

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)
Hugo and Alice tried to comfort her without avail, until Alice found an ear and whispered that she wouldn't leave her precious mother, that she wouldn't get married, they'd send a telegram to Philip telling him it was all off. Then Jean came to her senses and started explaining. All that was the matter with her, she said, was Uncle John's bluffing the Italian bank into believing that he had a fortune and wasn't allowing him to draw ten thousand lire on the strength of it. And he didn't know yet whether it was true or not.

Hugo began to laugh.
"But you've been worried about it yourself," she said sharply.
"Not about that I haven't," he said. "You've been worrying about something. What else could it have been?"

"If you don't know I'm not going to tell you." He stopped laughing and looked very cross. "Here—gaze on that!"

He took a crumpled paper out of his pocket and handed it to her.
It was a brief note from the local bank to say that they'd had their telegram from Mercer's; it was quite all right. The balance of the \$5,000 cash was safe right here in Bordighera.

As is usual, relief turned to indignation.
"When did this come?" Jean demanded.

"Last evening. A boy brought it up," Hugo replied.
"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I dunno. I didn't think."
"But I've been nearly mad with anxiety!"

Hugo shrugged his shoulders.
"I don't see why," he grumbled. "I've told you all along that it was safe enough. I don't see why you couldn't believe me."

As usual, she had tried to cross a bridge that didn't exist.
"Could we take a little walk, mummy darling. Not too far, of course, and you might put on my tennis shoes."

Mrs. Carnay's rather tired face broke into bright smiles.
"I'd love a walk," she said. "But first I must find out what Uncle John means to do."

"Without hurting his feelings, could we leave him behind?" Alice asked quickly.

Her mother nodded. There was no need for explanations. This was her very last evening with Alice before life changed entirely, and the fact that her daughter wanted to be alone with her for a little while was natural enough. They had been so rushed getting ready for the wedding, and while there was still another day before the two ceremonies took place, tomorrow would be another rush with Philip Ardeyne at the end of it and anxious to claim Alice and make up for what he had lost of her society.

Mrs. Carnay trotted into the house and found Hugo at the writing bureau in the salon submerged in a sea of calculating. He was a picture of virtuous, clerical energy, his shoulders

humped over the task, his near-sighted gaze bent upon long columns of figures, his lips severely pursed.
"Well, my dear, what is it?" he inquired when Jean had stood by the desk a moment a little loath to interrupt him.

"I only just wanted to know if you'd mind if Alice and I went for a stroll," she replied.

Hugo did mind, since the request so pointedly left him out, and he hated to be left out of anything, but he gave her a grudging permission.

"I dare say I can manage without you for an hour or so. But don't be too long. I want to tell you what I'm planning to do."

"It's the last chance I'll have to be alone with Alice," Jean faltered.

"Oh, I'm not a bit hurt," Hugo assured her.

Jean was silent as they climbed up through the old town, and then farther up to the groves above Sasso.

They sat down to rest beside the path looking towards Monte Nero, the hillside falling away sharply at their feet into a dark gorge, from which came the tinkle and murmur of water rushing over stones. "Black Mountain," indeed, with its hooded crest of sable firs. How lonely it must be up there at night—yet how beautiful.

Jean thought that she would not be really lonely if someone she loved were there. But Hector Gaunt had no body for company, unless one counted old Maria. Hours and hours and hours he spent alone on that mountain-top.

A great log came sailing majestically across the valley from the western slope to the sawmills at Sasso. The steel cable which carried it was almost invisible, and it looked like some new form of aircraft.

"Look!" Alice cried. "There's a man on it! I wish we could get on one and pay Mr. Gaunt a surprise visit." She reached out and squeezed her mother's hand.

"I've never met—except Philip, of course, I'm glad you're going to stay here for a little while, mummy darling. I'll feel happier, somehow, knowing that Mr. Gaunt's keeping an eye on you."

"Will you dear?" Jean asked wistfully.

"You're such a little mother. You need looking after. I'm being so selfish in leaving you!"

