

False Love and True

It was not every day that anyone from the old country visited the mining camp of Boroo, which lay in one of the most desolate districts in North America, so when a stranger rode up, threw himself upon the hospitality of the camp for a space, and talked of London and the coming dissolution of Parliament, and finally produced a copy of a daily paper only six weeks old, the entire community took him to its bosom and made much of him, even to the length of offering for a fair consideration to let him join with them instead of going farther afield, possibly to fare worse.

The newspaper passed from hand to hand, many a one, only known there by some rough nickname, feeling a pain keen as a knife through his heart at the chance mention of some dear relative or friend in its columns.

One man saw an account of a marriage set forth there, and for a moment his eyes grew dim, and all seemed dark for evermore. The bride was a girl he had loved for many a long day, and for whose sake he had worked late and early in the vain hope of making enough money to win her for his wife.

Another man alighted by chance on the "Legal Notices," and his eyes were arrested by the name which of all others was best known to him, for it had been his own until he tumbled into rather a worse scrape than usual, and had to clear out until the trouble had blown over.

In the camp he was called "Tom Matheson," and the advertisement ran as follows:—

Five hundred pounds reward for information as to the present address of Thomas Matheson, nephew of the late Matheson Temple, Esq., of Rockhaven, whose conditional heir he is. A similar sum will likewise be paid for satisfactory proof of his death. For further particulars apply Messrs. Grey and Sons, Solicitors, Bedford Row, London, W. C.

Heir to Matheson Temple? The very suggestion of such a thing almost drove him crazy with excitement. His hand shook and his face whitened and flushed alternately as he read the paragraph over and over again.

"Why, Tom, are you ill?" asked a very pretty dark girl, as she came and peeped over his shoulder. "You look so pale and queer!"

With a shout he sprang to his feet, eyes blazing with fury lest she should have found out his secret. Why he should still have wished to preserve it from her even he himself could not have explained just then, but the feeling was there very strongly indeed, so he crushed the paper up into a shapeless ball and asked her gruffly what she wanted.

She looked at him with half-frightened eyes, and sighed. Already she, the beauty of Boroo Camp, realized what a bitter mistake she had made in choosing this man for her husband. She had had the pick of every man there, and perhaps had chosen the very worst.

His state of mind bordered on frenzy. Old Matheson Temple was a millionaire. What were the conditions of the heirship? Tom's conscience warned him not to build too much upon being able to fulfill them until he knew more. If the conditions had anything to do with a spotless reputation, or a good character, then he might as well never apply for it. Few men had a worse record than he, if any of those keen-eyed lawyers chose to stir up the muddy waters of his past life.

He could not rest until he knew more—he must get away at once to the nearest town and wire for particulars.

An hour later he was off, vaguely pointing to a death in the obituary column (that of a lady he had never seen or heard of in his life), claiming her for a near relative. "I may have come into money at her death," he said. "I must find out at once."

At the nearest telegraph station he cabled to the solicitors, "Can send you Matheson's address on learning conditions of legacy," and presently came the reply:—

"Left sole heir to a million of money if he marries or offers to marry, Ermytrude Dallas, his late uncle's adopted daughter, within one year of his uncle's death. If he fails to do this the money and the same conditions apply to Richard Temple."

The paper dropped from Tom's hand on to the floor, and he stood staring at it like a man suddenly bereft of reason.

Only six months ago he could have fulfilled that condition; now he had put a millstone round his own neck—he had married an ignorant, pretty girl, the belle of the camp, and was already tired of her, even before he knew that his

short-lived infatuation was to cost him a million of money.

His silence was infinitely more terrible than the most violent language would have been; his very soul was reviling his pretty young wife, Nellie. He would have welcomed any death for her, if only it left him free to earn that legacy. Money—a million of money, all his—was a lovely young wife into the bargain, a witty, clever, attractive girl, one he had always cast longing eyes upon, and then hated because she did not favor him!

In sullen passion he rode back to the camp, where the sight of his wife threw him into such a fury that, if it had not been for the knowledge that his fellow-miners would lynch him if he injured her, he might have killed her there and then.

He was questioned as to the result of his journey, but made no verbal reply; his scowling face told its own tale.

He must go on to the end of his life earning a hard livelihood by the sweat of his brow, chained to an illiterate creature who could only with difficulty read and write. Oh! it was intolerable. And Richard Temple, the cousin whom from early boyhood he had hated and feared more than anyone else in the world, would step in and carry off the double prize.

"No, he sha'n't; I'll be shot if he does," he muttered, as he swallowed down raw, fiery whiskey in dangerous quantities. "There's one way out, and I'll take it. Ermytrude Dallas and the million of money shall be mine."

