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Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"I see he has told you, Miss Decima," he said.

"Yes," said Decima, with her back almost turned to him, "he has told me, and I am very sorry. I am sorry that you should lose so much money through my father's fault."

He drew a little nearer.

"There's no occasion to be sorry on my account," he said; "I sha'n't miss it. I'm sorry, too—for your father."

Decima sighed.

"We must bear it," she said. "I have just been telling Bobby that we must leave The Woodbines and live very plainly, like like poor people—which I suppose we shall be. There is nothing very hard in that."

He looked at her with a curious expression.

"And—and perhaps if we are very careful," she went on in a low voice, "we may be able to pay you back some of the money you have lost through us. I don't know how much it is."

Mershon suppressed a smile.

"I'm afraid your brother hasn't told you all," he said.

"Yes," said, Decima, "he has told me all. He is bearing it bravely. Poor Bobby! It will be a struggle for him, he will have to manage with a very small allowance, I'm afraid. But it will be all right when he gets into the army, for he is so clever that he is sure to get on."

"It is evident that he hasn't told you all," said Mershon. "I'm afraid, Miss Decima, that the case is worse than you guess. I didn't know how bad it was myself until I had a talk with your father and brother together."

Decima looked at him with slowly growing apprehension.

"What, do you mean" she said, faintly. "How can it be worse?"

"Well," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "you talk about paying me back, and your brother going into the army, but I'm afraid there's little chance of either event coming off—not that I want to be paid back or should take the money. The fact is, Miss Decima, your father has been going in for this thing neck or nothing—what we call in the city, lose all or win all. It appears—mind, I didn't know it, or I should strongly have advised him against such fool-hardiness—that he has put every penny he possessed into this confounded thing. And of course he has lost it. In fact, I'm afraid he has made himself liable for more than he has got. He says he is utterly ruined."

Decima stared at him with wide eyes; her lips quivered, but no sound came.

Mershon went and closed the door with his foot, then he came near to her, as near as he dared.

"Look here, Miss Decima," he said, "it's best to face these things straight out, and so I've told you the absolute truth. Your father's ruined, and your brother will have to give up all idea of the army and take his chance in the colonies, and a deuced poor chance it is, I'm afraid. That is," unless"—he paused and looked at her and then down at the ground, for the terror in her eyes and white face daunted even him—for a moment—"unless"—he went on. "Well—it all rests with you."

"With me?" Her lips formed the words; they were scarcely audible.

"Yes," with you," he said. "Miss Decima, I'm a straight man—we have to speak out straight in the city—and I won't treat you as a child, but as a girl, a woman, upon whom her father's and brother's happiness and welfare depend. This trouble's about as big as it can be. They must go under with it—unless you care to save them."

"I—I save them!" said Decima.

He jerked his head.

"Yes. You remember what I said to you the other night at the Leafmore Ball. I told you I loved you, and I asked you to be my wife. You said 'no' then, but I said I wouldn't take your answer; I haven't taken it. I ask you again—now! If you say 'yes,' I will take this trouble off your hands. I will find the money your father's lost, I will double your brother's allowance, and pay his debts."

"His debts!" breathed Decima.

Mershon laughed shortly.

"Oh, yes, there are debts. He has been going the pace. I'll do more than this; I'll keep an eye on your father for the future and look after him. And I'll make a settlement on you as large as you like."

In his eagerness he had taken a step or two nearer. Decima drew back until she leaned against the window. Her brain was whirling; she felt as if she were suffocating, and her eyes were fixed on his shrewd, sharp face as if she were under a spell.

"Come," he said, "I've made the offer bluntly because it's business; but I could put it in another way. I love you, Decima, love you with all my heart and soul. I want you more than I've wanted anything before in my life. If you'd said 'yes' to me the other night, you'd never have heard anything of this trouble; I'd have paid up every penny and said not a syllable about it. That's my way. But you said 'no,' and I'm obliged to tell you and make a bargain with you. You close with my offer, and I'll never refer to it again. No one need know anything about it; not even your brother; for I can tell him that things have turned out better than we expected. It will be easy to bamboozle him, for he knows as little of business as the rest of you. Do you mind me smoking, for I'm a little upset. I see your brother had a cigarette."

