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## The Lady of Lancaster;

Or, Leonora West's Love.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I know some people who are poor, but very rich," said the girl, with a dejected air.

"I am glad to hear you say so, I am very poor myself. I have been thinking that the reason you have snubbed me so ungenerously is because I am so foolishly glibly glib when I first meet you."

"Have yourself away?" uncomprehendingly.

"I mean I told you I was poor. I beg your pardon for the slang phrase, I mean just now. One falls unconsciously into such habits in the army. But tell me, did you?"

"Did I do what?"

"Did you snub me because I am poor?"

"I have not snubbed you at all, indignantly.

"You have ignored me. That is even worse," he said.

"Indeed I have not ignored you at all," she protested.

"Well, then, you forgot me. That is the unkindest cut of all. I could have been snubbed, but I hate to be annihilated."

"She pursued her pretty lips and remained silent."

"Now you want me to go away, I see," he remarked.

"This is the first time you have let me talk to you since we were introduced, and already you are weary."

"Yes, I am already weary," she echoed.

"She put her lips and over her lips and yawned daintily but deliberately."

"Burning with indignation, he lifted his hat to her and walked away."

"I can never speak to her but she makes me resent," he said.

"There she is, and how sharply she can wound."

"Leonora watched the retreating figure a moment then leisurely opened her book again and settled herself to read. But she was not very deeply interested. It seemed for now and then she glanced up under her long lashes at the tall, narrow figure of the soldier. At length she put down the book and went across to him."

"Gazing intently out to sea, he started when a hand softly and white as a snowflake fluttered down upon his coat-sleeve. He glanced quickly around."

"It was West," he exclaimed, in surprise. She glanced up deprecatingly into his eyes."

"I was rude to you just now," she stammered.

"I really don't know why I was so. I don't dislike you, indeed, and I think you are very nice. I have enjoyed the chat and the books, and I have been sorry ever since that day when I came down to the steamer and did not wait for you. But somehow it was very hard to tell you so."

"She had spoken every word with a delightful shyness, and after a pause, she went on, with a catch in her breath."

"As for your being poor, I never thought of that. I think you are very nice, and I have been sorry ever since that day when I came down to the steamer and did not wait for you. But somehow it was very hard to tell you so."

"She caught her breath with a gasp. He had turned around quickly and caught her hand."

"Miss West—," he was beginning to say, when a sudden step sounded beside them. Lieutenant De Vere had come up to them. There was a sudden glitter in his brown eyes—a jealous gleam.

"I beg your pardon. Are you and Miss West rehearsing for private theatricals?"

"I am asked, with a slight sarcastic inflection."

"Leonora looked intensely annoyed; Leonora only laughed."

"Yes," she said. "Do you not think that I should make a good actress, Lieutenant De Vere?"

"Yes," he replied, "and Leonora would make a good actor. One man in his time plays many parts."

"Leonora looked at him with a lightning glance in his blue eyes. There was a sly grin on his face."

never do. I must carry the olive branch to the detestable friend."

"She glanced around, and seeing that Lancaster was not in sight, called gently: "Lieutenant De Vere!"

"He hurried toward her, and stood in grim silence awaiting her pleasure."

"I want to speak to you," she said.

"There was a vacant chair near at hand. He brought it and sat down by her side. "I am at your service, Miss West," he said.

"He thought he had never seen anything half so enchanting as the face she raised to his. The big black hat was a most becoming foil to her fresh young beauty. There was a smile on the rosy lips—half arch, half wistful. The full light of the sunny day shone on her, but her beauty was so flawless that the severe test only enhanced its perfection. His heart gave a fierce throb, half pain, half pleasure."

"You are vexed with me?" said Leonora, in a low, inquiring voice.

"Oh, no, no," he replied, quickly.

"No," she said, "but then, you certainly are vexed with some one. If it is not with me, then it must be with Captain Lancaster."

"To this proposition, that was made with an air of conviction, he remained gravely silent."

"Silence gives consent," said the girl, looking vainly for him to speak, and then he bowed coldly.

"Then it is he," she said. "Ah, dear me! how much I wish I could tell you."

"That is between him and me," said the soldier, with a sly grin.

"The girl smiled. Leonora rather enjoyed the situation. His eyes were full of mischief."

"You will not tell me?" she said.

"I beg your pardon—no," he answered, resolutely.

"I will tell you," she said.

"You think he has treated you unfairly, that he has taken advantage of you?"

"How can you possibly know, Miss West? I am very good at guessing," demurely.

"You did not guess this. He told you, I presume, bitterly."

