# Her Great Love;

## Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd).

"Oh, do you think so?" said Decima; and she gazed before her with rather a disappointed look in her eyes.

She was very quiet for the rest of the dinner; and when it was over, and she had listened to her father's usual monologue—a monologue which had lately grown more extravagant and sanguine—she stole out into the garden, and, leaning on the gate, thought of Bobby's speech. Would he not come, after all? Had he been deceiving them?

She opened the gate and walked down the fir-scented road until she came to the great house. The sight of it, the thought that its owner was, probably, many hundred miles away, and would not see all that—yes, she—had done, saddened her.

She was roused from her reverie by the sound of a horse's hoofs. Though at some distance, it rang pleasantly on the smooth road; and as she listened, it came nearer.

Instinctively she drew back under the shadow of the trees. The rhythmical beat came nearer and nearer, and presently in the moonlight she saw a man riding a big black horse. It was coming along at a swinging pace, and it was almost abreast of her before she saw that the rider was Lord Gaunt.

She did not recognize him for a moment, for Gaunt was one of those men who look younger in the saddle than on foot. He sat his horse perfectly; man and horse indeed seemed one.

A sudden gladness shot up like a tiny flame in her breast; but she drew further back. She saw that he looked pale, and that he was lost in thought; and she half hoped—though why she did not know—that he would pass by without seeing her.

But the man who watches for big game in Africa, with a keenness upon which life depends, acquires abnormal quickness and sharpness of sight; and as he came up to the slim figure in its soft gray dress, Gaunt glanced at her.

"Miss Deane!" he said, raising his hat.

Decima held out her hand, and he took it and looked at her, not absent-mindedly now, but with a strange directness.

"You have come back!" she said. "I am glad."

His eyes fixed themselves on her.

"Yes; I have come back. And you are glad?" he said, with some surprise in his tone.

"Yes; for Mr. Bright's sake—and the people's," she said, with the innocent frankness of a child.

He nodded.

"Ah, yes," he said; "for Bright's sake—yes, yes."

"He would have been so disappointed," said Decima. "He has been so dreadfully anxious—about you! If you had seen him this morning!" she laughed softly, and he smiled gravely.

"I have just seen him," he said. "I came back this afternoon. I should have been here before; but I have been—detained in London."

"I knew you would come," she said, forgetting all her recent doubts and fears.

"You promised."

"Yes; I promised. Otherwise—" the horse fidgeted, and he drew the bridle over his arm more tightly.

"What a beautiful horse!" said Decima. Her heart was beating with a sharp sense of pleasure, her lovely face was softly radiant. He looked at her with the intent regard of his grave eyes.

"Do you admire horses? He is an old friend. He has carried me for many a year, and in strange places; in places where he and I have been sole companions."

The horse stretched out his arched neck and smelled at her, and Decima stroked his nose with her soft, warm hand.

"You are not afraid of him?" Gaunt asked.

"Oh, no!" said Decima. "I love animals—horses especially. What is his name?"

"Nero," he said. "Rather like a dog's name, isn't it? He will not hurt you." For the horse, encouraged by the caress, thrust his nose against her, and breathed heavily and quickly, as a horse will do when it takes a sudden fancy; and horses are like women in this respect."

"I am not afraid," she said; and she put her arm round the sleek neck and pressed the handsome head against her bosom.

Gaunt watched the pair in silence for a moment; then he said:

"I am glad I have seen you so soon, Miss Deane. I want to thank you."

"To thank me?" said Decima, absorbed in the horse.

"Yes," he went on, "for all you have done for me. When I got home to the house, which I expected to find grim and deserted, I found that it had been made a House Beautiful. And every one—not only Bright, but the workmen themselves—told me that it was you who had so transformed it."

"Oh, no—no!" said Decima. "Not I! It was Mr. Bright and the men from London."

"Not at all!" he said, quickly. "Yours has been the guiding hand, your taste the guiding spirit. They told me. But even if they had not done so, I should have guessed it. It was evident that some woman's hand, some woman's eye, had been at work."

Decima looked up at him with a frank smile of pleasure, for his praise was sweeter than she knew.

