

"When Hearts Command"
By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Hugo and Alice tried to comfort her without avail, until Alice found an ear and whispered that she wouldn't leave her precious mother, that she wouldn't get married, they'd send a telegram to Philip telling him it was all off. Then Jean came to her senses and started explaining.

All that was the matter with her, she said, was Uncle John's bluffing the Italian bank into believing that he had a fortune and their allowing him to draw ten thousand lire on the strength of it. And he didn't know yet whether it was true or not.

Hugo began to laugh.

"But you've been worried about it yourself," she said sharply.

"Not about that I haven't," he said. "You've been worrying about something. What else could it have been?"

"If you don't know I'm not going to tell you." He stopped laughing and looked very cross. "Here—graze on that."

He took a crumpled paper out of his pocket and handed it to her.

It was a brief note from the local bank to say that they'd had their telegram from Monte Nero; it was quite all right. The balance of the \$5,000 cash was safe right here in Bordighera.

As is usual, relief turned to indignation.

"When did this come?" Jean demanded.

"Last evening. A boy brought it up," Hugo replied.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I dunno. I didn't think."

"But I've been nearly mad with anxiety!"

Hugo shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see why," he grumbled.

"I've told you all along that it was safe enough. I don't see why you couldn't believe me."

As usual, she had tried to cross a bridge that didn't exist.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Could we take a little walk, mummy darling. Not too far, of course, and you might put on my tennis shoes."

Mrs. Carnay's rather tired face broke into bright agreement.

"I'd love a walk," she said. "But first I must find out what Uncle John means to do."

"Without hurting his feelings, could we leave him behind?" Alice asked quickly.

Her mother nodded. There was no need for explanations. This was her very last evening with Alice before life changed entirely, and the fact that her daughter wanted to be alone with her for a little while was natural enough. They had been so rushed getting ready for the wedding, and while there was still another day before the two ceremonies took place, tomorrow would be another rush with Philip Ardeyne at the end of it and Alice to claim Alice and make up for what he had lost of her society.

Mrs. Carnay trotted into the house and found Hugo at the writing bureau in the salon submerged in a sea of calculating. He was a picture of virtuous, clerical energy, his shoulders

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to Uncle John. So had her mother. Just the one word "madhouse," or the suspicion of it as figuring in Hugo's past, might have altered the whole situation. Alice was so terribly conscientious. She would have insisted upon Ardeyne's knowing, would have insisted upon being told how it might affect herself, since madness runs in families. Oh, these had been so many near shaves, and even now when everything—including Alice's suspicion—seemed lulled into security, an upset might occur at the last moment, at the very altar itself. Jean knew her daughter. Alice had a will of iron, and even love itself would not shake her convictions as to right and wrong.

Why—Mrs. Carnay reflected with acute dismay—if Alice knew the real secret of her birth she was quite capable of breaking her engagement without a single word of explanation to anyone.

It was like a beautiful castle built of cards—a breath could destroy it.

"Sometimes I feel I have no right to be so happy," Alice said. "What have I ever done to deserve it?"

"You've been the best daughter in the world," protested Jean, half choked between emotion and her heavy sense of guilt. "It's I—I, who don't deserve anything!"

"But you're not getting anything, mummy dear. And you are the one who deserves everything the world could give anybody. Don't think because I'm getting married and it looks

as though we'd be separated, that we really will be separated. Letters are wonderful things—and there'll be visits. When you'll come to live in England, I'll have Philip, but I can't do without my mother. You see how selfish I am. If I thought I'd have to do without you—"

"Oh, you won't! Yes—yes, I'll come to England. I must be near you, particularly in case—" Old-fashioned Jean blushed, faltered, and broke off self-consciously.

But Alice was of a generation which looks nature in the face and sees no reason to make secrets of its laws.

"Yes, if I have a child—children—I'd want you, mummy."

Jean squeezed her hand.

"How do you mean?—that it may be possible. Why, you're only a baby yourself! You aren't even married yet. It doesn't seem quite—quite—"

"Oh, darling, how funny you are!" Alice laughed heartily now. "Why, Philip discusses children."

"Not with you!" Mrs. Carnay was horrified.

"Yes, with me, mummy, darling."

"But—"

"He talked so beautifully, it simply made me want to weep."

"How do you mean? What could he have said? Really, Alice—"

"All about the great responsibility of parenthood. How nobody, no intelligent man or woman, had any right to bring children into the world unless they could guarantee them a clean bill of health—mental and physical."

