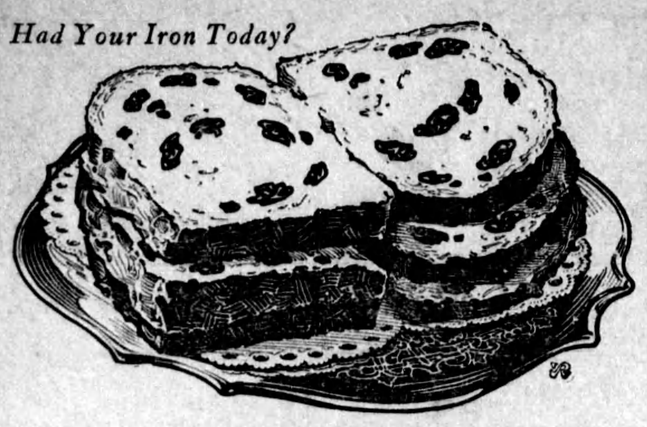
Had Your Iron Today?



The Delicious Bread
—of Energy and Iron

SERVE raisin bread twice weekly on your table for three reasons:

1. Flavor; 2. Energy; 3. Iron

You remember how good a generously filled, full-fruited raisin bread can be. Your grocer or baker can supply a loaf like this.

Insist—if he hasn't one he can get it for you.

Full-fruited bread is full of luscious seeded Sun-Maid raisins—rich in energizing nutriment in practically predigested form.

Raisins also furnish fatigue-resisting iron for the blood.

Serve plain raisin bread at dinner or as a tasty fruited breakfast toast with coffee.

Make delicious bread pudding with left-over slices. No need to waste a crumb of raisin bread.

Begin this week the habit of raisin bread twice weekly in your home, for raisin bread is both good and good for you.

Blue Package

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***Seeded* Raisins**

Make delicious bread, pies, puddings, cakes, etc. Ask your grocer for them. Send for free book of tested recipes.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
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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 but keeps him at a distance. Rosslaer no longer avoids Marcia.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

'You belong to me now, remember!"

The words struck upon Marcia's heart with a poignant sweetness, and with an equally poignant pain. Under Waldron's hands she shrank pitifully, with a little stifled cry.

Into her face there crept the vague look of strain, of distress, which had once or twice so puzzled him. Her eyes shadowed, darkened. Involuntarily she laid her hands against his breast, pushing him away from her with all her frail strength.

"Don't!" she begged, breathlessly. "Oh, please—please don't!"

There was a break in her voice, and instantly the fierce passion died out of Waldron's touch, his hands slid from her shoulders. But they captured her hands and held them fast.

"Marcia!" he begged, "what is it? Why are you troubled? Why?"

"Don't!" the girl whispered again. She broke free and moved from him to the open window. The night breeze was ruffling the curtains; it blew across her hot forehad, her feverish lips. She closed her eyes for a moment and Waldron, watching her from where he stood, frowned.

The shadow of which he had been conscious earlier in the evening was hovering over him again. He was more than ever perplexed by Marcia's attitude toward him, especially remembering the completeness of her surrender upon that night when he had first spoken of his love for her.

He followed her now to the window, and a flicker of pain crossed his face as he saw her shrink from him. He spoke quietly, almost coldly in his effort to control the longing which throbbed up in him for her.

"I'm not going to worry you now," he said. "But I have been patient a long time, Marcia. And I have a right to say what is in my heart to you; want to know that—you—want to hear."

He waited for a minute, watching her rather wistfully. She made no reply, only he saw one slender hand flash to her heart, saw the color stain her cheeks and die again.

"When I come back," he went on slowly, "I must know! I mean to know! When I come back!"

"When you come back!" She flashed round upon him, her eyes questioning, and at the startled note in her voice he smiled suddenly, conscious of a warm sense of comfort and reassurance. He came nearer and stood leaning one broad shoulder against the window frame.

"I am going away to-morrow for a little while," he said. "I shall be starting very early, so that I shall not see you again until my return. It was that I wanted to tell you to-night—and to say 'good-bye!' "

"Good-bye!" She echoed the word just above her breath, then shivered. The color had left her face completely. There was an odd, stricken look in her eyes. "Good-bye," she said again, and at the sound of desolation in her voice he reached out his hands to her quickly.

"My dear child! Don't look so utterly scared! We'll say 'so long,' instead, if you like it better! I'm not going for a trip round the world this time, you know!"