"I am so glad you are pleased!" she said. "You can't tell how nervous, and—yes, frightened I was. Oh, very often! It might have been all wrong, you see!"

"It is all right," he said, his eyes resting on hers. "It is all beautiful—too good for such as I. And I am filled with shame when I think of all you have done for me."

His voice vibrated with a suppressed emotion.

"Oh; but it was nothing. Indeed, I enjoyed it. Bobby said it was because I was spending some one else's money; but it wasn't that only. I was thinking of the house—the poor, neglected, deserted house—and the people here."

"Ah, yes—yes," he said, rather grimly.

"And," she went on, frankly, "I wanted to make it nice and comfortable, so that you should be tempted to stay."

"I see," he said. "Well, you have succeeded. It is so nice and comfortable that I shall never want to leave it."

Decima looked up at him with a glad smile as she patted and caressed Nero.

"I am so glad!" she said. "And Mr. Bright will be very glad. And Bobby! Will you not come in and see him? He is reading—cramming, as he calls it—for his exam. Will you not come in? Our house, as I dare say you know, is only just up the road."

He hesitated a moment, a moment only; then he said, simply:

"Thank you—yes; I will come in for a moment."

He walked beside her with the bridle over his arm, and when they reached the gate, slung it over the post.

"Will he stay quiet?" asked Decima.

He spoke a word in the horse's ear.

"Till morning, if necessary," he said.

She led the way through the dimly lighted hall into the faded drawing-room. Bobby was seated at the table in his favorite attitude; his head in his hands, his eyes glued to his books, a cigarette between his teeth.

At sight of Lord Gaunt, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of welcome.

Gaunt just glanced round the room, and then at the slim, girlish figure. It was like a flower, the one solitary flower in a gray, sober garden.

"Ah, Deane!" he said in a tone which wins a young man's heart. "Back again, you see! Cramming, eh? Lucky fellow! They wanted me to go into the army, but I hadn't the capacity or the industry."

"Glad to see you, Lord Gaunt," said Bobby, heartily. "My father's in his workshop, laboratory. I'll bring him."

He hurried out, and Lord Gaunt and Decima were left alone.

"Have you had your dinner?" she said. He did not tell her that his dinner had been waiting for him for the last hour.

"Thanks, yes. At least"—for even the conventional fib was difficult under the direct gaze of those truthful, trusting eyes—"it doesn't matter. I am not wedded to dinner. I have gone without any too often."

Mr. Deane came in, his grotesque clothes powdered with dust, his gray hair thrust hastily out of his eyes.

Lord Gaunt shook hands with him, and scanned him with a quick glance.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Deane. "How do you do, Mr.—"

He looked at Bobby inquiringly.

"Lord Gaunt, sir. Lord Gaunt of Leafmore," said Bobby in an undertone.

"Of course, of course!" said Mr. Deane. "I am glad to see you, Lord Gaunt. Are you going to make a long stay at—at—"

"Leafmore," whispered Bobby.

"Of course! Leafmore! You will remain and dine with us?"

"We've had our dinner hours ago," said Bobby, laughing.

"Leafmore," said Mr. Deane, abstractedly. Then with a sudden brightening up of his faculties, he went on eagerly: "You have some wonderful trees at your place, Lord Gaunt. Wonderful! I don't know that, out of Scotland, I have ever seen more magnificent firs. Now, did it ever occur to you that great things might be done with the extraction of terebene from the fir? At any rate, it has occurred to me. Terebene is the active ingredient—"

Bobby touched him on the arm, and Mr. Deane turned to him with a kind of bewildered impatience.

"What is it, Robert? I am endeavoring to explain to Lord Gaunt that he has an enormous fortune—an enormous fortune—within his reach. Terebene is one of the most valuable products—"

Bobby glanced at Gaunt apologetically and appealingly, and Gaunt, with admirable tact, said:

"Thank you, Mr. Deane. Perhaps you will come up to Leafmore and tell me more about it? I'm afraid I must be going now."

"Yes, yes. Good-night," said Mr. Deane; and shaking Gaunt's hand absently, he shuffled out of the room.

