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Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roston Falls, Que., writes:



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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XIX.

Two years and a half had passed since Sir Karl had married Dolores, Lady Rhysworth, and taken her home to his stately mansion at Scarsdale. The wedding had been a quiet one. Dolores would not hear of this second marriage being celebrated in the same church where she had been married before; it would not be lucky she averred, and above all she would dislike the memories it would recall. So the Squire, who had certainly grown younger in his daughter's happiness, took her up to London, where Sir Karl joined her, and they were married at St. George's, Hanover Square; but it was perhaps the most unpretending ceremony ever performed in that fashionable church. They went down to Richmond for their wedding-breakfast, and from there proceeded to the Isle of Wight for their honeymoon. Dolores could not leave Kathleen for more than a week; in her opinion no nurse or servant could ever take her place, were she ever so devoted. They spent one happy week on the island, and then went home to Scarsdale.

It seemed strange to Dolores to live in the same neighborhood, but in a different home. From the woods on the western side of the Hall a glimpse of the towers of Deeping Hurst could be obtained; and, believing that his idolized young wife would be pleased to be able to see her old home, Sir Karl had the trees cut down which obstructed the view.

The excitement caused by the sudden departure of madame had abated. It was believed that she had gone away from some political motive. No one knew how relieved Sir Karl and Lady Allammore were that madame and her daughter had left the neighborhood.

They fell into the usual routine of life, and were very happy. One day Dolores put her arms round her husband's neck, and said to him—

"This is too bright to last, Karl; it is impossible."

"Why, Dolores?" he asked in astonishment.

"It is perfect happiness," she answered, "and that never can last on earth. It is meant only for heaven."



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though he loved Kathleen but little less.

Scarsdale was, every one declared, the most pleasant house in the county. The new Lord Rhysworth, who had taken up his abode at Deeping Hurst, was one of the same opinion, and a constant visitor there. Sir Karl and Lady Allammore were the most popular host and hostess in the neighborhood.

News had come to Lady Fielden that Madame de Ferras was dead, she had died at Heidelberg after a long and protracted illness. She had left Lady Fielden a cameo which she had once admired, and Lola had sent it to her through the post. That event made people talk of the family and of Beaulieu. The house was closed now, not even a servant was left in it. It was rumored that it was to be sold, and the rumor proved to be correct. Once more Beaulieu was in the market; and this time it was purchased by a rich manufacturer who wished to make his estate into a society. So there was an end to the history of one family and the beginning of another. No other information was received, and it seemed that even the name of De Ferras was forgotten. For some short time after madame's death there was a fear of coming danger in the heart of Dolores, but it passed with the summer days. Kathleen was now about five years old, and little Gertrude, a pretty, winsome creature, not quite two.

Sir Karl drove over early one morning to White Cliffe. "The day is very fine," he said to the Squire; "and I am sure Dolores will not enjoy it without you. Come over to breakfast."

The old man was only too delighted. As they were driving back to Scarsdale, Sir Karl drew off his glove from his right hand, and the Squire's attention was attracted by a ring which he wore.

"The young baronet laughed pleasantly. "It is a gift from Dolores," he answered. "I have never seen one half so beautiful!" It was a large ruby, in the midst of which was a tiny white rose composed of minute diamonds. "I used to call her the white rose," he added, "and she has given me this in memory of it."

"What a happy surprise!" cried Dolores, when she saw the Squire. "But, papa, I ought to know what to expect when Karl goes away early; it is always for you. Now the children must come in to breakfast."

Sir Karl declared laughingly that his wife spoiled them. Dolores always brought the same accusation against him.

"We have a large correspondence this morning," said the baronet, opening the letter-bag. "This is Lady Fielden's handwriting—a ball, or dinner-party for you, Dolores." There were several letters for himself, some on business, some from friends. "I must say," he cried, looking round with a happy, beaming face, "that I do like a number of letters!"

"Then you have what you like," laughed the Squire.