Jean shivered. "I cannot understand any man talking like that to the girl he's going to marry," she said.

"But Alice was unperturbed by this criticism.

"Philip's a doctor," she reminded her mother. "He sees a great deal of the misery that—that parents do inflict upon their children merely by bringing them into the world."

"My dear, those things are better left to a Higher Being; they are better."

"I don't believe," Alice said slowly, "that leaving things to chance is the same thing as leaving them to God."

The sun had gone down, and suddenly it was quite chilly. Monte Nero was like a giant shadow, and the little white farm gleamed ghostly in the twilight. A light shone from one of the windows. That would be Hector's dear, untidy sitting-room, the room in which Jean could not help remembering he kept her photograph to bear him company. While Alice and she had been wandering about from pension to pension Hector had always been there on his mountain-top.

"We must hurry," she said, "or it will be dark before we get home. I hope Uncle John hasn't got into any mischief."

"Why should he?" Alice asked sharply.

But Jean did not reply.

(To be continued.)

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paper held as much above your eyes as you would usually hold it below and you will realize that your field of vision is much better downward than upward. Use the upper part of your windows. Strip them clear of everything. Let the light come in and you will not realize that you are on the better side of forty."

REMOVING SUMMER STAINS.

Now is the time one must watch most carefully for fruit stains on the table linen and light dresses. If before sending articles through the laundry all fruit stains are well dampened with alcohol or camphor all traces of discoloration will have vanished after they are washed.

If the children get grease from the car or tractor on their clothes, spread butter or lard evenly over the spots and let it remain until the grease is soft, then wash with soft, soapy water.

To remove blood stains, soak the spots in salt water, wash and rinse in the usual way.

Grass stains may be removed by saturating the spot with kerosene before washing the garment in the usual way.

For tea or coffee stains, soak the stains in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let it stand several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

In removing iron rust, soak the stain with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Mildew stains should be soaked in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours and then rinsed in cold water.

There are some fruit stains that will disappear if the fabric is stretch-

ed tightly over the top of a bowl or pan and boiling water is poured slowly on the stained places.

CHOCHECHERRY SANDWICHES.

When our four families gathered for a picnic by a little stream of water under the trees, our chokecherry sandwiches were extremely popular.

It all happened on a rainy day when nothing else could happen. We were making chokecherry jelly, the best jelly in our cellar, when we put our heads together and decided to make chokecherry jam out of the remains.

We squeezed some of the pulp through the sieve and some through the potato ricer and then mixed it with some apple pulp. We added sugar and put the mixture on the stove. The longer it cooked the better it tasted. We stood around the kitchen, spoons in hand, for a good part of the day. Then we cooked it some more, let it stay on the back of the stove all night, and the next morning we tasted it all around again, and made sandwiches of it for the picnic.

Since then we have done some experimenting to find what proportions are best and these are our conclusions: About one-eighth as much chokecherry as apple is best of all. The bitter taste which the cherries on the bushes have turns into a delicate, aromatic one when used as flavoring, and the coloring is rich.

Blue Whale's Size.

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Woman's Interests



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kitchen things stood out as if suddenly illuminated. She had not realized that the two shades would make such a difference.

"I'm getting to be quite a crank about these dark green shades," said the doctor. "In half the kitchens and living rooms of this country women are pottering around in a half-light because they deliberately shut out from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the daylight with the darkest shades they can buy on the market. If you have to have shades, why not buy them of white, thin, translucent material, such as will admit and diffuse all the light possible when the sun is shining directly upon them, and roll them up out of the way when there is no sun."

"We might as well, doctor," admitted Mary. "I suppose most of us use dark shades partly because we have become used to them and partly because they don't show the dirt. But we could use light ones. We have to have shades, you know. They serve for other things than to keep the sun from looking in."

"Then why not hang them at the lower part of the window. It's quite possible. Don't you realize that the place from which you want light to shine on your work is in the middle. You may blot out the entire lower half of your window without noticing the loss if you will just have a few inches of clear light from the upper part. In doing any work your eyes naturally look down rather than up. Ever notice that? Try reading a news-

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DON'T SHUT OUT THE DAY-LIGHT.

Mary Drake was not an old woman—only just the other side of forty. It was annoying to find that her work was slowing up because she no longer could see as of old. She said as much to the doctor who stood in her kitchen for a moment after dropping in to see Grandpa Drake.

The doctor's reply was to reach his long arm up to the top of the dark green window shade and lift it from its fastenings; then he crossed to the north window and did the same thing there. To Mary's great surprise her

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