Gaunt moved toward the door; but as he reached it he looked around, and his eyes rested on the lovely face so dimly seen by the light of the one shaded lamp.

"At any rate, you will come up to Leafmore, Deane?" he said. Then he looked at Decima again. "And you too, Miss Deane? I want to show you how comfortable you have made me."

"Oh, we'll come right enough!" said Bobby, heartily. "Eh, Decima?"

She did not answer. They both went to the gate, and Gaunt got on his horse. Then he bent down and held out his hand to Decima.

"Good-night, and—thank you," he said.

His voice had a deep ring in it, which Decima had not heard until now.

"Good-night!" she said, smiling up at him.

Gaunt rode on at a bound, and let the impatient Nero go his own pace—always a fast one; but presently he brought him into a walk by a slight pressure of the rein; and then letting it lie loose, rode on silently and with an abstracted look. The beautiful face haunted him; her words, "I am glad you have come," rang in his ears softly; and her eyes—were they gray, or blue, or violet?

He roused himself as Nero bore him into the court-yard, and with an impatient start and shake, he handed the horse over to the groom, and went into the house.

His valet was waiting for him, and he looked curiously at his master as Lord Gaunt entered the dressing-room. The man—Hobson by name—had been with him for years, and was deeply attached to him. They had undergone perils and privations together, had looked death in the face side by side; but Hobson had never stepped out of his place, and had remained that wonderful being, a devoted and respectful servant, who sticketh closer than a brother. There was an expression in his master's face which Hobson had not seen for years. It was almost cheerful.

"I'm late, Hobson," he said; "a bad beginning. But I suppose you told them in the servants' hall that I was never to be relied upon?"

"Yes, my lord," said Habson, simply.

Lord Gaunt smiled, and, as he took off his coat, said:

"Thanks! I thought you would. But, Hobson, we must reform—reform. Now be quick.

Be quick.

Hobson glanced at him swiftly. He had not heard that tone for years.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning Gaunt went down the village, and the village stared at and watched him from its front door, or from behind its windows, with the deepest interest and a lively curiosity, which promptly developed into admiration. For Lord Gaunt, in a riding-suit, with his whip in his hand, and half a dozen dogs bounding round him or trotting demurely at his heels, looked a very different person to what they had expected.

"Why, he's a young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Topper; "and a Gaunt every inch of him! There's no mistaking your real gentry, Mrs. Murphy. Well, I'm going to drop him a courtesy, and give him a 'good-day,' if I'm to be shot for it!" And she made her bob as Gaunt passed the door.

He remembered her, and stopped at once and returned the salutation. He spoke to Mrs. Murphy, and touched his hat in response to the respectful, almost awed greetings of the men outside the inn, and he looked round him with an evident interest, which flattered those who were so closely watching him.

Presently Mr. Bright came trotting after him, and he turned to him with a smile.

"Ah, Bright, I'm taking my first visit of inspection," he said. He glanced at the tumble-down cottage. "It is not altogether a satisfactory one. Now, then, fire away! I see you are charged to the brim."

Bright looked at him with a mixture of eagerness and apology.

"I don't like to begin to worry you right away, Lord Gaunt," he said.

Gaunt smiled.

"Oh, I'm in the humor this morning, and you'd better seize the opportunity. You want me to rebuild these, I suppose?"

"That's it, Lord Gaunt," said Bright, rather nervously.

"Well, they want it," said Gaunt, curtly. "If you'd just step inside one of them—"

Gaunt nodded, and laid his hand on the rickety gate of one of the cottages. As he did so, a girlish figure emerged from the door-way like a gleam of sunlight. It was Decima. She was looking over her shoulder and saying something, in her sweet, clear voice, to the woman inside; then she turned her head and saw the two men, and stopped.

"Oh, what luck!" said Bright. "Here's Miss Deane. Now, she knows exactly what's wanted. She has been making friends of the people ever since she came, you know, and— Ah, Miss Deane, if you would be so kind as to come with us for a little while! But perhaps you are busy."

"No," said Decima; "I am only going to meet my brother later on. What is it?"

