Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued).

As he turned the corner by Berry Street, he almost ran ran against a man who was slouching along the pavement. The man was walking with a peculiar, dragging gait, and had his coat-collar turned up and his hands thrust in his pockets. For an instant it struck Gaunt that there was something familiar to him in the manner of the man, and as he, Gaunt, muttered "Pardon!" he looked after him. The man made no response, and Gaunt walked on. Presently he heard footsteps behind him.

"A detective," he said to himself. I shall not sleep in a comfortable bed to-night, after all," and he walked on.

The footsteps behind him grew closer, and Gaunt, almost at the entrance to Morlet's, pulled up short and glanced round. The man who had been following him pulled up as shortly, and the two looked at each other in the light of the street-lamp.

Gaunt recognized the "shadow," and was the first to speak.

"Jackson!" he said.

The man started, hung his head, then raised it, and looked at Gaunt with a dull, vacant intensity.

"Why, it is you, Jackson!" said Gaunt. "How did you come here? I'm glad to see you."

Mr. Jackson's lips moved as if he found it difficult to articulate.

"I—I thought it was you, and so—so I followed," he said. "I landed at Portsmouth this morning. I only reached London this afternoon."

Now, there is no one for whom you feel a keener interest than the man whose life you have saved at the risk of your own; and Gaunt, notwithstanding his natural reserve, felt drawn toward this waif and stray; so he regarded Jackson with a frank smile of welcome.

"I read of your safe landing at Mogador," he said.

Jackson nodded, and looked from side to side in an abstracted fashion.

"Yes; they took us to the Canaries, and the mail brought us back to England."

"But you wanted to go to Africa," remarked Gaunt.

Jackson gazed at the leaden London sky, and then at the nearest lamp.

"Yes, I did; but it didn't matter."

"Not matter?" said Gaunt.

He looked at the man more attentively. Jackson seemed thinner and more attenuated than he had been on board the "Peveresey Castle." His face was white, his eyelids red and swollen, and his bearing and manner those of a man who has been drinking heavily or is very ill.

"No," said Jackson, dully; "it didn't matter."

"Where are you going?" asked Gaunt.

It seemed to him that, having saved the man's life, he was in a sense responsible for his future welfare.

"I don't know," said Jackson, indifferently.

"You'd better come with me," said Gaunt. "I am going to Morlet's Hotel. They'll be able to find a room for you, I dare say. You look—you look tired."

"I am wet, and I am tired," said Jackson.

They went up the highly respectable steps of Morlet's, and the highly respectable Wilkins met them at the door. It is scarcely necessary to say that the highly respectable Wilkins sustained a severe shock at the sight of Lord Gaunt.

"My—my lord!" he gasped.

Gaunt nodded and smiled at him.

"All right, Wilkins," he said, easily. "I want a room, a couple of rooms, one for my friend here—for to-night only. You're looking well, Wilkins. Can I have my old room?"

If Lord Gaunt had been ten times the criminal the world believed him to be, Wilkins could not have resisted that smile or the tone which accompanied it. He led the way in a solemn and impressive silence.

"You'll give us some dinner—anything, Wilkins," said Lord Gaunt as easily as before, and Wilkins, all in a flutter, could only bow, and respond with "Certainly, my lord."

Gaunt waited until the man, Jackson, had been conducted to his room, then went to his own and washed.

When he came down, Jackson was standing before the fire, and Gaunt saw, more plainly than he had seen in the street, the wasted and woe-begone countenance of the man he had saved from a watery grave.

The dinner was served—an admirable dinner considering the shortness of the notice—but neither of the two men could do it justice. Gaunt was thinking of Decima, and the charge that hung over his head, and Jackson also appeared to be overweighted by trouble.

"A good dinner wasted," said Gaunt, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "There is reason for my want of appetite, but I don't know of any for yours, Mr. Jackson. Will you not have some of this souffle?"

"No, thanks," said Jackson. "I—I should like some refreshment."

