Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"I have wired to Mr. Bright and to Mr. Robert Deane," said Mr. Belford; "and I have seen Sir James this morning. Everything is being done that can be done."

"I am quite sure of that," said Gaunt, pleasantly.

It was a long drive to Holloway, but they reached it at last, and the governor of the prison received his famous charge courteously. As Gaunt was only a "suspect," and had not yet even been examined, the governor was able to allot him fairly comfortable quarters, and Gaunt found him-self in a large and decently furnished room.

"This is quite luxurious," he said.

The governor smiled apologetically, and Mr. Belford looked round with a sigh. Presently he was left alone with Gaunt.

"Is there anything you can tell me—anything that will help us, Lord Gaunt?" he said.

Gaunt seated himself on the bed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Belford," he said. "If I were to go over it now, I should only repeat the evidence against me. I can not deny that I was at Prince's Mansions the night of the—the murder, that the poor woman, my wife, came in while I was there; that I had a scene with her, a scene which is engraved on my memory, and I fear will never leave me, and that I left her storming against me. It was my coat that was found covering her; it was my dagger with which she was stabbed. Against these facts my bare assertion that I did not kill her will weigh but very little, I am afraid."

Mr. Belford went to the window heavily barred, and stared out into the prison court-yard.

The case looked very black.

He remained with Gaunt for half an hour talking over the thing, until Gaunt was weary and sick at heart; then he went, and Gaunt was left alone.

He was almost glad of the quietude. He was free to think of Decima.

Certain privileges, which to a free man would seem of very little worth, but which to a prisoner are valued exceedingly, were permitted him. His meals were sent in by the nearest hotel; there was a goodly supply of newspapers and magazines. But Gaunt could not do justice to the dishes which the hotel cook had so considerately supplied.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, when there came a knock at the door, and the governor entered.

"There are some visitors for you, Lord Gaunt," he said.

Gaunt rose from the bed on which he was lying.

"Oh, very well," he said.

He thought it might be Mr. Belford or Mr. Laug, but the governor ushered in Mr. Bright and Bobby.

For the first time, Gaunt's self-possession forsook him, and he could not speak as Bobby rushed forward and took his hand; but he recovered his usual sang-froid in a moment or two.

"This is good of you, Bobby!" he said.

"We got a wire this morning," gasped Bobby, "and Bright and I came up."

Gaunt shook hands with Bright.

"I'm fated to be a trouble to you, Bright," he said.

Bright could not find his voice for a moment; then he panted:

"Thank God you are alive! Oh, what is to be done, my lord?"

Gaunt shrugged his shoulders.

"Not very much, I'm afraid, Bright," he said. Then he turned to Bobby quickly. "Is your sister—Miss Deane, quite well?"

"Yes—yes," replied Bobby; "she's all right. She's here—with Lady Pauline."

Gaunt winced, and the color left his face.

"Here! Not here—in the prison?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "She would come; nothing would stop her."

"I am sorry," said Gaunt, gravely. "Will you not take her back, Bobby?"

Bobby shook his head.

"No," he said; "it wouldn't be any use asking her. You don't know Decima."

"Do I not?" thought Gaunt.

"The moment we got the telegram," said Bobby, "she insisted upon coming up. She said she'd been there, at the Mansions, that night, and she might help you."

"I know," said Gaunt, quietly. "That your sister was there in my greatest trouble. That she should be mixed up with this affair, that her name should be mentioned in connection with it, causes me greater grief than anything else. Will you tell her that I am deeply grateful to her for coming, but that I—I—" his voice broke.

"Tell her yourself," said Bobby. "She's outside in the corridor waiting."

Gaunt sunk on the bed and remained silent for a minute or two.

Heaven alone knew how he longed to see her; but Heaven alone knew how keenly he desired that she should not be in any way associated with his trouble.

"I play this hand alone," he said to Bobby, with a sad smile. "Tell your sister that I am sorry she has come; that I am grateful to her; but that I shall be glad if she would go back home and forget that such a person as I ever existed."

