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LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Wyllard's Weird," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Like a Roman.

Lady Belfield went back to the Abbey after having spent nearly a week in London, without having obtained any tidings of Valentine. He had not appeared at Wilkie Mansions; he had not written either to his mother or to his wife.

That anxious mother had looked through the newspapers every morning and evening, fearing to read of some accident to her son, but the papers had told her nothing. She had questioned Phœbe who assured her that there was nothing unusual in Mr. Belfield's prolonged absence. He would tell them that he was going away for a week; and he would stop for a fortnight, without writing to his wife of the change in his plans. Sometimes he would send a telegram, but not always. It was his way.

His mother knew very few of his friends, and these tew were away from London at this season. She had no means of obtaining information as to his whereabouts, yet she was intensely anxious to see him, to be the first to tell him of Helen's flight. She went back to her country home deeply despondent, dreading to re-enter the house upon which so dark a shadow had fallen. She had been away only a week, yet the sense of trouble and apprehension had hung so heavily upon her, that it seemed a long time since she had crossed that familiar threshold. She looked at the landscape with a vague wonder as the train drew near home, astonished to find the foliage unchanged, the light and colouring almost exactly the same.

Adrian was at the station to receive her, with the barouche in which she and Helen had been driving about the country roads and lanes ten days ago. If the landscape was unaltered, there was a marked change in her son. He looked thin and wasted his eyes were sunken, and his complexion was pallid. There were unmistakable marks of suffering in face and figure, though he tried to welcome his mother cheerfully.

"I am heartily glad to get you back," he said. "You see there was nothing amiss with Valentine. Your fears there were needless."

Nothing amiss! How keenly the falsehood of those words stung him as he uttered them; but it would be the business of his life henceforward to deceive his mother, in the endeavour to save her from overwhelming misery. To betray Valentine's ghastly secret would be to break her heart.

"No, I suppose there is nothing wrong, " but I was disappointed at not being able to see him. I wanted to tell him that which he must be told sooner or later. It will be harder to hear it from a stranger. Is there any news of Helen?"

This last question was asked in a subdued tone, like an enquiry about one that is dead.

"No, nor likely to be, I should think."

"She has not sent for her luggage?"

"No."

"That is strange."

"Don't you think, mother," Adrian began gravely, "that as this misfortune that has befallen us is without remedy—a trouble which no act of yours or mine can modify in the future; for which thought and counsel can provide no help—it would be far best that we should never more talk of that trouble, nor of—Helen. She is gone from us, let us think of her tenderly and in silence, as of one whom death has taken from us, under saddest circumstances."

"You are right, perhaps, so far as that silence will be best. It makes one's heart ache to utter her name, the name she has disgraced, the sweet girlish name which seemed so suited to her girlish beauty," answered Lady Belfield, in slow sad tones, as the carriage rolled along the road where she had driven with Helen only the other day, the same scent of autumn flowers, late-lingering woodbine, travellers' joy, and wild thyme on the air, "but I am not going to think of her as among the dead. I look forward to the day when her eyes will be opened to the foolishness of her sin, when I may take her back to my heart, crushed and broken, perhaps, but redeemed from among the lost. I do not forgot the parable of the piece of silver. I hope to find my treasure before I die."

Adrian did not answer. He sat looking at the high-tangled blackberry hedge, with its luxuriance of leaf and bramble, clusters of blossoms and fruit, in all its stages between bud and berry. The sky shone blue behind the tracery of branch and leaf. A newly turned field beyond sent up cool odours from the rich red earth. All things were beautiful in the stillness of afternoon, a golden afternoon, steeped in warmth and light; but in his breast there was not one gleam of hope.

Everything at the Abbey was ordered as of old; the exquisite order of a perfect establishment, presided over by a clever conscientious housekeeper. Lady Belfield's rooms were a haven of repose and comfort, full of flowers and perfume, and beautiful objects; all things in their right places, no confusion, no overcrowding of ornaments or furniture, not a discordant note amidst the whole. If externals could make the sum of happiness, Lady Belfield and her son had every reason to be happy.