He lighted his cigar, and his hand shook, as Bobby's had done, but with a different emotion. Decima put up a shaking hand and brushed the soft hair from her forehead. No bird in the fowler's net was more helpless than she was at that moment. As Mershon had said to his sister, he had got her tightly. Her father ruined, Bobby's future absolutely blasted! And by a word, a word of three letters, she could save them.

At that moment all Lady Pauline's lessons inculcating the duty of self-sacrifice flashed across her mind. To live for others, to suffer for others, it was the woman's ideal, the woman's duty, should be the woman's pleasure. No thought of herself rose to deter her. By saying "yes" she could save those she loved.

She thought of her father, broken-hearted by his failure, cooped up in a laborer's cottage, deprived of his work-shop, of all his dreams; she thought of Bobby, the bright boy, with his shattered hopes, starving in the colonies, and a shudder swept over her.

She could save them by the one word—yes.

At that moment—why, she knew not—she thought of Lord Gaunt. If he were only here to help her, advise her. But he was not there; he might be thousands of miles away. She was alone and helpless.

Mershon eyed her covertly. He knew that she was struggling, but he knew that there was no loophole in the net that he had drawn round her.

"What do you say?" he said at last.

Decima seemed to wake as if from a dream, and turned her eyes upon him with a half-dazed, half-appealing gaze.

"Why should you hesitate?" he said. "You said the other night that you didn't dislike me. I don't expect you to love me, but I dare say you like me well enough to be my wife. All the rest will come after we are married; it generally does. Anyhow, I'll chance it. Give me your answer. Say 'yes,' Decima, and I'll go straight in and tell your father and brother that they needn't worry themselves any more about this miserable business. Your father can go on playing at making his fortune by inventions, and your brother can go into the army, and be a general in time. Only say the word, and leave the rest to me."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the faint croak of the jackdaw as he preened his feathers. The slim, girlish figure, with its white face and dark-rimmed eyes, leaned by the window. Her heart was like lead, and beat slowly, heavily, as if it were imprisoned by a hand of ice.

To save them, the dear ones!

"Well," he said, "what is your answer?"

Her hands clinched at her side, the martyr's look came into her eyes.

"I must—I must!" she breathed. "Yes."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Yes," Decima said; and almost inaudible as the word was, it sent the blood rushing to Mershon's face.

He took a step toward her, with outstretched hands, as if to take her in his arms; but something in her face, as she shrank back, arrested him.

There was almost a terror in her eyes, and she went pale to the lips, which formed the monosyllable "No."

The color died from Mershon's cheek, and his arms fell to his sides, as he stood looking at her irresolutely. But he was very much in love, and he was wise enough to know that a half loaf is better than none. Besides, she had not told him that she loved him, but had simply promised to be his wife; and he must be content with that—for a time.

"You have made me very happy, Decima," he said. "I've always got what I've wanted all through my life, and my luck hasn't deserted me; it's not a bad thing to marry a lucky man, my dear."

Decima winced at the 'my dear," and shrank back a little further. She was confused and bewildered, and the predominant feeling at that moment was the desire that he would go—if he would only go and leave her alone to get her breath, as it were.

"You'd better leave me to tell your father and brother," he said. "I dare say they won't be very much astonished; any one could have seen that I'd fallen in love with you. Yes; I'll tell them."

"Thank you," she said, almost gratefully, for she shrunk from the thought of having to tell them.

He still stood looking at her irresolutely; then he took her hand half fearfully and touched it with his lips, which burned against the coldness of her hand.

When he had gone, Decima looked at the hand vacantly, as if it did not belong to her, then she sunk on to one of the cages, and sat staring before her, trying to realize that she was to be Theodore Mershon's wife.

Her very innocence prevented her realizing fully what it meant. Lady Pauline's system of perfect ignorance was bearing its fruit. If Decima had known as much as other girls, that whispered "Yes" would have been impossible; and the knowledge would have saved her from a sacrifice all too common, but none the less wicked and unholy!

