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# CAROLINE RODMAN
## The Accomplice

By JANE GILL.

PART II.

When Caroline came back to the fire she did not even try to read; she lifted the soft sleepily purring old cat into her lap; she let her mind wander as it would; to the desperate young horse thieves biding somewhere out there in the storm; to the farm that they had owned; and at last to her own disappointment. She had come there just the day before with a fine flame of enthusiasm for farming, and upon this flame her aunt and uncle had started at once to pour the water of disillusionment. To her, farming had seemed the finest adventure in the world, full of explorations, just as exciting as those Arctic ones which have always held enchanted the imaginations of men. A new idea from a book and you infused it into your work and made a miracle happen; two grains of wheat where there was but one before; or you yourself discovered something which helped fill more abundantly the pantries of the land. Yet, ever since she had arrived, she had been looking at farming in the gray light of her uncle's disillusioning words, and she had suddenly seen it as a dreary routine, day after day, over and over, in the house or on the farm, always the same weary round of drudgery. This had made up her disappointment.

And it was a bitter disappointment, for she had dreamed of that farm of her own so long, all the while she was teaching school in the city. In the roaring, crashing noise of the subway her mind was among green fields and pastures; during school hours she taught Latin verbs and yearned for dairies and farmyards; at night she would often push aside the big pile of Latin papers she was correcting to take up a farm weekly, or the last bulletin from the Dept. of Agriculture at Ottawa, or a letter from the Provincial Experimental Farm answering some eager question of hers. When tired almost to illness with the noisy, pushing, crowding haste of the city—Caroline knew that she wasn't meant for city life!—she would promise herself on her honor that soon she could have the farm.

Then to her joy the time came. A small legacy left to her recently, added to her own savings, had made it possible. She made up her mind to go at once to her uncle and have him help her select a farm nearby so that she might have the advantage of his experience and wisdom. And here she was with her $500 in the trunk upstairs, and her nice balance in the bank. And now, after all, she'd have to go back to teaching!

That was what the wisdom of middle years did for the enthusiasm of youth. She hated it. Why shouldn't the enthusiasm of youth ignore all that superior wisdom and go ahead in its own irresponsible way, making a glorious venture of it all? That was just what the Stalcey boys had done, she reflected and somehow they had got caught in the tangle or an economic society which they had no hand in forming and which they didn't in the least understand. A mortgage, a foreclosure, the loss of their farm, and then their bewildered anger, their desperate revenge. And soon, she reflected, their capture, their imprisonment, and after that ex-convicts for the rest of their lives.

A sudden, terrifying crash in the front hall brought her to her feet, and held her there hypnotized, her whole heart pounding, her eyes staring and wholly afraid to go to see the cause of the noise.

She listened tensely, and when the single crash was followed by no other noise save the roar of the wind, she summoned her courage to go into the hall. It was the transom of the old door, loosened, from the shrunken wood and dislodged by the gale, that had fallen in and by miracle was unbroken. Through the opening it left the wind was driving the sleet, which soaked the carpet and left an icy scum on its surface.

She knew she must get it back at once before more damage was done, so she dragged a chair from the hall, stood on it and tried to lift the transom into place. But it was so heavy that her arms could not hold it high enough, and she was trying frantically to think of some substitute—a shawl tacked over the opening or something—when there was a sharp knock at the kitchen door.

In relief she stepped down from her chair and hurried into the kitchen. It was providential, this coming of help when she so greatly needed it!

But as she opened the door the three figures that stood in the darkness brought panic to her heart. Without hearing them speak or seeing their faces she knew instinctively who it was; it was the three Stalcey boys—David and Jack and Paul Stalcey.

"Don't lose your head!" she implored herself. "Oh, be cool! Don't lose your head!"

Aloud she said, "Won't you come in?"

"No, thank you," a Stalcey voice answered, "the money we saw you counting through the window last night can be handed very nicely through the door."

"All right," she replied with all the coolness she could muster, "I'll send uncle out with it."

"I wouldn't," said another voice, with a biting little laugh, "because uncle and Cousin Arthur and a dozen other blithering idiots are hunting horse thieves over to Carrington."

"And Auntie is spending the night with Mrs. Jennings," added a third insolent voice, "and your telephone wires are cut. So be quick with your money, for we are in a hurry."

