'SALADA' TEA is delicious

801

By the 9:15 Express

by Walter Wood

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MESSAGE FROM THE GUARD

The station-master was intensely puzzled. Notwithstanding vast faith in himself, he was bound to admit that in this matter circumstances were beyond his comprehension.

He took from the case of his watch the little slip of paper which the guard had handed to him, and read and re-read the crabbed writing.

"H'm," murmured Cotton. "That's the state of things, is it? Well, Chaukley knows—he's seen 'em both oft enough, and so I'll take his word for it. But why on earth should it be so? What's the motive. There's something at the bottom of all this that'll make the thing queerer even than it is just now, I'll warrant. This is a mystery that should be thoroughly sifted, and I must communicate with headquarters and get a first-rate detective down, and if he, and me, and Chaukley—an old hand at that business—don't fathom it, why I should venture to think it's a thing that no one'll ever bottom."

The stationmaster took a deep draught of beer, and thoughtfully conveyed to his mouth, on the end of a knife, a large piece of cheese.

To Ferret It All Out

"Twelve-fifty," he continued, looking at a small clock on the mantelpiece. "By this time Chaukley's well up North. I wonder if he's found out anything new, or come across old Bryden? This is a funny time to do anything, but in a matter like this prompt despatch is necessary. And who knows? To ferret out this thing properly, and show the passengers and the company that the company's equal to every demand on it—even in the detective way—might lead to an appointment at a better station. Things like that do happen. I've known the recovery of a valuable handbag belonging to one of the directors, by a man who had charge of a potty little station, lead to promotion that he never dreamt of. Why, there's no limit to the possibilities of a thing like this—no doubt a move at all would mean a move to London. They like"—the station-master stroked his beard slowly—"they like to have the best men around 'em at headquarters; and no wonder, when so many of the big bosses aren't fit for anything but to draw their screws and see that somebody else does the work. Well, what shall I do? What's the best step to take now that I have the man safely under lock and key?"

Not Mr. Beldon

Cotton left his chair and paced quietly up and down the room. At last he took up his cap, and with another glance at the clock said, "Yes, that's my best move. I'll go down to the station at once and carry the idea out. Just one more look at this rum message—it's a wonder I didn't let it out on the spot, but Chaukley's fly, and I wasn't going to be such a duffer as to spoil his clever dodge. Just one glance and then I'm off."

The station-master drew forth his watch again, opened the back, and took out the paper.

He read the words in a low voice slowly, and having done so returned the paper to its place and the watch to his pocket.

"I'm not likely to forget the words," he said—"let me repeat 'em—'Don't let this man get out of your sight, whatever happens, till you see me again. Shadow him wherever he goes. He's no more Mr. Beldon than I am.'

CHAPTER IX—THE STATION MASTER MAKES FURTHER INQUIRY

"No, I believe you, Chaulkley, I believe you," said Cotton. "He isn't any more Mr. Beldon than you are, or than I am, for that matter. But who he is, what he is, where he comes from, and what he wants at Braynor of all places on the globe; who he wants to see, why he wants to see 'em—whoa, not so fast, Joseph Henry Cotton, or you will be off the line. Steady and slow in a matter like this is a plan that is worth more than its weight in gold — if you can weigh plans. I don't know. Some are light, and would not weigh much. Why, even mine could be got on to half-an-inch of tissue paper. No, no; that idea won't do. But I've no time to invent another just now."

Cotton left the house and walked quickly back to the station, and entered, not his own room, but the telegraph office, where the operator, a young man, with light curly hair, blue eyes and brazen features was meditating with his feet on the mantle piece and his body at a dangerous angle upon a chair of doubtful construction. The operator having time at his disposal, was perfecting himself in the art of inhaling tobacco smoke by his mouth, and ejecting it from his nose. His name was Filler; but by the exercise of great ingenuity and the application of much patience he had transformed it into Ffyller, and following even more closely an example not unfrequently set, he had so altered the pronunciation that it now as nearly as possible resembled that of the word villa.