"What isn't it, rather?" said Gaunt, with an affectation of dismay.

"Mr. Bright has got me in his clutches already, Miss Deane; and as if he were not more than a match for me, he has called in an auxiliary force. Well, so be it. But, as you are strong, be merciful."

Gaunt looked into one room of the cottage. It was about ten feet square, and was occupied by a woman and five children. It was badly lighted, close, and unhealthy.

Decima looked at him appealingly.

"It is not fit, is it?" she said.

"It's bad, yes," he assented. "It certainly is not fit for you to go into."

"I? Why, they live here!" said Decima, rebukingly.

"They're used to it; you're not," he retorted, rather curtly. "Do you visit all the cottages? How if there should be some infectious disease—measles, scarlet fever—"

He looked at her almost sternly.

"Miss Deane goes everywhere," said Mr. Bright, quickly and admiringly. "I've told her that she's running great risks, but my warning has had no effect upon her. She is our village angel, Lord Gaunt."

Gaunt knit his brows.

"It is not safe," he said. "I'll pull them all down and rebuild them—all of them. Will that satisfy you, Miss Deane?"

Decima was walking between the two men, and she glanced triumphantly at Mr. Bright, and then gratefully up at Lord Gaunt.

"I knew you would," she said in a low voice. "Oh, I am so glad. But then there are the schools. Ah, you must see them! They are almost as bad as the cottages. The children are starved for want of air and ventilation in the summer, and must be frozen in the winter. If you will come—"

"Let us go to the schools by all means," he said.

They entered the crowded, stuffy room, and Gaunt looked round amidst the dense silence of excitement.

"All right," he said. "I see the thing has to be done on a big scale. We'd better get an architect from London, Bright. You—and Miss Deane—can worry through the plans with him. Have what you like, Miss Deane."

Decima was too moved to thank him again. They passed out and came to the church; and Gaunt, glancing at Decima, caught the appealing expression in her lovely eyes. He smiled.

"You want a new roof? And I doubt whether that tower is quite safe."

"It isn't," said Decima, eagerly. "We heard the men say that they are almost afraid to ring the bells. Is—is—that to be done, too?"

"Why not?" he said, quietly. "In for a penny in for—several thousand pounds."

"Oh, forgive me!" she said, penitently. "I—I am forgetting that it will cost so much money. What must you think of me?"

"Nothing but good," he returned. "Don't think about the money. I haven't any better use for it that I know of. You had better send for"—he named a famous ecclesiastical architect—"Bright, and let him work his sweet will on the old place. It's pretty enough to deserve restoring. And now, thank Heaven, here's your brother!" he broke off, as Bobby vaulted over the church-yard stile. "You'll never guess how glad I am to see you, Deane. Come and rescue me from the hands of these Goths and Vandals!"

There was a lightness in his tone which almost startled Bobby.

"They've got at you already, have they, Lord Gaunt?" he said. "I meant to tip you a warning against them. Bright's bad enough, but my sister is far worse. If you let her have her way, she'll pull the place about your ears. You take my advice, and make a stand at once. Decie, my child, just you let things you don't understand alone, run away home, little girl, and play with your dolls; better still, get your toiling brother's lunch ready while he shows Lord Gaunt a new fly he has made."

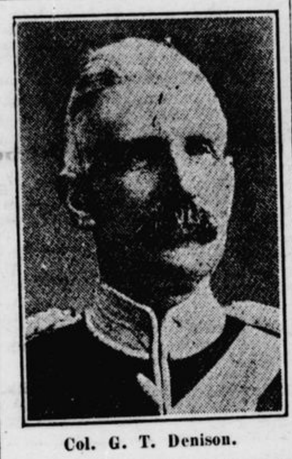
(To be continued.)

## COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

### Saw Coming Change in Cavalry Tactics Back in 1877.

Colonel George T. Denison every Canadian knows as Toronto's Police Magistrate. But not many people know Colonel Denison to be a prophet and an author of note. Such is the case, however. Thirty-six years ago he wrote a book, "A History of Cavalry," and entered it in a competition inaugurated by the Russian War Department, by authority of Emperor Alexander II., for the best history of cavalry. There were three prizes, and Colonel Denison, in competition with the world, won the first prize—5,000 roubles. There never had been before and there never has been since any such complete work on the subject. And, furthermore, a principle which he advocated—a principle revolutionizing the cavalry service—and which he claimed would be the basis of future military mounted operations—has proven sound and has been universally adopted.

With the perfection of firearms, Col. Denison marked a coming change in cavalry tactics. He prophesied that cavalry would be armed with firearms, that the sword and the lance would fall into disuse, that cavalry would not be used to beat down an enemy by shock, but would be in effect mounted infantry. This contention—regarded as mistaken or absurd by most military authorities when Colonel Denison's book first appeared—has been proven sound by modern war.



Col. G. T. Denison.

In the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War, the mounted rifles won the day. The British went into the Boer War with 3,000 steel-armed cavalry of the old type, and at the end of the war had 100,000 mounted men in the field. That was the only way they could fight the 87,365 Boers who took the field—practically all mounted riflemen. In the Russo-Japanese War there was not a single charge against riflemen on foot. The sword and lance were nowhere. The rifle was supreme, inspiring the only effective action for cavalry as well as infantry. Few as the achievements of the Russian cavalry were, whatever they did achieve was through fire action.

### Missed It.

"Atkins," said the Sergeant, angrily, "why hev'n't you shaved this morning?"

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins, in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the Sergeant, "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, Sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man."

### Lost Hopes.

He—"I was a fool when I married you."

She—"I know that, but I didn't realize that you couldn't improve."

### Unreasonable.

"John, you never listen to half the things I say to you," she complained.

"Well, dear," he replied, "I have to work part of the time."

Tramp No. 1: "Is this a good town?" Tramp No. 2: "No, awful! I had three jobs offered me in one day."

# HOME

### Choice Recipes.

**French Omelet.**—Four eggs, four tablespoons milk, two teaspoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Beat the eggs slightly. Add milk and seasoning. Put butter in hot omelet pan and when melted turn in the mixture. As it cooks draw the edges toward the center with a knife until the whole mass is of a creamy consistency; then let it brown quickly underneath. Fold and turn on hot platter.

**Almond Meal Gems.**—Add to the well-beaten whites of two eggs one teaspoonful of lemon juice and ten tablespoonfuls of almond meat. Beat together thoroughly; drop into slightly heated gem irons and bake ten to fifteen minutes.

**Sponge Cake.**—Yolks of six eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoon lemon juice, grated rind of half a lemon, whites of six eggs, one cup flour. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored, add sugar gradually and continue to heat. Add lemon juice, rind and whites of eggs beaten until stiff. When whites are partly mixed with yolks carefully cut and fold in the flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Bake in an unbuttered pan in a slow oven for one hour. Put can of water in the oven to add moisture.

**Hot Deviled Eggs.**—Cook six eggs hard. Remove shell, cut in halves lengthwise, take out yolk and season it highly by blending with salt, paprika, mustard and vinegar. Replace in white, set in baking dish, and pour over all a white souce in which chopped hard eggs have been mixed, in the proportion of two eggs to one cup of sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown on top.

**French Dressing.**—One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, three tablespoons olive oil, one tablespoon vinegar. Mix the seasonings and oil in a bottle. Add the vinegar and shake vigorously. Place in a cold place until ready to use. Serve with a green salad. Lemon juice may be used instead of the vinegar. Many cooks prefer it to the vinegar.

**Almond Omelet, Caramel Sauce.**—Six eggs, six tablespoons caramel sauce, one-half teaspoon vanilla, few grains salt. Separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored, add six tablespoons caramel sauce and vanilla. Cut and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Put two tablespoons butter in a hot omelet pan, cover bottom of pan with blanched shredded almonds, turn in egg mixture and cook and fold same as plain omelet. Serve with caramel sauce.

