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CAROLINE RODMAN

The Accomplice

By JANE GILL

PART III.

Caroline's voice stopped them again. "I was going to buy a farm with that money."

Jack laughed insolently. "Take care," he said, "and we'll consider this the first payment."

"Anyhow, you've got my money," said Caroline, wistfully, "and you didn't even put the tramson in for me."

David, hand on the door, looked back anxiously.

"The tramson's blown out of the front door," Caroline explained, "and I thought you'd help me put it back. I can't get it back alone."

"I'm sorry," Jack began.

Caroline didn't let him finish. "It seems fairly enough to do what you have done to me," she reminded him. "But, don't you see, the sheriff may turn up any minute. Paul protested. Caroline ignored this.

"And you're a man and I'm only a girl. I earned part of that money myself, teaching and teaching's hard work."

"Now, look here," David cried, coming a step toward her, "you've got to understand why we're borrowing your money."

She steeled her heart. "They're horse thieves," he reminded her. "I must keep remembering that."

Aloud she said, "I don't want to understand. I want that tramson put back."

"All right," said David, promptly, and walked to the hall.

Paul and Jack stood aghast. "Great Scott, Dave!" cried Jack, "are you crazy? We can't do for that."

"We can," said David. "Come here and help."

He stood on the chair and Paul lifted the heavy tramson up to him. Scarcely had he fitted it into its place when there was a sound of men's voices—men piling into the yard.

The desperate look came back into the faces of the boys and the hand of David went to his revolver.

"Quick!" Caroline whispered. "Quick! Come with me! They won't find your Quaker!"

"We're not afraid," David whispered back, revolver in hand. "Let 'em come on."

For five years Caroline had marshaled boys in her Latin class, and she did not give up now. "Come," she renounced authoritatively.

David shook his head. "I'll fight," he said. "I'm not going to be hidden away by a woman."

The voices were very near now.

"Because I ask you," Caroline begged.

And suddenly David yielded, and she was shutting the pantry door on the three of them just as there sounded a peremptory knock.

She went to the kitchen door. The sheet had turned to a heavy, clinging snow that blew into the kitchen as she opened the door. Two men came in, stamping the snow from their feet, shaking it from their clothes. It was the sheriff and Peter Helm, standing before her and blinking at the kitchen light.

She closed the door behind them with a hand that was unsteady and tried to hide her nervousness behind a smile. "Why? I thought you were all over to Carrington arresting the Staley boys?" she exclaimed.

"There is some of us still here," the sheriff explained. "We split up forces and I come over here," his eye was shrewdly upon her, "because we heard reports of them being seen over this way. A man come into the store at the corners a little while ago and he said he saw some one who might have been the Staley boys comin' toward your place."

"My goodness!" cried Caroline. "Suppose that even now they are hiding in the barn or in the woods across the road?"

"We couldn't get you on the phone from the corners," said Peter Helm, "and we wondered whether your wires mightn't be cut. I wouldn't put it past 'em." He shook his head ominously.

"Mercy!" cried Caroline. "But maybe it was only the storm. The storm often puts the phone out."

The sheriff and Peter Helm both looked doubtful.

"But if that man saw them coming," went on Caroline, "wouldn't they have been here before this? Don't you suppose that this very minute they are getting further and further down the road?"

Peter Helm turned to the sheriff. "Maybe she's right," he ventured.

The sheriff was noncommittal.

"Could you get us some oil for our

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you more good than to have them in jail and not get a cent?"

"We wouldn't be arresting them, mister," Peter Helm explained half apologetically. "There was a chance of my getting either my money or my horses. But what chance is there with them getting away as fast as they can."

"I don't wonder they want to get away," Caroline broke in hotly. "I'd want to get away, too, from all these men whom I had thought to be my friends, and who never lifted a hand to help in time of trouble. And I hope those boys do get away, and I hope they get a fresh start among new people and better friends than you are, and I'd like to think that even now, while I am detaining you here and talking and talking to gain time, that they are getting farther and farther down the road."

The sheriff gave a little start. "By gum!" he said. "That's just what they are doin', gettin' farther and farther down the road!" He opened the door, "I know," agreed Peter Helm; "but he hesitated at the door, uncomfortable over Caroline's harangue. But Caroline closed the door behind them.

Silently three figures came out of the pantry. From his pocket David took the wallet and laid it without comment, on the table.