Gaunt signed to Wilkins, and he brought the desired refreshment. Jackson drank half a tumbler off.

"What's the reason you can't enjoy your dinner?" he asked, regarding Gaunt with lackluster eyes, round which were rims as red as if they had been painted.

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"Well, I suppose, because it is the last time, he replied.

"What do you mean?" demanded Jackson.

Gaunt lighted a cigarette.

"You know my name?" he asked.

Jackson nodded.

"And have read the papers—the newspapers?"

Jackson shook his head.

"No."

"Ah," said Gaunt, reluctantly. "If you had, it would have saved me an explanation. I am Edward Barnard Gaunt, and I am charged with the murder of—of my wife at Prince's Mansions."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Jackson set down the glass untasted which he had been raising to his lips. His manner was so indicative of surprise, of amazement, that Gaunt stared at him.

"Do you mean to say that you have not seen a paper—a London paper?" he asked.

Jackson moistened his lips with his tongue.

"No," he said; "I—I haven't seen a paper. I know nothing about it. There was no paper aboard the ship that took us off from Mogador."

Gaunt sighed.

"It's soon told," he said. "A woman was murdered at one of the flats at Prince's Mansions— What is the matter?" he broke off, as Jackson half rose from his seat.

"Nothing—nothing," said Jackson, with the hollow cough which Gaunt had noticed several times during the meal.

"She was murdered—stabbed with a Persian dagger. The rooms in which she was found were my rooms. The dagger was mine. The coat thrown over her—a fur coat easy to identify—was my coat, and"—he paused—"the woman was—my wife."

"Yours?" ejaculated Jackson.

He gripped the table with both hands, and stared at Gaunt with his hollow, bloodshot eyes with a gaze half of amazement, half of terror.

"Yes, mine," said Gaunt, leaning back in his chair and gazing moodily at the tablecloth. "She was my wife. I married her, thinking her all that was good, and pure, and innocent. I loved her—but that's a different part of the story. The salient facts are that she was found—murdered—in my rooms. That I had been there—"

"You—you had been there?" ejaculated Jackson.

"Yes," said Gaunt. He had almost forgotten his auditor, and was communing with himself. "I had been there. She came in while I was there, and there was a scene. I dare say I threatened her—goodness knows she tried me hardly enough!—and I was very likely overheard by the servants. In short, Mr. Jackson, the evidence is very black against me. I tell you all this because you may object to continue an acquaintance with a man who lies under so heavy a charge, and whom you will probably think guilty."

Jackson leaned back in his chair, and, with his head sunk between his shoulders, coughed appallingly, and stared at Gaunt.

"If you'd like to say 'good-bye,' and go to another hotel," said Gaunt, "pray do so. I shall not be offended or deem your desire to cut my acquaintance an unreasonable one."

"She was your wife?" said Jackson in a hollow voice and apparently ignoring Gaunt's suggestion. "Your wife?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, with a sigh. "And when I think of her lying dead, I can only remember that I once loved her, and I can forgive her all the misery she caused me."

Again he spoke more to himself than to Jackson, who sunk deeply in his chair, looked a ghastly object, and scarcely capable of understanding the case; but presently, without taking his bloodshot eyes from Gaunt's face, he said:

"If the evidence against you is so strong, why did you come back? You might have got off in that yacht—and there would have been no more bother."

Gaunt raised his eyebrows slightly.

"If I had been guilty, I suppose that is what I should have done," he said; "but I am innocent. Of course I do not insist upon your believing me—"

Jackson made a movement with his hand.

"And being innocent, of course I have come back to face the thing. What else could I do?" he added, simply.

Jackson's eyes wandered round the room, then returned with their fixed stare to Gaunt's face.

"You take it coolly!" he said, hoarsely, and with an oath. "Suppose—suppose they find you guilty?"

"Then I shall not be the first man who has suffered innocently," said Gaunt, gravely.

Jackson got up from his chair with difficulty and went and leaned against the mantel-shelf. The short journey brought on his cough again, and he bent double and put his handkerchief to his lips. As he took it away, Gaunt saw that there was blood upon it.