Sir Karl's eyes fell suddenly on a small, square envelope addressed to him in a lady's handwriting. His countenance changed when he saw it, his lips trembled, and all the light of happiness went out of his eyes. He opened it and read these few lines—

"I must see you. I can take no refusal. My mother is dead. I am desolate and most unhappy. You professed friendship for me in former times. By the pledge of friendship that you gave me, and by the memory of my mother, I appeal to you to let me see you. I will not enter the house where the woman who stole you from me lives; but for her, you would have been mine. Let me see you this evening; I want a favor from you—the last I shall ask from you in my life. You must not tell Dolores. To-night, at eight o'clock, I will be at the white gate which leads into your woods. Meet me there."

"LOLA."

"I thought that old chapter was finished," he said thoughtfully to himself. "For what can she want me? The girl is a perfect—"

But he did not finish the sentence; some remnant of loyalty, some memory of the time when he had been her friend, some pity for her because she was motherless and desolate, prevented it. For what she could possibly want him he could not imagine. A half thought crossed his mind as to whether it might be money; but madame was wealthy, and Lola her only child. Still it would be almost a relief to him if it were money.

(To be continued.)

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The Lure of the Altar

STRANGE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS GIVEN BY MEN AND WOMEN FOR ENTERING THE MARRIED STATE.

"Whatever made you marry her?" That is the question generally put to a man when he has reason to complain of the way his wife is treating him. A similar query applies to the ill-used wife.

What was it that lured them to the altar? I have questioned a number of people, and their replies are most interesting.

"I went bankrupt, then married to put myself on my feet, and never dreamed of the trouble I asked for," said a debtor to a magistrate not so many weeks since.

One unhappily-married woman declared that she married to get away from her ill-tempered, grumbling mother. She took the first offer she had, neither knowing nor caring whether the man was suited to her or not. Evidently she had forgotten the proverb about the frying-pan and the fire.

When Eve Chooses.

In less than a month she discovered that she had escaped from one tyrant to find herself caged with another one, from whom only death or the Divorce Court could release her.

A big, fine, handsome man, whose wife was quite of the "doll" type, said he had never really cared for her, although they had been married twelve years, he was most unhappy, and so was she.

"But she made me marry her, so she's got to bear it," he said, and added that his wife will was so much stronger than his that, before he realized it, they were engaged, and when he saw the mistake she wouldn't let him off.

More than one man has married a girl out of pity. Yet from the three or four who told me that they had done this, I learnt that it is a ghastly mistake to do so. Pity may be akin to love, but it is not love. Also, pity has a knack of waning swiftly, amidst the everyday cares and worries of married life.

Money and Matrimony.

Then there are the girls and boys who have married because they were not allowed a latchkey. They just hated having to come home to time, and they hated more still having fathers or mothers waiting up with frowns on their faces, and having to

listen to a lecture if they did not come in to time. With the exception of one man, the others told me that they had changed their "gaoles" apparent for a "gaoler" mate.

The marriage for money is rarely as successful as some people imagine it will be. One girl admitted marrying because she was sick of poverty; but she was adaptable, tolerant, and home-loving, and managed to carry on pleasantly, so that a mutual love grew and flourished.

Three or four men who had been married for many years, and who had married rich women, declared that their lives had been one long misery. It was very galling to know they were under obligations to their wives, who seemed never tired of telling them how much they owed to them. I came across two or three wives and husbands who had married for love, and whose love is as fresh and green to-day as ever it was. This was truly cheery. Maybe there are more of the kind than some think.

An Amateur Sheikh.

"I married because he promised to look after my brother. You see, poor Jim has been a cripple from birth, and although he had the most of my earnings, it wasn't half enough. He wanted nourishment and better air," said a wife of eight years' standing, while she declared that her husband had kept his word and been so good to her brother that she simply "just couldn't help worshipping him."

There are many girls who marry for such unselfish reasons, but not all these matches work out so successfully.

One man declared in the Divorce Court that he had only married his wife three weeks before, to prove his "Sheikling abilities" and to be able to boast of his conquest to his friends. Rather mean and unworthy, this chit. The reason for marriage are legion; but the reason matters little. The thing is, having married, ought we not all of us to be "sporty" enough to fight on and make a success of that which we have undertaken?

