The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER LV.—(Cont'd.)

"Araby's through with me," Kempton said concisely. "For keeps! She thinks the worst that is to be thought. And she refuses to listen. She wouldn't believe if she did. Can I have the job, Jasper—right away?"

Waldron looked once, deep into his eyes. He understood, better than Marcia. Or he thought he did.

"It's waiting," he said quietly, unheeding her quick cry, "whenever you're ready."

* * * *

Two evenings later Marcia presented herself at the Trasks' queer little Chelsea home. She looked a little pale and a little tired, but there was an unwonted brilliance in her eyes. It was the brilliance of happiness, a strange, poignant happiness that had in it just a little of tragedy.

During these last few days she had felt utterly dazed. She was no longer capable of caring very much what happened. It seemed to her that it did not matter very much, except where Araby Trask was concerned.

Freedom was hers, and the knowledge overwhelmed her. The thought of afterward for her mother no longer was a torment. She had Waldron to turn to, his love to lean upon.

She gave but little consideration as to how things were to be arranged without scandal, talk. She knew, vaguely, that somehow it would be managed. She knew that Lady Rosslaer's tongue would be tied, and that, anyhow, the fact of Gordon inheriting, after all, would make her less malicious.

The rest lay between the two men and the little lawyer. So long as he proved reasonable the world need know nothing. Only there was Araby.

The thought of the girl was like an obsession. She shook her head at the old gray housekeeper's attempt to refuse her admittance, and went softly up the familiar stairs.

She found Araby in the studio. From the little room beyond she heard the sound of Audrey Alden's voice, dictatorially rising above Trask's. She was, apparently, criticizing his day's work.

In spite of herself Marcia smiled. Then she met Araby's eyes and caught her breath. And before the girl could rise or speak she began.

"I've come," she said, rather jerkily, not quite steadily, "to tell you the truth, Araby—the real truth! Come to tell you that you're all wrong about Kemp, cruelly wrong, and that you're deliberately driving him out of your life, out of every chance at happiness. For he loves you, Araby! He——"

"Loves me!" The young voice was hard, so hard that Marcia winced, but she went on steadily, ignoring the interruption.

"Loves you. He has always loved you. Whatever wrong he has done, has been, almost, as much for the sake of your happiness as for his family honor, for his dying father's sake. And you wouldn't listen to him; you wouldn't hear any excuse from him."

She laid her hands suddenly upon the girl's slim shoulders and forced her back into her chair.

"But you've got to hear me," she finished breathlessly, and plunged headlong into explanation.

Perhaps she told her story disjointedly, but she made it clear, as women can. When she finished Araby drew a long breath. Her eyes were wide. There was a dazed wonder in them.

For a long moment she sat quite still. Then she turned her eyes quickly from the great, dark, tragic yet smiling eyes bent upon her. And it was Marcia who broke the silence.

"Kempton leaves for Liverpool this morning," she said. "That's why I came. I did not know he was going so soon. He sails to-morrow for Buenos Aires, by the mail steamer. Are you going to let him go?"

Araby got rather stumblingly to her feet. Her eyes looked unnaturally large, more tragic than Marcia's own. Her lips shook.

"Marcia!" She whispered the word. Then, a little brokenly, "But how can I be sure? How can I believe——"

She stopped. Marcia's hands were on hers. Her eyes were very soft, tired, oddly sweet despite that hint of tragedy.

"A dying woman doesn't lie!" she said.

The girl cried out at that, chokingly, and clung to her. As she released herself Audrey's voice came again from the other room. Involuntarily both girls glanced across the hall. The door was sufficiently open for them to see in. Mrs. Alden was examining a canvas, her slim, bare shoulder against Trask's.

Marcia tightened her hand suddenly over Araby's. Her eyes were brililant.

"Those two," she said, "are going to find out very soon that they need each other more than anything or anybody in the world. Kempton needs you!"

CHAPTER LVI.

Marcia walked home through the soft, chill dusk. She did not realize how far she had come or how tired she was until she was at her own door. Her mind had been busy with a medley of curious thoughts, at one time uplifted, at the next shrinking from the knowledge of that dread beyond which was creeping so close to her now.

Her veins were tingling with youth. The call of youth was strong within her, of love. She wanted to live, to taste the sweetness and the warmth of the best that life has to give. Her throat was throbbing a little as she passed into the flat; there was a faint mist before her eyes.

She had had her day. She told herself that with a sort of indomitable pluck that was characteristic. But to-morrow was so sweet—so sweet! And the darkness that called was so cruel, so empty, so cold!

She steadied herself as she heard Waldron's voice in her mother's sitting room. He was sitting in a low chair by the little log fire. Mrs. Halstead, placid, sweet, was knitting on her couch.