"I'll tell her," said Bobby. "But—"

They talked, Bright and Bobby, one against the other. Of course, they assured Gaunt of their belief in his innocence, and their assurance that his innocence would be proved. They were both very excited, very agitated; but Gaunt was quite cool and self-possessed. As a matter of fact, he was thinking, not of himself, but of Decima, that she was there near him in the corridor. Bobby and Bright would have remained for any length of time, but at last Gaunt dismissed them.

"Take your sister home, Bobby," he said, "and watch over her. Tell her that on no account is she to appear in this affair. Don't worry about me; my lawyers will do their best, be assured."

Bright and Bobby, as agitated as when they had entered, left the cell, and Gaunt paced up and down.

Presently he heard a knock; the warder opened the door.

"A lady to see you, my lord," he said.

He stood aside, and Decima entered.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Decima came in, and they stood looking at each other in silence. Gaunt could not have spoken or moved if his life depended upon his doing so. And as he looked at her, he saw with a pang of remorse the change that had taken place in her.

The face, the form, were girlish still; but on the face was an expression which only comes to those who have passed through the brook which divides girlhood from womanhood, and in the lovely eyes was a look which told him all too plainly how much she had suffered.

But to the man whose heart ached with love for her, how beautiful she was! How her presence seemed to bring a ray of sunlight, a glow of warmth, into the cell. And yet he would have done much to prevent her coming. It seemed to him that she had suffered deterioration by breathing the prison air, as if her purity were polluted by her surroundings.

He would have liked to take her in his arms and carry her outside, far away from the hateful, degrading place.

She looked at him steadily, with a grave sadness which he had never seen before in her eyes and it smote him with an added remorse. He had found her an innocent, light-hearted girl; it was he and his love which had robbed her youth of its brightness and its faith—and its innocence.

He met her gaze for an instant, then his eyes fell. She sighed. She had not offered him her hand—he had noticed that—and she stood apart from him as she spoke.

"I came at once, directly I heard," she said.

Her voice thrilled through him; and yet, how low and grave it was; how different to that he remembered! Was it Decima who was speaking, or an angel who had won her way to heaven through the ordeal of sorrow and suffering?

"I am sorry," he said, hoarsely. "You—you should not have come. This—this is not a fit place for you."

Commonplace words enough, but she knew the feeling, the emotion which they masked.

"Ah, yes," she said, with a faint smile. "They said at first I must not come; but when I explained—" She stopped. "I knew you were not dead"—her voice broke—"I felt that you were not! But—but I was glad when I heard—" Her eyes filled with tears, but she checked them. "Aunt Pauline came with me. She is in the corridor."

"I will ask her to come in," he said, scarcely knowing what he said.

"No; do not. I told her that I wished to see you alone."

He bowed his head.

"Why? I am sorry you have come. It—it hurts me to see you here—in this place."

"I know," she said simply, as if she understood him fully.

"All through this—this awful business I have had but one paramount desire: that you, that your name, should not be connected with it. I have brought you unhappiness enough, surely. You might have been spared this crowning misery."

"I know that you would think as you do, and that is why I came," she said in the same sweet, low voice.

He looked at her in helpless pain.

"I know that you would rather suffer anything, run any risk, than that I should—should appear."

"Yes," he said, "God knows I would. It seems to me that nothing else matters."

"Oh, do not say that," she broke in, with a catch in her voice. "Do not say that when—when so much is at stake; your liberty, your safety."

"You must not think of them," he responded, quickly. "I have brought it all on myself."

"Ah, no, no!" she cried. "Not that. You did not do it; you are innocent!"

"Of the crime with which I am charged—yes," he said; "but," bitterly, "I am guilty of having wrecked your life, of having caused you unhappiness."

She shook her head slightly, with a faint smile that was infinitely sad.

"No; it—it was my fault. If you had never seen me—"

"Don't!" he broke in hoarsely. "You know that no shadow of blame can rest on you. None—none whatever. No punishment I might suffer for anything I have done, could atone for the wrong I have done you. It is that thought that makes me say and feel that nothing that can happen to me can matter in the very least. I have only one desire, and that is that you should come to forget me and all that concerns me; I dare not hope that you will ever forgive—"

Her head drooped, then she looked at him.

