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INVITED
 LUNG STOMACH DISEASES

Righted in Time

"Why should I not speak of it?" cried Barry. "I have been thinking of it all this time. Of course I can understand it. He is far superior to me. You can look up to him, not down, as you do to me. He is a man after your own heart. He has all the glamour that his work for the poor can give him. His self-denial, his nobility. It is just the sort of thing that would appeal to you, I know. While I am an ordinary kind of fel-

low on his face. The keen regret of an honorable nature.

And as Moya's those lines of pain, suddenly at her thoughts changed. She lost sight of herself—how selfish she had been, thinking only of her self-respect, her own sense of humiliation! And now he was going away with this burden of guilt on one of his sensitive nature—that he had acted dishonorably in telling her of his love. All through the future that memory would haunt him. And she, for the sake of her own wretched pride, could let him go away with that burden.

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low. With nothing in me worth the loving."

"Do you know what you are saying?" broke in Una. She only spoke in a shaking whisper. Her face was white.

"Yes," he cried quickly. "I'd forgotten for a moment, it's true. But it may as well come now. It would have come anyway some day. I've begun. I guessed, somehow, you would be here. And I wanted to say good-bye, since we shall never perhaps see each other again."

Never again! Then there would never be another chance of explanation. This was the last, her only chance. The thought darted through Moya's mind, but close on it went another. "I can't explain," went that thought. "It's impossible. It's best that there should be no more chance. That he should go right away—and never know."

"We can say good-bye—as friends," went on Guy, quietly. "We have been friends. And we will forget everything else. I felt I could not go away without saying that—without feeling we were friends again, even if we do meet no more."

Moya stared down at the smooth sand. She was wrestling with two impulses, and each seemed as strong

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as the other. The struggle was such pain that she could not speak. "Tell him," urged one impulse. And the other protested feebly: "I cannot!" Suddenly Guy's voice deepened and quivered. "I wish I could wipe yesterday afternoon out of your memory," he said, passionately. "I was false to myself in those few moments—false to honor, and false to my love for you. That is why I would have you forget. I would I could only forget it myself!"

Then Moya looked up. She heard the struggle in his voice, and she saw

it now on his face. The keen regret of an honorable nature. And as Moya's those lines of pain, suddenly at her thoughts changed. She lost sight of herself—how selfish she had been, thinking only of her self-respect, her own sense of humiliation! And now he was going away with this burden of guilt on one of his sensitive nature—that he had acted dishonorably in telling her of his love. All through the future that memory would haunt him. And she, for the sake of her own wretched pride, could let him go away with that burden.

Moya gave a little gasp as if she had thrown some oppressive weight away from her. If anyone had to suffer it should not be Guy, torturing himself with self-reproach. "Oh, it is my fault," she gasped. "You—you must not blame yourself so. It is all my fault."

"No, Moya, don't say that. Anything but that."

"I must." She was strung up to confession. It would mean losing his love and respect—what she valued so highly and felt she prized more than anything in life. Yes, after all, there was one thing she found more precious still. Guy's own peace of mind.

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He had fallen in his own eyes, he had hurt his own sense of honor. Then she must be willing to fall in his eyes, too. It was the price she had to pay.

And bending low her head, Moya faltered out her confession. It sounded so childish, so foolish, as she did so. In actual words it was so futile a thing. Well, he would know her for what she was—not the girl he had loved and thought worthy—but just a silly child.

But being such a foolish, silly confession, it was strange it was so hard to make. Yet it was—desperately hard. So hard that Moya could never have made it but for one thought—Guy's going away blaming himself, fallen in his own self-respect because he had fallen in honor. And so Moya was willing that her own self-respect should be laid in the dust instead. It was the one reparation she could make. And she made it.

There followed silence. Of course, he would be angry—scornful. He was so upright himself. Such little crooked dealings were incongruous to that large-

ness of mind which knew nothing of deception and pretence.

Moya awaited the visits of wrath, and gave a cry with an emotion so sharp that Barry's shoulder. His cheek touched hers. He was looking into her clear, steadfast eyes, but her eyes were on those clear, sunlit ripples of the river, glinting towards the west.

"I expect they liked love stories," was all she said. "Even if they had none of their own. And who knows? I begin to think differently. I believe there is some love even in the loneliest life, if only one looks for it."

Who knows? Even if it is the love that gives, and does not receive. That sows and does not reap—at least, in this life. Who knows? But we all know there is a world to come where love is perfected and finds its selfless, spiritual life, and for that world we who love love in this world will wait, even as, so perhaps, waited and worked and prayed those old maid who once lived in this peaceful old-world garden.

CHAPTER VII

"There is nothing in me to love," stated Una, with the utmost candid conviction. "Now, Moya is so bright, so lovable. There's heaps in her to love."

Barry tucked his arm in hers with an air of proprietorship, and agreed quite gravely that there was nothing at all in her to love.

The boys and Una had been out for an early morning bathe, and Barry had met them coming back. The boys

SHILOH
 30 DROPS COUGHS

were ahead now and out of sight, but these two had engrossing enough subjects for conversation that necessitated a strolling pace and an unhurried progress.

And they talked on, discoursing on those subjects which are so very uninteresting to outsiders and so enthralling to the two who make one complete little world to themselves.