"I'm afraid you're very ill, Mr. Jackson," he said. "Don't you think you'd better go to bed and let me send for the doctor?"

Jackson waived the suggestion away impatiently.

"I'm all right," he said, sullenly. "Who did this murder?" he asked hoarsely.

Gaunt shook his head.

"I have not the least idea. I know nothing of my wife's life since I left her, or her recent movements; and I suppose the police were so assured of my guilt that they didn't deem it necessary to look in any other direction."

A curious gleam shot for a moment into Jackson's eyes as he bent over the fire.

"The police are fools!" he said. "I suppose any one could have got into that flat, the room. What's the name of the Mansions?" he asked, with a cunning glance at Gaunt.

"Prince's Mansions," said Gaunt. "I do not think so. The servants would have seen any one enter."

Jackson smiled; his back was to Gaunt.

"If I'd been the detective in charge of the case I should have raked up her past life; I should have found out what friends she had; who she'd quarreled with lately. They're fools!"

He turned round and looked at Gaunt; his face was flushed with a kind of childish satisfaction, and he began to laugh in a meaningless fashion; but the laugh was cut short by the awful, hacking cough, and again the handkerchief was stained with blood.

"Look here, Jackson," said Gaunt, "I must insist upon your going to bed and having a doctor. You see, I somehow feel responsible for you, having brought you here."

"Yes, I know," said Jackson. "You saved my life; you gave up your place in the boat—"

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Gaunt, quickly.

"No; but I was," broke in Jackson in a hollow voice. "I'm bad, I know; but you don't suppose you're the only man who isn't afraid of death, do you? P'raps I've got as much pluck as you have," he added, with a kind of defiance.

"My good fellow, I don't doubt your courage," said Gaunt. "And, as to being afraid of death, life isn't such a desirable thing for most of us that we should cling to it very desperately. But you're a young man, Jackson, and have got all the world before you; and you ought to take better care of yourself."

Jackson stared at him gloomily.

"You're young yourself, he said, "and rich, I suppose." Gaunt shrugged his shoulders. "And a nobleman. What's the matter with life that you should be so anxious to lose it?"

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"Life is just what we make of it, Jackson," he said. "I've made a mess of mine, and, candidly, I am sorry that the 'Sea Wolf' happened to lose her way in the fog that night. But I won't bore you any longer with the story of my griefs and sorrows," he added, with a smile. He rose as he spoke, poured out a glass of the Morlet port—it was excellent wine—and carried it to Jackson. "Drink that," he said; "I don't think it will hurt you; then go to bed. I'll send for my doctor to-morrow; he's a clever fellow, and will put you right, I hope."

Jackson took the glass and drank the wine, looking steadily at Gaunt as he did so.

"Don't trouble to send for your doctor," he said. "He couldn't do any good. I'm past tinkering; I know that. I've led the devil's life for some time past, and that night in the fog off Mogador put the finishing touch."

He set the empty glass down on the mantel-shelf and moved to the door. He was a young man, as Gaunt had said, but he looked a very old one, and very bad and feeble at that, as he shuffled along, with his red head bowed on his breast and his hands hanging limply at his side.

At the door he paused and looked round the room and then at Gaunt.

"Good-night," he said. "I haven't forgotten what you've done for me. You're a brave man, Lord Gaunt, and I admire you."

"Thanks," said Gaunt, with a smile. "Good-night, or, rather, good-bye. I expect I shall be gone before you come down to-morrow. Don't hurry up, but take a long rest. Oh, by the way, do you happen to want any money? If so—" He took out his purse. He still felt as if, having saved the man's life, he was in a sense responsible for his welfare.

Jackson's face grew red, then livid, and he looked at Gaunt with a curious expression in his bloodshot eyes.

"I've got plenty of money," he said, brusquely. "Good-night!" and he left the room.

