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Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXVII.

"It is worth living for!" she repeated, with a choking laugh. "To think of it!" She snatched up a book from the small table near her, and dashed her hand on the inner cover, which bore his book-plate with its coat of arms above his name and title. "To think that I knew you were the owner here, that I've seen your name in all these books, and never knew, never guessed!"

She paused, breathless with excitement and triumph. Her voice, usually so musical, was thick and vulgar, the vulgarity of a common nature bursting through the thin coating of veneer, and she was at that moment, for all her beauty and grace, a virago of the worst type as she confronted him.

Gaunt stood quite still, his eyes fixed on her with the calmness of despair, the impassivity of disgust.

"Why did you leave me?" she demanded, stridently. "Why did you do it?"

"Can you ask?" he said, very quietly. "Do you think it was possible for me to remain with you when I discovered—what you were, what and who it was I had married?"

The reply infuriated her. She took a step toward him, and stared into his face with the passion of hate burning in her black eyes.

"You deserted me!"

"I left you, yes," he said, as calmly as before; "but deserted in the strict, legal sense no. I provided for you—"

"A beggarly allowance. You married me in a false name!"

"No," he said again, with a touch of weariness in his voice. "Edward Barnard are two of my names. I concealed my family name and title; yes, that is true. I must have had some presentiment—of what you were."

She flung her arms out.

"The law will reach you, punish you!" she hissed.

He made a slight gesture of indifference.

"You cannot get rid of me!" she exclaimed, with an air of triumph. "You can not divorce me! You would if you could!"

"No," he said in exactly the same tone. It was as if he were confronting the passion with the calmness of despair, the indifference of the rock to the howling wave which beat against it in vain. "Do what you will, I should not seek for a divorce. I am content to suffer anything rather than bring shame and disgrace upon the name I bear."

"You can bring no charge against me!" she said, defiantly.

He made a gesture of assent.

"I am glad," he said, with a sigh. "I left you because I discovered what you were before I married you. Be silent a moment!" for she had opened her lips as if about to protest, retort. "Put yourself in my place. I loved you, deeming you all that a girl should be, all that a woman should be who takes the name of an honest man. I found— Ah, why should I tell you? You know."

She flung herself into a chair, and leaning her face on her hand, looked up at him with a mixture of defiance and hatred.

"What else could I do but leave you?" he said. "What other course was open to a man of honor when he had discovered that he had married—an adventurer of the worst, the vilest type? God knows, I loved you—"

She laughed discordantly.

"Not you," she retorted.

"Yes," he said, as calmly as before; "I loved you. Why else should I have married you? I should have loved you to the end, while life lasted, if I had not learned what you had been. Even then I would have fought that terrible knowledge and—and remained with you. If I had not learned also that you were without a heart, that you had married me for a place in the world—for money."

He paused and looked gravely at her. All the while he had been talking to her, looking at her, he had been thinking of Decima; been contrasting this woman, his wife, the adventuress with her vile past, contrasting her with the pure-minded girl who had just left him. It was as if an angel of light had flown from his side and a fiend in woman's shape had taken her place. His heart felt numbed with the misery of despair, with the utter hopelessness of the situation.

It was as if he had been suddenly awakened from an exquisite dream of bliss to find that his hours were numbered; or, worse still, that the rest of his days were to be spent in a darkness and anguish beyond words to describe.

His hand touched the key of the door behind him, and, half mechanically, he locked it and moved to the fire-place and looked at her again.

"I am sorry that you have compelled me to say all this," he said, with a courtesy more galling than any vituperation, any reproach, would have been. "Will you tell me what, having found me, you intend to do? I suppose you and your brother have made some plans."

She raised her eyes suddenly.

"Did Morgan know who you were, that you lived here?" she demanded.

Gaunt looked faintly surprised.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "Was it not he who betrayed me? It would be like him, worthy of him. I did not bribe him heavily enough, I suppose."

"You—you bribed him? Then he knew all the time, and kept it from me. Kept it from me all the while he was pretending to look for you."

"Yes," said Gaunt, indifferently; for what did it matter now? "I bribed him, as you put it. I paid him to keep the secret of my identity. He discovered it."

She sprung to her feet.

"You are a pretty pair!" she exclaimed, with a hard laugh. "So he has been taking money to—to help rob me of my rights! Oh, I'll be even with him!"

"I have no doubt you will," said Gaunt, wearily. "But may I ask you to answer my question. What do you intend to do?"