"I have forgiven!" she said, simply. "It—it was not hard. If—if you had not cared for me"—she uttered a broken exclamation, but she went on calmly, sadly, her eyes meeting his bravely, with a kind of sad resignation—"you—you would not have asked me, have wished me, to go with you."

"That—that does not palliate," he said, hoarsely.

"Ah, yes," she said, and all the woman spoke in her tone. "Yes, I remember that when—when I remember that night." A faint color passed quickly over her pale face.

He hung his head.

"That is like you!" he said, humbly, gratefully. "It was like you to come here to tell me this. And God knows how great a comfort to me it is. It will lighten the burden of my remorse. And—and you will go now; you will not appear, take any part in this business?"

"I must," she said in a low voice, but with a touch of firmness which was a full tribute to Lady Pauline's teaching. "I know that you would rather run any risk to spare me; and it is because of that that I have come to tell you that you must not let any thought of my comfort stand in the way of my helping you. I was—there that night; I may be able to tell them something that may help to prove your innocence."

He raised his head with a movement indicative of repudiation.

"You must not!" he said. "I—I could not bear to see you in court, before the public, with every eye upon you. I would rather—"

She shook her head.

"Tell me how I can help you," she said, breaking in upon his speech gently but firmly. "If I tell them all—all I know, all that happened, it may be of use."

He groaned, and turned aside that she might not see the agony on his face.

"It would not help me," he said, almost brusquely; for it was difficult for him to speak. "It would not help me at all. And if it would, I could not let you do it. There—there is enough evidence without yours." He stopped, for she had shuddered and her face had grown even paler.

"Do you mean— Ah, no, no! They could not! God would not let them find you guilty! He could not—could not!" She began to tremble. With an effort she mastered her emotion and was calm again. "Something will be discovered," she said, struggling to steady her voice. "It must be! The person who—who is guilty will be found."

"Yes, yes," he said, with an assumption of confidence. "No doubt he will be. The—the police are clever, and—"

"Are you only saying it to give me courage?" she asked, scanning his face anxiously."

He forced a smile.

"We will hope for the best," he said. "My lawyers will do their utmost in my behalf. You have been—very ill?" He broke off abruptly, and with an infinite remorse and grief in his voice.

"Yes, I have been ill," she said. "But I am quite well and strong now. If—if I could only be sure you were safe!"

"Do not think of me," he said quickly. "But if you must, remember that you can not help me; that if you were dragged into the business it would only increase my unhappiness."

"You think of me—always of me—not of yourself," she said, almost to herself. "Never of yourself!"

"Do I not?" he said, bitterly. "When have I not thought of myself and my selfish desires?"

She looked at him with a wistful tenderness.

"Shall I tell you? When you strove to make the poor people at Leafmore happier and more contented; when you—you went away lest—lest you should say to me what you said that night; when you gave up your place in the boat to another man. Ah, yes! I have heard it all; and—and my heart has swelled with pride. And that is not all. You were not thinking of yourself when you sent the money to save father and Bobby—and me!"

Gaunt reddened and bit his lip.

"You know! Who told you?"

"No one," she said. "But do you think I could not guess?"

He looked aside for a moment, then he said, with a sad bitterness:

"And now I suppose you will refuse it, refuse anything, even so small a thing, from my hands?"

"No," she said, simply. "I will not. I know that—that it would pain you. I wanted to refuse, until—until I thought it all over; then I saw that it would be wrong to do so. It would have been as if—as if I had refused to—to forgive you."

He stretched out his hands.

"God bless you, Decima!" he said in a broken voice. "You have found the way to ease my heart of its load!"

"I know," she said, as simply as before. "Some day we shall pay it back. Aunt Pauline— But I will not let you think me ungrateful and churlish."

He could not speak for a moment; the exquisite sweetness of her reasoning overcame him as nothing else could have done.

"There is no one like you!" he said at last, with a kind of reverential despair. "No one. Ah, how could I help loving you? Ah, forgive me!" for she had winced and shrunk back, slightly enough, but he had perceived it. "Forgive me!"

There was a world of grief and remorse in his voice, in his face. For he felt at that moment that though the old barrier had been removed, his conduct had raised a new one. He loved her still, and she might love him still, but the gulf yawned between them; and he himself had dug it.

