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*By the Way, Madam, What's An Ideal Food?*

Once, Madam, a June Bride asked the heroine of three matrimonial ventures the secret of "How to be happy though married." And the Experienced One's startling recipe was "Feed the Brute!" Many a housewife feeds the partner of her joys and cares with mere filling concoctions without nutrition. The poor man is fattened by the process about as much as the chicken which swallows sand and thinks it is being fed. What—did you speak, Madam?

By the way, Mistress Housewife, what's an ideal food? Dr. Robt. Hutchison (an eminent authority on such matters) has already defined it: "An ideal food would contain about one part of Protein to 4.2 parts of Carbohydrates." Sounds very scientific, eh? Protein for bone, and brain, and brawn building; Carbohydrates for fat just to fill out the hollows and prevent the corners from hurting. Once, Madam, a fellow who loved statistics evolved the idea that the average man at moderate work requires about .28 lb. of protein to .28 lb. of fat and .99 lb. carbohydrate in his daily food. A woman takes care of eight-tenths as much as a man.

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By HELEN R. MARTIN,  
Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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CHAPTER XIII.

ON the evening of that same day Kinross, sitting on the grassy terrace by the front gate contemplating the dusty highway, was still puzzling over the problem of Eunice.

"Were she the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted castle she couldn't be more inaccessible," was the conclusion to which he had come as, after seeing the whole family, including Eunice, go upstairs for the night, he had necessarily postponed his quest to the morrow.

"It looks as though I should be driven to communicate with her through correspondence even while here under the same roof with her!"

He was fairly wearied out with his speculations about her. For the first time he now found his disguise irksome, so much would he have liked freely to discuss the case with Miss Ellery. Surely that philosophical young woman was not so abnormally self-engrossed as not to be curious also about Eunice. Perhaps if he gave her and Daisy an opportunity they would question him about the girl, thinking, of course, that he had known her long and intimately. It would be a relief, even under the hampering condition of his assumed character, to talk her over with some one. How had her extraordinary talk of the night before struck Miss Ellery anyway?

He had reached this point in his meditations when he was roused by the sound of a step behind him. All the family had gone to bed, so it must be the young ladies. They were coming to join him on the terrace.

"A mere farmland is, after all, a man," he shrugged.

But this evening he felt an unusual readiness to welcome their society.

"If I can't investigate Eunice myself, at least I can now get at the impression she has made on others."

He tossed away the cigar he was smoking. It was of the brand smoked by Miss Ellery's father and quite too choice to be found in the possession of a farmland. He hoped she wouldn't notice the aroma.

"He turned around and looked up. There before him, slim and pale in the starlight, stood Eunice, in the unexpectedness of her appearing suggesting to his startled fancy a vision of a Fra Angelico angel.

His astonishment left no room even for a passing regret for the excellent cigar so unnecessarily sacrificed.

There was a mingled timidity and dignity in her manner that brought him to his feet with an instinctive chivalry.

"Will you sit down with me?" he asked in a tone of uncertainty, for he could not guess just why she had come. She had always appeared to shun and even to be afraid of him. There was just now a pained sensitiveness in her fine face that revealed the struggle she was having with herself in approaching him like this.

"But you would rather not be intruded upon—even by me?" she asked wistfully, her voice low and trembling. "I mean," she hastily explained, "I don't count, of course, but perhaps you would rather be entirely alone?"

She had spoken so unhesitatingly last night to Miss Ellery. Why should she falter like this, in such agony of embarrassment, when speaking to him? True, she had talked to Georgiana under stress of a sudden strong impulse—she had been caught unawares, as it were—that had been manifest enough. Still, in spite of his own lifelong battle with shyness, he couldn't quite understand why any girl under the sun should be bashful with him. Certainly his experience with bashful girls had been limited—or, rather, nil.

"Ever since last night," he said to her, "I have been looking for an opportunity to talk with you."

He saw the color flood her cheeks and her bosom rise and fall in a long, deep breath.

"You have wanted to talk with me?" she breathed.

"It's the only thing I have wanted ever since last night."

"Since last night?"

"Yes, since last night—naturally."

"Is that a mystery?" she said. "But in this controversy about Miss Ellery's frock?"