**Caramel Sauce.**—One cup granulated sugar, one cup boiling water. Melt one cup granulated sugar by stirring over the fire until it becomes a light brown in color. Add no water to melt the sugar; the heat of the fire will do that. When melted add one cup boiling water slowly and cook until the hardened sugar is dissolved. This can be bottled and kept tightly corked to be used for coloring and flavoring custards, cakes and confections.

**Popovers.**—One cup milk, one unbeaten egg, one cup flour, few grains of salt. Beat ingredients thoroughly three minutes with a large Dover or rotary egg-beater. Place in hot buttered muffin pans. Cook one hour in a moderate oven instead of fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Popovers are more easily made and more digestible if prepared this way.

**Banana Dressing.**—Two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls butter, one-half cupful sugar, one cupful milk, one egg yolk, one banana, one cupful whipped cream. Mix flour and sugar together. Add to scalded milk, return to double boiler and cook until thick. Add butter. Add banana, which has been mashed through a sieve. Cool until the mixture coats a silver spoon. Fold in cream when ready to use. Add to cut fruit for salad. Do not use bananas in the salad. Pineapple, orange, celery and nuts make a very good combination.

**Nut Bread (Quick).**—Two and one-half cupfuls white flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, three-quarters cupful nut meats (pecans, walnuts, almonds or peanuts), one egg, one cupful milk. Sift dry material three or four times. Add beaten egg to milk. Combine two mixtures. Bake one hour in loaf in rather a slow oven.

**Cream Puffs.**—One cupful water, one-quarter cupful butter, one cupful flour, four eggs, a few grains of salt. Melt the butter in the boiling water and add the flour while it boils. Blend the mixture into a smooth paste; cook; add the unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins. Bake in a hot oven until a delicate brown (about thirty minutes).

**Queen's Toast.**—Six slices of toast, one cup fruit juice, one and one-half tablespoons cornstarch. Blend cornstarch with a small amount of cold water. Add fruit juice gradually and cook to a smooth sauce. Dip each slice of toast in the sauce and pour the sauce over and around the toast. A bit of whipped cream or the preserved fruit served on each slice adds very much to the appearance and the flavor of the dish.

**Nut Roast.**—Two eggs, one cup milk, one-half cup chopped nuts (pecans best), two cups crumbs; sage or savory to taste; salt and paprika to taste. Combine ingredients; roll in wet cloth; tie. Do not leave too much room to swell. Steam three-quarters of an hour. This will cost about 15 cents.

**Date Cake.**—Here is a recipe for a delicious date cake. It is easily made and does not cost much. Take one-half cup cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, one cup of dates cut up fine, one cup of nuts chopped fine, two and one-quarter cups of flour, one teaspoon of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Bake in a long and narrow pan, and when finished cover with chocolate frosting.

### Worth Knowing.

Linens are best bleached on thick clean glass.

A rush runner is an excellent thing for the verandah.

Soften hard water for toilet use by a pinch of borax.

If paint sticks to glass remove it with hot vinegar.

Vegetable floss makes an excellent filling for pillows.

Ink stains on garments can be soaked out with salt and milk.

After washing black silk or cotton stockings, rinse in salt water.

Clothes should always be dried in the sun and air to look their best.

Tablecoths and sheets should not be looped on the line, but hung taut.

Every spare room should have a waste basket, a chair, and a good light in it.

To polish zinc, rub hard with kerosene cloth and rub off with boiling water.

Never wash aluminum kitchen utensils with soda. Use simply soap and water.

Iodine acts as a healing remedy as well as a disinfectant and is especially helpful for wounds caused by rusty nails, etc.

New housewives realize the effectiveness of kerosene as a disinfectant. Put it down the drain pipe and it will kill all germs.

To discover if your petticoat is showing below your dress skirt, place a hand mirror on the floor and turn slowly around before it.

To clean fine carpets and freshen their colors without injury, scatter grated white potato over them, sweeping it up with a clean whisk or broom.

An excellent plan before putting one's hands into soda water is to rub them well with a piece of mutton fat. This counteracts the bad effects of soda.

As between meal nibbling and the drinking of water copiously during meals are both harmful, so, too, is sleeping in a room in which there is little or no fresh air.