"Why, here comes Moya," said Barry. He tucked his arm more firmly in Una's. "Now or never for it!" he decreed, blithely. "We may as well tell her now."

He laughed as they came level with Moya. "I've taken matters into my own hands, you see, Moya. Not very chivalrous of me, I'm ready to own. It's generally considered the lady's province to break off an engagement, isn't it? At least, it looks better that way. However, you have your remedy. You can prosecute me for breach of promise! You look surprised. Well, I simply couldn't stand it any longer. And that's just all about it!"

Not a very comprehensive statement, perhaps. But Moya, looking from Barry to Una, seeing the linked arms, the happy faces, understood easily enough "just all about it."

"Oh," she gasped. "I am—I am so glad about it."

Barry laughed again. "I thought

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HARLIN FULTON.

you were going to say you were sorry," he said. "But it's no good crying over spilled milk. It's been and gone, and done, you see. After all, someone had to do it—to take the plunge. I don't believe you would ever have had courage enough to take it yourself."

And that, perhaps, was Moya's thought at that moment. Barry had had courage to cut the Gordian knot. She was the coward. If she could have had his courage, his simple straightforwardness!

"You always said you would never get married, but liked your freedom too well," she said, reproachfully. She could not help a little hit at Barry, she was just then.

"So I did," he laughed. "But I lost my freedom when I became engaged to you. And so I made the best of a bad matter. You're not going bathing now, are you, Moya? Everyone is out of the water and gone home to breakfast."

"Oh, I had breakfast early," she returned. "And did not find that she had slept very little, woke with a headache, and breakfasted little, too, in her wish to avoid Guy. She would be out, away from the house—not even say good-bye to him. It was so much the best."

"I'm going for a walk," she told Barry, and nodded good-bye meaningly enough to the two.

But the smile faded as they parted. So Barry had had courage. He had done the right thing undoubtedly. And Moya was glad he had done it. She went on thoughtfully till she came to her favorite seat on the old, worn arm of the breakwater. The tide was ebbing. Little rivulets wound away to the waves, coursing down from rocky pools. The sand was gloriously smooth and white—a fair, unwritten



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page for the day to write on what it willed.

"I was wrong," she sighed. "Not only foolish, but wrong. I should have known I could not do a thing like that without influencing other lives. And there was Una, too, after all."

That also cut into her heart with reproach. Una! Looking back, she could understand what she had been blind to before. Una's pained grey eyes, her sweet, unselfish desire that Moya might be happy, her gentle hints that Barry was dissatisfied, that they were missing the best life could bring about.

"I might have ruined Una's happiness as well as my own," thought Moya, fearfully. "And all with one foolish, thoughtless step."

Her eyes were on those footsteps in the sand. But all at once a little wave ran up, higher and more boldly than the other. It ebbed away, it is true, sinking back into the falling tide. But its crystal, shining ripples had swept over those footprints. As Moya watched that wave ebb and ebb, she looked—and lo! the footsteps were gone as if they had never been.

(To be continued.)

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You boast of your Morgans and Herefords. Of the worth of a calf or colt, And scoff at the scrub and the mongrel. As worthy a fool or a dolt; You mention the point of your rooster. With many a "wherefore" and "when," But sh, are you counselling, my brothers, The worth of the children of men?

You talk of your roan-colored filly. Your better so shapely and sleek. No place shall be filled in your stable. By stock that's unworthy or weak. But what of the stock of your household? Have they wandered beyond your ken? Oh, what is revealed in the round-up. That brands the daughters of men.

And what of your boy? Have you measured His needs for growing years? Does your mark as his size, in his features, Mean less than your brand on a steer? Throughbred—that is our watchword. For stable and pasture and pen. But what is your word for the home-stead? Answer, you breeders of men!

—R. Trumbull.

bird is small pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with the crisp brown crumbs. If not, pass in two separate dishes.

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THE SECRET OUT.

"Don't you think Mildred has perfectly wonderful teeth?" "Yes. But they are false." "How do you know that, my dear?" "Why, she told me she inherited them from her mother."

PROPER SAUCES

There is nothing that adds to the "just-right-ness" of a nice juicy roast than the proper sauce as, every good cook knows. And there are some sauces that seem to belong to one kind of meat and no other. Who would ever think of serving mint sauce, for example, with anything else but roast lamb? It could go with boiled mutton, but oh, how much better this dish is accompanied with caper sauce. To make this cream two tablespoonsful of flour with half a cupful of butter and add to it a pint of boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of capers, and serve.

WITH BREADED VEAL CUTLETS.

Tomato sauce is usually served with breaded veal cutlets. A very simple sauce is made by cooking a slice of onion in half a can of tomatoes till soft, straining and thickening with flour and butter creamed together. For a more elaborate one, brown a slice of carrot, another of onion, a tiny bay leaf and a sprig of parsley in a quarter of a cupful of butter. Strain and add a fourth of a cupful of flour. When well blended add a cupful of cooked

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and strained tomatoes and a cupful of stock. Season well.

The English like bread sauce with their roast chicken. Cook two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler with an onion cut fine till the milk is well seasoned. Strain and add a tablespoonful of butter, salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Add half a cupful of fine bread crumbs and stir until smooth. Cook half an hour. Now put a tablespoonful of butter in a small pan and add half a cupful of coarse bread crumbs. Brown well. If the

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