Gaunt was not sorry to lose him, for though he had saved the man's life and was anxious to befriend him, he did not like him; but perhaps for that very reason, he felt that he must look after him and do the best for him. It was like Gaunt to think of another man, even in the midst of his own terrible trouble.

He drew his chair to the fire and lighted a pipe and—is it necessary to say?—began to think of Decima.

His wife was dead, and he was free. But Decima was as far from him as ever. It was more than possible that a jury of twelve highly respectable and intelligent Englishmen would find him guilty of the murder of his wife. But even if they should not, Decima could not be his. She could never forget that he had deceived her and tempted her to fly with him.

He spent a couple of hours in the delightful occupation of thinking how exquisite a thing life would have been if he had met his girl-love years ago; if he had not married; if— Life is made up of "ifs." He sighed, rose, and stretched himself, and went out into the hall.

Wilkins was standing there as if waiting for him.

"Well, Wilkins," he said cheerfully, "I suppose you know whom you've been harboring?"

Wilkins colored, then went pale.

"I'll never believe you did it, my lord," he said, with agitation.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, with that tone and smile which affect men like Wilkins so greatly. "As a matter of fact—I didn't. Have me called early to-morrow, Wilkins, will you? I should like to have my breakfast before the police come."

"Certainly, my lord," said Wilkins, with a gasp. "I ope your lordship don't blame me. I had to give evidence."

Gaunt smiled rather wearily.

"I don't blame any one but myself," he said. "Good-night."

He was very tired, and he slept soundly. He dreamed of Decima that night, as he had dreamed—how often! He thought he saw her standing at a distance from him, and smiling at him. But she was a long way off, and though he stretched out his hands toward her, he could not reach her.

He came down to breakfast the next morning as calm and self-possessed as usual. Wilkins was waiting, as if nothing were the matter.

"Where is Mr. Jackson?" asked Gaunt.

Wilkins coughed.

"He left the hotel early this morning, my lord," he said.

Gaunt shook his head.

"I'm afraid he was not fit to go out."

"No, my lord," said Wilkins. "I heard the gentleman coughing all night. It was something dreadful."

"Take care of him if he comes back," said Gaunt. "He ought to be in bed and under a doctor's care."

Gaunt eat his breakfast, and he was lighting a cigarette when Wilkins announced two gentlemen. They were Mr. Belford, and Mr. Burns, the detective in charge of the case.

Mr. Belford was very pale, and evidently struggling with his agitation.

"This is Mr. Burns, Lord Gaunt," he said—"the detective."

Gaunt nodded, and Mr. Burns looked at him keenly.

"Sorry to disturb you, my lord," he said.

"Not at all," said Gaunt. "I'm afraid I've given you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Burns, quite unwittingly. Will you take a cup of coffee? No? A cigarette?" He handed his cigarette-case.

Mr. Burns was rather staggered. He had had a large experience of criminals, small and great, but he had never met with one quite so cool as this.

"I'm afraid I have an unpleasant duty to perform, my lord," he said.

"Most duties are unpleasant, Mr. Burns," said Gaunt. "You have come to arrest me, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid so, my lord," said the detective. "I need not warn your lordship that I shall be obliged to use anything you may say against you."

"Quite so," said Gaunt. "Wilkins, may I trouble you to get me my hat and coat?"

"I wish to remark," said Mr. Belford, with agitation in strong contrast to Gaunt's coolness, "that Lord Gaunt has come back to England of his own free will, and with some difficulty, to meet this charge."

As they entered the brougham, a newspaper boy rushed forward, yelling:

"Murder in Prince's Mansions! Arrest of Lord Gaunt!"

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"They get the news very quickly, don't they, my lord?" said Mr. Burns.

(To be continued.)

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ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Japan has granted the right to vote to two women.

The University of Upsala, Sweden, has 184 female students.

Edinburgh Council will ask Parliament to grant women the franchise.

England has a society of women bookbinders and also one of women printers.

New York University has founded a night college for women who have to work in the daytime.

Women may practice law in every State in the Union except Virginia, Arkansas and Georgia.