But all she shrunk from was the thought of leaving The Woodbines and her father, and going to live in the society of Mr. Mershon and his sister at The Firs. She would have to be with him always, to go with him wherever he went; to live in the great new house, the splendor of which oppressed her; to spend long hours listening to Mrs. Shepherd's praise of her brother.

This was all which presented itself to her imagination; but it was enough. Only one thought consoled her—that she would still be near her father, and that she would be able to see him often; that she had saved him and Bobby from ruin, and that Bobby's future was assured.

After a time she went up to her own room. She caught sight of her face in the glass, and its expression startled her.

A knock at the door sent her hand to her heart; and she turned round with a look in her eyes, almost of terror, as if she dreaded to see Mr. Mershon.

But it was Bobby.

"Decima!" he exclaimed, half anxiously, and yet with something like relief in his voice; "is this true—that Mershon has been telling us?"

She stood with her back to the light, and he could not see her face distinctly, or it would have told its tale.

"Yes, it is true, Bobby," she said; and she managed—Heaven only knows how—to force a smile and speak cheerfully.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it's taken my breath away. I hadn't the least idea! But I suppose it's been going on while I've been away?"

"Yes," she faltered; "while you've been away."

He looked at her a little doubtfully, and began to pace up and down.

"It seems sudden to me, all the same," he said. "I didn't think—" He bit his lip. "But, after all, Mershon's not a bad fellow. He's improved—I—I—beg your pardon, Decie; I do, indeed! But it's the truth; he has improved. He has behaved like a brick over this affair of the company. He must be a good fellow at heart, or—he would have cut up rough. And then you see how fond his sister is of him! And—and—Decie, I've come to congratulate you."

"Thank you, Bobby," she said, very slowly.

"Of course, he isn't worthy of you," he said, hurriedly, "I don't know a man in the world who is, except—" He stopped and colored, and Decima knew—how, she could not have told—that the unspoken name was Gaunt. The blood rushed to her face, then left it pale again.

"You'll be very rich, Decie," he said, "and he simply worships the ground you tread on. I could see that while he was telling us. He has gone off like a man half beside himself with joy."

"And father?" said Decima in a low voice.

Bobby laughed shortly.

"Oh, father's very glad; it's cheered him up wonderfully. Besides, Mershon told him that he thinks he can see a way to save a greater portion of the money—something about foreign patents; I didn't quite understand."

But Decima did, and she turned her head away.

He looked at her still a little uneasily, then he went to her and took her hand.

"Look here, Decie!" he said. "You're glad, aren't you? You're doing this of your own free will? It's what you want?"

Her lips quivered, but she forced a smile upon them, and met his anxious gaze steadily.

"I am doing it of my own free will—yes, Bobby."

He dropped her hand and drew a breath of relief.

"That's all right, then!" he said. "I only asked because—because it's so sudden."

He stood with his hands thrust in his pockets and looked out of the window, and she went up behind him and put her hands upon his shoulders, and laid her cheek against his short wavy hair.

"You will work hard for your examination, Bobby, won't you?" she said in a low, pleading voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, a little hoarsely. "I must go back to-morrow morning, and I'm going to grind away like anything."

"And—and, Bobby, you won't be extravagant?"

She felt him wince, and he still kept his face turned from her.

"No, no; that's all over!" He bit his lip. "I mean that I will be very careful. London's a deuce of a place, and—and the money melts away before you know where you are." He laughed uneasily. "I'm going in for retrenchment and reform, as the political chaps say; I'm going to be a model young man, Decie."

The color came and went in his face.

"Thank you, Bobby!" she murmured, gratefully. He turned suddenly and caught her in his arms and kissed her; then he put her away from him as suddenly, and hurried from the room.

Mr. Mershon walked back from The Firs treading on air. No success he had ever made had affected him as this did. He went straight to his sister's boudoir, and flinging his cap on to a chair, smiled down at her where she sat with some fancy needle-work. She half rose nervously then sunk back and gazed up at him inquiringly. He laughed stridently and pushed the hair from his forehead.