A Romance of Mystery

"How do?" said Filler, familiarly. "Back again, when you ought to be in bed? Unusual, isn't it?"

"Unusual circumstances demand unusual steps," said Cotton, who was no believer in certain notions of equality which at times Mr. Filler attempted to expound.

"You speak like a romance of mystery," said Filler.

"What a romance of mystery is," returned the station-master. "I ——"

"Don't know; quite so," interposed Filler, "and that being the case I shall, in a humble sort of a way, try to tell you. It is hardly in your province to know Mr. Cotton, but as I've written one I may claim to being in a position to enlighten you. Take a chair — I've plenty of time on my hands, so don't let that disturb you. I'm not off duty till three this morning."

"This isn't the time to hear about romances, even from a man who's written one," said Mr. Cotton. "It is the first time, by the way, I've heard that ——"

"Let me hasten to explain," said Filler, "that the work is in manuscript, and lies in one of my boxes, but let that pass. To continue — let me say, in the first instance, that I am charmed to have your company, and will inquire later into the cause of this unexepected visit. Now as to the romance of mystery, already mentioned. To begin with, you must know that a romance is not a reality; in fact it's ——"

"Confound you," exclaimed the station-master, "what's the meaning of this impudence."

An Injustice

"Impudence," observed Filler in a mild astonishment, taking his feet off the mantel-piece and turning towards his companion; "call it not by such a name. Call it, if you will, condescension, or a poor attempt to scatter seeds of kindness and knowledge; if that don't suit, choose any name you will; for what suits you will, I assure you, be just the ticket for me."

"Is this office kept open for the convenience of those who have messages to send, or is it run for the purpose of licking idiots into shape?" exclaimed the station-master angrily, forgetting for a moment the real cause of his visit.

"Sir," said Mr. Filler, with well-feigned gravity, rising from his chair. "You do me an injustice, and not only that, but you make a reflection upon the intelligence of the directors of this company in implying that they engage incompetent servants. As for me, I waive all rights, but as for the company, under whom it is the proud privilege of myself and my honoured father to hold positions, I cannot for a moment think of allowing your observation to pass unchallenged."

"This fool," muttered the station-master, "being the son of somebody who happened to be something at the headquarters in London, takes advantage of me, and I don't care to treat him as I'd treat any other subordinate who spoke to me like this. Besides, he's got a mighty clever tongue and writes some of the personal notes, for that wretched organ, the 'Braynor Times,' and if I come to a fight of words with him, I should only come out a second best. And there's no use denying either, that he has written a novel, although he can't, I'm told, get anybody to bring it out. So, don't play with edged tools, and let sleeping dogs lie, are my mottos, I'll temporise with him. Mr. Filler," said the station-master, aloud, with much suavity, "I came back unexpectedly to send a message to Mornington."

"Speak the word," replied Filler, affably, "and it shall be done."

A Single Question

"Well then," said the station-master charmed by this sudden accession of politeness, and vowing within himself that Filler was after all a very agreeable young man, if only one got to the right side of him. "Well then, ask them at Mornington this simple question, and tell them to be particularly careful in replying."

"Yours to command," said Mr. Filler briskly, seating himself in front of the instrument. "Now, my festive friend, fire ahead — apt alliteration's artful aid,' you'll notice — three f's."

To (Be Continued)

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("The number of couples who come in before they get married and ask me confidentially about divorce proceedings is increasing every month." Interesting disclosure by a London registrar.)

Come live with me and be my love;
But let us first of all make sure
That we our separate ways can shove
If love's a stuff that won't endure.
Come, let us tie the nuptial knot,
With me as groom and you as bride;
But let's be sure we know what's what
In ways to get that knot untied.

O tell me, tell me, Registrar
(Before my neck receives the noose),
Precisely what reliefs there are
For those who wish to wriggle loose.
The man who ties the knot should know
Some tricks a little less seraphic;
Who lets us in, should let us go—
Or is it only one-way traffic?

