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Woman's Sphere

THE SECRET OF TRUE MOTHER-LOVE.

"My dear," said one woman to another, "I hear your son is going to be married. Your poor heart must be broken."

The mother laughed. "I am not an object of pity," she said; "I am a subject for congratulation."

"What!" cried the first woman. "Do you mean to tell me that you are willing to give up your only child to another woman?"

"Willing and glad," replied the mother, "for I want my son to be happy."

"Children are ungrateful creatures," said the first woman, bitterly. "We spend our lives toiling and sacrificing for them, and as soon as they are big enough they leave us. I remember when your husband died, we wondered how you would get along. Well, you did, by working your fingers to the bone.

"You went without everything yourself, but your boy was always fed and clothed, and by hook or crook you put him through school. Now he forsakes you for a pretty girl. I say his duty is to you. He has no right to marry as long as you live."

"Nonsense," replied the mother. "I did my duty to my child, but am I a female Shylock to exact a pound of flesh in payment for having taken care of him while he was young and helpless?

"I know there are mothers who think that their children belong to them body and soul, and that they have a perfect right to exact any sacrifice of them. I have known talented women who have been balked in their ambitions by tyrannical and exacting mothers, and I have seen pretty girls grow into faded old maids nursing neurotic mothers who would not employ an attendant.

"And I've known more than one whining old woman who kept a bachelor son dancing attendance upon her, and who told you how it would have killed her for her son to marry; how she made him promise he would never leave her; how she broke off a love affair that he had in his youth, and how she knew he was so much happier with her than he would have been with a wife, because no wife would have been as particular about cooking him the things he wanted as she was.

"Personally, I feel that I could do no more wicked thing than keep my son from marrying. He is, to begin with, a born family man, the sort of man who could never be happy living in clubs, playing cards, and listening to men's gossip for a lifetime. He must have his own home, his own wife and children, and I would be worse than a fiend if I kept him from the sweetness of a wife's love and companionship, and the joy of feeling his baby's arms about his neck.

"My son loves me. We are unusually companionable. I am an old and experienced housekeeper. Doubtless I make him far more comfortable than his young wife will. But I am not foolish enough to think that my home is really home for him, or that a mother's love takes the place of a wife's love.

"And so, while he is young and capable of loving and inspiring love, I desire to see him marry. Nothing brings out all that is best and strongest in a man as does having a wife and children dependent on him. Nothing spurs on a man's ambition so much as desiring to get the best for those he loves. I want my son to marry because I love my sex, and I want to present to some girl the best gift on earth—a good husband."

WINTER BOUQUETS.

Even though Mrs. Farmer neglected to plant her everlastings, or straw flowers, last spring, she need not have to go without her winter bouquet if she is willing to go to a little trouble.

Whereas the city sister must go out and buy hers, the country woman may find material to make as attractive ones in the woods and hedgerows.

One of the prettiest I ever saw was made of the common milkweed. After the pod has shed its seed, or is about to do so, the plant should be cut, taking most of the stalk, which afterward may be discarded if found too long. The plants should then be hung, heads downward, in a cool dark place to dry. When "the last rose of summer is faded and gone" bring them out to the light, and with water colors paint the inside of the open pod. A delicate rose-pink blends beautifully with the soft gray of the pod, but other colors may be used to carry out any particular color scheme. Combined with evergreen or, if that is not to be had, with artificial green, they make a bouquet fit to grace any part of the home.

In many localities a plant known as everlasting grows wild. This may be dried in the same manner as milkweed and, when the time comes to make the bouquet, may be dipped in a solution of good dye to make it any desired shade. Dry again and combine with green. The blossoms are small, borne in clusters, and if dyed blue resemble the fringed gentian or wild aster of summer time.

The cat-tail, which grows profusely in marshy places, is another good one. It must be cut before fully ripe to insure against its shedding, and dried according to the rule for the others. A coat of clear varnish or shellac is further guarantee against shedding and detracts nothing from its attractiveness.

Do not neglect to gather an armful of pussy willows or catkins next spring. Dried before they become too ripe, they will keep several seasons, if a new supply is not to be had.

"THERE IS NO WORSE TEA."