"I've got her!" he said. "I've come to tell you the news. Decima has promised to be my wife!"

Her lips parted, but she said nothing.

"Don't you understand?" he demanded. "Why do you gape at me as if I'd said the world was coming to an end? I tell you, Decima Deane is going to be my wife. She has just accepted me. Well, can't you speak?"

"I—I'm very glad," she stammered, "I congratulate you, Theodore, and I hope—you will be happy."

"Hope!" he laughed and sneered at her. "Of course I shall be happy. I always am when I get what I want, and God knows I want her badly enough. Happy! What man wouldn't be happy with the loveliest, sweetest girl in all the world for his wife? For Heaven's sake," he broke off, angrily, "don't sit and stare at me as if I were some kind of monster at a fair."

"I—I am only surprised, Theodore," she said, nervously. "I didn't think that she—I mean—"

"I don't care what you mean!" he said, cavagely. "But what do you mean? Is it so very wonderful that she should accept me, like me, care for me—yes, love me? Am I hunchbacked, deformed, old? What is there so surprising in it that you turn as white as a sheet and gape at me?"

"I—I didn't mean to, Theodore," she said. "It's—it's a good match for her."

He was leaving the room, but he turned upon her savagely.

"What do you mean by that?" I suppose that you mean to insinuate that she's marrying me for my money? Is that it?"

She was frightened by his voice, and visibly cowered in her chair.

"No, no; why should I, Theodore?" she said.

"I'm sure I don't know," he retorted, his eyes shifting from side to side; for he knew that he had spoken the truth. "All I know is that you take the news in a ghoulish fashion that is simply disgusting. I suppose you are thinking that you'll be turned out?" He sneered. "You needn't be afraid. I shall want you still. I won't have her, Decima, my wife—he spoke the word with an exultant pride—"I won't have my wife worried with housekeeping. You can stay on here—if she'll let you. Perhaps you can console yourself with that and find something more cheerful to say."

She bent her head.

"I'm sure I hope she will be happy, Theodore," she said.

"Happy!" he snarled. "Of course she will be! Why shouldn't she? She will have everything she wants, everything money can buy. By Jove! I'd pull the moon out of the sky if she wanted it! You can tell her so, if you like, when you go and see her to-morrow."

With this command he flung himself out of the room.

They were very quiet that night at The Woodbines. Decima seemed be under the influence of a spell from which even Bobby's presence could not free her. She had listened to Mr. Deane as he paced up and down the drawing-room and talked in his rhapsodical way; now of her engagement, now of some new invention, for, (last the Electric Storage Company had lost its hold upon him, and he was off in another direction.

Every now and then Bobby would glance at Decima with the expression of faint doubt and anxiety which his face had worn in her room; but she always met his glance with a smile. And all through the evening this thought buoyed her up:

"I have saved these two, and against their happiness mine does not count."

She felt very tired, but she sat up long after her father had gone to his laboratory, while Bobby smoked endless cigarettes—sat close beside him, her hands sometimes on his knee, her head on his shoulder.

At last she went to her own room, and even then, in its solitude, she did not realize what she had done. How could she, encircled by the innocence with which Lady Pauline's system had surrounded and guarded her?

Once or twice that night, all innocently, she thought of Lord Gaunt. Where was he? Would he be glad or sorry to hear that she was going to marry Mr. Mershon? She dreamed, of him that night. She dreamed that he was far away in Africa; that she was trying to tell him what had happened, but that, though she cried at the top of her voice, it could not reach him, and in her sleep she sobbed at the thought.

(To be continued.)

TEA DRINKING HABIT WRONG

Caffeine, Most Virulent of Poisons, is in Tea.

"The spectacle of a working-class girl having tea for breakfast, tea for dinner and tea for tea, represents to my mind a grievous physiological and social wrong," is the deliberate opinion of one of the most eminent British physicians.