"Oh! but you'll need this," said Caroline. "You'll need this to get away."

"We don't take money from our friends," David told her gravely. "We didn't know we had any friends before."

"Look here!" Paul broke out. "Tell us how you knew? How did you know that that was the way we felt and use."

"I didn't know when I first started," Caroline explained. "As I talked it just came to me."

"And how did you know the way we felt about the old place, kind of silly over it, as if it were a person?" Jack demanded.

"I don't know," said Caroline. "I just knowed you understand." David said gently, "especially about how we'd like to start all over again, and pay the mortgage. At first we didn't care what we did, but we do care now, only there isn't any chance."

"There is a chance," said Caroline, "if you'll only take it." David demanded, "What chance is there?" Caroline picked up her wallet. "I have more money than this," she said. "It's in the bank. I was going to buy a farm, only I got distracted because there only seemed to be treacherous farmers. But you aren't, I know you feel about it just as I do. Suppose I buy your farm from Peter Helm; suppose you return his horses to him—you heard what he said about letting you off if he got his money or the horses back—then suppose you work the farm for me, and we'll all be partners."

"You wouldn't trust us," David began, incredulously.

Contemptuously Caroline waved away the idea.

"How soon will we begin?" he demanded.

(The End.)



Woman's Interests

Making and Baking a Pie.

A housewife famed for the delicious quality of her pies, was once asked by a bride, jealous to emulate her friend's skill and provide her husband with his favorite dessert in all its perfection. So here is the formula, and why not? It is taken from an old cook-book dated 1879.

"For each double-crust pie take one-and-one-half cups of pastry flour, sifted in a bowl with one-fourth teaspoon of salt. With a silver fork or tips of the fingers work into the flour one-half cup of lard until the two are thoroughly blended. Add a very little cold water, only sufficient to bind the mass so that it may be rolled out without adding any more flour. About four tablespoonfuls should suffice. Turn the dough out on a floured board, give it a few quick turns and divide in two nearly equal portions, reserving the smaller of the two for the top crust. Roll and fit the lower crust to the pie-pan. Avoid stretching, but allow it to come well over the edges. There should be just enough for the purpose."

Any fruit pie requires a cup of sugar, speaking approximately, and juicy fruits, such as berries or cherries, will require a well-rounded tablespoonful of flour for thickening. Apples require neither flour nor water. The flour and sugar should be measured, not guessed at. Some cooks, but not all, are good guessers, and it is better to be safe than sorry. A standard half-pint measuring cup graduated into quarters, thirds, and halves should be in every kitchen cabinet.

The flour, sugar and fruit may be all stirred together, or placed in separate, with apples put sugar on top, and lots of butter, not forgetting a sprinkle of salt. Add the latter also to fruit pies.

Roll top crust, not too thin, and place loosely over the pie. If drawn tightly it will pull away from the edge somewhere in baking, since pastry shrinks under the action of heat. Press firmly at the edges but do not pull. Moistening the edges may assist in preventing burning out of juices, but it also makes the crust hard. If carefully pressed together and not broken anywhere the juices will not trouble. Or a strip of clean white cloth may be bound around the edge. Another device is to place a small paper funnel in the top crust to allow the steam to escape, since the gashes made with a knife for this purpose often close in baking. Bake carefully in a moderate oven. It is extreme heat which causes the juices to burst through the crust. When the bottom of the tin hisses under the moistened finger the pie is done. Brushing the top crust with milk is sometimes considered an improvement. It gives it a delicate brown, flaky appearance when baked.

If you have long ago mastered the art of pie making and want to try your hand at some of the French pastries, learn to make puff paste. This requires patience, time and care, but the woman who likes to bake finds it fascinating.

Wash the hands, mixing bowl and a wooden spatula, first in hot water then in cold. Fill the bowl with cold water, put a half pound of butter into the water and work with the spatula until the butter is soft and easy to mold, then remove, and pat it gently until it is perfectly free of water. Have the room, butter and flour as cool as possible. Sift two cups of flour and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt together and mix with cold water to a soft dough. Remove to moulding board and knead until the dough is elastic. Cover it and let stand five minutes, then roll out into a rectangle a little larger than it is wide. Pat the butter into a similar shaped rectangle and place it exactly in the middle of the lower half of the paste. Fold the

top of the paste down over the butter, creasing in the centre, and press the edges closely together all around. Take care to exclude all air. You then have a long, narrow rectangle. Now fold one end of the paste up over the butter and the other end under the butter and press the edges together. Cover it and let stand five minutes.