When Mary Antin was a little girl in Russia she was sent by her mother who kept a shop to deliver a package of tea to a customer. It was her first important errand—so we learn from her autobiography, which the Atlantic Monthly prints—and, like most children in such circumstances, she was filled with a sense of her dignity and importance. As it proved she was more dignified than diplomatic.

It was, she writes, a good-sized expedition for me to make alone, and I was not a little pleased with myself when I delivered my package of tea safe and intact into the hands of my customer.

But the customer was not pleased at all. She sniffed and sniffed; she pinched the tea; she shook it all out on a table. "Na, take it back," she said in disgust; "this is not the tea I always buy. It's a poorer quality."

I knew that the woman was mistaken. So I spoke up manfully. "Oh, no," I said; " this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea."

Nothing in my life ever hurt me more than the woman's answer to my argument. She laughed; she simply laughed. But even before she had controlled herself sufficiently to talk I understood that I had spoken like a fool and had lost for my mother a customer.

HOLDERS FOR BIRTHDAY CANDLES.

I am anxious to tell the readers of my recent discovery. Perhaps some of you have made a similar one. Last Thursday was my little son, Jerry's, seventh birthday. To hold the family custom, he must have a birthday cake with candles. When I came to make the cake I found I had the candles but no candle holders.

As the candles had to be lighted, the wax would run down and mingle with the frosting, and this would not do at all. Having some marshmallows in the house, I used these for holders, and they answered the purpose very well. With cake coloring I marked the face on each marshmallow, placing the candle in the mouth, much to the amusement of my little son.—Mrs. F. W.

A NEAT AND SERVICEABLE APRON.

4030. Percale with facings of linen is here depicted. Black sateen with cretonne would be attractive, as would also crepe with trimming of a contrasting color or with rick rack for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of patterns.

Poets at Their Worst.

It is said that even Homer descended occasionally to plain prose in the middle of great poetry, and there is not a poet who has not followed his example. Tennyson came a cropper when he began a poem with the immortal line:—

"I stood on a tower in the wet."

Wordsworth, although one of the greatest of English poets, wrote a lot of prosy stuff. He was responsible for many lines like the following:

"The taller followed with his hat in hand."

But probably the prize for a bad line would have been awarded to Sir Walter Scott, who wrote:

"When a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!

Ho, shoot not, Edward, 'tis a boy!"

Thomas Campbell, who wrote such fine things as "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic," perpetrated an awful line on one occasion. Here is the full verse. The first two lines will pass:

"One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered years of pain;
Such was the throb and the mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane."

This is almost as bad as James Thompson's historic line: "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!" or Browning's dreadful line: "Irks care the cropful bird."

Man's Days.

A sudden walkin', a sudden wepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an a cheel's short sorrows,
W' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
One glorious day as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin';
A li'l low corner o' earth to lie in.

—Eden Phillpotts.

When Love Says "Don't."

Don't mail that sarcastic, bitter letter which you wrote in an angry mood, and which gave you a feeling of spiteful satisfaction because you thought you had done a smart thing and were going to "get square" with someane who had insulted you—burn it. There is a better way, love's way. Try it.

Don't say the mean thing you have been planning to say to someone you think has been mean to you. Instead, give him the love thought, the magnanimous thought. Say to yourself, "He is my brother. No matter what he has done, I can't be mean to him. I must show my friendliness, my magnanimity to this brother."

This is Love's way.

When the price of good tea is high, many poor cheap teas are offered to the public. Those who buy them learn to their sorrow that price does not indicate their cost. To the pound more satisfying and flavory cups can be brewed from a fine tea like "SALADA," hence its real economy in use.

Huge Forest.

The island of Madagascar has a belt of forest 20 miles deep which completely encircles it.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XV.

AN EMBARRASSED TOILET.

I was soaked to the bone, and while Peter set off to look for dinner, I went to my room to change. I had a rub down and then got into pyjamas for some dumb-bell exercise with two chairs, for that long wet ride had stiffened my arm and shoulder muscles. They were a vulgar suit of primitive blue, which Blenkiron had looted from my London wardrobe. As Cornelis Brandt I had sported a flannel nightgown.

My bedroom opened off the sitting-room, and while I was busy with my gymnastics I heard the door open. I thought at first it was Blenkiron, but the briskness of the tread was unlike his measured gait. I had left the light burning there, and the visitor, whoever he was, had made himself at home. I slipped on a green dressing-gown Blenkiron had lent me, and sallied forth in investigate.