She sat in the library with Adrian after dinner, and asked him to play to her. He chose the organ rather than the piano tonight, and played the greater part of one of Mozart's masses. Those solemn and pathetic strains had a soothing influence upon them both, and seemed to lift them above the region of their own troubles.

He was still playing when Lady Belfield started up at another sound from without, the sound of carriage wheels in the avenue.

"It must be Valentine," she said, as Adrian left the organ and went towards the door.

"Dont be too sure of that, mother. It may be Colonel Deverill, or somebody from him. He has taken no notice of my telegram so far."

They went to the hall together, and the bell rang just as Adrian opened the door. The carriage was a fly from the station, and the arrival was Valentine.

He kissed his mother, and shook hands with Adrian, as easily as if all things were going well with him.

"Here I am at last," he said "and very tired."

"Where have you come from, Valentine?" asked his mother, looking at him anxiously in the lamplight.

He was smiling at her, evidently ignorant of the trouble that had fallen upon him; yet there was a change in him, his mother thought, a change which she could not define. Every feature seemed to have hardened and sharpened in outline. He had grown thinner, perhaps, and was worn with travelling and excitement of some kind.

"I have come from Paris. I went over there after the York summer. I was in a furious temper, and I felt that nothing less than a week's rest on the other side of the water would quiet my nerves."

"Things have gone wrong with you at York then?" said his mother.

"Damnable wrong. The horse I had backed proved a duffer. Where's my wife?"

His mother laid her hand upon his shoulder caressingly, and answered in a voice broken by tears:

"Come to my room with me, Valentine. I have something very sad to tell you."

"Put it into as few words as you can," he said, "Perhaps I can guess it. She has run away from me, I suppose."

"Yes, Valentine. She has left you. How came you to guess——"

"Oh, only because the kind of thing is fashionable—and she liked to be always in the fashion. Don't look at me like that, mother, for God's sake. Whatever I may have to bear, I can bear it best by myself. Nobody can lighten my burden for me. Come now, I'll make a compact with you. Don't you ever speak to me about Helen, and I'll never plague you about my troubles. If you—and Adrian—like to have me here, I'll come and go as I used when I was a bachelor, and let the past three years be wiped off the slate. Forget that I have ever been anything but what I used to be before Colonel Deverill took Morcomb."

"Of course we shall like to have you here, Valentine. This is your natural home, and here you are always welcome."

"Thank you, mother. I shall sell the furniture, and get rid of my Kensington rooms as soon as I can."

He had taken the matter so coolly, had dismissed the subject so briefly, that his mother wondered at the ease with which the bad news had been broken, and when she went back to the library with her two sons, she felt as if the burden of grief had been considerably lightened. Yet, no doubt it was wisest to try to forget; to forbid the utterance of a fatal name. Let life slip back into the old channel, if possible. Valentine would have his old occupations, his old amusements, horses, dogs, guns, country race meetings, occasional holidays in London with old college chums. His life need not be empty or purposeless, even after this great sorrow. She did not contemplate the legal consequences of a wife's infidelity; the possibilities of a divorce and release for the injured husband. Her tender nature took only the woman's view of the circumstances, and to her, such a loss and such a sorrow were enough to darken a life time. Her younger son, therefore, had a new claim to her love and devotion. She gave him Helen's unfinished letter, when they parted that night, without a word, and he was equally silent about it next day.

He never re-entered the rooms he had occupied with his wife, but resumed possession of his old quarters over the billiard room; the rooms that had been his from the time he left the nursery, a bedroom and dressing room adjoining, with windows looking into the stable yard, windows from which he could watch his horses being washed of a morning, or taken out for exercise, and from which he could give his orders to the grooms. These rooms were remote from the library wing, had another aspect, and belonged to a different period of architecture.