He was half laughing, yet very tender. Unconsciously, for a moment, her fingers curled up about his and clung to them fast.

"Where are you going? Why?" She asked the questions quickly. He answered, still half laughing:

"To Spain. On severely dry as dust business! I have so many irons in the fire, you know—and I've no one but myself to look after my affairs!"

She nodded. She seemed to have forgotten her fingers were still in his. There was a cold, empty feeling in her heart. She spoke presently in a rather muffled voice.

"For how long are you going?"

"Ten days possibly. A full fortnight at the most. And when I come back, Marcia, I am coming back for the answer to those questions I have asked you. And coming back to tell you again that you are all my world to me—to make you confess that you, too, care enough to share that world with me; to make you tell me that you—love me!"

He tightened his grasp on her hands and again a quick, throbbing warmth crept into his voice.

"Oh, heart of mine!" he whispered, "I can't believe it, even now! I shall never—quite—believe it until I hear you say it!"

Marcia did not move. At that moment she felt incapable of struggling. There was something masterful despite his humility about Waldron tonight that dominated her. She was conscious of an overwhelming desire to yield herself to his arms as she had done that other night—to forget the past, the future, as she had forgotten them then, and remember only the present.

Had he only known it, she was very near to surrender in that moment. But he saw nothing but the lowered, flickering lids that hid the storm within her soul—the dark circles beneath them—the pinched, tired whiteness of the lovely face. And with a long sigh he straightened himself, releasing her.

"I'll go now!" he said gently. "I'm a brute to have kept you so long. Shall it just be 'good-night' then, sweetheart—not 'good-bye!' "

The girl stirred, and for a moment her glance flashed to meet him. Her eyes were wide, dark, unfathomable. A new thought was formulating in her heart; but she only smiled at him rather wanly. Then she held her hands toward him.

He took them, held them close, then lifted them against his lips.

"Until I come back then!" he said quickly. "When I do I shall be patient no longer, Marcia! I shall come for your assurance—your promise! Shall come"—his voice vibrated with the old yearning—"to claim you—for always!"

He felt her quiver, heard her little, startled, caught breath. And when he spoke again there was a glad certainty in his tone.

"Good-night!" he said. "Good-night, sweetheart!"

Marcia's lips moved, but the whisper was so low he scarcely caught even the flutter of it. But it was not "good-night" she said. It was "good-bye."

* * * *

Waldron walked back to his rooms. There was no longer a shadow hanging over him; suddenly he was again exultingly sure of Marcia's love. There was a boyish swing about his walk, a smile on his lips.

He let himself in with his latch-key and turned toward the library. The door was half open, in the soft light of a rose-shaded lamp he could see Marcia's portrait against the dark stained easel upon which he had placed it. And before it, his back to him, a man was standing.

Waldron went forward and pushed the door wide. Then, as his visitor swung round he gave a quick exclamation.

"Kemp!" he cried.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Rosslaer's fingers were gripped hard in Waldron's, the older man's hand was upon his shoulder. For a long moment they stood looking deep into each others' eyes, then Waldron drew a long breath and laughed.

"At last!" he cried. "In the name of all that's wonderful, Kemp, where have you been hiding yourself? Do you know that I've been back in England over two months and we've scarcely met at all—and when we have in the most casual fashion? And I'm off again to-morrow."

"Off?" Kempton looked up quickly. His face looked less brown, less boyish and more lined than a short two months previously. There was a nervousness in his manner—a restlessness—that had not been there when Waldron had last seen him.

The latter's glance was searching as well as full of warm affection. This was a different Kemp to the Kemp he had known; the Kemp he had remembered as his greatest of friends.

And there was something of greatness in the bond that bound these two. From boyhood there had been between them a love "passing the love of women" indeed. It was as undemonstrative affection. It always had been.

Neither man was of the type to show his feelings save under great stress. Both, in their different ways, were of strong character. Emotion with them was a thing to be subdued.

A casual observer would have imagined them to be little more than the merest strangers. But their friendship had endured since Kempton Rosslaer was a mere lad and Waldron a clumsy youth just tentatively feeling his way to manhood.

Rivers and seas and vast lands had divided them; long years had stretched between their meetings, yet they had remained unchanged. It was a curious friendship; to each a very desirable and precious one. A friendship such as few men would understand, and only a very rare woman.

Now, after that one long searching glance Waldron pushed the other toward a chair, and, turning, crossed to a table upon which were glasses and decanters. He mixed a couple of drinks, talking cheerily over his shoulder.