Marcia paused for a moment in the doorway to look and to whisper to herself thankfully that, after all, her mother would not be quite alone. She would have Waldron to care for her.

She was smiling as she went forward, but Waldron saw something of her pain in her face and rose quickly, putting a strong arm about her slim shoulders. With a little stifled breath she turned and laid her face against his shoulder.

He understood, but only the strength of his grip upon her told her so. Then he set her gently in his chair and Mrs. Halstead looked gravely at her across the top of her glasses.

"You look worn out!" she observed. "Personally," she added, "I don't think that wonderful doctor of Mrs. Alden's did you so very much good, after all!"

She paused to pick up a stitch laboriously. Marcia leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Her lips quivered. The hand that Waldron bent to touch her was burning. She opened her eyes again and met him.

"Sometimes," she whispered in a broken half-sob, "I think it is too hard to bear! I want so much to be happy! I want—I want to live!"

The man did not answer. The same revolt was in his own soul; the same sick knowledge of that ever-nearing shadow. Mrs. Halstead's needles began to click again. She looked up placidly.

"By the way," she inquired mildly, "did you know he was dead?"

"Dead!" Marcia sat upright in her chair. Her voice was startled, a little metallic. Her mother nodded.

"So very sad. Especially the circumstances. And he was such a young man. They say it was overwork, overstrain that caused the breakdown. It was in the paper the other day, quite a long paragraph. I meant to show you. I think it is in my workbasket, Jasper, if you care to read it. Rather terrible, I call it."

Marcia sat quite still; Waldron fumbled for the paper under the little rosewood table by the invalid's chair. He found the paper at last, searched it for the paragraph. Then he dropped it into Mrs. Halstead's lap.

"Read it," he said. His eyes were on Marcia. Mrs. Halstead adjusted her glasses and obeyed.

"DEATH OF SIR HUGH DALLAS.

"Sir Hugh Dallas, the eminent heart specialist, died yesterday at the Nursing Home in Bournemouth, to which he was taken after his seizure, a week or so ago.

"His collapse was very sudden, but for some time his condition has, it appears, been of considerable anxiety to his friends. Everything was done, almost as long as a year ago, to persuade him to give up practice, but without avail.

"It has since transpired that Sir Hugh's mental condition during this last year has been by no means sound. Many patients, visiting him upon separate occasions, have found his statements contradictory. In some cases this has caused considerable anxiety, which has resulted in those under treatment seeking other advice, which, only in a few cases, has confirmed Sir Hugh's opinion.

"It is believed that, had he lived, he would have been quite unfit for practice."

"Jasper! What is the matter?"

But Waldron, unheeding, was bending over a limp, slender figure that had sagged suddenly over the arm of the big chair.

Every word that Mrs. Halstead had uttered was ringing, clarionlike, in his ears. A dizzy, unbelievable hope was throbbing in his heart. Hope!

He drew a long breath and stood upright.

"It's all right," he said steadily to Mrs. Halstead. "Tell her maid to show me her room—and send—at once—for a doctor!"

He spoke unevenly, like a man who has been running. But his eyes were agonized as he picked up Marcia and followed the scared Toinette across the hall.

* * * *

An hour later he faced a dapper little man with shrewd, kindly, searching eyes across the sitting-room table. He had told all that he knew and the little doctor's smooth air of satisfaction had given place to a frowning alertness. He had even gone back to Marcia's room, only to return within a very few moments He smiled in answer to the anguished, steady questioning of Waldron's eyes.

"There is nothing at all the matter with Miss Halstead's heart," he announced. "It is as sound as my own, or yours.

"According to what you have told me, when she visited Sir Hugh for consultation, she was in a rundown, nervous state, anaemic, probably improperly and inadequately fed! She is very young, excitable and impressionable.

"Since that time she has been utterly exhausting herself, while she has lived within the shadow of a terrible dread hanging over her. Her nervous system has suffered badly. Otherwise, there is no cause for alarm."

"You mean——"

Waldron got out the words with difficulty. His world seemed to be reeling round him. His eyes pleaded. The little doctor polished his glasses carefully.

"I mean," he said, "that all Miss Halstead needs is a change, a complete rest and a lot of care. I understand you are to be married. Let it be soon and take her to some place she has never been before; avoid excitement, discourage recollection, and in a year she will be a perfectly normal, healthy, happy young woman! I will wish you good-night!"

CHAPTER LVII.

Kempton Rosslaer, leaning over the deck rail, looking with haggard, bitter eyes through a mist of rain and scudding cloud at the crowded docks, started and turned at the light touch of a hand upon his arm.

The steamer was already throbbing and quivering under his feet, hoarse voices were uttering varying commands. In a little while they would be swallowed in the mist and England would be gathering denser veils of it around her, shutting her from sight.