Lady Pauline came to the door. She inclined her head to Gaunt, but addressed Decima.

"Are you ready, Decima? The time has expired."

"Yes, aunt," said Decima in a low voice and with a sigh.

Lady Pauline regarded Gaunt gravely. Even she could not help pitying the misery which his face revealed.

Gaunt fought for his voice.

"I have to thank Miss Deane for coming here, Lady Pauline," he said, as steadily as he could. "I have assured her that she can not help me by—by appearing in court, that I most earnestly entreat her not to do so."

Lady Pauline inclined her head again.

"My niece has only done her duty in coming to you, Lord Gaunt," she said in even tones; "a duty which I could not refuse to recognize."

He bowed with his old courteousness.

"Knowing all?" He paused.

"Yes," she said. "My niece has told me everything."

"You will not need any assurance of my remorse, will not doubt my assertion that there is nothing I would not do or suffer to spare her a moment's unhappiness—discomfort?"

Lady Pauline regarded him solemnly.

"I believe in the sincerity of your desire to spare her, Lord Gaunt," she said; "but it is part of our punishment that we are helpless to avert the consequences of our misdeeds from falling upon those who are innocent, and whom we would most desire to shield."

"That is so," said Gaunt, simply; and the commonplace assent was more eloquent of his pain and misery than a mere ornate response would have been.

"Aunt!" murmured Decima, appealingly.

"We will go," said Lady Pauline. "It is only fair and just that I should assure you of my conviction of your innocence of the awful crime laid to your charge, Lord Gaunt," she added.

Gaunt inclined his head.

"Thank you, Lady Pauline. Yes, I am innocent—of that," he said, quietly.

Lady Pauline went outside again, and Decima, who had been standing with an expression of pain in her lowered eyes, raised them to Gaunt's face.

"Good-bye!" she said in a low voice.

She did not hold out her hand; and that she did not do so, hurt him. He did not know that she dared not run the risk of touching him.

"Good-bye! God bless and keep you!" he said, almost in a whisper.

Her eyes rested upon his with an infinite tenderness; then she drew them away slowly, and, with a sigh, left the cell.

(To be continued.)

A BREAKFAST IN CEYLON

would not bring you a more delicious cup of tea than you may have at your own table by using

"SALADA"

It is the world's choicest tea, at its best—the finest hill-grown Ceylon—in sealed lead packets.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED 061

The Hon. Donald Howard,

son and heir of Dr. J. W. Bliss Howard and his wife, who was Lord Strathcona's only child. On the death of his mother, who is now Baroness Strathcona, Hon. Donald Howard will be Lord Strathcona.

THE SPREADING WALNUT TREE

We were having breakfast in the garden with the wasps, a writer in Punch observes, and Peter was enlarging on the beauties of the country round his new week-end cottage.

"Then there's Hilderton," he said; "that's a lovely little village, I'm told."

Celia woke up suddenly.

"Is Hilderton really near here?" she asked. "I often stayed there when I was a child. My grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall."

There was an impressive silence.

"You see the sort of people you're entertaining," I said, airily, to Peter. "My wife's grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall." I pushed my plate away. "I can't go on eating bacon after this. Where are the peaches?"

Peter looked up from one of the maps he always carries in his pocket.

"I can't find Hilderton Hall here," he said.

We crowded round. Hilderton was on the map, but no Hilderton Hall.

"But it's a great big place," protested Celia.

"I see," I said. "Celia, you were young then."

"Ten."

"Naturally it seemed big to you, just as Yarrow seemed big to Wordsworth, and a shilling seems a lot to a baby. But really—"

"Really," said Peter, "it was semi-detached."

"And your side was called Hilderton Villa."

"You're all very funny," said Celia. "I've a good mind to take you there this morning, and show it to you."

"Do!" said Peter and I, eagerly.

"Of course they may have sold some of the land, but I know when I used to stay there it was a—a great big place."

"It's no good now, Celia," I said, sternly. "You shouldn't have boasted."

Hilderton was four miles off, and we began to approach it—Celia palpably nervous—at about twelve o'clock.