In the light of the latest scientific analysis of this very popular beverage, no one can afford to ignore this mighty warning. The chemists have shown that there is 3 per cent. of caffeine (the same alkaloid as in coffee) in tea, and that there is from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. of tannin, besides the other elements in the tea. The caffeine, formerly called theine, is the most virulent of poisons, but it would not be so bad if there were not also the tannin, one of the most powerful astringents known to chemistry. The longer the tea leaves are allowed to steep or draw the larger the amount of tannin that is extracted from the leaves, and the greater the deleterious effect upon the system which absorbs the baneful brew.

If tea be properly made drawing not longer than three minutes by the clock the amount of tannin extracted is comparatively small, and the ill effects are not so great, especially if it is taken with solid food. If taken unsweetened and without milk, as the Chinese and Japanese drink it, it is easily digested, the full flavor is enjoyed and there need be no ill effects. The excessive drinking of tea which makes certain persons tea drunkards is as bad for the system as alcohol could be, and the poor victims soon become nervous wrecks. It is a fact that if milk be poured into the tea the compound is a most indigestible, leathery drink that would strain the digestive powers of an ostrich, and that tea partaken of in this way is a common cause of organic indigestion.

A Sign.

"Jinks appears to be putting aside something for a rainy day." "His failure to return umbrellas made me suspect as much."

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take

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HOME

Selected Recipes.

Sardines with Lemon.—Remove the bones and skin of the sardines. Pound the flesh, and with a large piece of butter make a paste of it. Add lemon-juice to taste. Spread the paste in a dish, and garnish with gherkins.

Cinnamon Cakes.—Take one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and then stiffen the mixture with flour until it will just pour. Bake in gem-pans, and serve hot with whipped cream.

Crowded Eggs.—Chop the whites of twelve hard-boiled eggs, and mix the yolks with a teaspoonful and a half of melted butter and a cupful and a quarter of sweet milk. Season with onion, salt, pepper and mustard. Add to this mixture the whites of the eggs and one cupful of soft-boiled rice, and bake to a light brown.

A Spanish Onion Dish.—Take the skin from one or more large Spanish onions; remove the core, leaving a hole large enough to insert a sheep's kidney, nicely seasoned. For the kidney, minced ham can be substituted. Put the onions on a well-buttered baking-dish, baste them freely with melted butter, and bake until a golden brown.

Breakfast Dish.—Slice very thin half a dozen good-sized boiled potatoes. Put them in a frying-pan for a few minutes with butter; let them sizzle until thoroughly heated, but do not let them really fry. Take six hard-boiled eggs, sliced, and one and three-quarters cupfuls of finely chopped ham, moistened with a cupful of cream; put potatoes, eggs, and ham in layers in a buttered baking-dish; sprinkle bread-crumbs with small pieces of butter and chopped parsley on top. Brown in the oven.

Egg Salad.—Boil half a dozen eggs. Remove the yolks. Cut the whites in rings. Mash the yolks to a paste and season well with salt, pepper and a dash of mustard. Add half a cupful of finely minced ham. Moisten with a little mayonnaise dressing. Roll into balls and place one ball in each ring of white. Garnish with watercress and stuffed olives and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Vegetable Soup.—Cover a good sized soup bone with three quarts of cold water and cook slowly for two and one-half hours. Add three teaspoons of salt, one cup of tomatoes, two medium sized potatoes diced, one medium sized onion into which stick three or four cloves, one carrot diced and one tablespoon of oatmeal. Boil until vegetables are tender. A little water may be added if it boils down too much. (The Ladies' Aid Cook Book, Charleston, Ill.)

Fruit Salad (half quantity ample).—One medium sized pineapple, three bananas, three oranges, cut into small cubes; pour the dressing over it; let stand on ice a half hour or more before serving with Golden Dressing — Two eggs, one-fourth cup light colored fruit juice (orange, apple or pineapple), one-fourth cup sugar, one-fourth cup lemon juice. Beat eggs slightly; add the fruit juice, lemon juice and sugar. Stir constantly in a double boiler until it begins to thicken. Cool and serve on the sliced fruit. (One Hundred Recipes, Battle Creek, Mich.).