In a week, Valentine had settled down to his old life, and was going out club hunting every other morning. He was dull and silent of an evening, tired after his early morning with the hounds, and he seemed to have lost a good deal of the elasticity of his youth; but upon the whole, his mother felt very well content that things were no worse with him. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to have him under her roof, to see him resume the old life. She did not see the sleepless nights—the awful hours when the house was wrapped in darkness, and the sinner paced his room alone with the memory of his sin.

Between Valentine and his brother there had not been one word about that fatal night. Adrian had felt that silence—complete silence—was alone possible. To live together in peace, to be even externally as other brothers, they must studiously avoid every reference to that hidden crime; they must both appear to forget, albeit both knew that forgetfulness on either side was impossible.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—What Her Father Thought.

Nearly six weeks had passed before there was any sign from Colonel Deverill. He had left Scotland before the telegram reached Glasgow. He had been yachting in the Mediterranean, and the message had been delivered to him finally, after many vicissitudes, at Ajaccio. After that he had lost no time in crossing to Nice, and making his way to England and Belfield Abbey.

There was not much that he had to say when he arrived, and very little that could be said to him. Valentine was gloomy and reticent.

"Talk cannot do either you or me any good," he said, when the Colonel grasped his hand and threatened to become effusive. "I am very sorry for you, and I have no doubt you are sorry for me. That is about all that can be said."

"But—but—I should like to know all that there is to be known about this devilish business. Poor deluded girl! Surely you must have seen her danger, you must have had some cause for suspicion."

"I had none, or I should have looked after her better. I trusted her implicitly, and thought she was safe with her elder sister."

"Leo is a noble creature," said the Colonel, "but she is frivolous. She has been spoilt, Mr. Belfield. All beautiful women are spoilt, nowadays. There is an open homage paid to beauty which must deteriorate character. I don't think you quite realized what a lovely woman you had married, and how inevitable it was she should have admirers."

"I thought my honour was safe in her keeping, Colonel Deverill. That was my only mistake."

"Have you heard of her since she left here?"

"Not a word."

"I telegraphed Leo to meet me at Waterloo this morning, and we have had half-an-hour's talk before my train started. She thinks St. Austell is the man."

"I don't suppose anybody has any doubt about that."

"You will apply for a divorce, I suppose?"

"I suppose so, eventually."

He answered with a gloomy indifference which raised him in his father-in law's estimation. He was evidently in no eager haste to shake off that dishonoured tie, to free himself for second nuptials. He was not a pleasant young man, but in this matter he acted generously.

He showed Colonel Deverill Helen's unfinished letter, tellir him how the housemaid had found it on the morning of her disappearance.

"Wretched girl, it was like her to leave an unfinished letter," said the Colonel, "and half an explanation. God help her, with such a protector. If I had been more among beaten tracks on the Continent, I might have met them—or heard of them; but I was not much upon terra-firma after I left Marseilles."

Lady Belfield begged the Colonel to remain at the Abbey as long as he liked, and he accepted her hospitality for three days, during which time he tried to discover some further particulars of his daughter's flight, but could hear very little, although he had several conversations with Mrs. Marrible, and more than one chat with the woman at the Lodge, whose husband was employed in the garden.

No one had heard her leave the house—of that Mrs. Marrable was certain.

No one at the Lodge had seen her go out of the gate; but there was a gate in the fence about half a mile from the Lodge, a gate which was sometimes locked and sometimes not, and she might have gone out that way. No such thing as a carriage had been seen waiting about upon the road near the park gate, either late in the evening or in the early morning.