"Gad! But it's good to see you again, Kemp! Sit down, man—there's a heap to say to each other, one way and another. And I'm leaving by a morning train. Off to Spain; only for a fortnight, though, at the most. Hope to be back again in town by the beginning of the month."

He came back with the glasses in his hands. Kempton still stood before Marcia's picture. He was not looking directly at it, yet he was conscious of it at his elbow—conscious of a chill wonder at its presence in the place of honor in Waldron's room. Against his will he was remembering Audrey's idle speech of not so very long ago. And there was a queer chill at his heart, a stifled feeling in his throat.

He took the glass Waldron offered him in silence, drank its contents at a gulp. There was a wonder in his soul, a dread, which would not be gainsaid. Marcia and Waldron—Waldron and Marcia! Strive as he would to bar them from his consciousness the words seemed to drum in his ears. Yet the thing was impossible—impossible!

He glanced sideways at the picture. Vivid, arresting, it stood out almost like a living presence in the soft lamplight. Kempton saw Waldron glance at it—saw the brief softening of his whole face, the momentary warmth of his eyes—and groaned.

He had left Audrey's party with a precipitancy of which he had been quite unaware, and which had bewildered Araby and somewhat offended his hostess. Trask had made no comment at all. Only the frown which was lurking in his mild eyes had become more pronounced than ever.

Kempton had felt that he must see Waldron, must try to learn at first hand for himself, whether or not there was any truth in Audrey's supposition. On his way to Waldron's rooms he had told himself over and over again that of course the thing existed only in her imagination. It was so like a woman to jump to conclusions—to mistake interest and admiration in a man for a particularly cultured and charming girl was something warmer and deeper.

And Waldron wasn't the sort of man to be attracted by a woman. He was sure of it—quite sure of it. All the same, he wanted to probe for Waldron's assurance, too.

He roused himself with a jerk from his morose reflections as he became aware that his friend was speaking.

(To be continued.)

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Woman's Sphere

Looking Your Best.

Freshen up your face to suit your new organdie or gingham frock. With a scorching sun and a hot wind you will need more than mere soap and water to give your face that clean, cool, comfortable look. Here are a few hot-weather suggestions that have helped other women to look their best.

To get rid of the shine and give a soft texture, there is a colorless lotion faintly scented with rose. Apply it right after the morning wash. It dries quickly on the skin. There isn't a trace of it left, either. But you'll know it's there by the fresh, cool feeling and the way the powder sticks.

Change your powder, too, when your skin tans. Dead-white powder always seems so artificial, and especially when put over freckles and sunburn. You'll be glad to hear that this year all Paris is using tan powders. A blonde selects a delicate creamy tone, the woman of medium coloring chooses a tan with plenty of pink in it, while the brunette brings out all her good points with a deep rich bronze shade. Isn't that good news after your face has been weather-beaten for a month?

If the older woman will put a touch of these powders at her temple right near her eyes, she will find that they give the eyes a youthful sparkle and make them appear a little larger. And don't forget that powder can conceal the lines in a neck and make it look less dingy.

Even if your lips are the right shape, they won't look like rosebuds if you let them get sunburned till they crack and blister. To avoid this, put a little camphor ice on them just before you go out in the sunshine. And if a blister does come, pat on a little butter and see it disappear in short while.

If you find that you are perspiring excessively, and it makes you feel uncomfortable, put a few tablespoons of baking soda in the bath. It will help to keep you fresh. It also softens hard water and leaves your skin with a velvety softness. You can use it under your arms as you would talcum powder.

And your hair? Does it make a soft fluffy frame for your face? Not always, especially in summer, I'm afraid. Then it's likely to hang in stringy wisps and refuse to go up properly. Try patting it, and dropping a little toilet water on the scalp. You may find that this keeps it pretty.

And don't forget that the sun can burn and wither hair just as it does the face. Only there's no white creamy skin lotion that can bring it back to health and glossiness. You will need to use a tonic made of nourishing oil and do much brushing to get back your former attractive locks.

Colors for Crocheted Rugs.

If you are in need of a rug to throw down in front of bed or dresser, why not crochet one? Crocheted rag rugs are easy to make and as easy to wash. Furthermore they can be made in the colors in use in your room, and just now they are very good.

Two-color rugs are favorites, though very pretty rugs are made in three colors. A centre of old rose, then a band of pearl gray and an outer border of rose makes a good combination; or the order may be reversed, making the centre and border of gray, and the insert of rose.