Fig Cake.—Five eggs (whites), one-half cup butter, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half teaspoon each of lemon and vanilla flavoring. Cream butter and sugar together until very light, add flour with baking powder mixed in it by thoroughly sifting together, and milk. Add well beaten whites and flavoring last. Bake in three layers and put together with fig preserves.

Canned Asparagus.—Fill an asparagus boiler nearly full of hot salted water, bring it to a boil, and when this point is reached lay the asparagus in the water. Boil until the asparagus is tender, but not until it is soft or broken. Take it out carefully, stand it on end, the tips uppermost, in fruit jars. Turn the boiling water in which the asparagus was cooked into the jars, filling each to overflowing, and seal at once. Be sure that your rubbers are in perfect condition and that the tops fit closely. Keep the jars in a dark place.

Good Things to Know.

Clean glass with ammonia.

Clean piano keys with alcohol.

Clean wall paper with stale bread.

Paint can be removed by rubbing with spirits of turpentine.

Unvarnished furniture can be polished with beeswax and turpentine.

Scratches on furniture can be taken from varnish by rubbing with kerosene.

Remove white spots from furniture by rubbing with camphene.

Wash linoleum with warm soap water, then apply equal parts of linseed oil and vinegar mixed.

If sweet oil is applied to the skin immediately after a blow or bruise, it will not turn black and blue.

When cleaning, use a child's long handle broom to brush under the bath tub and under gas stove in kitchen. It is much easier than reaching under with a cloth or short handle broom.

In making a cocoanut pie or custard, soak the cocoanut in the milk for a few minutes before adding the other ingredients.

A liniment for inflammatory rheu

A liniment for inflammatory rheumatism is made by taking one ounce of pulverized saltpetre and putting it into a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected.

An external remedy that is good for a bad chest is an ointment composed of an ounce of pure white vaseline, in which ten drops each of spirits of camphor and turpentine have been stirred. Or hot glycerine may be rubbed on the chest, which cover over afterwards with soft fine flannel.

Instead of using a flat iron to steam velvet, try a soapstone and see how much better and smoother the velvet will be.

Stains on flannels may be removed by applying yolks of eggs and glycerine in equal quantities. Leave it for half an hour and then wash out.

Fold a piece of emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times, turning it from side to side. This is an excellent sharpener for paring knives.

By placing thin silk between two pieces of tissue paper, you will find that you can cut it as straight as though it were a heavy cloth; there will be no annoying puckering.

For simple hoarseness take a fresh egg, beat it and thicken with pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

A tight shoe may sometimes be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing several times. The leather will shape itself to the foot.

An old table with marble top may be utilized for a number of purposes in the kitchen, such as rolling out pastry, cutting meat, etc., and may be cleaned easily.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick if you will soften the wax by dipping it in hot water. Then push the candle into the candlestick. If it is too small it will squeeze in; if it is too large, the soft wax will spread and hold the candle up.

To prevent the contents of a kettle boiling over on the stove, wipe the inside of the kettle around the top with butter.

Rice should be washed in several waters before cooking it. The best way to do this is to put the rice in a sieve and plunge it up and down in a pan of water. Hot water is far better than cold, for if the rice kernels have been coated with paraffin the hot water will wash it off. This is impossible with the cold water.

If chairs are only a little sagged but no canes are broken, turn bottom side up and wash in hot water; this will shrink the canes and they will look very nice when dry.

To test a new broom when buying, press its edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend the broom is a poor one. In a good broom they remain in a solid and firm mass.

On taking cakes baked in a tin out of the oven stand the tin on a wet cloth for 10 or 15 minutes. The cakes can then be turned out without the aid of a knife and will not stick to the tin, as frequently happens otherwise.

Fresh, sweet violets

—the first thing you think of when you smell this soap.

As soon as you use it you will delight in the sweet elusive perfume that is left clinging to your face, your hands and hair, and in the softening, whitening effect of the glycerine on your skin.