Richard Hudnut
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Diseases of Bread

Changes which take place in bread from the presence of microorganisms, and which may accordingly be called "bread diseases" are described by a writer in The Scientific American (New York). One of these makes the bread sticky; one colors it red; others fill it with mold. We read:

"The first of these converts the bread to such a condition that it can be pulled out into threads. This bread disease is most common. The crumb becomes sticky and colored. The most characteristic symptom is that the bread, on being broken, can be pulled out into fine threads. The bread assumes quite a disagreeable odor and taste. The musty acid color can be detected in bakeries where the disease has been prevalent, many weeks after it was first noticed. The particular bacteria which bring about this disease belong to the potato bacilli group and possess one characteristic in common, that they produce spores which are extremely resistant, being able to withstand the heat of the baking-oven. The bacteria grow best at a temperature of 20 to 28 degrees Centigrade. The formation of the sticky mass in the bread, which can be pulled out into long threads, is due to the swelling of the bacteria membranes.

"Bread becomes bloody-colored, due to another bacillus. Outwardly, the appearance of the bread is the same, but when it is cut open red streaks are seen in the crumb. This disease and the one described previously are most troublesome to the baker, because once the disease sets in, it is an extremely difficult matter to eradicate it. The utmost cleanliness must be observed to prevent these diseases and to destroy them once they set in.

"Bread also has a tendency to become mouldy, for it is a favorable medium for the development and growth of molds. Various molds can produce various colors in the bread. For example, the mould *Aspergillus glaucus*, a bluish green coloration, etc. Reddish and black spots may also be produced by moulds. Neither the moulds themselves nor the decomposition products which are brought about by their presence in the bread are deleterious to the health, but they make the bread unseemly in appearance and unpalatable.

"There are various precautions to be followed in order to avoid the development of these diseases in the bread. A moderately high temperature is favorable for the growth of the bacteria. Warm bread should be cooled off quickly after baking. The air in the room in which the bread is kept must not be moist. Well-baked bread, cooled as quickly as possible, and kept in an airy, dry and not too warm room will not be subject to these diseases. Of course, the main requisite is painstaking cleanliness in the baking operation and in the baking-rooms."

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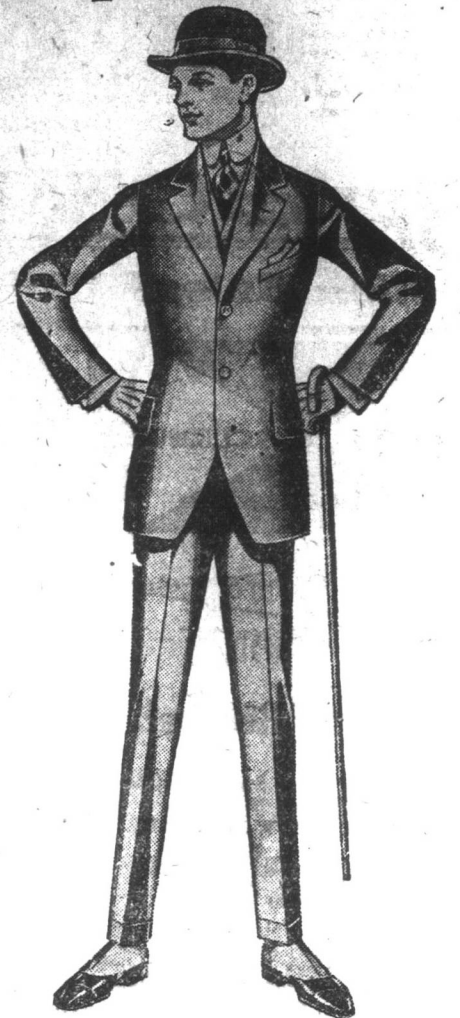
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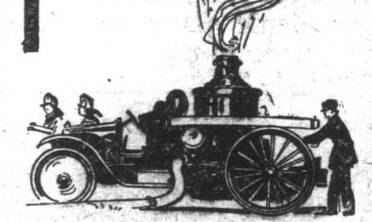
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