This fact did not surprise the Colonel, as he had been shown the telegram purporting to be sent by Mr. Belfield, and no doubt despatched by some agent of St. Austell's. If Helen had known that such a summons was to arrive in order to facilitate her flight, she had lost her head at the crisis, and had anticipated the intended hour of departure. She must have walked all the way to the station in the early morning, before any one was about to notice her. Colonel Deverill was tempted to make further enquiries at the station, where a young and beautiful woman starting alone by an early train, would most likely have attracted somebody's notice, even if she were not recognized as Mrs. Belfield of the Abbey; but he shrank from an investigation which would lay stress upon his daughter's disgrace. What good would it be to him to learn the details of her flight? The evil was done; she was a disgraced and ruined woman; she had eloped with a notorious profligate, and a married man into the bargain, a man who would not be free to make her reparation, were her own bonds broken to-morrow. A divorce would give world-wide publicity to her disgrace, and would not help her to rehabilitate herself.

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders and gave up his daughter to perdition. He would have helped her if he could; he would have taken her back to his heart as tenderly as the Vicar of Wakefield received his deluded daughter, could he have found her in remorse and abandonment. He had been very fond of his children, after his own particular fashion of fondness—as beautiful creatures flitting about his house and brightening it—but he could not move mountains. If his daughter had gone wrong, it was not within his power to bring her right again. He shed a few fatherly tears over her fall; but he was inclined to resent the perversity of Providence which had turned all things to evil in his younger child's destiny.

"She might have been mistress of this fine old place," he told himself, as he smoked his after-breakfast cigar in the cypress walk, "but she must needs throw herself at the head of the younger brother; and then she cannot keep her silly little head in the whirlpool of a London season, and elopes with the very worst man she could have chosen. She might have gone off with a Duke, by Jove, if she had liked—a Duke who could have made her a Duchess in good time—but she chooses St. Austell—St. Austell, whose property is mortgaged up to the hilt, and who has a wife he can't get rid of."

The case was hard, and the Colonel's spirits sank as he dwelt upon his daughter's dark fate. He was not a man to add to his affliction by taking to himself blame in the matter. He felt that Providence had dealt hardly with his daughter, that was all.

The Abbey was beautiful in itself and its surroundings, and, life went as smoothly as upon velvet, administered by an admirable cook and irreproachable servants in every department, presided over by a woman who was still handsome and whom he had once adored, whom he might still adore had he been in his usual spirits. But the Colonel was weighed down by gloomy thoughts, and even those picturesque gardens had a funereal air, and the cypress walk suggested a place of tombs. Even the cheerful babble of the river had lost its soothing power. The Colonel flung his half smoked cigar into the stream with a groan, and stood idly watching the movements of a heron on the opposite bank, until it spread its wide gray wings, stretched its long neck, and skimmed away seaward. He was not interested in the bird, but watched its movements in a dull lassitude of mind and body.

He made up his mind to start for London next day, but before he went, a morbid curiosity prompted him to ask Lady Belfield's permission to see his daughter's rooms—the rooms from which she had stolen away unseen by anyone, like a thief in the night.

"I suppose they have not been much altered since she left," he said.

"No, there has been nothing changed. No one has occupied that wing since that sad day. I'll show you her room myself, if you like," replied Lady Belfield, feeling for him deeply in his affliction.

Mrs. Marrable brought the key of the outer room, the door of which had been kept locked, and Lady Belfield and the Colonel went into the room together. There had been no changes made, except the usual covering of furniture and pinning up of draperies, which mark the careful housekeeper. On one side of the room stood two large basket trunks, covered with black leather, on which Helen's initials were painted in large white letters; a smaller box for bonnets; a travelling desk, and a travelling bag.

"Strange that she should not have taken some means to get these things sent after her," said the Colonel, contemplating the luggage.

"She has been afraid to ask for them, perhaps."

"Yes, that is it, no doubt. But it was rather a feeble proceeding to pack everything so carefully, and then to make no effort to get the things away. Poor Helen! It is so like her."