Other color combinations suggested are tan, dark green and black; pearl gray and orange; maroon and navy blue; baby blue, black and white; baby blue, pink and white; dark brown and orange. The colors may be combined in any order to suit the worker's taste. An attractive rug is made with a centre of baby blue, then a band of white, then black, and an outer border of white. This would be appropriate for a guest room or a child's room.

The rags may be bought in skeins, ready-dyed, as you buy yarn, and the rug made oblong, oval or round, to fit the space for which it is intended. For an oblong rug 20x40 inches start with a chain of thirteen stitches, crochet back on the chain and continue round and round. Leave the stitches loose and pat down smooth occasionally to keep the rug flat. For a 27x54 rug start with nineteen stitches; for a 30x60 start with twenty-seven stiches; for 36x72 start with thirty-six.

Heavenly Bliss.

Boil two cupfuls of white sugar with one half cupful of boiling water and one half cupful of white corn syrup until a little of the liquid dropped into cold water forms a hard ball. Have ready the white of two eggs beaten stiff, with a teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of English walnut meats added to it. While beating the mixture add slowly to it the boiling syrup. When you have beaten it very stiff, turn it into a buttered pan, and when it is cold cut it in pieces. If you wish, substitute candied cherries or pineapple for the nut meats, or use both the nut meats and the candied fruits.

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Table silver worth many hundreds of dollars is taken as souvenirs by the passengers of Atlantic liners every year.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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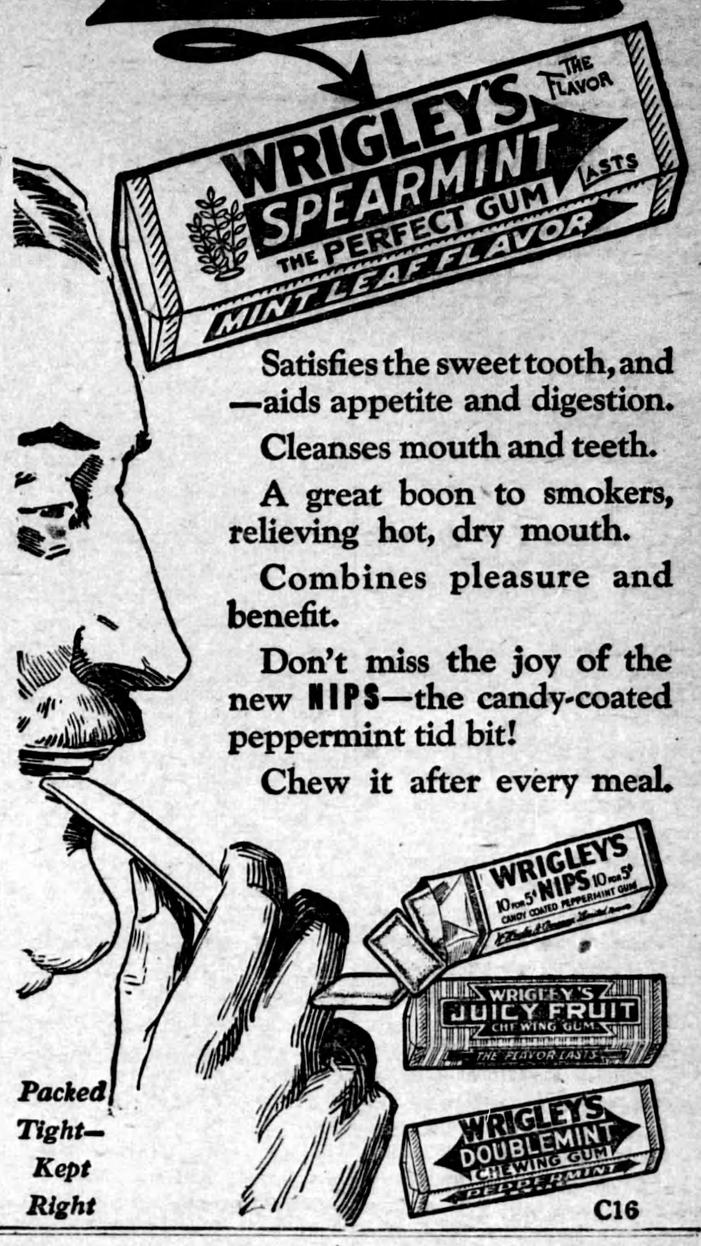

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