My friend Rasta was standing by the table, on which he had laid an envelope. He looked round at my entrance and saluted.

"I come from the Minister of War, sir," he said, "and bring your passports for to-morrow. You will travel by . . . ." And then his voice tailed away and his black eyes narrowed to slits. He had seen something which switched him off the metals.

At that moment I saw it too. There was a mirror on the wall behind him, and as I faced him I could not help seeing my reflection. It was the exact image of the engineer on the Danube boat—blue jeans, *loden* cloak, and all. The accursed mischance of my costume had given him the clue to an identity which was otherwise buried deep in the Bosporus.

I am bound to say for Rasta that he was a man of quick action. In a trice he had whipped round to the other side of the table between me and the door, where he stood regarding me wickedly.

By this time I was at the table and stretched out a hand for the envelope. My one hope was nonchalance.

"Sit down, sir," I said, "and have a drink. It's a filthy night to move about in."

"Thank you, no, Herr Brandt," he said. "You may burn these passports, for they will not be used."

"Whatever's the matter with you?" I cried. "You've mistaken the house, my lad. I'm called Hanau—Richard Hanau—and my partner's Mr. John S. Blenkiron. He'll be here presently. Never knew any one of the name of Brandt, barring a tobacconist in Denver City."

"You have never been to Rustchuk?" he said with a sneer.

"Not that I know of. But, pardon me, sir, if I ask your name and your business here. I'm darned if I'm accustomed to be called by Dutch names or have my word doubted. In my country we consider that impolite as between gentlemen."

I could see that my bluff was having its effect. His stare began to waver, and when he next spoke it was in a more civil tone.

"I will ask pardon if I'm mistaken, sir, but you're the image of a man who a week ago at Rustchuk, a man much wanted by the Imperial Government."

"A week ago I was tossing in a dirty little hooker coming from Constanza. Unless Rustchuk's in the middle of the Black Sea I've never visited the township. I guess you're barking up the wrong tree. Come to think of it, I was expecting passports. Say, did you come from Enver Damad?"

"I have that honor," he said.

"Well, Enver is a very good friend of mine. He's the brightest citizen I've struck this side of the Atlantic."

The man was calming down, and in another minute his suspicions would have gone. But at that moment, by the crookedest kind of luck, Peter entered with a tray of dishes. He did not notice Rasta, and walked straight to the table and plumped down his burden on it. The Turk had stepped aside at his entrance, and I saw by the look in his eyes that his suspicions had become a certainty. For Peter, stripped to the shirt and breeches, was the identical shabby little companion of the Rustchuk meeting.

I had never doubted Rasta's pluck. He jumped for the door and had a pistol out in a trice pointing at my head.

"*Bonne fortune*," he cried. "Both the birds at one shot." His hand was on the latch, and his mouth was open to cry. I guessed there was an orderly waiting on the stairs.

He had what you call the strategic advantage, for he was at the door, while I was at the other end of the table and Peter at the side of it at least two yards from him. The road was clear before him, and neither of us was armed. I made a despairing step forward, not nowing what I meant to do, for I saw no light. But Peter was before me. He had never let go of the tray, and now, as a boy skims a stone on a pond, he skimmed it with its contents at Rosta's head. The man was opening the door with one hand while he kept me covered with the other, and he got the contrivance fairly in the face. A pistol shot cracked out, and the bullet went through the tray, but the noise was drowned in the crash of glasses and crockery. The next second Peter had wrenched the pistol from Rasta's hand and had gripped his throat.

A dandified young Turk, brought up in Paris and finished in Berlin, may be as brave as a lion, but he cannot stand in a rough-and-tumble against a backveld hunter, though more than double his age. There was no need for me to help. Peter had his own way, learned in a wild school, of knocking the sense out of a foe. He gagged him scientifically, and trussed him up with his own belt and two straps from a trunk in my bedroom.

"This man is too dangerous to let go," he said, as if his procedure were the most ordinary thing in the world. "He will be quiet now till we have time to make a plan."

At that moment there came a knocking at the door. That is the sort of thing that happens in melodrama, just when the villain has finished off his job neatly. The correct thing to do is to pale to the teeth, and with a rolling, conscience-stricken eye glare round the horizon. But that was not Peter's way.

"We'd better tidy up if we're to have visitors," he said calmly.