He took up the travelling bag, which was large and heavy, made of crocodile leather, clamped with brass, and provided with all the latest improvements. He had reason to know the bag, for it was his own, and only, wedding gift to his daughter, and it was not yet paid for; he received dunning letters about it every three months, and he felt that there must eventually be a settlement, somehow. And to think that she had left it behind her, not valuing it any more for all the trouble it had cost, and was likely to cost him. He felt more injured at the thought of this ingratitude than if he had paid for the object with solid sovereigns.

He opened the bag, and looked dreamily a the silver gilt stoppers, the ivory brushes and glove stretchers, and shining cutlery. All her little luxuries of the toilet had been packed in this great silk-lined receptacle. White rose and eau-de-cologne, *Lavender Ambree*, attar of roses. A cloud of perfume came out of the bag as he opened it.

"There may be letters or papers of some kind that may help us to find out a little more about her plans," he said.

"Don't," pleaded Lady Belfield, stretching out her hand entreatingly, as if to stay the violation of a secret. "What good can it do to know any details. She is gone—we cannot hope to get her back yet a while."

"My dear friend, it is my duty to know all I can," replied the Colonel, sterely, and thereupon he proceeded to ransack the bag.

He turned out all the treasures, the bottels, and caskets, and thimble cases, and house-wifes, and brooches and bracelets in their morocco boxes, treasures of ivory, crystal, and gold, of agate and silver. These he flung out ruthlessly upon the empty dressingtable, and then with cruel hand he searched the silken pockets, until he found what he wanted, a letter, the last that Lord St. Austell had written to her.

It had been written after their long talk by the river. It recapitulated his instructions as to her flight, explained the trick of the telegram which was to summon her to London in her husband's name, told her how he should be waiting for her on the up-platform—South-Western—at Exeter, advised her to take her luggage with her, and then after being strictly practical, the man of business vanished, and the passionate lover repeated his assurance of an undying love, a devotion which should know no change—urged her for his sake to be bold and firm, to fear nothing, think of no danger, remembering that in a few hours she would be safe in his arms.

"For God's sake, do not falter," he wrote. "I think I have proved myself worthy of your trusting love, by a devotion which has survived all rebuffs, and has stood firm against every discouragement. You have given me your promise, my darling, the sacred pledge of responsive love. It would be as dishonorable as it would be cruel to break that promise and to break my heart at the same time. I cannot live without you."

"I may as well keep that letter," said Colonel Deverill, when he had read it and given it to Lady Belfield to read after him. "There would be no good in showing it to Valentine."

"No, there would be no good. Pray keep it from him. There is nothing I dread so much as a meeting between him and Lord St. Austell."

"Oh, the days of duelling are past. There is nothing to be feared nowadays, except the divorce court and the newspapers. Publicity is the fiery dragon that lies in wait for the sinner."

"With a man of my son's temperament, there is always reason for fear," said Lady Belfield, gravely. "He has taken his trouble very quietly, too quietly, perhaps. I should fear the very worst consequences if he were to meet Lord St. Austell."

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy you measure your son's feelings by an old-fashioned standard," he said. "The young men of the present day take all things lightly. A man gets rid of one wife and marries another within two or three seasons. The change is made so easily that one half of society knows nothing about it, and the other half takes no notice. If your son meant mischief he wouldn't be here hunting and shooting. He would be half way to Ceylon in pursuit of his wife and her seducer. He would be hunting them, Lady Belfield, instead of Devonshire foxes.

Colonel Deverill left the Abbey in a very despondent state of mind.

"I am a broken man, Lady Belfield," he said. "I have been tottering for a good many years; weak in health, weak financially, and in low spirits; but this last blow has annihilated me. Leonora is a splendid creature; but she is the essence of selfishness. She lives her own life, and cares about as much for her old father as she does for the gatekeeper in the Park. Helen was always fond of me. Her disgrace will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I don't feel as if I could ever hold my head up again among my old pals. I have boasted of that girl—I have been so proud of her. I shall go and hide myself at Kilrush. The cottagers and squireens will point the finger of scorn at me—but that won't count."