"Do you recognize any of this?" asked Peter.

"N-no. You see I was only eight—"

"You must recognize the church," I said. "Now what about this place? Is this it?"

Celia peered up the drive.

"N-no. I know there was a big walnut tree in front of the house."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, I was only about six—"

Peter and I both had a slight cough at the same time. We found two more big houses, but Celia, a little doubtfully, rejected them both.

"My grandfather-in-law was very hard to please," I apologized to Peter. "He passed over place after place before he finally fixed on Hilderton Hall."

There was a sudden cry from Celia.

"This is it," she said.

She stood at the entrance to a long drive. A few chimneys could be seen in the distance. On either side of the gates was a high wall.

"I don't see the walnut tree," I said.

"You can't see the front of the house. But I feel certain that this is the place."

"We want more proof than that," said Peter. "We must go in and find the walnut tree."

"We can't wander into another man's grounds looking for walnut trees," I said, "with no better excuse than that Celia's great-grandmother was once asked down for the week-end and stayed a fortnight."

"My grandfather," said Celia, coldly, "lived here."

"Well," I said, "we must invent a proper reason. Peter, you might pretend you've come to inspect the gas meter. Or perhaps Celia had better disguise herself as a suffragette, and try to borrow a box of matches."

"It—it seems rather cheeky," said Celia.

"We'll toss up who goes."

Of course I lost. I went up the drive nervously. At the first turn I decided to be an insurance inspector, at the next a scout master, but as I approached the front door I thought of a very simple excuse. I rang the bell, and looked about eagerly for the walnut tree. There was none.

"Does Mr.—er—Erasmus — er—Percival live here?" I asked the footman, when he appeared.

"No, sir," he said—luckily.

"Ah! Thank you," and I sped down the drive again.

"Well?" said Celia, eagerly.

"Friends, there is no walnut tree," I said, solemnly.

"I'm not surprised," said Peter.

The walk home was a silent one.

I had great fun in London the next week with this story, although Celia says she is getting tired of it. But I had a letter from Peter today that ended like this:

"By the way, I was an ass last week. I took you to Banfield instead of Hilderton. I went to Hilderton yesterday, and found Hilderton Hall—a large place with a walnut tree. It's a little way out of the village, and is marked large on the next section of the map to the one we were looking at. You might tell Celia."

True, I might.

Perhaps in a week or two I shall.

A QUEER REPUBLIC.

Accidentally Discovered in the Czar's Dominion.

A year ago a Russian traveller, Kasimir Veliki by name, during a journey through Siberia, accidentally stumbled on the Village of Imansk, containing about 1,000 houses and many farms. The town lies about 300 miles from Vladivostock, but is not marked on any map.

Veliki was seized and made prisoner. By a stroke of luck, however, and after some exciting adventures, he escaped from the village, but before doing so he learned that the community claimed to be independent of both the czar and the government of Pekin. Over a dirty inn floated a flag which resembled the Russian tri-color, but was embroidered with a bad copy of the Chinese dragon.

At Vladivostock, Veliki's story was at first not believed. Afterward a commission of enquiry was sent out, under an escort of 500 Cossacks with three mountain guns. The commission occupied the town by surprise and returned to Vladivostock with a complete report. It discovered that the republic had been started first as a holy retreat for ascetics, and that it afterward fell into the hands of Russian and Chinese convicts and prospered amazingly.

The Russian commission, carefully guarded by the 500 Cossacks, set itself to examine the laws and economic state of the republic. They had opportunities to see the law at work. When they entered the village a man was being hung up by the heels for stealing a horse, and not far off a naked Chinese, who had been beaten to death, lay in the snow. Around his body danced Imansk women, singing menacing songs. The punished Chinese, it appears, had broken the local fishing law.

Elucidating.

"I met your wife just now and she told me she had just bought a pinhead check suit."

"Well, I was the pinhead and the check was there, all right."

Suspected of Crime.

"Isn't it awful about poor Mr. Jone's trouble?"

"I didn't hear about it."

"Didn't you? Mrs. Gaddy told me just now that his son has turned out to be a criminal lawyer."

Precautions.