"He—if you mean Captain Lancaster—to me nothing. I was telling him some thing. Why should you be vexed at him because I went and stood there and talked to him?" indignantly.

"I was not," rather feebly.

"Do you really deny it?" she asked him, incredulously.

"Well, since you put it so seriously, yes, I was vexed about it; but I don't see the detestable how you could know it," he answered, flushing a dark red.

"I will tell you how I knew," she said, coloring crimson also. "I heard all that you said about Lancaster when he snubbed me that first night we came aboard."

"Oh, by Jove, you didn't though!" he exclaimed, radiant, and trying to meet the glance of the beautiful eyes.

"But with her shy avowal she had let the white lids drop bashfully over them. De Vere was not one bit disconcerted by what she had told him. He knew that all she had heard that night had been to his advantage."

"And so all this while you knew that I thought," he began, boldly.

"Yes," she replied, modestly. "I knew also that I was a mesalliance for you, and that Captain Lancaster's future was cut and dried," bitterly.

"He gazed at her in wonder."

"And you have kept it to yourself all this while, Miss West?"

"Yes, because I was ashamed to confess the truth. I did not want to be thought an eavesdropper. I did not really wish to hear. It was an accident, but it has weighed on my mind ever since, and at last I made up my mind to tell you."

"He gazed at her with ever-increasing admiration."

"So you went on, slowly, "This evening, I told Captain Lancaster all about it."

"She blushed at the remembrance of some other things she had told him—things she had not meant to tell, but which had slipped out. "It is true," she said, "but I did not mean to tell you."

"And—that was all?" she asked, the lieutenant still uneasy at the remembrance of that impulsive hand-clasp that had so amazed him.

"I'm not angry—really," she said. "Only I don't want you to misunderstand me. I don't want to quarrel with you. There's no use in my quarrelling with you and having a quarrel with no use at all."

"No one has quarrelled," he answered, in a tone of indignation and bitter disappointment.

"Not yet, of course," she replied, shaking her head gravely. "But you know you spoke to him very aggravatingly just now."

"I merely used a quotation from Shakespeare," he retorted.

"The bright eye looked him through and through with their clear gaze."

"Yes, but there was a double meaning in your quotation. I should think that when you meet him again, he will knock you down for it."

"You are charmingly frank, but you are not right. I do not doubt but that he will if he can," he replied bitterly.

"Leonora measured the medium-sized figure that stood before her, and she said: "I should think there could be no doubt on the subject, she observed. "He is twice as big as you are."

"Why do women all admire big, awkward men?" she asked.

"Oh, Miss West, there's no use denying it. I am sure you are a devotee of the brute force."

"The graceful figure in deep black, that came up to her, with her hands outstretched, and said, demurely: "How do you do, Miss West?"

"For do you do, Miss West?" she managed to stammer out faintly.

"Are you Leonora West?" she asked, with a smile.

"The bright face dimpled charmingly. "That was a mistake," she said. "I am not the one you are looking for. I am so large!"

(To be continued.)

Blackmore's Case Returned.

In the list of articles contributed to the Red Cross sale at Christie's there figured a walking stick that had once been the property of the officer of "Lorna Doone."

It was offered by Eden Phillpotts, to whom it had been bequeathed by Blackmore. It was returned as "of no commercial value."

Coffee grows wild in German East Africa.

Smoking in British railway trains was officially prohibited prior to the year 1868.

## BENSON'S Corn Starch In the famous Yellow Package



Don't ask mere "corn starch" or even for the "best starch," but insist on **BENSON'S**—the "Quality Standard" gained by half a century's experience.

### HOME

Tested Recipes.

**Cream of Tomato Soup.**—Put into a saucepan a pint of strained tomatoes; add a sliced onion, a bay leaf and a small piece of mace. Cover the saucepan, and cook for five minutes. Put into a double boiler a quart of milk. Rub together two tablespoonsful of butter and two of flour; add to the milk, and stir until thick and smooth. Strain the tomatoes into a soup-tureen, add a saltspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, season with salt and pepper, stir, and, while still is frothing, add hastily the thickened milk; stir just enough to mix and serve. There is no slightest danger of this curdling if you add the milk quickly. This soup cannot be reheated. If necessary to keep warm any length of time, keep the materials in separate vessels, mixing at the last moment.

**Cream of Carrot Soup.**—Grate three good-sized carrots; cover them with a pint of water; add a slice of onion and a bay leaf; cover and simmer gently for thirty minutes. Remove the onion and bay leaf, and add a quart of milk. Moisten a tablespoonful of corn-starch in a little cold milk; add it to the soup, and stir until thick; add a rounding teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, and just at serving time stir into the mixture two tablespoonfuls of butter. Serve this soup just as soon as it is made.