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For a sample cake, send 2c stamp to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd. 6 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

CURIOUS GREETINGS.

Some Strange Customs the People of Various Races Observe.

The kiss, the hand-shake and the bow are the salutations that are in the most universal use at the present day. Yet there exist races to whom these forms of greeting would seem as ludicrous as their own customs seem to us. In this connection Reclam's Universum describes some curious customs that the people of various races observe when they greet one another.

The prostration and the salaam, salutations that many Orientals use, are only more pronounced forms of the bow. So there is a connection between the embrace, so common in civilized countries, and the greeting of the member of the Koiari tribe of British New Guinea, who, in saluting a missionary, placed one arm about his neck and stroked him under the chin.

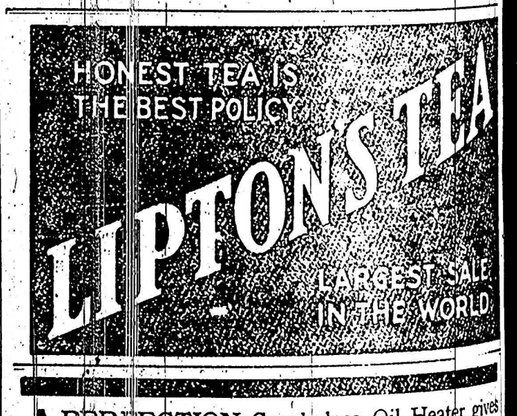
Among the Masai and the Ukeiowe, it is a mark of respect to greet an acquaintance or a stranger by spitting at him. Almost as strange is the custom ascribed to the Tibetans of sticking out the tongue by way of salutation. Rubbing noses is quite common; the Burmese, and many tribes of Eskimos, Laplanders and Malays do so.

Stranger than any of these customs is the weeping salutation that has been observed among central South American Indians. This form of greeting occurs, too, in the Andaman Islands, New Zealand, and Polynesia. A Portuguese explorer describes the custom as he saw it used among a tribe of South American Indians:

"Whenever a guest enters a hut he is immediately honored, and made welcome by being wept over. Without a word being spoken, he is led to the hammock. As soon as he is seated, the hostess and her daughters, and any of their girl friends who happen to be in the house at the time, come and sit about the guest, touch him lightly with their fingers, and commence to weep loudly and to shed many tears; during this ceremony, in a sort of connected discourse, they recite everything that has happened to them recently, and talk of the hardships of the road that the visitor has suffered, and of anything and everything that can arouse compassion and tears. The guest, his hand before his face, pretends to weep, and does not speak until the crying has gone on for some time. Then they all wipe away their tears, and become as lively and merry as if they had never cried in all their lives."

Always a Better To-morrow.

So long as a man has the courage to face one more day so long will he be a factor in the race for material success. He whose past looms up constantly in front of him, who lives in retrospect, has cheated the boatman of the Styx and encumbers the machinery of this world. To live is to be up and doing to-day, not to be counting on the things that were, but to figure on the things that are and will be, not to say that to-day is not so good as yesterday but to declare that to-morrow will be the best day the universe has ever seen. And to-morrow is always a better day than



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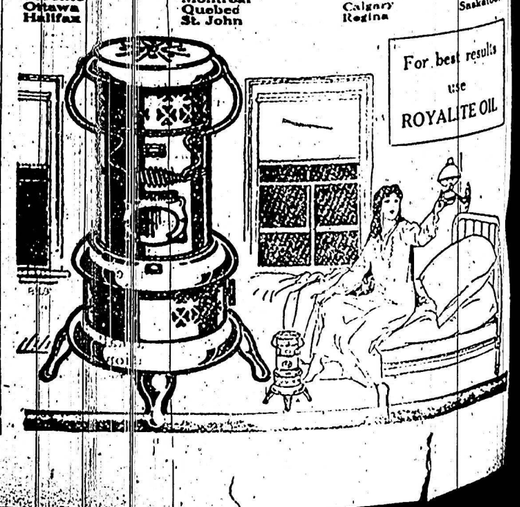
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