"No, you're not," Jean said, her voice bright and quick. Alice mustn't guess for a moment how desperate she was feeling about this parting. "I can't tell you how thankful I am that you've found such a good man. And I want you to be just the happiest girl in the world. As soon as you're nicely settled in your new home I'm coming to pay you a long visit. Dr. Ardeyne asked me, and he also asked Uncle John!"

"Poor Uncle John!" said Alice thoughtfully.

Twice Alice had said "Poor Uncle John!" Would it be too risky to ask her why she thought of him as an object of pity? Since that night when she had asked her terrible questions, Alice had avoided personal reference

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to Uncle John. So had her mother.

Just the one word "madhouse," or the suspicion of it as figuring in Hugo's past might have altered the whole situation. Alice was so terribly conscientious. She would have insisted upon being told how it might affect herself, since madness runs in families. Oh, there had been so many near shaves, and even now when everything—including Alice's suspicions—seemed lulled into security, an upset might occur at the last moment, at the very altar itself. Jean knew her daughter. Jean knew her mother.

"I don't believe," Alice said slowly, "that leaving things to chance is the same thing as leaving them to God."

The sun had gone down, and suddenly it was quite chilly. Monte Nero was like a giant shadow, and the little white farm gleamed ghostly in the twilight. A light shone from one of the windows. That would be Hector's dear, untidy sitting-room, the room in which Jean could not help remembering he kept her photograph to bear him company. While Alice and she had been wandering about from pension to pension, Hector had always been there on his mountain-top.

"We must hurry," she said, "or it will be dark before we get home. I don't think Uncle John hasn't got into any mischief."

"Why should he?" Alice asked sharply.

But Jean did not reply.

(To be continued.)

as though we'd be separated, that we really will be separated. Letters are wonderful things and there'll be visits. Perhaps you'll come to live in England. I'll have Philip, but I can't do without my mother. You see how selfish I am. If I thought I'd have to do without you!

"Oh, you won't! Yes—yes, I'll come to England. I must be near you, particularly—in case—" Old-fashioned Jean blushed, faltered, and broke off self-consciously.

But Alice was of a generation which looks nature in the face and sees no reason to make secrets of its laws.

"Yes, if I have a child—children—I'd want you, mummy."

Jean squeezed her hand.

"I can't realize it—that it may be possible. Why, you're only a baby yourself! You aren't even married yet. It doesn't seem quite—quite—"

"Oh, darling, how funny you are!" Alice laughed heartily now. "Why, Philip discusses children."

"Not with you!" Mrs. Carnay was horrified.

"Yes, with me, mummy, darling."

"But—"

"He talked so beautifully, it simply made me want to weep."

"How do you mean? What could he have said? Really, Alice—"

"All about the great responsibility of parenthood. How nobody, no intelligent man or woman, had any right to bring children into the world unless they could guarantee them a clean bill of health—mental and physical."

Jean shivered. "I cannot understand any man talking like that to the girl he's going to marry," she said. "But Alice was unperturbed by this criticism."

"Philip's a doctor," she reminded her mother. "He sees a great deal of the misery that parents do inflict upon their children merely by bringing them into the world."

"My dear, those things are better left to a Higher Being."

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paper held as much above your eyes as you would usually hold it below and you will realize that your field of vision is much better downward than upward. Strip them clear of everything. Let the light come in and you will not realize that you are on the better side of forty."

REMOVING SUMMER STAINS.
Now is the time one must watch most carefully for fruit stains on the table linen and light dresses. If before sending articles through the laundry all fruit stains are well dampened with alcohol or camphor all traces of discoloration will have vanished after they are washed.

If the children get grease from the car or tractor on their clothes, spread butter or lard evenly over the spots and let it remain until the grease is soft, then wash with soft, soapy water.

To remove blood stains, soak the spots in salt water, wash and rinse in the usual way.

Grass stains may be removed by saturating the spot with kerosene before washing the garment in the usual way.