"What am I going to do?" she said, mockingly, tauntingly. "Can you ask? I am going to have my rights! I am going to live with you!"

He made a slight gesture of dissent.

"You can not do that," he said, gravely. "I could not live with you."

"You can't help it!" she said, jeeringly. "The law is on my side, and it shall help me. I'll go to law. I will go to a solicitor directly I leave here. He shall claim my right to have your name—my proper name—Lady Gaunt."

"I can not withhold that from you," he said, with perfect calm.

"No; and I mean to hold you, too," she said, defiantly, gloatingly. "Where a husband is, there a wife has a right to be. You can't cast me off, and you shall not! I'll have my title, and—and half your money!"

"Ah, yes," he said, almost to himself.

"Yes; and I'll go into the world, the society my rank is entitled to, and I'll go as your wife, by your side. You shall take me and introduce me to all your relations and friends."

He smiled bitterly, coolly; and the smile seemed to madden her.

"You refuse?" she said.

"I refuse, yes," he said, grimly. "You may have all else you demand. The title, the money—far more than half of that which belongs to me, but no more. I could not face the world by your side."

She laughed stridently.

"Could you not? We will see! The law will help me. I will avail myself of it. I will enter an action—compel you, yes, compel you to acknowledge me and live with me."

"You can not," he said, as if he were stating a simple fact. "I leave England in a few hours; I shall be beyond the reach of even your malice."

She sprung from the chair, upsetting it in her violence, and it fell against the small table, overturning it.

It came to the ground with a crash, and the bric-a-brac was strewn upon the floor.

As she rose to her feet she uttered a cry, a cry like that of a wild beast balked of its revenge.

Gaunt looked at the overturned table and curios indifferently. A knock came at the door.

"Did you call, sir?" asked the maid outside.

"No," said Gaunt; and she went away.

"Take care!" said Laura, hoarsely, as she pushed the hair from her forehead. "You don't know what I can do! You talk of your name—the disgrace and shame! I can drag it in the dust for you—and I will, too! I'll tell the whole story! I'll fill the papers with 'Lord and Lady Gaunt's Case.' I'll make you a laughing-stock throughout England."

"Yes," he said, with terrible calmness, "you can do that; and I have no doubt you will. But you can not compel me to live with you. And the world will understand why I do not."

Her face went white, and she ground her teeth.

"What do I care?" she said. "I shall have had my revenge. You won't be able to show your face in England again; and I—I shall live here, shall be Lady Gaunt, your wife, your ill-used wife!"

He smiled.

"Yes," he said. "Let that thought console you; let it content you. I shall say no word, utter no denial."

The calmness of his acquiescence startled her. She went closer to him, and looked at him keenly.

"You are going away—out of England. Are you going alone, I wonder?"

For the first time his calmness broke down. It was as if she had found the chink in his armor through which she could thrust an envenomed dagger.

She saw the change in his expression, and uttered a cry.

"Ah, you are not! There is some woman!" She laughed discordantly. "Don't deny it! I can see it in your face! So that's it! I can understand now!"

She stood before him, her face flushed, her eyes glittering.

"What a fool I was not to have hit upon it before! There's another woman!"

He had regained his old calmness, and met her furious, taunting gaze with impassive sternness. No man could be more impassive, more stone-like than Gaunt when he chose.

"You don't deny it!" she went on, scanning his face. "Ah, I know that look! There is some one else!"

She came and stood beside him, so close that the perfume he hated seemed to suffocate him. He caught his breath, but said never a word, and his silence increased her fury.

"You talk of shame and disgrace!" she said. "You hypocrite! You—you liar! Shame and disgrace, indeed! Yes, you shall have them, and not you alone, but she, whoever she is! I'll find it all out! I'll have the best detectives money—your money—can buy, and I'll drag her through the divorce court!"

He did not move a muscle, but stood regarding her with perfect calm.

"Who is she?" she demanded. "You may as well tell me. One of your great lady friends—a woman of rank, or some common girl!" She paused for breath and looked round the room.

As evil chance would have it, her eye fell upon Decima's veil. It had become unfastened from the side of her hat as Decima had entered, and she had taken it off and laid it on the top of a cabinet.

Laura sprung to it, and seizing it, held it out to him.

"Whose is this?" she demanded, hoarsely. "Why, she's here now—this moment—in your rooms!"