That cannot be, that must not be,
Our pledges are but made to break;
As someone says, "We must be free
Who speak the tongue that Milton spake."
Let no one, therefore, place a bar
'Twixt us and all the Law's resources—
Tip us the wink, O Registrar,
And tell us all about divorces!

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

Women constructing the subway in Moscow, Russia, have a woman foreman.

The Home Corner

By ELEANOR DALE

PEP UP WINTER FRUITS

The fresh fruits which we count on heavily during the winter months, are apples, oranges and bananas. We need these fruits in our diet every day because of the vitamins, mineral salts and bulk they provide. But don't get into the depressing habit of just serving them in the form of orange juice for breakfast, sliced bananas on cereal and apples for munching when desired.

There are so many delicious ways in which to serve these fruits which will pep them up and make them more interesting and popular, that we have picked out a few of them. You will find the family delighted with the results when you dress up these homely, everyday fruits.

Here is a clever idea to use up the left over apple sauce when there isn't enough to serve at a meal.

Apple Roll-Overs

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1-3 cup milk (about)
1 cup apple sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
1-8 teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, sugar and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed.

Roll 1-8 inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut in strips, 2 x 4 inches. Spread with apple sauce and sprinkle with mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Roll each strip loosely. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 18 minutes. It makes 8 roll-overs.

Dutch Apple Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1-3 cup butter or other shortening
1 egg, well beaten
2-3 cup milk
3 apples, peeled, cored and cut into eighths
¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1-8 teaspoon nutmeg
1-8 teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Combine egg and milk. Add to flour until soft dough is formed. Spread in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, having dough higher on edges than in center. Arrange apple sections on top of dough. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 30 minutes. Cream remaining butter, sugar and spices together and spread on top of apples. Decrease heat slightly (350 degrees F.) and continue baking thirty minutes longer, or until apples are all soft. Serve with plain lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
Dash of salt
Dash of nutmeg
1 cup boiling water
1 egg, well beaten
Grated rind of one lemon
Juice of one lemon
Grated rind ¼ orange, if desired
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup cream, whipped

Combine sugar, flour, salt, nutmeg and water. Cook until thickened. Remove from fire. Add egg, fruit rinds and juices and butter. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Serves 8.

Jellied Orange Dessert

4 oranges free from membrane and cut in pieces
1 package of quick-setting jelly powder
1 cup sugar
1½ cups warm water

Combine oranges and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve jelly powder in warm water, pour over oranges, and chill. Stir occasionally while cooling. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 8.

Ambrosia

3 oranges, peeled and thinly sliced
½ cup powdered sugar
1 can coconut, southern style

Arrange layer or orange slices in a serving dish and sprinkle with sugar, and coconut. Repeat until all ingredients are used, topping with coconut. Chill. Serves 6.

Raspberry Mayonnaise

2 tablespoons raspberry jam or jelly
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash of salt
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup cream, whipped

Break up raspberry jam or jelly with silver fork. Add lemon juice, salt and mayonnaise. Fold into whipped cream. Makes ¾ cup mayonnaise.

Banana Cream Pie

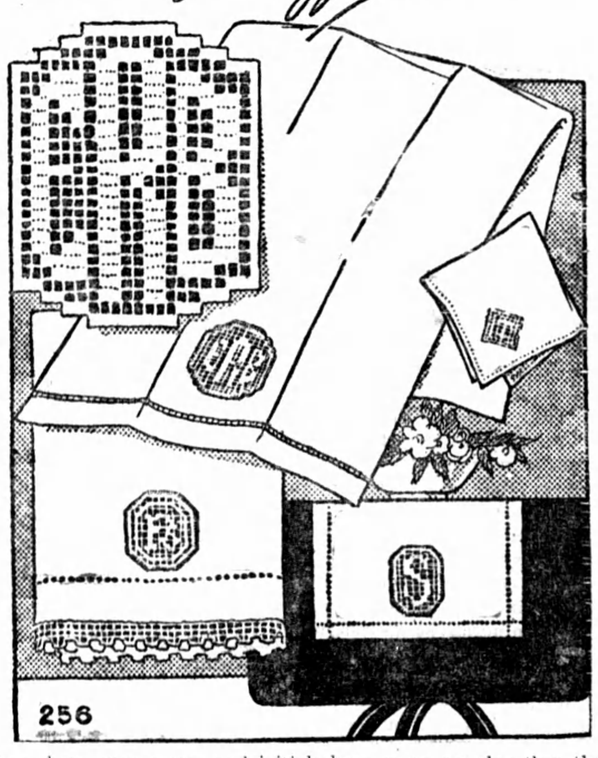
5 tablespoons cake flour
4 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup cold milk
1½ cups milk, scalded
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 bananas
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
½ cup cream, whipped