The wind threw a handful of stinging sleet into Caroline's face and she drew back a little. "Even if you are going to rob a lady," she said, "that's no reason why you need make her catch her death of cold at the door. Come in, I tell you."

A moment's hesitation and then, shyly and awkwardly, they came into the room.

Caroline's eyes quickly searched their faces.

After all, they were only boys, white-faced and tired, with heartache beginning to take the place of their recklessness. And pretty soon the sheriff would find them, and then jail and, after that, ex-convicts for the rest of their lives!

Why, the youngest of them, this Paul Stalcey, was as young as those boys in her Latin class and there was still a trace of the child about the soft lines of his white cheeks.

The next one, Jack, was wiping the moisture from his rumpled red hair and watching her with desperate eyes.

There was a straight, honest look about David, the eldest, which made her understand why her aunt had insisted that they would have been lovely boys if they had had half a chance.

"Look here, you've got to hurry!" the impatient voice of Paul broke the spell.

Caroline noticed that there was something glittering protruding from Paul's pocket and there was a suspicious bulge at David's hip.

She turned and fled upstairs.

"You might bring us the wallet to keep it in," Jack called insolently after her.

Her thoughts were racing madly as she flew up the stairs. Her uncle's revolver? But he had taken it with him and, after all—after all, she didn't want to use it. There was no trying to get out of the house, for there was only one staircase and they would see her as she came down. She couldn't summon help for the telephone wires were cut. The nearest house was a mile away. There was no use. She must take the money down.

As she passed the front door she almost slipped on the snow that had drifted through the transom opening. She remembered then that she had hoped that knock on the door meant help and she laughed ironically at the remembrance of it.

As she entered the kitchen, her little black leather wallet in hand, she was confronted by the muzzles of three revolvers.

"Don't!" she cried with a little gasp. "I've got the money. Don't!"

The three revolvers went back to their pockets.

She carried the black wallet to David, who opened it and looked inside.

Holding Caroline's eyes with his honest gray ones, he said: "This is a loan; we'll pay it back some day." Then he turned toward the door.

(Continued in next issue.)

### India's Butter.

Ghee appears as often on the menu of the native of India as reference to it does in "Kim" and other tales by Kipling. It is a kind of clarified butter made from the milk of cows and buffaloes, the product from cows' milk being the more esteemed.

Few Occidentals acquire a taste for ghee unless, like Kim, they are born to India and its ways, but the Indian, after he has obtained the substance by melting butter over a slow fire and then extracting the thick, opaque, whitish portion or ghee, when it is cool, devours it with avidity. Ghee, which is rancid or tainted, as most ghee sold at the bazaars is said to be, can be rendered sweet, according to the Indian standard of sweetness, by boiling with the leaves of the horse radish tree.

Ghee enters into the composition of everything the Brahmins eat and the same is true of the victuals of most other natives. But food for mortals is not its only use. The gods esteem it as a sacrifice and even go so far as to bathe in it at times.

Rank old ghee is in special repute among the Hindus as a medicinal agent, and in that line is used in many ways. It is also said to improve the face and voice. Medicinal ghee should be ten years old at least and have a very potent odor. "Clarified butter" 100 years old is sometimes heard of, but ghee of this age has lost its smell and taken on a rather mummified appearance.

### A Woman's Steps.

Some years ago an inventive fellow with a kindly feeling for women and an eye to profits produced a contraption he called a kitchen cabinet, arranged to hold in convenient quantities just about everything a woman needed for her cooking and baking. It was, we believe, a very successful venture for him, the strong selling factor being the convenience and the amazing saving of steps in the preparation of food.

It comes to mind on noticing that a farm woman in thirty years has walked a distance equal to that from Halifax to Winnipeg and back—half the distance carrying a pail of water. The annoying thing about it is that with piping that would have cost only $42 her husband could have saved the woman all those unnecessary steps and the water burden.

There is a lot of lost motion in life. The man who can obviate it in home or in factory is almost certain to profit by taking thought of the matter.

### Reason to Hope.

A couple of Irish women were talking of the domestic troubles of a third. Said one:

"Mrs. Casey takes it awful hard. Her husband got five years—but he can get a year off for good behavior."