She returned a smile.

about Miss Ellery's frock I wanted to talk to you."

It was evident that the episode of the frock had been, to her mind, the only notable one of the previous evening.

"Let us sit down," he repeated.

Her face lighted up as she sat down with a brightness that transformed it. He marveled why she should in the moment shrink from him and falter in a painful shyness and the next be radiant with pleasure. To him the reason for the transformation was not apparent.

"What made you say you don't count?" he began as he seated himself beside her.

"You said so—that evening—by the fence."

"When I said you didn't annoy me? But I didn't mean that!"

"What did you mean then?" The question seemed to spring from her without her volition.

What had he meant, indeed?

"I suppose," he speculated, "I meant that you interest me too much to annoy me."

"And the young ladies—you avoid them because they don't interest you?"

Was there a note of eagerness in her wistful voice? And to think that she should volunteer to ask him questions! If he could make her feel more at ease with him, perhaps he could get her to talk to him of herself. His pulse bounded with pleasure in anticipation of his quest of her secret, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction in his present isolation with her.

"I can't say they don't interest me. Everybody interests me, even Ollie, even Abe!"

He looked at her narrowly as he spoke her lover's name with this intimation of his insignificance. He could not see whether or not it disturbed her.

"But," he went on, "there are degrees of interest. None of them have a mystery about them."

Her face as she listened to him expressed anxious attention, like one who tries to follow a foreign tongue, and she seemed to weigh for a moment all that he said before she answered.

"But neither have I a mystery about me," she replied wondrously. "A mystery?"

"Haven't you?" he questioned gravely in the tone of one reproving a child for telling a fib.

"Indeed, no." She shook her head in denial of such an accusation. "I haven't."

"No? I'm surprised to hear it, for, do you know, your person to me the most mysterious young person I ever met."

"I do," she marveled. "But why?"

In her astonishment she was forgetting her shyness. "Unless," she attempted to explain it, "you find me mysterious because I am so simple. If all the young ladies you know are complex like Miss Ellery—"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Don't you like her?" she asked again with that note of wistfulness which this time included an accent of pity for Miss Ellery.

"I love her!" he declared with a whimsical exaggeration that he hoped would dispose of Miss Ellery finally.

"That's why I wouldn't have all the young ladies I know made after her pattern, you see."

She started at his words, and suddenly the radiance seemed to die out of her face, leaving it mournful.

"You—you love her?" she said falteringly.

"Of course I love her! The difference between you and Miss Ellery," he went on, following the idea in his own mind and not seeing in the dimness the pallid hopelessness that had come to her face, "is that Miss Ellery thinks she's complex, but isn't, and you think you're simple, but aren't. And the most mysterious thing about you is that you hadn't noticed it yourself—that you were mysterious, I mean. I don't see how it escaped you."

She did not answer him.

"For instance, why are you so different from Ollie when you two have had the same rearing?"

She swallowed hard and seemed to make an effort to speak to him.

"Is that a mystery?" she said. "But it is easily explained. We are not of the same parentage."

"Do you know anything of your own parents?"

There was a scarcely perceptible hesitation before she answered.

"No." Her voice sounded remote, as though she shrank from his questioning.

"That in itself is strange, isn't it?" he ventured, hesitating to force his investigations against her evident reluctance, but his keen curiosity getting the better of his finer feeling.

"I suppose it is," she answered, her voice subdued, her eyes downcast.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar know nothing about your parents?"

"I don't know."

"But have you never asked them?"

"I have never discussed it with them."

His questions agitated her, he saw, and he didn't believe she was being candid with him, so he reluctantly dropped them. He remained silent to give her a chance to tell him why she sought him here at an hour when all the rest of the family were abed.

"I want to ask you," she began timidly, "to tell me something if you are quite willing to spare your time to me."

The occasional unusualness of her mode of expression struck me as touching of foreignness. Here was another phase of the mystery of her.

"I couldn't make better use of my time," he answered. "Ask me anything you like, child."

The kindness of his tone as he called her "child" made her eyes grow suddenly misty, so novel it was to hear herself spoken to as though she were not a chattel or a slave. Her voice as she answered him was very low and sweet.