Combine flour, sugar and salt. Add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Cool. Add vanilla. Chill. Add slices of one banana. Slice second banana and arrange in pie shell. Pour in chilled filling; slice remaining banana over top and spread with whipped cream. Serve at once.

For a real novelty, try slicing bananas on crisp lettuce and covering with Raspberry Mayonnaise.

Crochet Initials And Lace Edge

by Mayfair



Never have monograms and initials been more popular than they are today. One sees them on everything from wearing apparel to luggage and living room mirrors. The instructions for these filet crochet medallions, initials and monograms come in sizes suitable for sheets, pillow slips, lingerie, handkerchiefs, napkins, runners and innumerable other uses that garments, tablecloths, napkins, runners and innumerable other uses that will instantly occur to women who admire beautiful things.

The pattern contains complete easy-to-understand crochet instructions without abbreviations, chart of stitches.

For Design No. 256 write Mayfair Patterns, Room 421, Wilson Buildings, Toronto. Please Print Name and Address Plainly.

Household Hints

When you wash curtains or loose covers of cretonne, put a large cupful of vinegar into the rinsing water. It brightens the colours.

Towels intended for polishing glassware often shed tiny particles of fluff. To avoid this, they should be washed in the ordinary way and then rinsed in a very thin solution of starch.

Stockings—Add a teaspoonful of malt vinegar to the rinsing water when washing black woollen or silk stockings or socks. This will prevent the stockings from turning a rusty colour.

An uneven floor, a round electric cord, or any article which makes your rug bulge will cause it to wear rapidly at that spot.

To remove whitewash or distemper from the windows of a re-decorated room, rub with a cloth dipped in hot vinegar.

To keep lacquered furniture at its best, dust thoroughly and apply good floor or furniture wax. Polish with a clean soft cloth. Be sure to rub until entirely dry and glossy, or dust may stick on the damp surface.

30 MINUTES AFTER Eating-Drinking ALKALIZE

The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.

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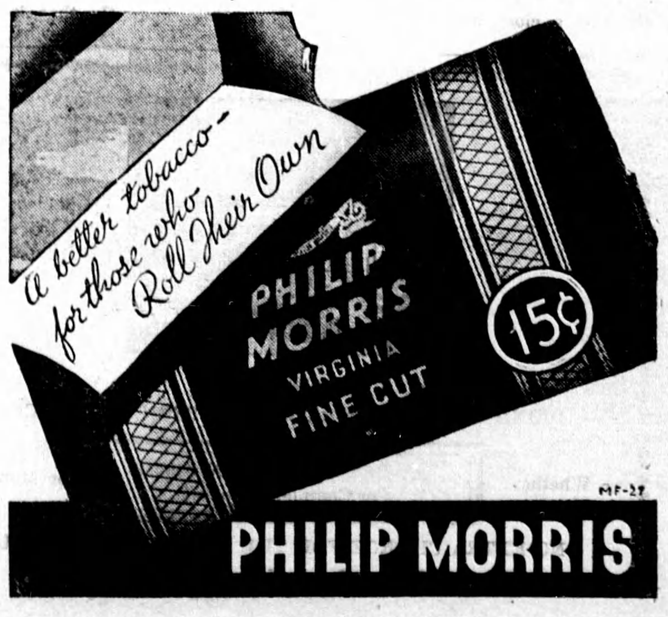

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