The City of Odensee, Denmark, has a population of 22,949 females and only 19,627 males.

Two million livorces have been granted in the United States in the last 53 years.

According to statistics married school teachers do better work than those who are unmarried.

Glasgow, Scotland, is to have female police if the women's association there can have their way about it.

Never before in England have so many women offered themselves as candidates for town and metropolitan borough councils.

It is estimated that militant suffragists in England destroyed property to the value of $2,550,750 during the last year.

One of the hobbies of Queen Mary of England is the collection of a representative group of paintings by modern artists.

Governor Johnson of California recently appointed a board of women to assume direct control of one of the most important reformatory institutions.

The Countess de la Gueriviere, who was the first woman cab driver in Paris, has gone into a new venture, that of a nurse in a Paris hospital for dogs, cats and birds.

There are only 18,000,000 married women in the United States who could be divorced, and during the last year 110,000 couples have found that they were mismated.

A California woman has erected a remarkable residence for herself at the age of 73. With the exception of the roof, frame and floors, the house was built entirely by her.

Mrs. Vinnie R. Hoxie, the pioneer woman sculptor of America, has received a commission from the Oklahoma legislature for a lifesize statue of Sequoiah, the Indian chieftain.

Miss Ethel Mountz of Seward, Kan., will receive $20,000 from the estate of Colonel C. Grant for her heroism in saving a baby from death under the wheels of Grant's motor car.

As an inducement for his daughters to marry, Joseph Casses, a banker of Scranton, Pa., has offered them a $2,000 bonus each, to be presented them on the day they marry.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, who lives at Hawkes, England, has just completed her hundredth year, but has a remarkable memory and can recite scripture passages and poems taught her in childhood by her mother.

Violin making is the chosen work of 23-year-old Miss Alvine De Ferency, who in her studio in New York bends over a business-like bench and handles awls, pliers and other necessary tools with the skill of a master.

AFRICAN "FLY SWATTERS."

Natives Can't Resist the Pleasure of Slapping Your Back.

The Africans are the champion "fly swatters" of the world, and they need no journalistic exhortations to urge them on to battle with the pest. When a native sees a fly on a neighbor's back, says Mr. Robert H. Milligan, author of "The Fetish Folk of West Africa," he regards it as a duty of friendship to come up behind that neighbor slowly and stealthily. He gives the fly full time to bite his worst, and so be deserving of death; then he strikes an awful blow on the neighbor's back, that brings him to his feet with a yell.

The habit of killing flies, or attempting to kill them when they alight, is an obsession with the native. It seems a physical impossibility for him to resist. He does it in church. When I first preached to a large congregation in Batanga, I was very much disturbed by the unlooked-for and constant slapping on bare backs. Whenever I saw a man creep quietly across the aisle or forward several seats to perform this friendly office, I could not help watching until I heard the slap, and then I always felt like stopping the discourse long enough to ask, "Did you kill it?"

Forgetting that the white man is protected by his clothing, the natives vie with each other in the discharge of this courtesy; and the exasperating blows that the white man receives from his black friends are the chief discomfort that he suffers from the larger flies. One day I was sitting in an open boat when a native man behind me suddenly gave me a slap on the back that actually hurt, and nearly caused me to leap into the sea from surprise. A few minutes later, when I was indulging in a somnolent reverie, he struck me again—I think it must have been in the same place, it hurt so much worse than the first time; whereupon I turned round and told him that if he did it again I should land a blow in his stomach, whether there was a fly there or not.

My boat boys, who knew the uses of clothing, and appreciated the immunity of my back from fly bites as well as the greater tenderness of the white man's body, laughed at this interesting diversion. Then they undertook to enlighten their friend from the bush as to the white man's point of view, combining theoretical instruction with practical sense by removing him to another seat; for they well knew that if he should see another fly on my back, even while they were talking to him, he would strike again. He could not help it; the habit is coercive.

Pointed Paragraphs.

It's easier to boast than make good.