For tea or coffee stains, soak the stains in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let it stand several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

In removing iron rust, soak the stain with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Mildew stains should be soaked in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours and then rinsed in cold water.

There are some fruit stains that will disappear if the fabric is stretch-

ed tightly over the top of a bowl or pan and boiling water is poured slowly on the stained places.

CHOCHECHERRY SANDWICHES.
When our four families gathered for a picnic by a little stream of water under the trees, our chochecherry sandwiches were extremely popular.

It all happened on a rainy day when nothing else could happen. We were making chochecherry jelly, the best jelly in our cellar, when we put our heads together and decided to make chochecherry jam out of the remains.

We squeezed some of the pulp through the sieve and some through the potato ricer and then mixed it with some apple pulp. We added sugar and put the mixture on the stove. The longer it cooked the better it tasted. We stood around the kitchen, spoons in hand, for a good part of the day. Then we cooked it some more, let it stay on the back of the stove all night, and the next morning we tasted it all around again, and made sandwiches of it for the picnic.

Since then we have done some experimenting to find what proportions are best and these are our conclusions: About one-eighth as much chochecherry as apple is best of all. The bitter taste which the cherries on the bushes have turns into a delicate, aromatic one when used as flav-

oring, and the coloring is rich.

Blue Whale's Size.
The blue whale sometimes attains 90 feet in length and 140,000 pounds in weight.

No divinity is absent if prudence is present.

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Woman's Interests

kitchen things stood out as if suddenly illuminated. She had not realized that the two shades would make such a difference.

"I'm getting to be quite a crank about these dark green shades," said the doctor. "In half the kitchens and living rooms of this country women are pottering around in a half-light because they deliberately shut out from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the daylight with the darkest shades they can buy on the market. If you have to have shades, why not buy them of white, thin, translucent material, such as will admit and diffuse all the light possible when the sun is shining directly upon them, and roll them up out of the way when there is no sun."

"We might as well, doctor," admitted Mary. "I suppose most of us use dark shades partly because we have become used to them and partly because they don't show the dirt. But we could use light ones. We have to have shades, you know. They serve for other things than to keep the sun from looking in."

"Then why not hang them at the lower part of the window. It's quite possible. Don't you realize that the place from which you want light to shine on your work is from above. You may blot out the entire lower half of your window without noticing the loss if you just have a few inches of clear light from the upper part. In doing any work your eye naturally look down rather than up. Ever notice that? Try reading a news-

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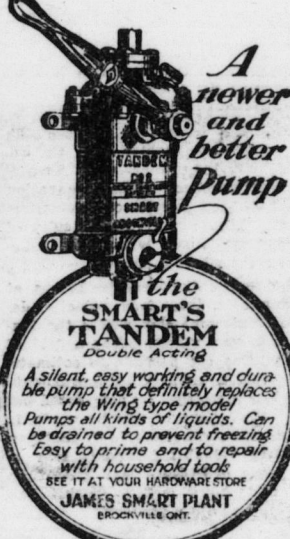
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DON'T SHUT OUT THE DAY-LIGHT.

Mary Drake was not an old woman—only just the other side of forty. It was annoying to find that her work was slowing up because she no longer could see as of old. She said as much to the doctor who stood in her kitchen for a moment after dropping in to see Grandpa Drake.

The doctor's reply was to reach his long arm up to the top of the dark green window shade and lift it from its fastenings; then he crossed to the north window and did the same thing there. To Mary's great surprise her

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For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

The Perfect Pet.

"There's Clem at last," said Nancy at the window. "I knew she had to stop at Mrs. Bonnard's on the way, but—Why, Clem! What have you been doing? What's the matter with your hand?"

Clementina, entering breathless, dropped into the nearest chair. Her left hand was gloved; her right gloveless, was wound in a handkerchief upon which a pink spot was brightening to crimson. She did not answer directly; instead she announced: "I have just discovered my mission in life. It is to found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty from Animals. It's needed."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mildred, enlightened. "Mrs. Bonnard's parrot?"