So that, recognizing Araby, he gave a hoarse cry of amazement, then stood very still.

"You!" he uttered. "Great heavens! Why are you here?" he broke off.

She was smiling at him, a shabby little figure in a blue Tam o' Shanter and much-worn Burberry, her bare hands clasped upon his arm. She looked utterly fagged, travel-worn, but her eyes glowed.

"I only heard—yesterday!" she whispered, "that you were sailing by this boat. I thought I should be too late——"

She stopped. The throb grew heavier. He laid his hands upon her shoulders.

"But we start in less than a minute. I'm going to Buenos Aires. I—good heavens——"

He stopped, made dumb by the wonder of her eyes. She slid her hands up about his neck and drew his face down.

"I know," she said. And added, on a little, lilting sob. "I'm your wife, Kemp! I'm coming, too!"

(The End.)

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Washing a Hill Away.

A remarkable piece of engineering has been carried out by American engineers in preparation for the forthcoming centenary exhibition at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. They have bodily removed into the harbor a hill of respectable size, called the Castello Moro.

It stood nearly in the centre of the city, and though it was picturesque it was decided that its room would be a great deal more valuable than its company. The removal of the hill furnished a site for a large part of the exhibition, and, after that is over, will add many valuable acres of building land to the city.

The hill was removed by washing it away. Hydraulic power cut into the hill like a scoop into cheese, and the earth, turned into liquid mud, was washed down through pipes into the sea much more cheaply and quickly than it could have been removed solid in vehicles.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Woman's Sphere

Pickling and Preserving.

Tomato conserve: Peel, cut into small pieces and remove seeds from twelve cupfuls of ripe tomatoes, add eight cupfuls of sugar, and the juice and grated rind of three oranges. Cook all together until as thick as jelly. Put in sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

Chutney is made thus: Chop together two dozen ripe tomatoes (medium size), six onions, three red peppers (remove the seeds), one dozen tart apples and one cupful of finely cut celery. Add one pound of seedless raisins, two quarts of vinegar, three cupfuls of sugar, and salt to taste. Combine the ingredients, and cook until chutney is thick and clear, then pour it into hot sterilized jars, and seal.

Excellent pepper relish is made of one peck of green tomatoes, four red peppers and four green peppers (omitting the seeds), two cupfuls of celery, two cupfuls of sliced onions, one-half cupful of salt, six cupfuls of vinegar, one-half cupful of mustard-seed and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Slice the vegetables and run them through a food-chopper. Add the salt and allow to stand all night. Next morning drain off the liquid, add the other ingredients and cook until vegetables are soft. Bottle and cork tightly.

Preserved citron: The commercial product sold at grocery stores is the candied rind of a certain citrus fruit, not generally grown. Citron preserves are made of the citron melon thus: Wash the citron, cut in halves, remove seeds, cut in strips and peel. Add one pound of sugar to each pound of citron and allow to stand over night in a large bowl. Next morning place over the fire, add a small piece of gingerroot, and when nearly done, add one thinly sliced lemon to each three pounds of citron. Cook slowly until the fruit is transparent and the syrup thick, then pack in jars and seal.

Plain cucumber pickles: When but a few pickles can be made at a time, the following recipe is invaluable: As the cucumbers ripen place in a jar and cover with cold water to find out how much vinegar will be needed. Then make a brine strong enough to bear an egg, heat the brine and pour over the cucumbers. Let stand over night, then pour off, make a new brine, heat and pour over the cucumbers, allow to stand over night and next day reheat this brine and allow to stand over night again. The next day remove cucumbers from the brine, wash in cold water and pack in quart jars. Place a small piece of horseradish and a piece of red pepper to each jar. Boil the required amount of vinegar with spices to taste. Fill up jars with the hot vinegar and seal tightly. Nasturtium seeds may be added if desired, and sweet pickles can be made by adding brown sugar to the vinegar.

A recipe for piccalilli which is highly praised requires one-half gallon of best cider vinegar, seven ounces of ground, yellow mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one-fourth pound of mustard-seed, four green and two red peppers (remove seeds), one pint of small onions, one pint of carrots (sliced, boiled and cut into small pieces), one pint of lima beans, one pint of corn (cut from the cob after boiling three minutes), one large head of cauliflower and two level tablespoonfuls of tumeric. Boil the carrots, beans and cauliflower in slightly salted water until tender, but not soft. Break the cauliflower into small pieces. Chop the peppers into small pieces, peel and scald the onions. Bring the vinegar to boiling point, mix the mustard and tumeric with a little cold vinegar and add with the salt and sugar to the boiling vinegar, stirring constantly. Allow to cool, then add the remaining ingredients. Mix well, bottle and cork tightly.

Keeping Account of Your Canned Goods.