Mistress (who has just drunk a glass of water in the hall)—That water had a queer taste, Jane.

There ain't a live germ in it, mum. I ran it through the meat-chopper before I brought it to you.

"I wish I had never learned to play cards!" exclaimed a man who had been unfortunate at the game. "You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?" was his wife's rejoinder.

HOME

Soup Is Good Standby for Winter.

Soup is a winter standby. Of course, in our modern, complicated civilization soup is a daily necessity, summer and winter, that assumes a rather unimportant place in the list of the days' menus. Nevertheless, soup does become more important on the cold days of winter. It can well be the main dish at luncheon; and although the soup at dinner must necessarily be somewhat simple—that is to say, not too heavy—it can be varied according to the imagination and ability of the housewife and the cook. Here are some recipes for some appetizing and seasonable soups, some of them suitable for luncheon and some for dinner.

Almond soup can be served at dinner. To make it cut four pounds of knuckle of veal into small pieces and simmer it for about four hours in three quarts of water. Then add a little chopped parsley, two stalks of celery chopped coarsely and some salt and pepper. Cook gently for another hour. Strain, cool and take off the fat. Heat, add a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and then with some of the hot soup and cook rapidly for ten minutes. Then add a cupful of blanched almonds, pounded to a smooth paste. Serve at once.

Salmon soup is especially suitable for luncheon. To make it boil slowly a can of salmon with a quart of water for thirty minutes. Then add two cupfuls of milk, a cupful of fine breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and cook about five minutes longer.

Rice soup is another substantial soup. To make it, boil a sliced onion and a bunch of celery tops in two quarts of water for an hour. Strain this and add a cupful of well washed rice and boil until the rice is very soft—which will probably take forty or fifty minutes. Then season with salt, pepper and a dash of grated nutmeg. Break two eggs into the tureen and add a cupful of cream and beat thoroughly with an egg beater. Pour the boiling soup over this, beating all the time. Serve at once with croutons.

Herb soup has long been a standby in convents and monasteries. Here is a modernized recipe for it: Wash and shred enough tender spinach to measure half a cupful, a quarter of a pint of sorrel and the white heart leaves of a head of lettuce. Wash a leek and blanch it and cut a quarter spoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and spoonful of butter in a saucepan and add the greens. Cook for fifteen minutes without browning. Then add two quarts of boiling water and four medium-sized potatoes, and some salt—about three level teaspoonfuls. Boil gently for an hour. Then crush the potatoes with a silver fork, add a tablespoonful of chervil, simmer for five minutes, and serve with croutons.

Cocka Leekie is another old soup. In fact the recipe here given is copied from the oldest known recipe for soup, which was written some time in the fourteenth century. Cocka Leekie has been a favorite everywhere, especially in winter.

To make it, cut twelve leeks, which have been washed, in pieces half an inch long and cut two stalks of celery and a scraped carrot into pieces of the same size. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan and put in the vegetables. When they are brown, add six cupfuls of chicken broth and a cupful of cooked chicken, cut in dice. Cover the saucepan and simmer the mixture for two hours. Then add salt and pepper. Beat the yolk of an egg and add a little of the hot broth to it gradually, beating it all the time. Add this to the soup and serve at once.

Cauliflower soup is made from a head of fresh cauliflower, which has been soaked for an hour in salted water. Then it should be boiled until tender and then the small top flowerets should be cut off. The rest should be mashed and rubbed through a sieve and added to a quart of hot milk thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in two of butter. It should be seasoned with celery, salt and paprika, and the tiny flowerets should be added just before it is served.

Okra generally suggests chicken gumbo, with its many and somewhat expensive ingredients. There is a simple sort of okra soup, however, made from canned okra, that ought to be a usual winter soup on our tables.

This soup is made in the following way: Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and fry brown two medium-sized onions, chopped fine. Add three quarts of water, a can of tomatoes, three tablspoonfuls of washed rice and a red pepper pod, scraped free of seeds. If necessary, add a little more water in the course of the simmering, which should go on for three hours. Stir the mixture often to prevent sticking. About ten minutes before serving this soup add a can of New Orleans okra. Let the soup come to a boil and serve. A dozen oysters can be added after the okra boils up and the soup can be brought once more to the boiling point and then served.