She sprung to the door of the inner room and tore at the handle. Then, when she found it was locked, she turned upon him.

"She's here—in that room. Unlock that door! Unlock it! I'm your wife, and I order you—" Her voice broke and failed chokingly. Gaunt watched her—or, say, rather, that his eyes were fixed on the veil. Remember how he loved Decima, how devotedly he worshipped her innocence and purity. He pictured this fury dragging out the girl he loved and covering her with vituperation and abuse. Remember this, and bear with him, for he needs all your charity and clemency.

He sprung forward, and seizing her by the arm, flung her on to the couch.

"Silence!" he said, as he tore the veil from her fingers. "Silence! You—desecrate—" He thrust the veil in his breast, and stood over her, panting, and struggling for the mastery of his passion. "Do what you will," he said at last, when he had regained something like calm. "Do all you have threatened; but—but go now; leave me! It is not safe!"

His voice rose at the last words; they could have been heard plainly by any one who happened to be in the corridor.

She leaned back, rubbing the arm he had gripped.

"Go! go!" she retorted, defiantly, tauntingly. "No, I will not go! Why should I? This is your house, and I am your wife! My place is here! I shall not go! And you can't compel me! I am your wife—your wife! It's that other woman who is hiding here, the other—"

She uttered a word that can not be written, and as it struck his ears, Gaunt raised his hand as if to silence her mocking, taunting lips. Then the hand fell to his side, and he said, hoarsely:

"If you will not go, I will! Stay where you are! Do not attempt to follow me! I—I can not answer for myself!"

He strode to the door and unlocked it, and looked at her for a moment.

"Go!" she cried, with a strident laugh; "go to her, I say! This place is mine—mine! I am your wife! As for her—Shame and disgrace. You shall have enough of it—both of you—and to spare. I'll—"

Gaunt took up his hat, passed into the inner room, locking the door as he did so. He looked round wildly. The room was empty. Decima was not there.

His brain was in a whirl; he scarcely knew where he was, what he was doing. All his thoughts were of Decima—to get her out of the place, out of reach of the demon he had just left.

He looked round the room again. Her hat and jacket were not there. He went hurriedly into the next room—a bath and dressing-room. She was not there, nor was there any trace of her. The room adjoining was a kind of "den" in which he kept his guns and fishing-tackle—a bachelor's litter-room. She was not there. He looked round, and drew a breath of relief. She must have gone. It was just possible that she had not heard a word of what had passed between them and—his wife.

He stood for a moment, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had been calm enough until the last moment or two; but now his heart was beating furiously, and he was all of a shake. But it was because he was thinking of Decima.

He saw now how mad—how bad—he had been. He had tempted her, persuaded her to fly with him; he had tempted her to her ruin. In a moment, overwhelmed by his passionate love, he had lured her to ruin. And she would have come to his lure. He saw now, as by a flash of lightning, how bad, how cruel, he had been.

Thank goodness she had escaped! He had lost her forever—should never see her again; but—no matter, she was saved. As for him, what did it matter what became of him?

He sunk into a chair, his head bowed in his hands. A terrible blow had fallen upon him; but the hand of Providence, which had dealt it, had, at the same time, been stretched out to save her—his dear, sweet girl-love!

She had gone. She was safe at Lady Pauline's house in Berkeley Square—safe from him and his fatal love.

He was glad, and yet—and yet the thought that she was lost to him, that he should never hold her in his arms again, never, perhaps, see her again, filled him with anguish. He could have borne it all if he had not known that she loved him. But he knew that she loved him. To hear her sweet confession of love ringing in his ears, to feel her kisses upon his lips! He was almost mad with longing and with remorse.

He rose presently. It had seemed hours while he was sitting there; in reality it had only been minutes. He rose and looked round with the numbed feeling of a man waking from chloroform.

From this room a door led directly on to the corridor. It was always kept locked, but the key was in its place. He went to turn it, but found the door unlocked. Then he understood. Decima had escaped—yes, that was the word, escaped—this way.

He drew the key sharply from the lock. It had been in its place so long that it stuck, and as he jerked it violently, it cut his finger. He did not feel the cut, did not know that his finger was bleeding until he saw a spot of blood on the wristband of his shirt.

With an impatient gesture he put the key in his pocket, wiped his finger on his handkerchief, and passed into the corridor, locking the door behind him, and slipping the key in his pocket.