People who drift with the tide make a poor landing.

One idea of a free thinker is a man who isn't married.

Encourage kindness—even if you have to practice on yourself.

When poverty comes in at the window it is getaway day for love.

Don't expect the world to laugh with you if you are laughing at the world.

If the front parlor is clean a girl is apt to think the whole house is all right.

A married man always says he is glad of it—but he seldom attemps to prove it.

If men had the gift of second sight there would be fewer cases of love at first.

On their wedding day a man will readily agree to gratify his wife's smallest wish. Besides, the smaller the wish the easier it is to gratify.

The crystal clearness shows its purity

Hold this soap to the light—you can see your fingers through the perfectly clear cake.

But smell it! As soon as you do, you'll realize the most wonderful charm of this soap—its *real* violet fragrance.

Get a cake from your druggist and know for yourself the pleasure of using it.

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HOME

Dishes Prepared With Eggs.

Eggs With Brown Butter.—Melt three tablespoons of butter in the blazer, cooking it until it is a dark brown. If you like the flavor of onion you may put eight or ten drops of onion juice with the butter. Break as many eggs as you wish or the chafing dish will hold, side by side, putting each one in a saucer by itself so that the yolk and the white may not mix, and sliding it from the saucer into the blazer. Dip the butter up with a spoon and pour over the eggs. Just before you take up the eggs, after they are set, add a small teaspoonful of vinegar to the sauce, sprinkle the eggs with pepper and salt, and serve on toast or crackers.

Eggs Poached in Milk.—Heat a cup of milk in the chafing dish over hot water, and when it is scalding slip eggs into it as directed in the foregoing recipe, breaking each egg into a saucer. Baste the eggs with hot milk and cook until the whites are set. Then take out carefully and lay on slices of hot buttered toast. This may be moistened with a little of the milk in which the eggs were cooked. An added touch of savoriness is given to this dish by spreading each piece of toast lightly with anchovy paste. When this is done use no salt on the eggs.

Fricasseed Eggs, I.—Fry half a teaspoon of minced onion in a tablespoon of butter in your blazer, stir into this a tablespoon of flour, and pour upon it a cup of soup stock or gravy. Stir until this blends with the butter and flour in a smooth sauce. Have ready three or four eggs which you have previously boiled hard, and cut into quarters or into thick slices. Lay them in the gravy until they are heated, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and serve with or without toast or crackers.

Fricasseed Eggs, II.—Cook butter and flour together as directed in last recipe, and pour upon it a cupful of milk, stirring until you have a smooth white sauce. Season this to taste with celery salt, plain salt, white pepper, and if desired, a few drops of onion juice. Have eggs cooked and cut up as directed above, drop these into the sauce, and cook until hot through, and serve on toast or crackers.

Lyonnaise Eggs.—Melt two tablespoons of butter in the blazer, put with them half an onion sliced thin, and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Cook until the onions begin to brown, pour over them a half teacup of milk into which you have stirred a heaping teaspoon of flour, and cook, stirring all the while, until the mixture begins to thicken; lay in five hard boiled eggs, cut into thick slices, and serve as soon as these are hot through.

Sunshine Eggs.—Melt two tablespoons of butter in a frying pan, lay in it carefully the number of eggs you wish, breaking each one in a saucer and sliding it from this into the butter. Have a knife at hand with which to trim off or turn up the edges of the whites as they stiffen, that the eggs may not run into each other. As soon as they are firm sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over them a cup of tomato sauce or of stewed tomatoes, which you have freed from lumps and thickened with a little flour. Add onion juice to qualify the tomato and a little sugar if it is too tart. The tomato sauce may be made in the second pan of the chafing dish by cooking together a tablespoonful each of flour and butter until they bubble, then pouring upon them a cup of tomato liquor which has been seasoned with salt, pepper, sugar, and onion juice. Stir until the sauce is smooth and thick, cover closely and set aside while you cook your eggs. The sauce will keep so warm that it will require only a minute in the blazer after you have poured it over the eggs to become smoking hot.