Hints for the Home.

The woman who means to economize on labor in her home will have as little bright metal as possible.

If a rug curls, moisten it and wrap it around a broom stick, in the opposite way from its desires, then tie and let it dry.

Meat patties for luncheon dishes are economical because they can be made of almost every sort of cold meat.

Anybody who has a hunter in the family can make a very nice little rug of rabbit skins sewn together on a piece of carpet.

Keep in the cellar a few onions which you allow to send up shoots. They are delicious in winter salads, or to rub the salad bowl with.

If lime in the water forms a coating inside the teakettle it may be removed with vinegar or sulphuric acid. Be careful to wash the kettle afterward.

If mirrors are very dull and speckled the following method is excellent: Take a small portion of whitening and add sufficient cold tea to it to make a paste; rub the glass with warm, dry tea with a soft cloth, then rub a little of the paste well on the mirror and polish dry with tissue paper.

Cut squares of white oilcloth and put under the children's plates and save the tablecloth.

To make jam or marmalade look clear without skimming it, add a piece of butter the size of an egg before removing the fruit from the fire.

Tarnished silver can be brightened if placed for a short time in boiling water in which a fair-sized lump of washing soda has been dissolved.

After cleaning brass or copper with salt and vinegar, rub with olive oil and the metal will not tarnish for a long time.

To keep the table salt dry and soft, dry it, then crush it under a rolling pin till perfectly free from lumps and sift into it a tablespoonful of corn starch.

It is a convenience to make vegetable bags of cheesecloth, into which you put celery, tomatoes, lettuce and other fresh vegetables before placing in the refrigerator.

A good play dress for a child can be made from a man's worn shirt. Cut it, Dorothy style, and the work is very little, not to mention the saving in the youngster's clothes.

A recipe for axle grease is a pound of talow, half a pound of castor oil, quarter of a pound of black lead. Melt the tallow and rub the whole well together.

If you would whip cream easily and have no beater with which to whip it, put it into a fruit jar—the sort that has a screw top on. If you have a cupful of cream put it into a pint jar. If you have a pint of cream use a quart jar. Screw the top down firmly and then begin to shake the jar, holding it firmly in both hands, first to the right, then to the left, as the soda-fountain man shakes a milk shake. The cream will whip before very long, much more easily and much more quickly than if you use a fork.

Trouble From Tins.

Many housewives are suspicious of tinned foods, useful though the latter are. On opening a tin, at once plunge into the contents a bright steel knitting-needle, and let it remain for a minute. A steel knife would do, but it must be quite clean. If copper poison is present it is immediately deposited on the steel. This test never fails.

Other precautions are: Never accept a tin which is dented or bulging, or which even looks ancient. Nor if the tradesman takes it from his window. Tinned goods make a brave display there, but it's the wrong place to keep them. All tinned goods, both in stores and in the house, should be kept in a cool, dry place, away from the direct sun, or the contents deteriorate. Do not buy tinned goods which bear no maker's name.

And when you have opened a tin, never allow the fish, or whatever it contains, to remain in it. Empty at once into a dish. These precautions observed, you can safely "help out" a meal with tinned food.

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FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

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THE EDIBLE SNAIL.

Gathered By the Hundreds of Thousands in France.

The edible snail, which is considered a delicacy in France, is a very different kind of snail from that which the average man clears out of the back garden, though it is rather similar in appearance. It is, however, about five times as large as the garden snail. The best for the table, according to Harper's Weekly, are found in Burgundy, where they are gathered by hundreds of thousands in the vineyards.

These snails during the season cost from twelve to fifteen cents a dozen. A dozen snails form just an appetizer, as it were, before a meal. The season lasts from November to February, those months when the snail buries itself underground to pass the winter.

Edible snails are never eaten raw, but are cooked and eaten in various ways. In Paris a dozen snails are served piping hot on a dish, and they are extracted from their shells with a special snail fork and eaten whole.

In parts of France the cooked dainty is chopped up with butter and herbs before being eaten. In Marseilles the snails are steeped for one or two days in milk, to make their flesh tender.

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