Now there was one of those big oak German cupboards against the wall which must have been brought in in sections, for complete it would never have got through the door. It was empty now, but for Blenkiron's hat-box. In it he deposited the unconscious Rasta, and turned the key. "There's enough ventilation through the top," he observed, "to keep the air good." Then he opened the door.

A magnificent kavass in blue and silver stood outside. He saluted and proffered a card on which was written in pencil, "Hilda von Einem."

I would have begged for time to change my clothes, but the lady was behind him. I saw the black mantilla and the rich sable furs. Peter vanished through my bedroom, and I was left to receive my guest in a room litered with broken glass and a senseless man in the cupboard.

There are some situations so crazily extravagant that they key up the spirit to meet them. I was almost laughing when that stately lady stepped over my threshold.

"Madam," I said, with a bow that shamed my old dressing-gown and strident pyjamas. "You find me at a disadvantage. I came home soaking from my ride, and was in the act of changing. My servant has just upset a tray of crockery, and I fear this room's no fit place for a lady. Allow me three minutes to make myself presentable."

She inclined her head gravely and took a seat by the fire. I went into my bedroom, and as I expected found Peter lurking by the other door. In a hectic sentence I bade him get Rasta's orderly out of the place on any pretext, and tell him his master would return later. Then I hurried into decent garments and came out to find my visitor in a brown study.

At the sound of my entrance she started from her dream and stood up on the hearthrug, slipping the long robe of fur from her slim body.

"We are alone?" she said. "We will not be disturbed?"

Then an inspiration came to me. I remembered that Frau von Einem, according to Blenkiron, did not see eye to eye with the Young Turks; and I had a queer instinct that Rasta could not be to her liking. So I spoke the truth.

"I must tell you that there's another guest here to-night. I reckon he's feeling pretty uncomfortable. At present he's trussed up on a shelf in that cupboard."

She did not trouble to look round.

"Is he dead?" she asked calmly.

"By no means," I said, "but he's fixed so he can't speak, and I guess he can't hear much."

"He was the man who brought you this?" she asked, pointing to the envelope on the table which bore the big blue stamp of the Ministry of War.

"The same," I said. "I'm not perfectly sure of his name, but I think they call him Rasta."

Not a flicker of a smile crossed her face, but I had a feeling that the news pleased her.

"Did he thwart you?" she asked.

"Why, yes. He thwarted me some. His head is a bit swelled, and an hour or two on the shelf will do him good."

"He is a powerful man," she said, "a jackal of Enver's. You have made a dangerous enemy."

"I don't value him at two cents," said I, though I thought grimly that as far as I could see the value of him was likely to be about the price of my neck.

"Perhaps you are right," she said with serious eyes. "In these days no enemy is dangerous to a bold man. I have come to-night, Mr. Hanau, to talk business with you, as they say in your country. I have heard well of you, and to-day I have seen you. I may have need of you, and you assuredly will have need of me. . . . ."

She broke off, and again her strange potent eyes fell on my face. They were like a burning searchlight which showed up every cranny and crack of the soul. I felt it was going to be horribly difficult to act a part under that compelling gaze. She could not mesmerize me, but she could strip me of my fancy dress and set me naked in the masquerade.

(To be continued.)

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Lever

The World's Book-Shop.

Have you ever wondered how many books there are in existence? On the average, two hundred thousand volumes are published each year throughout the world, and, as eight and a half million books appeared last century, one can obtain a fairly good idea of the size of the world's book-shop.

Adding together the number of volumes published in each century since printing was invented, the astonishing total of sixty millions is reached. The amount of energy, time, paper, and printer's ink which have gone to produce all these books is incalculable.

A great many of these publications are each worth more than five thousand pounds, and the total value of the world's book stocks must run into many millions. Stacked together, they would form a fair-sized mountain, the ascent of which would take several hours.

The three largest libraries in the world are the British Museum Library, which has four million volumes; the Bibliotheque Nationale, at Paris, which has three millions; and the Library of Congress, Washington, with just half a million less. Thus, between them alone, these three great institutions possess nine and a half million books of all kinds.

"Do you keep a scrapbook?"

"No, my husband and I try to get along without fighting."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Good Man.

"Wanted—Single man for small retail milk round and general farm work; must know how to milk and drive Ford car."

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