"Tell her not to worry," suggested the other. "Sure, he may not behave himself."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

## Where Do the Old Umbrellas Go?

Our present-day umbrellas are light and delicate compared to the crude ones of a couple of centuries ago. The ones of the future will fold up like a vest pocket camera, says an umbrella maker.

"Do you know what the first umbrella looked like?" he went on. "I'll tell you. It looked like the devil. It was made of oilskin stretched over a wooden frame and was so heavy and awkward that a lady couldn't carry it. In fact, it took two persons to carry it in comfort. If you have seen pictures of Robinson Crusoe with the umbrella he made for himself on his island you have a pretty fair idea of what the original umbrella was. But its cumbersomeness wasn't the worst of it. It was such an uncommon thing that it caused derisive laughter wherever it was seen.

"No one knows exactly who invented the umbrella. Its present name comes from the Latin 'umbra,' meaning shade. But its history goes back into the East, where it was the insignia of royalty and power. In the remains of ancient Ninevah and Egypt were found representations of kings going in procession with umbrellas held over their heads. In Asia the umbrella still has something of the same significance. In India the Mahratta princes held among their titles 'lord of the umbrella.' The King of Burma termed himself the 'monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries.'

"In Rome the umbrella has a significance in the Basilican churches, each of which has hanging aloft a huge umbrella. The Grecians used to look upon the carrying of an umbrella as effeminate, the men regarding it as more dignified to get their garments soaked in the rain. The article was not introduced into England until the seventeenth century. It was the custom to keep umbrellas in the coffee houses in the eighteenth century, probably for the use only of escorting persons to and from their carriages in rainy weather. Then Colonel Wolfe, who was in Paris, became enamoured of the umbrella. He wrote letters to the London papers pointing out that the Parisians were using umbrellas and wanted to know why Londoners were behind the times. Meantime Jonas Hanway, an English traveller, became distinguished as the only man in London who dared to brave the ridicule of the public in carrying an umbrella through the streets.

"The English improved on the Eastern umbrella. Instead of skins they used cotton and silk, and made the framework less bulky. William Sangster, in 1848, was the first to adopt alpaca as a covering. Samuel Fox four years later invented his celebrated frame made of thin strips of steel rolled into a U-shape. That is practically the umbrella we have today.

"As to what becomes of the old umbrellas, that is like the mystery of what becomes of all the pins that are lost. With a million or so new umbrelas being turned out every year, you would think that vacant lots and old houses would become heaped high with the discarded ones."

## Woman's Interests

### Boarders in My Home.

When I suddenly found myself with nothing between me and the world but a mortgaged farm, my two hands, and a little daughter, I thought it "all over" and decided to sell the land, pay what I could on the house, and then cultivate vegetables, chickens, and summer boarders.

During the next winter I planned, repaired, polished, made curtains, covers, quilts and rag carpets. I went to auction sales in the neighborhood and bought odd pieces which, when treated to several coats of white paint, furnished two vacant rooms. Magazines and books that my past summer's boarder friends had left behind I put away for the winter evenings; some of the easiest ones I read to little Helen. In one of the books I found the card of a public library. I knew very little about the way public libraries are run but I knew enough to return the book to the library. In the letter that I sent with it, I was moved to tell the librarian just how I was situated and asked her if there was any way in which I, 'way out in the country, could get books. Her letter told me how the library could serve me, so after that I have had books enough to fill our evenings with reading and our days with happy thoughts.

At first I allowed some of the boarders to patronize me because I work with my hands, but I soon discovered that the people who are really worth while did not patronize me. We met on common ground.

A young woman physician who came for week ends often visited with me while I beat up a cake or molded biscuit. She did not expect me to be kitchen-minded just because I work in the kitchen. We had delightful conversations about her life in the city, my life in the country, books, biscuits or health. She gave me valuable advice about the care of little Helen.

Mrs. Martin, who had been in my home many times during all these years has done much to make me feel the dignity of honest and necessary labor. She has ample means and high social position; but she is so interested in her home that she can, and often does, do any part of the work herself. She taught me to put down eggs in waterglass; she did my first sun-preserved strawberries; she gave me a recipe for fruit punch which I have used at our church and neighborhood affairs ever since; she taught me how to bud my fruit trees and helped me plan a spring house trough in my cellar which serves better than a refrigerator. And perhaps best of all, she has proved to me that one can do "bread work" and yet be an accomplished and gracious lady.