"You might almost as well stay in Devonshire as bury yourself at Kilrush," said Lady Belfield, pitying him in his desolation, feeling that she would like to comfort him if it were possible.

"Oh, but I have ties in Kilrush—ties of some kind. I have a stake in the country. The soil is mine, and though it pays me no rent it belongs to me. There is something in the sense of possession. Otherwise, for choice, I should infinitely prefer Chadford. There is a furnished cottage a quarter of a mile from your gates, which would suit me admirably."

"You mean the white cottage with a thatched roof and a verandah all round?"

"Yes, this is the place. Has it been long to let?"

"Only since June. It belongs to two maiden sisters. One of them was ordered to Germany for a rheumatic affection, and the and her sister went off last Midsummer, leaving their cottage in the hands of our local agent, who never had been known to find a tenant for anybody. The house is to be let for a twelvemonth, and for very little money. You had better take it, Colonel Deverill."

"My dear Lady Belfield, there is nothing I should like so much as to be near you, but you must consider that this neighborhood would be full of painful associations for me, and that my presence in this neighborhood would be full of painful associations for your son Valentine. Therefore my best course is to bid you good-bye, and take my poor old bones off to Ireland."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Come to Canada!

It is stated that Sir Henry Tyler is about to resign the chairmanship of the Grand Trunk railway, having been offered the presidency of the Great Eastern of England. If the report proves to be true the shareholders and bondholders should take steps: 1. To place at the head of their railway some one more thoroughly acquainted with the details of the works and their management than it is possible for anyone not resident in Canada to become. Mr. Hickson, no doubt, would be the proper person to place in the position; no other one man could so acceptably fill the bill, because no other has had the opportunities for mastering the business of the Grand Trunk system in all its ramifications and details.

2. The headquarters of the company should be transferred to Canada. It is absolutely impossible for those financially interested in the road to receive all the benefits of the best management as long as this dual system is kept up. The Executive head should be in a position to deal promptly with all the various questions which arise from day to day and call for immediate action. While the English board may have the utmost confidence in Mr. Hickson's ability and management, the reference to England of important questions, calling for much explanation and correspondence, and at the best necessitating considerable delay, must more or less hamper the action of the best of managers. As long as this reference before final action is required, the management of the Grand Trunk must be at a disadvantage in dealing with rival roads, and even in negotiations and arrangements with friendly allies among the great lines of the continent. Our United States neighbors have brought railroading to great perfection and one secret of their success is to be found in the fact that the companies employ men of the highest ability and give them their fullest confidence and almost absolute authority. The Canadian Pacific is managed on the same principles, while the Grand Trunk has been in a measure handicapped by the necessity of a reference to London for the final word. The Grand Trunk is too huge an institution, its relations both with the trade and the railway system of North America are too intricate and too intimate, to permit of its being much longer managed from England. As a matter of fact, the London management must always have been a drag upon the road, and the incubus may be expected to prove more injurious as the Grand Trunk grows in mileage and traffic and in its connections with other roads. The Canadian people, especially, would be glad to hear that Mr. Hickson replaces Sir Henry Tyler and that the headquarters of the company had been transferred to Toronto, our sister city having become, as it were, the terminus, rather than the centre of the Grand Trunk system.

There is another company, and a purely trading company, whose headquarters should be brought without delay to Canada. The business of the Hudson's Bay Company—save the management of the sales, for which an agency in London or elsewhere in Europe would suffice—is done in Canada. Their posts, their working staff, the raw material of their trade, are all in Canada. A special cable announces that the company will not remove their headquarters to the Dominion. This is much to be regretted. The old policy of managing the company's business from London is—to use an expressive vulgarism—"played out." Not only the Hudson's Bay Company, but others with head offices in England, while all the ability and the active work of the companies are required in Canada, will yet see the necessity of getting as near the seat of their operations as possible. Time, economy, commercial success, all considerations favor the transference of the governing bodies to Canada, and these will ultimately compel a change.