Do you keep a record of your canning activities? It is well to know just how much food has been prepared for further use, and to know also how rapidly it is being used. One housewife has worked out a system which suits her; you may find it satisfactory also. She keeps a large sheet of white paper, neatly ruled, both horizontally and vertically, tacked up on the inner side of the pantry door. On the left side of this sheet is a list of names of the vegetables and fruit which she has canned, and after each name there are numerous little black marks, some of them crossed off.

The housewife explains her system thus: "Every time I put up a jar of anything, I put down a mark to represent that jar. The figure 1 represents a quart jar, the figure 0 represents a pint. During the winter, when I use a jar of canned goods, I cross off one of these marks. It is really very simple.

"I put five marks in a column to facilitate counting. It is easier and quicker to count by fives than by ones. For the same reason, to facilitate counting, I begin at the right to mark off my used jars. Do you understand?"

Large Pores and Wrinkles.

When the word astringent is used in connection with cosmetics, it means something which closes the large pores of the skin, or tightens the lax muscles of the face. An astringent of some sort should be kept on hand at all times, for even the young and fresh-faced woman needs one occasionally. For ordinary purposes a little tincture of benzoin is very good. This can be poured into the rinse water—which, of course, should be cold—and the face bathed with this mixture. Half a dozen drops of the benzoin will be enough for the ordinary sized washbasin.

Used thus, benzoin will close the pores. If the pores of the face are enlarged, use twice as much, or better yet, mix half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin with six ounces of rose-water and keep in a bottle. After rinsing the face in cold water, shake the bottle to be sure the contents are well mixed and pat a little of this over the skin, letting it remain on to dry. Apply with a bit of absorbent cotton.

This treatment will help prevent wrinkles and sagging muscles, because it is good for the skin and because all good care wards off the fatal day when middle age shows in the lines of the face. But if you already have wrinkles and lax muscles and want something stronger, try ice as a massage. Ice is a powerful astringent. It brings the blood to the skin, inducing a better color, draws up the muscles, and smooths the wrinkles. Of course, as ice is very drying, it should only be used after a hot wash and a cold cream massage.

There is another astringent, a paste sometimes called a "pack" and variously used by facial specialists. There are a hundred ways to make this, the simplest form being as follows: Beat up an egg, using the white only, if you want this for wrinkles. If you want it to help cure pimples and for a bleach as well, beat the yolk in at the same time. Mix in half a teaspoonful of powdered alum—this will curdle, but that doesn't matter. Add enough white wine vinegar—cider vinegar if you can't get the other—to make a thin paste. Or use cucumber juice and vinegar, half and half. This amount will last for a long time.

Clean the skin with a cleansing cream. Rub in a little of the paste, lie down (this is important) and rest for twenty minutes while the paste dries. The rest will relax your muscles and give the astringent a better chance to act upon the lines in the face and the tiny lax muscles of the skin. Wash off with very warm water, massage with a good cold cream, and end with an ice-cold rinse.

While cucumbers are in season, make this cucumber cream; you will find it excellent for the skin: Put into a double boiler four ounces of almond oil and two ounces of cucumbers, washed but not peeled, and chopped into small pieces. Allow the oil and the cucumbers to simmer for two hours, then strain. Add one ounce white wax, one ounce spermaceti, and one ounce orange-flower water, and beat the mixture until it is creamy. Pour into jars and seal tightly.

The Muskrat Knows.

A furrier was trying to sell a muskrat coat to a woman customer. "Yes, madam," he said, "I guarantee that this muskrat coat will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the woman. "What effect will the water have on it? What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered he dealer, "I have only one answer. Did you ever hear of a muskrat carrying an umbrella?"

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

Aids Deaf to Hear.

A new device that aids deaf persons to hear closely resembles a walking stick with a slightly enlarged head.

Competing squaws and papooses at the celebrations when the David Thompson Memorial was opened at Windermere, British Columbia.

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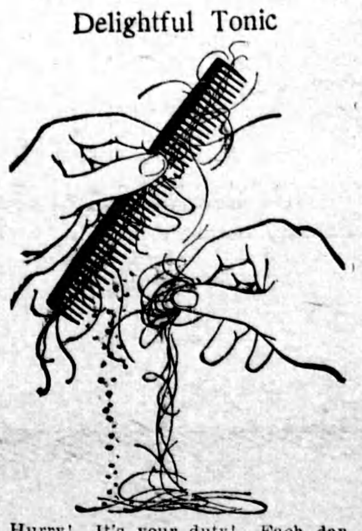

Hurry! It's your duty! Each day you see a little more hair falling out and you are making no effort to avoid baldness. What a pity. Falling hair means your hair is weak, sick,—possibly dandruff is strangling it, or the hair root pores in the scalp are not firm and tight, thus wasting the hair growing oils.

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