"Pretty Polly," assented Clementina ironically. "Nice Polly! Polly want a cracker! Scratch Polly! Well, I thought I'd be obliging to a poor dumb creature, no it wasn't dumb,—but I wish it had been,—and I did scratch Polly. Polly poked her head down to be scratched and made the bird version of a purr in her throat, and I was still amiably scratching when she twisted her wicked green neck half round in a flash and nearly bit off my thumb. Nice Polly! And when Mrs. Bonnard came down she merely observed airily that she was afraid Polly had nipped me, but I must forgive the poor, dear darling bird; it was as gentle as a dove with her, because it loved her,—'Didn't oo, Pollywoolykins?' Precious itty bird, 'es, oo did!'—but strangers always made it nervous, and sometimes it forgot its manners 'less a itty bit, poor Polly. Polly didn't understand!"

Nancy, laughing, unwound the stained handkerchief. "I'm going to do this thumb up properly," she said. "It's quite—some—peck! Mrs. Bonnard didn't really talk baby talk, did she, Clem? She can't be such a goose!"

"Indeed she can," Milly said before Clementina could answer. "I've heard her talking much to that hateful bird myself. And she ought either to wring Polly's neck or placard the cage 'Dangerous!'"

"When my new society is founded," Clementina said firmly, "she'll have to. She will be notified to that effect on a blood-red post card, printed with a black jaw and a skull and crossed drumsticks!"

"I'll join that society of yours, Clem," said Nancy. "My friends' dogs are the bane of my existence. They don't bite, but they bark and bounce and put their dreadful forepaws on my shoulder,—I'm so absurdly little, you see,—and everybody just laughs, but it leaves me in a nervous tremble all over. Anyone who owns a bouncy dog ought to get a black-paw warning to teach it manners or—"

"I'll teach your manners anyhow! I never knew you truly minded, Nancy," interrupted Mildred compunctiously. "Now with me it's cats. Not that I'm afraid—I plain don't like them, and they're always shedding hair, and your hostess always politely implies that you're reprehensibly failing to appreciate a privilege if you tip one out of your lap. Cats and callers aren't comfortably compatible nine times out of ten."

"O Milly, I think you're mistaken! Cats are so cozy; I'm sure most people like to have them about—"

"Lots don't. If puss doesn't jump up till invited, well and good; but every owner of a presumptuously familiar feline should be blackpawed just as promptly as the possessor of an obnoxious dog. Sooner, because dogs are splendid creatures even when they're rather nuisances, but cats—"

"Don't you malign cats! They're infinitely more refined and dainty housemates than dogs ever—"

"Hush, hush, my children! Mustn't quarrel!" remonstrated Clementina. "As for me, I propose to champion the safe, sane, suave and irreproachable goldfish. He never bites, barks, bounces, molts hairs or invades laps; he is always decorative and decorous although undoubtedly addicted to the flowing bowl—and never brings disgrace upon his possessor. In short, being absolutely unimpetuous and unpettable, he is the one perfect pet!"

An Unaccustomed Word.
The two laborers had a hobby, in common with thousands of their fellow working men. It was racing.

They stood idly chatting together on matters of national importance.

"Say, Jim," asked the first man, "what's going to win the three-thirty today?"

"What about Saucy Sally?" suggested the other.

"What about work?" chimed in the voice of the foreman, who happened to come along at that minute.

"Work?" queried the first speaker, never heard of it. Who trains it?"

Knew His Business.
The elevator boy was green at the job. Two passengers, a man and a woman, got on at the street floor.

Ninth, said the latter once they were fairly started. Sixth said the man. The car sped by the sixth floor and

ford at the ninth. On the way back the man said, "Why in thunder didn't I step at the sixth floor? The sixth is lower than the ninth." "I know that," said the elevator boy, "but the lady said 'Ninth' first."

Vanilla from Jamaica.
The island of Jamaica has become a source of supply for vanilla flavoring extract.

The Busiest Volcano.
Kilauea volcano in Hawaiian Isles is said to be the most continually active volcano in the world.