Deaf Mutes And Marriage.

It is evident that the loss of the sense of hearing has an effect on character, moral and intellectual. Whatever may be the education of the deaf mute, he will remain, in some essential and not easy to be characterized respects, different from other people It is exceedingly hard to cultivate in them a spirit of self dependence or eradicate the notion that society owes them perpetual care and support. The education of deaf mutes and the teaching of them trades, so that they become intelligent and productive members of society, of course, induces marriages among them. Is not this calculated to increase the number of deaf mutes? Dr. Gillette thinks not. The vital statistics show that consanguinous marriages are a large factor in deaf-mutism; about 10 per cent., it is estimated, of the deaf mutes are the off spring of parents related by blood. Ancestral defects are not always prepetuated in kind; they may descend in physical deformity, in deafness, in imbecility. Deafness is more apt to descend in collateral branches than in a straight line. It is a striking fact in a table of relationship prepared by Dr. Gillette that while the 450 deaf mutes enumerated had 770 relationships to other deaf mutes, making a total of 1,220, only twelve of them had deaf mute parents, and only two of them one deaf mute parent, the mother of these having been able to hear and that in no case was the mother alone a deaf mute. Of the pupils who have left this institution 251 have married deaf mutes and 19 hearing persons. These marriages have been as fruitful as the average, and among them all only 16 have deaf mute children; in some of the families having a deaf child there are other children who hear. These facts, says the report, clearly indicate that the probability of deaf offspring from deaf parentage is remote, while other facts may clearly indicate that a deaf person probably has or will have a deaf relation other than a child.—[Harper's Magazine.

Never imagine a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Insect Torments of Brazi

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...*bichos do pe*, and it was pitiable
...when running about, turn ro
...every minute and, with a pitiful
...his wounds until they were raw
...some of the pleasures of the ins
...Brazil.

Useful Recipes.

Queen's Cake.—Cream a c
...with two and a half cups of sug
...beaten eggs; one cup of mil
...scant cups of flour through whi
...sifted two teaspoonfuls of cre
...lastly a light teaspoonful of so

Jelly Roll.—Beat four eg
...cup of sugar and three-fourths
...flour. Bake in a large pan a
...minutes, having the pan lined
...paper. Spread with jelly and
...covering with cloth afterwards

Bride's Cake.—Cream tog
...cup of butter with one and
...sugar; add half a cup of milk
...eggs, and two cups of flower
...teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar.
...spoonful of soda dissolved i
...hot water. A very inappropr
...so plain a cake.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup
...and a half cup of molasses, o
...ter or half butter and half lard
...cold water, a teaspoonful of g
...small teaspoonfuls of soda dis
...ing water. Flour enough to
...the little ones are home fron
...will not keep more than 24 h
...locked box.

Custard Souffle.—Beat
...scant tablespoonfuls of butte
...flour; add one cup of boiling
...eight minutes; stir in the yel
...well beaten and two tablespoo
...and set away to cool; add the
...eggs to the mixture when col
...minutes in a moderate oven.
...with sauce.

Soda Sponge Cake.—Be
...add one and a half cup of su
...light; add half a cup of mi
...been dissolved a very scant
...soda, and stir in one and a h
...sifted with two teaspoonfuls
...tar; add a very little salt,
...spoonfuls of melted butter
...very good cake.

Angel Cake.—Sift togeth
...of flour and one and a half tu
...with a teaspoonful of cream
...times. The last time sift it

Rheumatic Pa

...Require no description, sinc
...eption, all at some time h
...their twinges. Rheumatis
...knowledged, only the most p
...ordinary remedies reach to i
...The most successful t
...it is now frequently re
...the application
...for pain—Polso
...say that nothing
...equal satisfacti
...A trial can be made
...bottles of Nerviline
...for 10 cents,