appreciatively, to sample the cakes.

The meal, like most of their meals, was a merry one. Araby had a hundred and one things to tell him of the day's doings; they found much to laugh about, and at the end of the meal tucked themselves comfortably into either corner of the broad window seat.

Araby produced a box of cigarettes—a big box of the finest Turkish. She lit one and began to smoke, pushing the box across to her father. She smoked quickly and without taking the cigarette from between her lips. Trask looked up at her with raised brows.

"Who's extravagant this time?" he demanded. The girl laughed.

"Not I! Marcia sent them to me—and a great box of marrons glace as well! She is spoiling me altogether! I've never had so many expensive cigarettes and sweets and—and feminine fal-lals in my life!"

She slid out a long, slender leg in a black silk stocking.

"Real silk!" she informed him: "and a dozen pairs! Imagine it!"

She surveyed the shapely limb complacently before tucking it away under her again. Through thick clouds of smoke Trask watched her. After a moment he asked abruptly:

"You like Marcia Halstead?"

"Ever so much!" Araby assured him promptly. "I don't think anyone could help it. She's so good tempered, and genuine—and generous! I suppose I ought not to take as much as I do from her—she's always giving something—and she seems to really enjoy it. I think she would be quite hurt if I refused. She's a dear! The sort of person you read about but never meet with! One of the few who like other folks to have a good time as well as themselves. And she does have a good time, does Marcia. Goes everywhere worth going, sees everything worth seeing—and wears everything worth wearing! Yet she's not a bit selfish with it. And she enjoys a night at one of the studios, smoking cheap cigarettes and eating sardines, accompanied by bottled beer, as much as she enjoys her Ritz lunches and dinners and suppers. It's that I like about her. She enters into the spirit of the entertainment, whatever it is."

She tossed the stump of her cigarette out of the window and reached out for another.

"Chuck us the matches, dear man!" she requested. She added, as he obeyed, "If her fortune wasn't quite so stupendous I'm beginning to think she'd spend more than half of it in no time. She just buys whatever she wants, whatever it costs! She's got a car now—Jasper helped her choose it. Oh, my dear! It makes me shiver with delight just to look at it! And then she simply throws money at people who do anything for her."

She laughed softly, staring out into the quiet garden. "She gave a man who opened a taxi door for her a ten-shilling note the other night; a perfectly awful-looking woman who was singing outside one of the theatres a pound! Audrey was quite cross with her—told her the creature'd spend the lot in a public house before the evening was over. But Marcia only smiled—though there was such an odd little sad look in her eyes. She just said that she'd rather believe the best of people than the worst, and that it was just possible the woman was hungry. My dear, one just has to love Marcia when she looks like that! And kiddies!"

She laughed again a throaty, soft little laugh that was oddly sweet.

"Whenever she sees a child outside a toyshop or a sweetshop she just rushes them in and buys things for them! She positively revels in playing with Treasury notes, I can assure you!"

Trask flicked the ash off his cigarette delicately. He did not speak, and Araby turned after a moment in shrewd, swift questioning.

"Don't you like her?" she demanded, and Trask made a hasty gesture.

"But, of course! I find her charming—quite, as you say, irresistible. She has the gift of sympathy—of understanding. And her wealth has not spoiled her. By the way, did you know that she and Kempton Rosslaer's stepmother are some sort of cousins?"

He spoke casually, selecting another cigarette, but he saw her swift start, the look of surprise in her eyes.

"Why—no! But are you sure?"

"Quite. It was mentioned between her and Mrs. Alden this evening while I was there. It appears she—Miss Halstead—is dining with the Rosslaers on Sunday."

He got up and stretched himself. Then he sauntered across to the second, unfinished and smaller portrait and stood looking at it.

"Certainly," he murmured. "She has beauty and personality—I wonder what sort of man she will marry!"

"Marry! Marcia? Oh, dad!" Araby got up quickly and coming to his side clasped her hands over his arm, half laughing. "Are Audrey's matchmaking propensities contagious? Marcia's hardly had a chance to fall in love yet!"

Trask looked thoughtfully into the pictured eyes. "I don't know about that," he murmured. "Anyway, it strikes me she'll have plenty of chances, quite soon—if she hasn't had them already. By the way, how is it we're seeing so little of Kemp Rosslaer lately?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Araby started at the question. It had seemed to follow significantly upon Trask's remark concerning Marcia. She looked at him quickly and half frowned. Then she lifted one shoulder in a light shrug.

