

and that was just a couple of days before I came away.

"I had been speaking of my unworthiness. 'Why,' I said, 'the very name I offer you is not my own; it is assumed.'

"Oh," she laughed, "there is no great crime in that. As a matter-of-fact, Alice Ferguson is not my real name either. You see, my parents are dead, and when Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson adopted me they insisted that I take their name."

"Even as she said these words some presentiment chilled my blood before she continued, a little brokenly, as if it were hard for her to say what she did."

"You see," she went on, "I have a brother who is a disgrace to the family, and Mr. Ferguson was afraid that, some day, he might come back and find me out by my name and bring sorrow to me, so I took their name."

"You have a brother," I stammered, "is he still living?"

"I don't know, but sometimes I hope not." Her voice had grown so bitter I scarcely recognized it. "I don't remember very much about him, for I was very little when he left home. But I know he killed my mother—she died because of the disgrace he brought on his name; and my father never got over it either. On his death-bed Father made me promise that if ever my brother came back I would not speak to him. He must have been very bad; though, perhaps, Father may have been too harsh with him, for what little I can remember of him he was very good and kind to me."

"SHE had been looking out of the window while she said this; as if she were half-ashamed to speak of her brother. Ashamed before me! Good Lord! Had she been looking at me, she surely must have guessed! In my anguish I groaned aloud. Alice turned to me quickly."

"Oh, George, you are ill. I should not have worried you about this. You are deathly white."

"She got me a glass of water, but she never suspected the truth—that I was the brother she had been taught to remember so bitterly. And I did not dare tell her. Oh, I am a moral coward all right, even if I was never once afraid of all the guns and shells on the battle-field. No, I did not tell her; I could not. But before I came away I left a letter for her in which I asked her to try to forget me, as I was all unworthy of her and it was utterly impossible that I could let her share my name."

"I have had one letter from her since. Poor girl! She does not understand, and still believes that some day she will be my wife. I have not written to her again. I cannot; I cannot own up to her that I am the brother she has been taught to hate. I have lost her completely; and I have even lost the father to whom I had begun to plan of going back, to make what reparation I could in his old age—even my father is dead."

"Why are you so sure your father is dead?" suddenly asked my companion, who had kept perfectly still while the man had been speaking. So absorbed in his story had I been that I had quite forgotten the girl with me. Now, as I looked at her, I was astonished; she was leaning eagerly forward, two great tears glistened on her cheeks but her eyes shone wondrously."

"Why do you think your father is dead?" she repeated.

The man stared at her.

"Why, Alice told me he was dead," he answered wonderingly.

"Alice Ferguson is not your sister. There is no reason why you should not marry her."

The soldier started, and stared incredulously.

"Back at the old home," the young woman continued, "your father, James Holden, still lives and has learned of what you have done. He is feeble and ailing, but is praying that his strength will last until his boy comes back to forgive and be forgiven. He was not able to come to you himself, but he sent me." She was standing now, looking eagerly at the man.

He had also risen and was gazing at her, his face bright with a great, yearning hope.

"And you—you are—" his outstretched arms finished the question.

"I am your sister. I am Alice Holden."

Tea in the Making and in the Serving

ABOUT one woman in five hundred knows how to make a cup of good tea, but not one in five thousand knows how to serve a cup of good tea.

The making is simple; warm the pot, have fresh water freshly boiled and still boiling, put the tea into the pot, pour on the boiling water and—there you are! The flavour depends on the taste in teas of the housekeeper, and the strength depends on what she considers good for the family.

The serving is equally simple—when you know how. Time is of the utmost importance, but although we have heard this over and over again, how few of us really realize it? The best tea ever grown can be spoiled in the serving. We tell each other that tea should not be allowed to steep more than three minutes, and sometimes—when we happen to think of it—we do pour it out about that time.

But even when this is done with the first cup, how about the unfortunate second cup? Isn't it equally true of it, that it should not steep more than three minutes? Remember, the steeping process does not stop when we decide that it is sufficiently steeped to be ready to pour. It goes on steeping so long as it is on the leaves. Therefore, to serve tea properly, pour it into another warmed teapot at the end of three minutes.



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Becomes the water into which you have stirred a few LUX flakes—pure essence of soap. An exquisite, soothing and refreshing quality is given the bath, or shampoo, and what's more, no further soap will be needed.

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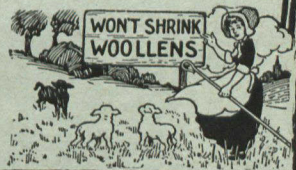
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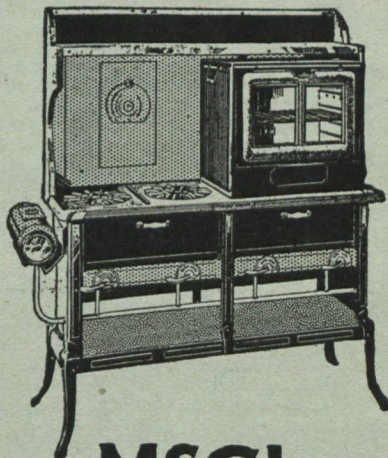
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