As he went down the corridor he heard voices, and he saw the parlor-maid leaning beside the lift talking to the porter within it.

She started guiltily at sight of him, and the man touched his hat as the maid fled hastily.

Gaunt returned the salutation and went quickly down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The infuriated woman tore at the handle of the door for a moment, then she stopped. There had been something in Gaunt's face, in his eyes, which, if it did not exactly frighten her, warned her that it would not be safe to follow him.

She left the door, and paced up and down the room for a moment or two.

"Yes, I'll wait. I'll stay here. It's my proper place. I'm his wife. He'll find me here when he comes back—if he does come back; if he doesn't, I'll stay here. I'll drag his name in the dirt; I'll—"

She sunk on to the couch, and rocked herself to and fro. She was choking with passion. But presently the violence of the fit passed and she rose and went to a mirror and looked at her face. She was burning hot, the perspiration had played havoc with her "make-up," and the powder and colors showed in streaks upon her face. She wiped it with her lace handkerchief and smoothed her hair; then she looked round the room searchingly, went to the sideboard, and wrenching the door open, found what she was looking for. She poured out a glass of brandy and drank some of it eagerly, greedily; then she drew a long breath, and seating herself by the fire, bent forward, her chin resting in one hand, the glass held in the other.

(To be continued.)

THE PLANET VENUS.

Professor Maunder Draws Deductions From Temperatures.

Judging from the temperature, Professor Walter Maunder, the astronomer, is of the opinion that Venus, of all the planets, is the only one habitable. He is quoted in an exchange as saying that the sun's temperature is more than 5,000 degrees centigrade, while the moon, owing to its lack of atmosphere, is, at night, about the temperature of liquid air.

Mercury, which always turns one face to the sun, must be far hotter, says Professor Maunder, than anything of which we have knowledge, while Mars must always be at below freezing point.

The more distant planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—are so far away from the sun that they receive scarcely any heat from it, while they are still in a nearly incandescent condition, and according to Professor Maunder, probably have no solid nucleus.

Venus, however, has a mean temperature of 69 degrees centigrade, and at the equator one of 95 degrees centigrade, so that, allowing for the difference in pressure, water should boil at its equator. This would send forth such vast quantities of steam that the clouds would cut off much of the sun's heat.

Professor Maunder denies that any planet but Venus can be habitable, and as to Venus he reserves judgment. For protoplasm, the universal constituent of all living matter, cannot live permanently below 0 degrees nor above 100 degrees centigrade. Therefore the sun, Mercury, and the distant planets would be too hot for it, while Mars and the moon would be too cold, leaving only Venus as a possibility.

Out of the Frying Pan.

"When she married, ten years ago, she stated frankly that it was simply to avoid working for a living."

"What does she do all the time?"

"Takes care of seven small children."

Explaining His Taste.

"Binglewood has put that wild boy of his on a farm and the youngster writes home that he likes it."

"Likes it? Well, farming ain't what it used to be."

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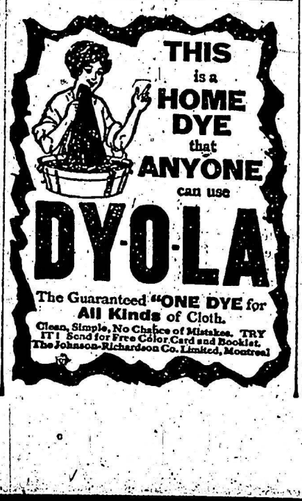

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TITLED WOMEN OWN SHOPS.

Lady Sackville's Venture in Lamp Shade Business.

Lady Sackville, the heroine of a recent famous lawsuit, is one of the several leaders in the world of the "upper ten" in London who have taken to running stores. Lady Sackville is interested in lamp shade business.

Whatever the reason may be, it is generally known that many of the scions of the aristocracy in England are at the present time the principal backers of various businesses.

The general opinion here is that no harm would be done if these amateur storekeepers would observe the strict rule of the retail game, but they do not.

They rush their goods upon people whether they want them or not, making the question of patronage personal.

They write "touching" letters. They use their titles as influences.

A man well-known in London's smartest set complains:—"It is a particular bore when one goes to a store run by 'real ladies' to find oneself taken in hand not by an understudy in the shape of an assistant, but by the grande dame who owns the establishment, and to be told what is the proper thing to buy, without any regard to individual tastes or idiosyncrasies. One lady makes it a practice to advance upon the timid male purchaser, like a ship in full sail, with the perfectly superfluous information: 'I am Lady So-and-So.' He at once feels himself cornered, pays a large sum in order to get clear of the whole thing, and makes a dash for freedom."