"I am anxious to have you tell me whether a girl like me could find a place out in the world where she could earn her living?"

It was to ask him this that she had come to him tonight. But would it not have been a more natural thing for her to have gone to Georgiana or Daisy with such an inquiry? He wondered why she had chosen to ask him in preference to them.

"It depends upon the sort of place you would want. Some sorts of work are easy to secure. Others are not. What kind of work do you mean?"

"That's what I hoped you could tell me—the sort of work there is in town whereby a girl like me could earn her living."

"Domestic service?" he hesitatingly suggested. But somehow in spite of her servitude to the farmer's family this struck him as utterly incongruous. "Places for domestic service can be secured easily—almost on your own terms. But if you are thinking of some other sort of occupation?"

He paused questioningly, but she said nothing. Only her repressed eagerness urged him on.

"I should have to know more about you before I could judge of your chances."

Again he paused, but she remained silent.

"If you will tell me something of yourself," he suggested.

She looked surprised. "But there is nothing to tell of me more than what you yourself have seen."

He looked at her with searching eyes. "Isn't there?"

"No," she answered with a frankness that ought to have carried conviction.

"Could you do any other sort of work than what I have seen you do—sewing and housework?"

"I don't know. What other things are done by women?"

"Well, there are shopgirls, stenographers, milliners, bookkeepers, teachers"— He turned and again looked at her keenly. "Would you like to teach?" he asked abruptly.

"But I haven't an education."

"Just how much schooling have you had?"

"I was taken out of school when I was twelve years old."

"And have had no instruction of any sort since then?"

"No."

"And never have been off the farm?"

"Never except the few times that I have been in town to the market for a half day."

"Then, Eunice," he inquired with impressive earnestness, "may I ask you happen to speak a language so unlike that of the Morningstars?"

He watched her closely as he put the question. Her face, so near to him, gleamed like ivory in the starlight, and he could plainly see her countenance.

His question brought a startled look to her eyes, and again he saw her bosom rise in a long, deep breath. She did not attempt to answer him.

"Well?" He pressed his inquiry with a tense interest.

"I—I didn't realize that it was noticeable—my not speaking as the rest speak," she faltered.

"And how does it come that you don't speak as the rest speak?"

"I never thought about it. If I have come to speak like the differently from the rest of the family, it has been unconsciously."

"Ah?" he commented thoughtfully. "Remarkable! Remarkable—that you should make use of a vocabulary that you have never heard spoken. Have you, possibly, come unconsciously to a speaking acquaintance also with French and German?"

"I should think that must be an impossibility—to come unconsciously to a knowledge of a foreign tongue," she answered seriously, evidently unused at least to the language of sarcasm.

"Not more so than what you would have me believe—that with no schooling after your twelfth year and with no environment or association except that of this farmer's family you should—well, to go no further, be acquainted with areas of the English language which would be as foreign to the rest of this household as Italian or Spanish. Now, then, how do you account for it?"

The little pucker in her brow indicated to him how his inquisitiveness troubled her. She turned to him with anxious appeal in her eyes. "Is it necessary to account for it—before you can advise me?"

"Yes, it is," he stubbornly persisted.

"The more I know about you the better I can help you."

She dropped her eyes and did not at once answer. But presently, with evident great reluctance, she spoke. "If a talk in a more educated way than the rest of the family it is only because I have read a few books that came in my way."

"I should think very few books indeed would come in your way on this farm?" He put it questioningly. "I have never seen you so much as look at my books when you have been lying about. What books ever come in your way?" Mrs. Morningstar says this in the first summer she has taken boarders, since she gave up keeping a hotel twenty-one years ago. And

Continued on page 7.

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6:45	8:00	Lv. Walkerton	Ar.	8:40	12:55
6:58	3:13	" Maple Hill	"	8:57	13:43
7:06	3:23	" Hanover	"	9:10	13:54
7:14	3:33	" Allan Park	"	9:11	13:55
7:28	3:52	" Durham	"	8:57	13:12
7:38	4:02	" McWilliams	"	8:47	13:02
7:50	4:17	" Pricoville	"	8:35	11:50
8:00	4:30	" Saugoon Jct.	"	8:35	11:40

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