We have had several teachers with us for the entire winter. One of these especially, taught me to see a little of the beauty with which I am surrounded. More than one of my summer family has asked me questions about birds and trees and wild flowers. I could not name even those in our own yard, and I had begun to feel ashamed of my ignorance. Miss Saums' stay with us has enriched my whole life and of course my little Helen is enriched too. I always thought that birds and bees and other nature things had to be studied from books and that it took a long time to learn. Miss Saums studied them wherever she found them, in the woods or fields, in the fence corners, on the way to school or to the store, anywhere. She was as happy as a child when she found a purple fringed orchid in the old wood road. She saw beauty in the clouds, the mists, a leaf, a seed burr, a green bug; and winter did not put a stop to her pleasure. I have never had a friend who could get so much enjoyment out of snow crystals, bare trees and mosses. The winter evenings gave us time to read about the things we saw during the day and to talk about them, so there was little time for loneliness or gossip. Many a time I felt that instead of accepting board money from her I ought to pay her for all that I was getting out of that winter.

In my boarder family there is a sweet young girl who has been around the world twice but is not constantly talking about it; there is a surgeon who is a thorough boy, as fond of pie and cookies and pranks as any "hand" on the farm. One of my interesting girls is a stenographer who was reared in the back woods and has much to learn; she has good sense and quiet poise, and, keeping in the background, she is learning rapidly.

Not all who come under my roof become my personal friends nor even desirable members of my family. I do the best I can to make the home pleasant and restful for everyone, to give them what I think I should wish under similar circumstances. Then if there are some who cannot fit themselves to the place I adopt my brother's plan with his farm crops. Every year he tries out a few new varieties, and retains the most satisfactory. I do the same. When my brother finds a weed, like thistle or wild hellebore, that is a menace to other things, he uproots it as soon as possible. I watch my boarder-crop as carefully! A girl or woman who can have a hurtful influence on my family or friends, cannot board with us.

Next fall when Helen goes away to school I shall miss her dreadfully, but I am not going to sit down to tears and loneliness. In the first place, I am so glad she can go. She has her life to live as I have mine. Then, I am going to have two teachers all winter, extra guests frequently, work for the coming summer, to say nothing of books and letters.

Emerson says that the four means of culture are books, society, solitude, and travel. During the winter I have books and solitude, during the summer I have society of cultured friends; for the present my traveling must consist mainly of the two miles between my home and the village, and the journeys of my imagination, as books or friends like the soldier boy sketch me pictures of other lands. Have I not a great deal? And more will come just as rapidly as I grow to need it.

### Tested Recipes.

Cream Fruit Pie—Line a deep pie pan with plain pie crust, and bake. Then lay on the bottom of the crust slices of fruit such as fresh peaches, bananas, or berries. Sprinkle with sugar. Then cover with a cream filling.

Cream Filling—½ cup sugar, 1-3 cup flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon flavoring. Mix the dry ingredients, and make a smooth paste with a part of the milk. Then add the rest of the milk and the eggs well beaten. Cook until it thickens, and then add flavoring. When cool, pour this over the fruit in the pie crust. Just before serving, cover with whipped cream.

Apple Pie with Marshmallows—Line a deep pie pan with plain pastry, and cover the bottom with well-flavored apples cut in eighths. Sprinkle with brown sugar, bits of butter, and add four tablespoons of cold water. Bake until the apples are tender. Then cover the apples with marshmallows, cut in fourths, and return to the oven and brown the marshmallows.

Pear Preserves for Christmas—2 pounds pears, 2 lemons, 2 oranges, 1 cup sliced pineapple, 1 cup pecan nuts, 1½ pounds sugar. Cook the pears, the juice of the lemons and oranges, and the pineapple, which is cut in fine pieces, over a slow fire for forty-five minutes. Then add the sugar and nuts, and cook until transparent. Place in jars, and seal with paraffin. The nuts and pineapple may be omitted if one wishes.

### Signs of Experience.

Bobbie—"My father must have been up to all sorts of mischief when he was a boy."

Johnny—"Why?"

Bobbie—"'Cos he knows 'xactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I've been doing."