To make awnings waterproof, plunge first into a solution containing 20 per cent. soap and afterward in another solution having the same percentage of copper. Wash afterward.

Linen or corded material garments should be ironed over an ordinary ironing board, taking care to iron lengthwise or directly crosswise. Ironing even a little on the bias will put them out of shape.

A preserve closet should be cool and dark. If it has a glass door hang a black curtain over it. It is a good plan to wrap jars of cherries, raspberries and strawberries in paper to exclude the light.

If you desire to obtain a beautiful lustre on cut glass, try washing it in two quarts of fairly hot water to which one tablespoonful of turpentine has been added, and you will find the results very satisfactory.

A delicious dish of peppers is made in this way: Wash, halve and seed the peppers, then run through a food chopper. Put a little butter in a frying pan. Add the peppers and their juice and half a cupful of stock. Simmer till tender.

To clean alabaster there is nothing better than soap and water. Stains may be removed by first washing them with soap and water and then covering them with whitewash, washing the whitewash off after some hours and polishing the place that had been stained by rubbing.

To stone raisins, free them from their stems, put them in a bowl and cover them with boiling water, letting them remain in it for two minutes. Then pour off the water and open the raisins, and the seeds can be removed quickly and easily and without the usual stickiness.

## BAD TEETH CAUSE BAD EYES.

### Occulists Dental Treatment Often Cures Eye Trouble.

There have been instances of blindness resulting from extracting teeth, but these are rare. On the other hand, specialists in eye troubles have frequently found the trouble with their patients' eyes to come from decaying teeth.

One specialist suspected his patient's eye trouble was due to bad teeth and made a careful examination of the mouth. So far as could be found there were no bad teeth; still, the eye specialist was not satisfied and had his patient's mouth photographed by the X-ray. The result of this proved the correctness of the specialist's diagnosis, for beneath what appeared to be solid gold fillings and crowns he discovered some abscesses.

They were not of a nature to make the patient suspect he had them, but they were acting on the optic nerves and were really all that was making the trouble with his eyesight. Eye specialists are getting more and more to understand the evil effects bad teeth have on the eyes, and many obstinate cases of impaired eyesight which in the past could not be remedied are now actually cured by curing the bad teeth, and thus removing the cause.

Care should be taken to watch the children. Sometimes their eyesight bothers them while their teeth seem in good condition. The chances are there are decaying spots at the roots of the teeth which are not visible, but which may be having an injurious effect upon the eye-sight.

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## FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

### NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

#### Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Mrs. Burke, of Clonmel, died recently at the age of 108.

This year the Shannon salmon fishing has been the best remembered for the last thirty years.

The stores and stables of W. J. Irvine on Loganview Street, Belfast, have been destroyed by fire.

News has reached Belfast of the death of Mr. Samuel Lowther, a leading shipowner, at his County Carlow residence.

Two cases of rifles consigned from Newcastle to County Down have been seized at Coleraine Harbor, Londonderry.

A well-known farmer, Mr. Patrick Naughton, residing at Fienshinmore, Kinvara, has been gored to death by his own bull.

Much curiosity has been aroused at Omagh by the discovery of a bird's nest in a beehive at the residence of Dr. Fleming, Omagh.

Five cases of arms have been seized at Greenore. They were brought to Newry by the authorities and placed in the customs house.

Rain in the lower Shannon district has fallen lately to such an extent that the roads and rivers are flooded and much damage has been done.

As a result of a peat slide in Kilgolagh Bog, in the Finea district, a young man who was engaged in cleaning the face of a deep bank lost his life.

Heavy showers of hail fell in Newry, accompanied by thunder and lightning and great damage has been done to the fruit crops, more especially apples.

Mistaking a box of rat poison for a powder he was in the habit of taking, a farmer named J. O'Connell of Ballyquin has died from the effects of the poison.

The dockers employed by the Land and Burns lines have come to an agreement with the companies about their wages and therefore will not go on strike.

An English company is contemplating the construction of an electric train scheme round the County Down coast, connecting Warren Point with Newcastle.

When the fire brigade were called to a fire on the Newbridge Road, Naas, they started looking for the hydrants, and it took them about half an hour to find them.