"There are even more questionable tactics employed. Thus:—Ladies have taken, either just before Christmas, or on hearing of a coming marriage, to write round to the friends of some popular man or woman suggesting that at the establishment from which the letter is penned can be purchased exactly the gift that is suitable. In the case of an engaged couple some trouble is taken to ascertain their tastes; these are mentioned in the touting letter, which is usually written in a free and easy conversational style."

He adds that society leaders in London (some with handles to their names) are ready to supply, among other things:—

Wines, garden seats, cigarettes, sun dials, dinner-table needs, house furniture, millinary, lamp shades, paper for servant's attics, white-wash for the basement.

"Once upon a time," he says, "an earl's son kept a cash butcher store."

THE BEST TEA IN THE WORLD.

Only a Few Pounds and Always Sent to China's Royal Family.

The best tea in all China, and therefore in all the world, grows on top of a small mountain in western Szechuan, called Ming Shan, and is cultivated by the priests of the Buddhist temple on its summit. Tradition says that a Chinese pilgrim brought the seeds from India centuries ago. There are only a few pounds in each crop, and these have always gone as tribute to Peking for the use of the imperial household. Who will get the precious tea now? Will it be reserved for the family of the president of the republic, or will it be scattered among those who are willing to pay a big price for such a luxury?

There is a saying in China, that to make a perfect cup of tea you must take leaves from Ming Shan, and water from the Yangtze. No one supposed the actual turbid river-water to be meant, but no one could explain the proverb until De Rosthern, who wrote an interesting treatise on Chinese tea, solved the problem, or thought he did.

De Rosthern was once crossing the Yangtze near its mouth, at Chen-Kiang, when he saw some men in a boat dipping water into buckets. He inquired why they did that, and was told that at the bottom of the bay there was a spring, remembered since the time when the present river-bed was dry land, and that this spring-water was highly esteemed in cookery. Here, then, he concluded, he had found that special water of the Yangtze which, with Ming Shan leaves, made the best cup of tea in the world.

Availability in Prospect.

"I fear I am not worthy of you."

"Never mind about that. Between mother and myself I imagine we can effect the necessary improvement."

Let the small boy make the noise of the neighborhood and he cares not who does the work.

HOME

When Gladys Makes a Cake.

On Saturday at breakfast time
You'll hear Miss Gladys say:
"Now, mother, you and Bridget
Must have a holiday;
So don't come near the kitchen,
But rest, for pity's sake,
While I do all your duties
And make the Sunday cake."

Then, O, a track of sugar
Across the spotless floor;
And, ah, the jelly smudges
On the handle of the door;
Lo, the citron, spice and raisins
And the cochineal so pink
Are daubed on chairs and table
And even in the sink!

Eleven cups are needed
To separate the eggs;
And corpulent old Bridget
Is run clean off her legs;
For she must melt the butter,
And she must mix the dough,
While Gladys grates the chocolate
And smears it high and low.

Alas! the devastation
In that kitchen prim and clean!
A stack of sticky silver
And utensils seventeen!
"Please, mother, can't you finish up?"
Miss Gladys then will say;
"I quite forgot I'd promised
To attend the matinee!"

Delicious Oyster Dishes.

Oyster Soup.—Oyster soup is a good luncheon soup, especially satisfactory for school children. There are several ways of varying it to make it tempting. The first requisite for good oyster soup of any sort is to cook the oysters only long enough to make them plump. Longer cooking toughens them. This is one method of making oyster soup: Wash a quart of oysters and strain the liquid in which they came through a piece of cheese-cloth. Then boil it, skim it and add the oysters to it. When the oysters are ruffled and plump take it from the fire, add a pint of hot milk, well-seasoned with salt and pepper, and a little butter, and serve immediately. Vary this soup by adding two tablespoonfuls of chopped celery to the hot milk, or a teaspoonful of chopped onion or parsley, or a tablespoonful of finely grated cheese. Sometimes thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed together. Sometimes add a few oyster crackers when you mix the oysters and hot milk.