Sweets for Children.

Every normal child likes an occasional sweet, and an occasional sweet in the way of dessert, is not only not harmful, but good, for the normal child. The sweet should be eaten immediately after the meal, hence it can best be served as a part of the dessert. The teeth should be washed, of course, after every meal—and, incidentally, the child who once forms the habit of washing its teeth regularly will be uncomfortable when it forgets to do so. Especially the teeth should be thoroughly washed after eating sweets of any kind, so if candy is indulged in between meals the mouth and teeth should be immediately washed. Of course, candy should not be indulged in between meals; but a little milk chocolate eaten at a specified time between meals is not so harmful when the teeth are washed, as when they are not washed. For the sugar remaining in the mouth forms an acid which decays the enamel of the teeth and so leads to serious cavities.

Milk Chocolate Wholesome.—Milk chocolate is probably the most wholesome sweet for children. It possesses real nutritive value and so should be considered a part of the child's food. Hence it should be given with meals, to do the most good as a dessert.

They Love Candied Fruit.—Candied fruit is wholesome, too. It can be made at home without much trouble, but it can be bought in good quality of any reliable dealer. Candied peel—lemon, orange and grape-fruit—are difficult of digestion and should not be confused with candied fruit when planning a treat for children.

Barley Sugar Healthful.—Barley sugar is not injurious It possesses the disadvantage of molasses candy—it must be held in the mouth in order to be dissolved. But if a stick of barley sugar, flavored with some pure fruit juice, be given after dessert no ill results will be produced.

Hints for the Home.

A fresh egg will beat to a froth easier than a stale one.

Stale eggs are glassy and smooth of shell, and will sink in water.

For cleaning windows, mirrors and lamp-glasses use borax instead of soda.

Cucumber rind cut into thin slips and put where ants abound will invariably drive them away.

Thickened soups should be about as thick as good cream, so add more thickening liquid as it seems necessary.

Boots and shoes however damp will polish in a few minutes if a drop or two of paraffin oil are added to the blacking.

Handkerchiefs may be stiffened without being hardened, and without the use of starch, by putting a little borax in the last water in which they are rinsed.

Many young persons have a habit of sitting or leaning in a one-sided fashion, which sooner or later shows its effect in the shoulders, one being higher than the other.

To remove scorch marks from linen rub the place well with half a raw onion, then wash in the usual way, and unless the scorch is a very bad one the linen will be quite white again.

To take ink stains out of a colored table cover, when strong acids cannot be used, try rubbing the stained spots with a ripe tomato cut in half. Then sponge with cold rain-water.

Remember when washing a knitted coat never to wring it or hang it up to dry. The best plan is to put it into a pillow slip, hang this on the line, and occasionally beat with a stick until the coat is nearly dry. Then put on a hanger and let it dry there.

If you spill tea or coffee on a white tablecloth remove the cloth at once, hold the stained part over a basin and pour clear, boiling water through it. The stain will generally disappear immediately. Add a little borax to the water if the stain is a very bad one.

Shoes which have become stiff and uncomfortable through being worn in rainy weather, or that have been unused for some time, can be made soft and pliable by an application of vaseline well worked in with a soft wad and afterwards rubbed with a dry cloth.

A baked raisin pudding is good and wholesome for a family. Take a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, a quarter of a pound of finely minced suet, half a pound of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and very little sugar. Work all into a light batter with a well-beaten egg and some milk. Pour into a well-greased pie-dish and bake in a moderate oven for an hour longer.

Colored prints and photographs may be artistically mounted in the following way, and the expense of frames saved. Have a piece of glass cut to the size required, and have ready also a piece of cardboard the exact size of picture and glass. Bore two holes on a level through the cardboard, near what will be the top, and thread through them a piece of fine gold picture wire or ribbon, joining the ends on the wrong side of the cardboard, and having enough loop in front for hanging the picture. Lay the cardboard at the back of the picture and cover the face of the latter with the glass, cut to size. Then, with strips of gold, oak-colored, white or dark green paper, sold especially for mounting pictures and already gummed, bind the edges neatly, securing the three thickness together. A very good and artistic effect is arrived at by using a line of gold paper in front of a white one.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere; before him I may think aloud.—Emerson

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipse; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.—Hare.