Very carefully and cunningly he arranged his plans, and they began with making a great show of affection for Nellie.

His first idea of running away and leaving her was soon put aside as far too risky for the great stake he had in view.

In the first place women were scarce at the camp, and wherever that is the case they are thought much of, and find a champion in every man they meet.

Nellie was a great favorite, and if he deserted her they would go back upon his track, and then would be his. Besides, he knew who better? that some of those rough miners belonged to his own rank of life, in far-off England. Sooner or later someone would turn up and bring Nellie on the tapis. That would snatch the money away from him with a vengeance and land him in jail for bigamy or fraud.

No; there was a better way out of it than that. Dead men tell no tales, and, once clear of Boroo, he did not mean any ghost from the past to rise up and haunt him.

He began to complain of feeling ill—declared that the work was too hard for him—said if he could sell his share he'd make tracks for a time and set up a store.

The new-comer, eagerly snapped at the chance, and the business was soon arranged.

All Tom's belongings were turned into cash, then he and Nellie set off in a borrowed cart which was to be left at an inn at the nearest town, until its owner could ride over and fetch it back.

That owner was a good-looking young man named Jack Denton, of the same class in life as Nellie herself sprang from, and he had always loved her. That she had married Matheson instead of himself was something he had never got over.

Now that she was passing out of his life for ever the wrench was something that he could hardly bear. He did everything he could, though, to help her, and it was when Tom Matheson said, in answer to a question, that he and Nellie could walk to the town—it wouldn't kill either of them—that Jack offered to drive them there.

Tom rather quickly declined, then said he'd borrow the buggy and leave it at the Stars and Stripes; but it only held two comfortably, and Jack couldn't spare two days just for the pleasure of driving them over. So they set off alone, and twenty minutes later, on the darkest and dreariest bit of the road, when Nellie had the reins, Tom suddenly struck her a heavy blow with a loaded stick on the back of her head, and another and another; then, with a fiendish brutality, dragged her lifeless body to the plantation of pines at the left side of the road, hid it as well as he could in the heavy undergrowth, then entered the buggy again, and drove on to the Stars and Stripes—free, and safe to win the million of money.

III.

"He's a remarkably fine young fellow," said Mr. Dallas emphatically, "and I command you to accept him, Ermytrude. I fail to see what any girl could want more. Tom Matheson is young, handsome, full of life and vigor, has a million of money, and, as he truly says, has adored you all his life."

"Father, I cannot marry him, because I love Richard Temple," replied the girl, in a low tone, which vibrated with the intensity of emotion. "And I have a strange prejudice against Tom. Years ago I tried to like him, when as children we played together at the Grange. He is cruel and deceitful. I cannot marry him."

"Then my curse be upon you," said her father, fiercely. "I absolutely forbid you to have any further communication with Richard Temple, and I command you to marry Tom Matheson. What is more, I'll make you do it."

"This is a free country. Even you cannot make me marry against my will," said Ermytrude, with a flash of spirit. "You may prevent my marrying the man I love, but no power on earth shall force me to marry Tom Matheson."

"We shall see," was the reply. "He has asked my permission to speak to you alone to-night, and I have given it. I am a ruined man—everything has turned out unfortunately. Unless you marry that young fellow and prop up the pillars of our falling house, we—I, your mother, and the boys—will all be sold up and become absolute beggars."

The girl sighed deeply. The picture was not exaggerated, but the simple truth; only her father neglected to add that all that dreadful state of their affairs had been brought about by his own wilful extravagance and heavy gambling—the probability being that, if Ermytrude married a millionaire who set her father straight on the wedding day, he would tumble in to quite as deep a pit in the near future.

Then Richard Temple came to make one last final effort to gain the girl he loved, and his own happiness.

"Sir," he said to Mr. Dallas, "you don't know the kind of man Tom Matheson is, or you would never dream of letting him wed your innocent daughter. He may have changed, certainly, during the three years he has been away, but—"

"I will not hear a word. You are a pretty fellow to find fault with a man behind his back—a relative too," broke in Mr. Dallas; but Richard Temple replied quietly:—

"He is no relative of mine, though we were both equally related to Matheson Temple. As for speaking behind his back, pray summon him here to hear all I have to say. I have already warned him that if he persisted in his suit to Ermytrude I should tell you the cause of his having to leave England so hurriedly three years ago."

"I will not listen. He is my chosen son-in-law; now go," replied the elder man, angrily and hurriedly, and Richard Temple bowed gravely and left the house.

Two hours later Tom Matheson was shown in.