**Omelette Souffle Chocolate.**—Cream two ounces of castor sugar with three yolks of eggs, add one tablespoonful of finely grated chocolate and a few drops of essence of vanilla, then add lastly the whites of five eggs beaten very stiff. Turn out on a soufflé pan coated with clarified butter, bake in a moderately hot oven, dish up, and serve at once dredged with castor sugar. This will take from ten to twelve minutes to bake.

**Filippini Banana Omelet.**—Add half a gill of cream to eight eggs. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt and two saltspoonfuls of white pepper. Beat with a fork for two minutes. Fry two peeled and sliced bananas in melted butter for five minutes. Toss the pan frequently while the bananas are frying; then turn the eggs into the pan. Beat them for two minutes and then let them rest half a minute. Let the omelet stand for a moment and then turn out on to a hot dish and serve. This omelet may be used as an entree at luncheon.

**Hot Scotch Rolls.**—Boil and mash fine one large, mealy potato. Scald one pint of flour with boiling water; add one teaspoonful salt, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, the white of one egg, and half a compressed yeast cake dissolved in warm water. Set to rise

and when very light add sufficient flour to knead it thoroughly. Do not knead too stiff. It can be thoroughly kneaded without sticking to the hands and yet not be too stiff. An hour before bed time work in two ounces of butter or lard. Roll it up in woolen cloths and let rise until morning. Then make out in rolls, if possible, an hour before you commence breakfast. Let get very light and then bake ten or fifteen minutes.

**Cream of Celery Soup.**— Wash three or four roots of celery. A better way, however, is to save the green portions of celery for soup, leaving the white inside part for eating raw. Chop the celery fine, using the better part of the green leaves. You should have one quart by measure. Cover his with one quart of water, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Press through a colander. Put a quart of milk in a double boiler. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add, and stir until smooth and thick. Add a rounding teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper; add the celery mixture. Strain the whole through a fine sieve, and serve at once.

**Dandelion Spring Salad.**—Crisp three cups of dandelion leaves and cut into shreds with a sharp knife. Quarter four sweet oranges and cut into small pieces. Rub the salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic, put in a level teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoon of pepper, a leek cut into bits and a tablespoonful of wine vinegar.

**Now add drop by drop two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, stirring all the time, then a hard-boiled egg cut into rings, and lastly the dandelion and oranges. Toss all lightly with a silver fork and serve at once.**

**Dandelion Potato Salad.**— Wash young dandelion leaves in several waters, cut fine and add to potato salad made with potato, bacon cut fine. Fresh dressing and salt and pepper.

**Chiffon Salad.**—Heart of a white cabbage, cut into slivers as thin as paper, the length of a match; red-skinned radishes cut in the same way, with the red skin left for the artistic effect, and tiny pieces of the hearts of celery. Mix and let stand for an hour or two before serving in a French dressing of olive oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Drain this off before serving. Place in a large white cabbage which has been scooped or hollowed out, the crisp outer leaves turned down to form the effect of a rose. Pour over the mixture a rich mayonnaise dressing.

**Useful Hints.**

All suet puddings require long cooking to render them digestible.

The following are a few simple rules in economy: Never buy a cheap material when you can get a better product. Pay cash; credit is costly. Buy non-perishable food products in quantities. Watch the household closely and eliminate all waste.

A very good way to dispose of the slices of toast and scraps of bread is to brown all in the oven, then roll and sift, then when you bake cookies or sand tarts three to four cups of crumbs are used in place of part of the flour called for in the recipe.

If spinach can be washed in many waters immediately upon being brought in from garden or market, and then placed upon a cloth laid on the ice, the result will be surprising.

A piece of garden hose makes an ideal carpet beater. While stout to dislodge the dust, its flexibility prevents the wear and tear given by the ordinary stick or rattan beater.

The shoots from onions at this time of year will found excellent for giving a flavor to a salad or other dishes.



Under the Water.

"Not right under the water for a long time!" exclaimed Uncle Hartley, who was sitting up in bed, his arms round his knees.

"Yes, right down at a time!" retorted Uncle Hartley, who was sitting the side of Bobbie's bed.

Uncle Hartley often told strange stories. This time the had been about a diver—a man dressed in a rubber suit from feet, and who wore a piece of hood that had windows for him to see by.

"The diver was under the water for an hour at a time!" retorted Uncle Hartley, who was sitting the side of Bobbie's bed.

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## Young Folks

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