Twenty thousand Canadian ex-soldiers living in Britain are claiming against the Canadian Government for arrears due to the rate of exchange varying.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.


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For the Farmer's Boy

You want him good and healthy,
You want him big and strong,
Then give him a pure wool jersey,
Made by his friend Bob Long.
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### Too Obvious.

Sunday School Teacher—"Which bird did Noah send out of the ark to find out what the weather was like?"

Small girl — "Please, teacher, a weathercock."


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# FIGHTING THE PAPER FAMINE

## BANANAS, GRASS AND BARKS OF TREES.

### Experiments in New Material Carried on in Various Ages and Climes.

Month by month the paper famine grows more serious. The demand increases, the supply decreases. There you have the whole trouble in a nutshell.

As most people are aware, a very large proportion of the paper in common use is made from wood-pulp. Of this Canada has the lion's share. While pulp-wood paper is supposed to be a fairly modern invention, in reality it is nothing of the sort, for so long ago as 1770 a certain Jacob Schaffer, a pastor of Ratisbon, produced a little book of sixty pages, each leaf of which was made of a different material, many of these materials being products of the forest.

He used the barks of willow, beech, hawthorn, linden, aspen, and mulberry trees. Other sheets were made of wood shavings, potato-peelings, and fir-cones. Several were composed of the silky down of such plants as the catkins of the black poplar. He used nettle-stalks, straw, reeds, moss, and lichen. A copy of his curious little book is to be seen in the British Museum.

Experiments in new materials for the manufacture of paper are not modern. On a day in March, 1855, the then Earl of Derby exhibited in the House of Lords specimens of paper made from several novel substances, which he proposed should be used as substitutes for linen rag, at that date almost the only substance available for paper manufacture, the supply of which was already running sadly short.

**Difficulties of Procuring Materials.**

The most important of these novelties was a paper made from banana stalks. His lordship mentioned that on one estate in Demerara over a hundred and fifty thousand banana plants were cut down yearly, and completely wasted.

Later on, in the eighties of the last century, esparto-grass came to relieve the situation, and we began to import yearly over two hundred thousand tons of this material. About this time it was suggested that "bagasse" might be employed for paper manufacture. "Bagasse" is the term applied to the stalks of the sugar-cane after they have been crushed to remove the juice which is the foundation of cane-sugar.

Millions of acres in Florida and others of the Southern States are covered with a scrub growth of saw palmetto. From this plant a paper has been made as strong as parchment, which can be washed and handled like cloth, and of inestimable value to the trade.

Experiments of all sorts are still in progress, as they have been for many years past. Paper, indeed, can be and has been made from many hundreds of different kinds of raw material and waste products. The trouble is that most raw fibres contain a great deal of moisture, as well as glutton, silica and coloring material, all of which matters are not only useless, but extremely injurious in the eyes of the paper manufacturer. The result is that, in ninety nine per cent. of such experiments, the only decision arrived at is that the game is not worth the candle.

Even if a substance is found which will yield good paper at a moderate cost of manufacture, the question at once arises as to whether supplies are in sufficient quantity and of uniform quality. If not, once more the experimental labor is wasted.

### Washing Out Gold Nuggets.

Scarcely any metal is more widely distributed than gold. The trouble is to find much of it in any one place.

The ocean is full of gold, but at four cents' worth to the ton there is no profit in trying to extract it. There is gold scattered all through the sand of the beach on which you repose beween "dips" when you visit the seashore, but not enough to pay for sifting it out.

The gold in the sea has been derived from the land, being brought down to the coast by rivers. Likewise the gold in the beach sand, which itself is the debris of inland rocks.

In some regions the mountains contain much gold, which is fetched down to the lowlands with the gravels borne by streams. Such gravels may be very rich in what is called "alluvial" gold. They furnished the "placers" in California, worked by pioneer miners, with pan and rocker.

Nowadays the stream gravels of California, and likewise those of the Yukon, are worked for gold by huge dredges, which, with huge scoop buckets mounted on endless chains, literally eat their way into the stream banks, taking the gravel aboard, separating the gold from it by washing and dumping the detritus overboard.

The principal by-product is pebbles, which are carried away from the dredge scow by a conveyor that deposits them at a sufficient distance to be out of the way. In this manner small mountains of pebbles are built up—a waste output, but worth money for roadmaking and other purposes.