Turn the paste half way round, pat carefully with the rolling pin, making ridges on the paste, and then roll into a long strip, keeping the paste as near a rectangle as possible. This will need an even stroke, with equal pressure all over the paste. Then fold one end of the paste back to the middle, and the other end to the middle, so as to have three layers of paste with even edges. Turn half way round again, so as to roll in the opposite direction. Repeat this process six times, then cut paste in desired shapes and chill on ice a half hour before baking in a very hot oven.

If the butter begins to soften while you are rolling, wrap the paste in cheesecloth and chill on ice. This process gives a pastry with distinct layers which may be used in many ways. One of the most common is in tarts, which may be cut in any desired shape, rounds, squares or diamonds, and filled with any desired filling. Perhaps nothing is nicer than strawberry or raspberry tarts.

Puff shells to be filled with creamed chicken or other meat or fish may be made of this paste. For these shells the paste should be rolled about one-fourth of an inch thick and baked for twenty-five minutes.

The little rolls filled with whipped cream and covered with chocolate frosting which you use in bakers' windows are also made from puff paste.

They are made by rolling the paste into strips four inches wide and baking around cylinders of tin or hardwood. Butter the cylinders and brush the side of the paste which is to go on the cylinder with water or egg white. Cut the paste in lengths to fit the cylinder, press carefully around the form, and bake on a cookie tin. When done remove carefully from the cylinders, cool, and frost. Do not fill the centre until ready to serve. They may be filled with whipped cream or a cream pie filling.

For the woman who makes many pies, a pie rack for cooling them will be a welcome kitchen help. A tin with the thick rolled edge is claimed to give you a pie without a scorched or too-brown edge.

A glass plate is nice if you wish to bring the pie to the table, as it is always clean and keeps its color. A four-lined fork is almost a necessity in pie-making, and if you buy a steel

one for this purpose you are sure your silver forks are not taken for kitchen use.

What Makes Fog.

London is famous for its fogs. Why? Because, for one reason, London is a city. Cities make smoke, and smoke makes fogs.

Doubtless London fogs are much thicker and more prevalent nowadays than a century ago. The city is much bigger, and there is more smoke. A fog is formed by the condensation of moisture upon smoke particles and dust particles suspended in the atmosphere. The more smoke and dust, the greater the liability to the formation of fog, each particle furnishing a nucleus for moisture when conditions are right.

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To be a successful wife is perhaps the most difficult art in the world, and demands intelligence, sympathy and usefulness, especially in the case of people with small incomes.

Let us consider the essentials of a model wife.

She must be good to look upon. If she is not pretty she can be dainty, fresh, and well groomed.

She must be a good and prudent housekeeper, and be able to cook, even if she can afford servants.

She must have tasteful ideas about house decoration, making her home a nice place of rest and comfort.

She must be a companion to her husband. Sympathy is not enough. She must be able to discuss work, literature and politics intelligently with him and his friends.

She must be comradely and comfort always, and critic when required.

She must be a devoted mother, realizing to the full the responsibility resting with her, of giving to her country moral, healthy and helpful citizens.

And with all these duties, she must never be for a moment without love.

Cold Causes Stale Bread.

Prof. J. R. Katz, of Amsterdam, has been trying to discover what makes bread grow stale. He has found that low temperature is the chief cause. Bread kept at 140 degrees F. was quite fresh at the end of forty-eight hours; but when the temperature was reduced to 122 degrees the bread began to grow stale, and continued to increase in staleness down to about three degrees below the freezing point. Beyond that the staleness grew less until at the temperature of liquid air the bread had again become perfectly fresh. It is suggested that bread can be kept fresh by placing it in a fireless cooker immediately after it is removed from the oven.

Other Way Round.

He was a very small boy, and the apples he was eyeing were very large. He eyed them for ten minutes, longingly and faintly, while the greengrocer bustled about serving customers. Now he edged near the tempting basket. Now he edged away again. And at last the greengrocer thought it time to intervene.

"Now then, Tommy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Nothin'," replied the small boy.

"Nothin', eh?" said the greengrocer. "Well, it looks to me as though you are trying to steal these apples."

"You're wrong!" retorted the nipper. "I'm trying not to."