"Are we?" she counter-questioned. She spoke evenly, but Trask did not fail to catch a new half note of seriousness in her tone. Her half averted face wore a little shadow of which she was unaware.

Trask smothered a second sigh. After a moment she went on, looking with unnecessary intentness at the portrait.

"He comes and goes, you know—but you're nearly always out when he comes here."

"He does come here still, then?"

The question was eager rather than tactful. A faint color rose in Araby's clear cheeks. She answered lightly enough:

"Dear man! Of course he does. Why?"

Trask did not answer immediately. The uncomfortable sense of being disturbed was upon him again, the frown made a line between his brows once more. He had always regarded the growing intimacy between his daughter and Kempton Rosslaer with misgiving when he had thought about it at all. He felt that however greatly young Rosslaer might like her world he was not of it. He belonged to a different sphere.

Trask had heard, more or less indirectly, of Lord Rosslaer's feeling toward Araby. He resented it, deep in his heart. But he understood it. He sighed a little now and rumpled his hair with an irritable hand. He wanted Araby to be happy. The thought that she should suffer, even in the slightest degree, filled him with grief.

And, from the beginning, he had dreaded that her intimacy with young Rosslaer would bring her suffering. He looked at her now, out of the corner of his eye, watched the mounting color, saw the shadow over the soft young face—the unconscious wistfulness of the eyes.

The sense of responsibility was upon him more strongly than ever. He was rather more of a blunderer than most men, and now, with the memory of the confusion in Marcia's eyes at the back of his mind, he persisted in his desire to learn if there was any change in his daughter's feelings. He asked, abruptly:

"Araby—are things the same between you—as they were a little while ago?"

Araby started sharply. She turned her face fully to him and for a moment there was a flash of uneasiness in her eyes. The color leaped to her temples, then faded

"The same," she uttered, almost in a gasp. Then, with a nervous laugh, "Dad, dear! What do you mean? Why—why should they be altered?"

Trask rumpled his hair afresh. He looked troubled.

"I don't know. No reason at all of course. Only I—I wondered. I thought perhaps—it struck me he didn't show up so much as a while since"—

He trailed off rather aimlessly. Araby laughed; but the sound of the laugh did not wholly relieve him. It sounded just the least bit strained.

Suddenly he drew her a little closer. "Araby," he asked, "do you—do you care for him just as much as ever? I mean, child, are you quite sure that your feeling for him is real—serious?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Araby unclasped her hands very gently from his arm and walked away from him toward the window. Evening shadows were falling, a bird was singing, soft throated, a quivering night song.

It seemed to pierce the girl's heart; a little flash of tears rose to her eyes, her hands went up and pressed down over her breast. Their pressure over the little gold ring hidden beneath her gown indented it against her soft skin. She drew a sudden deep breath, and an almost passionate longing for Kempton—for the sound of his voice in her ears, the clasp of his arms about her was upon her. She knew a moment's intolerable ache to be near him—a yearning that was like pain, and which transformed her from a girl to all a woman.

(To be continued.)

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Why Enameled Ware is favored

"Poor old Coffee Pot," whispered the enameled Double Boiler to the Cup. "Mistress was awfully mad at him today, wasn't she? She scraped and scoured and rubbed him, but he's almost as black and dirty as ever. And when he arrived here he shone like silver.

"How about me?" groaned Sauce Pan from a corner. "Mistress says she's ashamed to have me in the kitchen. Once I was just as shiny and silvery as Coffee Pot. I wish I were like you, Double Boiler. You enameled ware fellows are always so clean. You are the favorites in this kitchen."

"Cheer up," squeaked the enameled ware cup with a sleepy yawn. "I heard Mistress say today she is going to replace all you fellows with SMP Enameled Ware utensils."

"She's wise," admitted the dirty-faced Sauce Pan sadly. And silence descended on the kitchen.

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**Eat Strawberries and Cream.**

Probably no other popular fresh fruit is so often unsuccessfully canned as strawberries. While there are many reasons for this, the most usual one is that the berry, which is very delicate and quickly cooked, is canned by the open kettle method and allowed to cook too long, thus losing its shape and color.

But however successfully canned, no cooked strawberry is so deliciously flavored as the fresh one, so the wise housekeeper makes the most of strawberry season and feasts her family while the picking is good. Strawberries and cream, strawberries washed and left with stems and hulls to be dipped in powdered sugar, strawberry shortcake, strawberry pie, strawberry mousse—many are the ways to serve the fresh fruit.