"You know just why I've come, my dear," he began, insolently. "The love you rejected five years ago you will now receive differently. By the terms of my uncle's will you are to marry me."

"Fortunately, no woman can be bound by a dead man's will," replied the girl, quietly. "My answer is the same as it was five years ago—I cannot marry you."

"Do you know that your father sold you to my uncle," said Tom. "Do you know that your father was private secretary to Matheson Temple and forged his employer's name to a cheque—that my uncle was going to prosecute him and called at his house to tell him so? He saw you, Ermytrude, and in finding again his only child, dead many years before. You went to him and gave him a kiss, and chatted to him, and by the time your father appeared, shaken, white, and ill with the knowledge of his guilty deed, he had made up his mind to take you in settlement of the offence. Your father agreed, and the bargain is here set down in writing. There is his IOU for five thousand pounds also. Yes, unless you marry me I shall take proceedings to recover that money at once."

"Oh, no; it cannot be true," she wailed, and yet, even as she spoke, she knew it must be, for certain dim memories came back to her which until then she had forgotten.

"You will have mercy—my mother is ill—any shock would have a fatal effect."

"I make no terms unless you marry me," was the fixed answer, and she went out heavily.

"It must be 'Yes,' she murmured, faintly, "but, oh, Heaven, save me! It will be worse than the bitterness of death to become your wife."

IV.

"Yes, certainly you have fulfilled the conditions, Mr. Matheson, and we congratulate you," said the lawyers, as they shook their client by the hand; "you are a very fortunate man. I did you contemplate doing anything for Mr. Temple, may we ask? As things are, you get all. You might like to offer him a lump sum—or an allowance."

"Not one farthing," was the reply. "Hem!" coughed the lawyers disapprovingly. "Not, sir, that he knew we should speak to you on the subject. In fact, so sure was he that he had only himself to depend upon that he is already in America—prospecting, I believe, for gold mines."

Tom started and flushed guiltily. "More fool me," he growled. "I've seen something of that in my time, but it's all a delusion. What part has he gone to?"

"We had a line from him only to-day," replied the senior partner; "he is buying a share in a mine at

a place with the outlandish name of Boroo, which he describes as being 'behind Klondike.'"

Tom gulped down something between a groan and an oath. As he rose up hastily and took his leave, he wished a thousand times that he had offered Temple a start in some profession in his own country, or even an allowance.

Next day he was almost himself again, and particularly disagreeable to everyone he came in contact with.

He hardly knew whether it was love or hate he felt for Ermytrude, only he had a savage delight in showing his power over her, and so, as she resolutely refused to let him kiss her, and kept him at a distance in spite of the engagement between them, he suddenly tightened the rein and insisted on an early marriage.

In vain she tried to hold out for the original date—all were against her. Tom had promised her father an allowance from the date of the wedding, and that made him eager in his future son-in-law's cause, and as usual the girl had to give way; where she had sacrificed so much a few weeks sooner or later could make little difference.

They were so poor—they wanted money so badly—it was the wickedest nonsense for anyone to pretend not to care for money. It seemed to Ermytrude, in those dark, wretched days of misery, that, so far as earth was concerned, plenty of money was the only thing that mattered. She had beauty, but what good had it ever done her? She loved and was loved; but love had only broken her heart.

The doctors said her mother was dying—nothing could save her, but entire absence of worry, and a long change in some foreign land.

Her father groaned aloud as he put his hands in his empty pockets and to her to save the family from utter ruin. How could she help herself? That was why she gave in at last and named an early date for the wedding.

It was within two days of that date that Richard Temple walked in just at twilight and catching her in his arms kissed her fondly—passionately.

"Don't, Dick, don't!" she cried brokenly. "In two days I shall be his wife."

"In two days you will be my wife, dearest," he replied, kissing her again, and as she gazed at him in startled wonder her father entered the room and a fierce growl rose to his lips.

"You back again, Temple, like a bad penny!" he cried insolently. "Well, you are just in time to be present at Ermytrude's wedding."

"As I shall be the bridegroom—yes, I shall be in time," was the quiet reply.

"Confound you, no," broke in Mr. Dallas, bitterly. "She is to marry Tom Matheson, the millionaire, old Temple's heir, and I've had quite enough trouble over it already, so don't you try and upset things. You are the last man in the world I'd give her to."

"And yet," said Temple, quietly, "it is I who am my uncle's heir—I who am a millionaire. Tom Matheson has not one shilling in the whole world."

"Oh, Dick, is it true?" gasped Ermytrude, as she lifted her head from his breast. "You would not play with me—you would not torture me!"