Christopher Steadman, a farmer of Tigroney, has died from the results of injuries received through jumping from a carriage when the horses ran away near the Vale of Avoca.

Sir Edward Carson has endorsed the suggestion that an Ulster emblem be worn by loyalists throughout the country, and he has promised that he will see that some such emblem is prepared.

An alarming dynamite explosion took place recently in the townland of Drumconlester, near Kelleshandra, when one man was fatally injured and three others sustained severe injuries trying to save lives.

The Tipperary Guardians have decided to ask the guardians of the seven other unions in the county to hold a conference with a view to utilizing one institution for the education of all children in the eight workhouses in the county.

### Starting at the Bottom.

"I'm going to have my boy begin at the bottom and work up," said the millionaire.

"I presume you intend to start him in as an office boy, then."

"Exactly."

"Shall I put him on the pay-roll at the regular office boy's salary?"

"No, I wouldn't do that. You'd better start him in at about $100 a week. The boy's simply got to have a little pocket money."

Giving unsolicited advice is one way of borrowing trouble.

"I came near doing what I set out to accomplish," said the man with great self-confidence. "Yes," replied the cruel cynic. "But that's what the man said when he put the paste brush in the ink bottle."

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit one Sunday. "You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last. "Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby. "I do indeed," said his mother. "Then say, ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that penny you gimme for the Sunday School collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."

## FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

#### Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The largest dock in the world is at Cardiff, Wales.

For every thousand people in England and Wales, fifteen die annually.

Birmingham is the great jewellery manufacturing centre of the United Kingdom.

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represent a capital of $100,000,000.

A medical officer reports that there are 10,000 people residing in the northwest wards of Deptford without a bath in their homes.

The King received in audience at Windsor, Field-Marshal Sir John French, and handed him his field marshal's baton.

A memorial tablet was unveiled last Sunday in Farncombe Church, Godalming, to Jack Phillips, the chief wireless operator of the Titanic.

Three men were sentenced to six months and one to three months' imprisonment at Carlisle for picking pockets at a West Coast corridor express.

The Merchant Service Guild have announced that increased pay for captains and officers have been granted by various lines, including the Union Castle.

Unmarried men who will undertake to remain single for four years have been selected as recruits by the Swansea Watch Committee for the Borough police.

Prince Christian's pigs, including some noted prize-winners, have been sold at Slough. A sow named Saucy Vexen was bought for the King for over $130.

A serious attempt by suffragettes to destroy crops over a large area, and also to cause a heavy loss of life has been discovered at Yardley Wood, near Birmingham.

John William Griffith, said to be the oldest living authority on Cheddar cheese, has just celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth at Shepton Mallet.

Two acres of earthworks constructed by the Royalists when Newark was besieged during the civil war in 1644 have been designated as public recreation grounds.

Eighteen thousand cotton operatives of Nelson, Lancashire, are making preparations for their annual "feast," in which they will spend between $100,000 and $150,000.

The death has occurred of Alderman James Marriott at the age of ninety-four. He was the pioneer of the cycle trade in England, and was Mayor of Coventry in 1865-7.

Mr. Henry S. Boyton, of Dover, has completed his fiftieth year as a choirman of St. Mary's, Dover, and was previously for thirteen years in the choir of another church in the town.

So many bats had made their home in the belfry of Holbeach Parish Church, Lincolnshire, that it was decided to take some steps to destroy them. Sulphur was burnt and 33 bats were killed in one evening.

### The Way Of It.

Some men make fools of themselves for a pretty girl and a lot of others don't even have that excuse.

### Well Begun.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot): "Good heavens, man, where are your shots going?"

Recruit (nervously): "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."

### Fine.

This sure would be a dandy world,
life would be one big bubble,
If money could be borrowed just as
easily as trouble.

### Evidently Preferred Noise.

"Is he fond of peace and quiet?"

"I guess not. He's giving his three daughters musical educations."


Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

are especially good for children because they are pleasant to take, gentle in action, do not irritate the bowels nor develop a need for continual or increased doses. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.

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