Dream not that any of you will ever obtain Eternal Life unless you have already received it in this life.—Spurgeon.

As far as I know the women are as intelligent as the men, and, if given votes, the women could not make a bigger mess of it than the men have done.—Mr. W. Thorne.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him march to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.—Thoreau.

Why He Wouldn't Contribute.

"Then you won't contribute to support the Plunkville band?"

"No."

"I thought you were a lover of good music."

"I am."

Scared.

"John, I was just reading that the price of a full grown ostrich is $125."

"Help! Are they using them to trim hats with now?"

ENGLISHMAN WITH GROUCH

SAYS CANADA IS A GROSSLY OVERRATED COUNTRY.

Tells of His Experiences in an Entertaining Way in a London Paper.

An Englishman with a grouch against Canada has been writing a series of articles as a special commissioner for London Answers. Here are a few of the things he says about us:

I usually shave myself, so my dealings with the Canadian barbers were mostly confined to getting my hair cut at 35 or 45 cents a time. But I had a shave once. It happened at Vancouver. I went into a biggish saloon just off Hastings Street. Sitting down in the magnificently upholstered, revolving, tilting, and various-other-sorts-of-tricks, chair I signified my desire for a shave by drawing my hand over my cheeks and chin. I never said a word from start to finish of the lengthy operation of the Canadian shave. When the operator had got through with the various applications of the hot, wet cloth, the kneading, the rubbing, the lathering over and over again, and the shaving up and down, without having succeeded in giving me anything like as clean a shave as I would get in England for twopence, I tendered him 25 cents.

"It's $2.60," he said, as he looked disdainfully at the Canadian "bob."

"What for?" I enquired.

"You had face massage, the vibrator, and skin food application, as well as the shave," he replied.

"Do you think I mistook this place for a beauty parlor?" I asked, sauvely. "I came in for a shave, and a shave is all I am going to pay for."

And the 25 cents was all he got, though he did offer to "break my face" if I didn't part with $2.60.

Medicine Hat.

At Medicine Hat I stayed in a third-rate hotel, and paid for my room for a week in advance. On the second night I asked for my key at the office, and went to my room, but as soon as I opened the door I saw a lot of feminine apparel lying about, and immediately returned to the clerk to get an explanation.

"That's right," he said, coolly. "I forgot that you had been moved when I gave you the key. You are No. 13 now."

"But why was I moved after paying for the room?" I asked.

"Couldn't help it," he said, indifferently; "a guy and his wife blew in and wouldn't have 13 because it's only got a little window. Said they wanted a front room, so I had to give 'em yours."

At another hotel in a small prairie town I didn't turn up in the dining-room until a quarter-past nine, having been out since four taking a walk around the neighborhood. The waitress and some of the other hotel servants were having their breakfast at a table in a corner. I sat down at another table and waited.

An Overrated Country.

"Are you expecting breakfast?" the waitress asked, without leaving her seat.

"Of course I am," I replied.

"Well, you can't have breakfast!" she said, very crossly. "The time is from six to nine."

"That's all right," I replied, cheerfully, as I got up and moved towards the door. "I would rather have no breakfast for a week than make a pretty girl cross."

I got some breakfast after all.

And now for a few serious words to finish up with. My whole experience of Canada, both on this and previous visits, has led me to the conclusion that, from the point of view of advantage to the town worker, it is a grossly overrated country. It is overrated from many other points of view also, but I needn't go into that here, as I am writing primarily for workers.

My opinion may be summarized in the word, "Don't!" as an answer to the question, "Shall I go to Canada?"

With a Will.

He wooed the maiden with a will
And won her, though quite old;
For in the will he wooed her with
He left her all his gold.

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