Mr. Dallas's face suddenly whitened. Suppose anything cropped up to make this thing possible, why then he had simply ruined himself and all his hopes of gain.

"Speak!" he muttered, hoarsely. "Is—is Tom dead?"

"No; but he was a married man before my uncle died," was the reply, "and that, of course, precluded his chance of heirship. I should say twice a married man, for at the time he ran away from London having embezzled heavily from his employer, he left a wife behind him—she was a pretty chorus girl from the Frivolity, and only died three months ago. In the meantime, during her lifetime, he married a second time, a girl named Nellie Ryley, out West at Boroo. When the news of this legacy came to him he attempted to murder her, and left her for dead in a pine wood on the banks of the St. Lawrence."

"She was found, and life coaxed slowly back to the poor girl by the man who loved her most, one Jack Denton by name. Fate is a curious thing; it led me straight from here to Boroo. I identified Tom from a chance snapshot taken out there by the man who bought his claim, just as he set out with his wife to come home."

"I've—I've said a few foolish things, Dick," gasped Dallas, mopping his brow, wet with agitation. "But I didn't mean them. In this tale's true, Tom is a blackguard and I'd rather you had my daughter after all. I suppose you can prove what you say?"

"It is proved," was the reply. "Tom was arrested an hour ago; he is in Wilkley Jail at the present moment on a charge of the attempted murder of Nellie Ryley, who, by the by, is now Mrs. Jack Denton. Denton married her directly he found out that her first marriage was null and void."

Then, as Dallas rushed out to find out the latest particulars of the

case, Richard Temple took Ermytrude in his arms again. "After the darkness comes light," he whispered, "after the storm peace. The inheritance is mine, but without you it would be valueless. Tell me you will marry me, darling."

"Oh, Dick," she replied, "what a very unnecessary question!"—London Tit-Bits.

HOME

MEATS.

Delicious Veal—Get a veal steak about one-half an inch thick, and cut into pieces just large enough for one service. If parts of it seem stringy fasten together with a sharp toothpick. Dip veal first in beaten egg, then roll in seasoned bread crumbs. Have an iron spider piping hot, with about a quarter of an inch of hot fat in the bottom. Fry the veal quickly on both sides until a light brown, then pour milk in the spider till it comes almost to the top of the veal. Cover tightly and place in slow oven for about one hour. The last fifteen minutes remove lid, so the veal will be crisp. Prepared in this way veal is as tender and delicious as spring chicken, and may be cut with a fork. One pound of veal will serve four persons bountifully.

Baked Hash—Peel raw potatoes and slice them in a baking dish, putting a layer of leftovers of roast beef between each layer of potatoes. Continue until beef roast is used up, then pour over the gravy from the roast. Bake in oven.

Fried Chicken—Dip in flour; fry in hot lard as brown as you wish. Put steamer over kettle of boiling water, as each piece browns remove to steamer, cover tightly and steam from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Whether you fry one or many chickens it will be quicker and easier, and if frying does not thoroughly cook it, the steaming will finish it, and they will not be dry or hard, but juicy and delicious.

Sausage—Cook breakfast sausage in hot water ten minutes before frying, and they will be more tender, and are sure to get cooked clear through.

TASTY DESSERTS.

Iced Coffee—To four cups of clear, strong coffee add two cups of scalded milk and one-half cup sugar. Mix well, cool, and place on or near the ice. To serve, pour over shaved ice in glasses.

Watermelon Punch—Materials: Two quarts watermelon, sugar to taste, and one-half of a cup of sherry. Chop the watermelon coarsely, then add sugar as desired. Let stand one hour, then add the sherry and freeze to the mushy stage. Make a bowl, using one-half of the watermelon rind. With a fancy cutter scallop it around the edge. Chill this bowl. When ready to serve fill the bowl with the frozen mixture and serve at the table in punch cups.

Rhubarb Marmalade—Slice two quarts rhubarb, sprinkle over it three pints of sugar, let stand over night; add juice of two oranges, grated rind of one, one cupful of chopped raisins; boil until thick, pour into tumblers.

Four and Four—Four lemons, four bananas, four oranges, four cupfuls of sugar, four cupfuls of water, overripe bananas, mashed, and lemons, all

juice of oranges frozen together as frappe.

Fruit Conserve—Two boxes red raspberries, boil and strain; two boxes red currants, boil and strain; two oranges, peel and all, chopped fine; one-quarter pound blanched almonds, chopped; one cup seeded raisins, chopped; one cup sugar to one cup of pulp. Boil fifteen minutes. Put in jelly glasses. Serve with meat.

EGGS.