Opinions differ as to whether the shortcake shall be cake or biscuit, but no tastes disagree as to the amount of berries. In either case it is the berry that makes the dish, let the skeleton be what it will.

Strawberry pie is a favorite in some homes. Heap a pie shell with ripe, firm berries and then with whipped cream. Or it may be covered with a meringue and browned in the oven.

For years I have prepared strawberries for winter use in exactly two ways. One is sun-cooked—or "sun-kissed," as this family calls it. To prepare, allow equal weights of sugar and fruit—using only perfect berries—and two cups of cold water for every three pounds of sugar. Cook the sugar and water until it threads, then add berries and cook for fifteen minutes after the fruit begins again to boil. Pour onto large platters, cover with glass and set in the sun until the syrup thickens. If you have an unused room with a southwest exposure this is a good place to finish the cooking, as it is safe from accidents and dust. The platters may be moved from the south windows to the west as the sun moves, and two or three days should suffice to finish the fruit. The berries may be stored the same as jelly.

Sun-cooked berries are delicious for tart filling, jelly rolls, filling for layer cakes, and one glass made into a mousse with a pint of whipped cream makes a dessert fit for a king.

For canned berries I use a government bulletin method which gives a delicious flavor. Wash and hull the fruit and put in an enameled kettle, which is not chipped or any acid-proof kettle. Allow one-half pint of sugar and two tablespoons of water to every quart of berries. Boil slowly fifteen minutes, cover and let stand over night in the kettle. In the morning pack the cold berries in hot, sterilized jars, put on new, sterilized rubbers, and screw down the tops until they just touch the rubber. Place in the boiler—or canner—and boil exactly eight minutes. Remove, tighten tops, and wrap in paper. These may also be used to make strawberry mousse.

To make the mousse whip one pint of cream with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one cup of the fruit until it is solid to the bottom of the dish. Then turn into a mould with a tight top, and pack in equal parts of salt and ice for three hours. If the cream is thin soften a teaspoonful of gelatin in cold water, melt over a dish of hot water.

**At the Wedding.**

We shall attend a wedding next month, says a reader, and do not know what to do. Please tell about congratulations, what to do in the dining-room and if I am to take off my hat.

Congratulations are offered at the reception. When there is no reception, the bridal couple sometimes stand in the vestibule of the church, after the ceremony, and receive the congratulations of their friends; otherwise, they and their attendants drive directly from the church to the house, and there stand in line to receive congratulations.

At large and formal affairs women guests do not remove their hats; at an informal affair they take them off. It is well to go slowly to see what the others are doing and act accordingly. When there are many guests in the dining-room it is not always possible for the husband and wife to sit together. If the affair is a small one, there may be place cards indicating where the guests are to sit. At a large affair the guests are not always seated at a table, but stand or sit wherever they find room. As the waiters sometimes overlook a guest, the husband should see that his wife is served, and it is nice if he assists other women, especially if they are unaccompanied by men. In the dining-room, also, watch those who seem self-possessed and who seem to be acting properly, and follow their lead.

## Forest Fire Law Strengthened

Many important amendments were made to the Forest and Prairie Fire Act of the province of Alberta at the last session of the legislature. The principal of these amendments, which will greatly lessen the difficulty of combating fires, and which are welcomed by all who have to do with the forests, are the following:—

All Dominion forest and fire rangers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Provincial Police and municipal councillors are ex-officio fire guardians, with authority to enforce the Act.

Municipal councils must appoint fire guardians.

Fire guardians have the power to order out any male person over sixteen years of age to help in fighting a prairie or forest fire. There are of course the usual exemptions in the case of postmasters, physicians, telegraph operators, etc.

Spark arresters must be used on marine engines, with a view to preventing fires originating from sparks thrown from the smokestacks of steamboats operating on northern lakes and rivers.

Provision is made for the establishment of fire districts. In these timbered areas it is illegal to start clearing fires between 15th April and 15th November, without a special permit.

The scale of penalties for violation of the Forest Fire Act has been revised and the penalties made heavier, so that there will be greater respect for the Act.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

**The Three Foods.**

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful repetition on the parts played by carbohydrates, proteids, and fats respectively in the building up and maintaining of the human body.

At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them.

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

There was silence until one maiden held up her hand and replied:

"Yes, teacher. Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

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