Another Lunch Dish.—Oyster loaf is another satisfying luncheon dish. To make it take off the top crust from a loaf of bread and scoop out the soft crumb part from the inside, leaving a wall at the sides and bottom, three-quarters of an inch thick. Dry the middle of the bread and crumb it, and add it to two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Make a cream sauce from three tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour and half a cupful of milk. Scald a quart of oysters in their own liquid and drain them and fill the bread case with the oysters and cream sauce and crumbs in alternate layers. Top the filling with crumbs. Bake it for twenty minutes, until the crumbs are brown.

Entrees of Oysters.—Oyster fritters are one of the best oyster entrees. To make them drain two dozen good-sized oysters and chop them fine. Beat two eggs light, add a cupful of milk and a cupful and about seven-eighths a scant two cupfuls—of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat this batter smooth, and season it with salt and pepper. Add the oysters and drop the mixture by tablespoonfuls into smoking hot fat. Cook them carefully, for only a short time, drain them on brown paper, and serve immediately. Scalloped oysters and oyster patés are old standbys that we cannot afford to give up. To make scalloped oysters fill a buttered baking dish with alternate layers of cracker crumbs, oysters and seasoned moistening. Moistening, of course, soaks through the cracker crumbs. Make it of equal parts of the oyster liquid and hot milk, seasoned with melted butter, pepper and salt. Top the dish with buttered crumbs and moisten them with half a cupful of liquid to which a beaten egg has been added. Bake the oysters covered for half an hour, then remove the cover, and brown quickly. This is a good recipe for the filling for oyster patés: Chop a quart of oysters fine with a sharp silver knife. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the same amount of flour, cook and then add a cupful of rich milk. Season with red and black pepper and salt. Add the minced oysters to the cream sauce and cook for five minutes. Have the paté shells hot, fill them with the oyster mixture, and set in the oven for a minute before serving, very hot.

Oyster Salad.—For oyster salad drop large oysters into their own liquor, which should be strained, and scalding hot, and leave them there until they are plump and ruffled. Drain them on a sieve and dry them on cheesecloth. Cool them and quarter them with a silver knife. Mix them with chopped celery and moistened mayonnaise and serve them on crisp, white lettuce leaves.

Timely Hints.

When removing cake pans from the oven, use a clean cloth and your hands will not get burnt.

When frying [illegible] flour before putting them in the pan. This will prevent them from bursting.

When washing [illegible] and mantel [illegible] as it spoils them. A little ammonia in the water is all that [illegible]

A cut ham [illegible] should have a [illegible] over the cut end [illegible] it from drying.

When [illegible] into the [illegible] the fish. [illegible] sticking to [illegible]

Storing Apples for Winter.—Apples should be dry when [illegible] must be [illegible] Never [illegible] as nothing [illegible] than [illegible] available [illegible] dry sand [illegible] being packed [illegible]

On Washing Saucepans.—When a saucepan [illegible] rub the [illegible] bread dough [illegible] with hot [illegible] wash the [illegible] fully as [illegible] or of [illegible] spoil the [illegible] that particular [illegible] kettles and [illegible] the fire for a [illegible] washing so that [illegible] dried inside. [illegible] good condition [illegible] longer.

Home Cleaning Hints.—To clean a white [illegible] starch we [illegible] roll up tight [illegible] days. The [illegible] and the powder [illegible] To clean a [illegible] take equal [illegible] whiting, [illegible] white flannel [illegible] terial; [illegible] shake out [illegible] side. To [illegible] rub thoroughly [illegible] sia, leave [illegible] day, then [illegible]

WILL IRRIGATE THE SAHARA.

Will Open With Flow of [illegible] Gallons Per Minute.

The Sahara [illegible] mon opinion [illegible] without water [illegible] truth; in a [illegible] that are inhabited [illegible] of water. The [illegible] find it, as it [illegible] depth below the [illegible]

To discover [illegible] this hidden water [illegible] sion of a corps of engineers which is [illegible] of Algeria.

In February engineers opened a well [illegible] claimed the water [illegible] a flow of 8,000 gallons [illegible] This is in the [illegible] 22 miles west of [illegible]

The water of this [illegible] a fountain near [illegible] forms a small [illegible] it possible to cultivate [illegible] acres. The former [illegible] geria was 3,400 [illegible] from a well bored in [illegible] oasis of Tougourt.

In the last 10 years [illegible] corps has bored [illegible] 46,000 gallons a [illegible] 116,000 since the F[illegible] began. This permits [illegible] of 1,500,000 date palms [illegible] lies the wealth of So[illegible]

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25c per box.