Eggs au Gratin—Cut hard boiled eggs into rings, place in a buttered pudding dish, and pour over it a white sauce. Season with grated cheese, chopped parsley, and curry. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Eggs a la Benedictine—On a hot plate place a slice of crisp toast cut rather thick; on the toast a very thin slice of broiled ham; on the ham a poached egg. Pour over it all a cup of Hollandaise sauce and crown it with a half teaspoonful of finely cut truffles. Add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup to make a narrow border around the Hollandaise sauce.

Omelet for Breakfast—Three eggs, three dessertspoons of flour, three dessertspoons of milk, one-half teaspoon baking powder. Beat yolks of eggs light, add milk, then flour, to which has been added the baking powder; stir all briskly. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and fold in gently. Heat a cast iron frying pan, then butter it well. Put in omelet and watch carefully until well browned; then, with a pancake turner, turn and brown on other side. Can be placed

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ed in a hot oven instead of turning.

VEGETABLES.

Green Tomato Mince—One peck of green tomatoes; chop fine, squeeze and drain off juice. Cover with hot water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Boil a few minutes, then drain off. Do this three times, then add one-half peck of chopped apples, three pounds of yellow "O" sugar, one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of chopped suet, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, and one nutmeg, one pound of raisins, and one pound of currants. Then boil till apples are done. Can in fruit cans and seal tight.

Cabbage Without Odor—Cut a cabbage into quarters and remove the core. Put the four pieces into a pot of violently boiling water, dropping in one at a time gently so as not to stop the boiling. Cover with a plate or weight to keep the cabbage under water, add a pinch of soda, some salt and boil fast for twenty-five minutes. Put the cabbage in a colander and press the water out and cut it up. Serve with vinegar or cover with a white sauce.

VALUABLE HINTS.

Add chopped dates to an ordinary cornstarch pudding. It is delicious.

When choosing beef press it with the thumb, and if it rises quickly it is of good quality.

To stop bleeding of the nose a teaspoonful of turpentine should be drawn into the nostrils.

Stubborn stains on linen may be removed by repeated applications of salt and lemon juice.

A single drop of oil of linseed on the tongue of a common steel trap will be a first-class bait for rats.

A good thing for sleeplessness caused by derangement of the nervous system is a dish of baked onions.

To clean earthenware sinks, rub the stained parts with a mixture of powdered borax and paraffin.

When trying to iron out domestic wrinkles, have a care that you do not scorch out someone's good nature.

To preserve brass bedsteads rub them with a little sweet oil on a cloth, afterwards polish with a dry leather.

When washing fine flannel, add a little powdered borax to every pailful of water. This keeps the flannels soft.

Milk will keep sweet longer in an open pan than in a jug—a point to be remembered specially in the summer.

If the water used for cleaning windows is "blued," they will retain their brilliancy longer and polish more easily.

When loaves are baked too brown, do not cut off the burnt crust, but, when cold, rub the loaf with a coarse grater.

Stir cakes, cookies and gems or muffins with a fork. It will make them more smooth, as it does away with all lumps.

A little white sealing wax, melted and applied to the ends of stays that have broken through casings, will quickly relieve the trouble.

To make one set of buttons answer for several tailored waist, sew buttons on a separate strip of white linen and make button hole in both sides of the shirt-waist fronts.

When white spots are made on polished furniture by the spilling of hot or cold water, apply camphor at once and it will bring back the natural color. This has been tested and found good.

The stains left from coffee may be removed from the most delicate silk, woolen, or chiffon garment by brushing with pure glycerine. Then brush with lukewarm water and press on the wrong side. The glycerine absorbs the coloring matter.

Stains on the fruit and the hands, too, when the fruit is peeled is caused by contact with the open air. Peel all fruit and vegetables under water and then remove them to a covered dish. Your fruit will not be discolored and your hands will be fresh from stains.

When the hole in knee of stockings is too big to darn set in patch from another similar stocking. Next cut off stocking just at ankle, turn upper around so that the patch will come back of the knee when on. Sew together again, open and tack seams and the result is one that will satisfy the most particular mother. Be sure to stretch material when sewing ankle seam.

Now is the time when your cherished summer hat is becoming frayed and shabby. If so, rip all trimmings off and brush the hat thoroughly. If it is burned by the sun place in a pail of weak dye and boil about ten minutes. (This will not injure any straw.) Trim with a tailored bow of Persian ribbon and a large buckle covered with ribbon and fashioned of cardboard. If a dressier effect is desired, trim with large loops of wired lace or maline across the back.

"My dining-room is the hottest place on earth. I wish I knew what to do to cool it." "Did you ever take a friend home to dinner when your wife did?" expect it!"