

THE STOLEN BOX

"I wish I had a safe," said Colonel Burkleigh, gloomily. "A thousand pounds in gold and notes is a big sum to be responsible for."

"But there are no burglars in Brambleleigh," laughed Eve. "Sometimes I almost wish there were."

"So that Bob could defend them, I suppose," retorted her father, smiling.

"Bob's been so strange, so different, lately," she began impetuously. "He looks so worried; almost haggard."

"His father seemed uneasy this morning, I fancied," observed the colonel. "I dare say he's glad to be rid of the money. Thank goodness it's shared out to-morrow."

He lifted the little oak chest in which the Brambleleigh Thrift Club stored its cash on drawing it from the bank and hid it under the sofa.

The club was instituted to provide a seaside holiday fund for the working towns of Woodhampton. One midsummer day its members called at the Knoll, where there were entertained to lunch by the colonel and his daughter; and then attended the sharing out.

Godolphin Terrison, Brambleleigh's one and only solicitor, acted as treasurer of the fund—had done so for twenty years past.

Bob Terrison, his only son, was a barrister with a small, local practice in Woodhampton. Though there was no engagement between him and Eve, it was generally understood that he only awaited moderate success in his profession in order to propose.

Eve had gone to bed, the colonel had stamped about his dressing-room, smoked a last pipe, and pulled the sheets about him when he fancied he heard a slight noise.

He sat up in bed listening; then with a grunt, condemned his nerves and lay down again.

It was another sound, a sharp noise, which occurred at least fifteen minutes after the first, which aroused Eve.

She lifted her head from the pillow, her eyes staring into the darkness. A tremor ran through her limbs, leaving her chill, as that mysterious sound again broke the silence.

She sat upright, listening intently. Then she slid her trembling feet into her slippers, drew on her dressing gown, and tiptoed to the door.

All was silent, except for the clock-tick in leisurely, measured cadence from the grandfather clock in the hall. She began to think she had been mistaken, that her nerves had tricked her.

She drew back, pretending to feel reassured. Then, as if ashamed, she slipped out into the passage, going to the head of the stairs and looking over with thumping heart.

Once she thought she heard a faint sound, and it sent her back a step, her quivering fingers to her lips, which were wide to her shuddering breath.

Silence again, and she plucked up courage, slowly descending and sitting softly across the dark hall. They had spent the evening in the colonel's study—the chest was hidden there.

But the door was closed, and she scarcely dared open it. She stood outside, her fingers on the handle, her head bent.

Unmistakably there was someone in the room. She could hear cautious movement. It was too late to rouse her father.

Her flesh was tingling in innumerable pin-pricks, her cheeks were damp and shaking, but suddenly she flung wide the door. She saw a figure bending down by the sofa.

It flickered out, making the darkness more impenetrable to her dazzled eyes. She screamed twice very shrilly and then pitched forward into the room, her shivering knees giving away beneath her.

A minute later, the colonel, revolver in hand, had bounded down the stairs. "Great Heavens! Eve!"

The three words escaped him as he stood there aghast on the threshold of the room. The window stood open, unshuttered. A dark figure was running swiftly across the lawn. Colonel Burkleigh raised his revolver and fired twice into the darkness. At the second shot he saw the living target swerve, but the burglar did not slacken his speed.

With an oath the colonel turned to his prostrate daughter. Kneeling on one knee he raised her head, staring into her face.

Two terrified maid-servants flattered across the hall and shrunk back at the tableau in the study. The colonel dispatched them for the brandy decanter and for water, looking anxiously at Eve's closed eyes.

When at last her eyelids flickered, he helped her to her feet, supporting her, asking eager questions.

Discovering that she was unharmed, he heaved a sigh of relief, and then, recollecting the chest, ran to the sofa.

A loud cry escaped him as he groped beneath it. He fell on his knees, peering under the chintz flounce, staggering at last to his feet, running his fingers through his gray hair.

"Gone!" he gasped. "By Heavens! It's gone!"

Mr. Terrison, senior, called early the next morning. He strolled into the dining-room soon after breakfast.

Colonel Burkleigh looked up from his newspaper. "Ah, Terrison!" he said, awkwardly. He was ashamed of the story he had to tell—ashamed that he had taken no proper precautions.

"I want to speak to you, Burkleigh," said old Terrison, "in private."

His voice was harsh and his eyes haggard, but his head did not seem to notice.

"We're private here," said the colonel. "Eve is having, or pretending to have, her breakfast upstairs. I've an appalling story to tell you. But I want to set your mind at rest about one thing; the fault was mine, and the blame of it, must fall on my shoulders. I shall, of course, find the money for the shareholders. We had a burglary last night. Terrison—"

The old solicitor collapsed into a chair, clinging to the arms of it, stammering.

"The chest was stolen," went on the colonel, and, of course, its contents. I was fool enough to leave it in the study; I felt so secure, so certain. There hasn't been a burglary in Brambleleigh for twenty years or more. It is terribly inconvenient for me to raise such a large sum, but I must face the consequences of my own folly."

"Stolen—the chest—stolen!" faltered Terrison, loose-lipped. "You don't mean it; you can't mean it, Burkleigh! Stolen! Its not true?"

"It is true, old friend," said the colonel, slowly. "I'm ashamed to say it."

Very suddenly the solicitor broke down. He threw out his arms across the table, his head sinking on them.

"I brought it up safe," he quavered, raising his haggard eyes to Burkleigh's. "It hasn't been my fault. Last night I stayed with Judge Purvis at Woodhampton—we played cribbage till nearly one. Ask him; if you don't believe me, ask him! He'll tell you the truth."

Colonel Burkleigh put his hand on the old man's trembling shoulder. He saw that the solicitor was strangely upset—not himself.

"My dear old friend," he said, gently. "As though anyone would dare suspect you! How absurd, how preposterous. You're shaken, as you might well be. Besides," and he laughed grimly, "I saw the fellow—winged him, too. I hope he was young, slight—"

"I thought—you might think it was me," muttered Terrison. "I don't know why. It was silly of me. Can you trace the thief? Have you got a clue?"

The colonel shook his head. "I searched the lawn before breakfast," he said, "and found nothing. The gardener's looking about now." As he spoke the man came running across the lawn. He blundered in at the French window, his heavy boots rattling on the polished flooring.

"O! found this 'ere!" he bawled. "Look at un! Down by the road, in the long grass. You hit un, colonel!"

Excitedly he waved a blood-stained handkerchief, shouting almost incoherent observations at his master while the colonel examined it.

Very swiftly Burkleigh glanced at Terrison from under his gray eyebrows.

"There's a name, an initial, a laundry mark, something by which we can identify the rogue?" the solicitor was vehemently exclaiming. "We'll run him to earth yet, though!"—he shook his head sorrowfully—"though I fear he'll have got rid of the money by now. Is there a mark, Burkleigh?"

The colonel shook his head. "Eve first raised the alarm," he said, and his voice was constrained and astounded. "I want to question her. Will you wait here for me, Terrison?"

The colonel went slowly upstairs. Knocking at Eve's door, he entered, his eyes falling on a letter which lay in her lap.

"You're upset—crying," he said, softly. "What is it, Eve?"

She turned her head away, dropping her eyes.

"He that a letter from—from Bob!" asked her father.

She nodded, brimming tears filling her eyes and rolling down her cheeks.

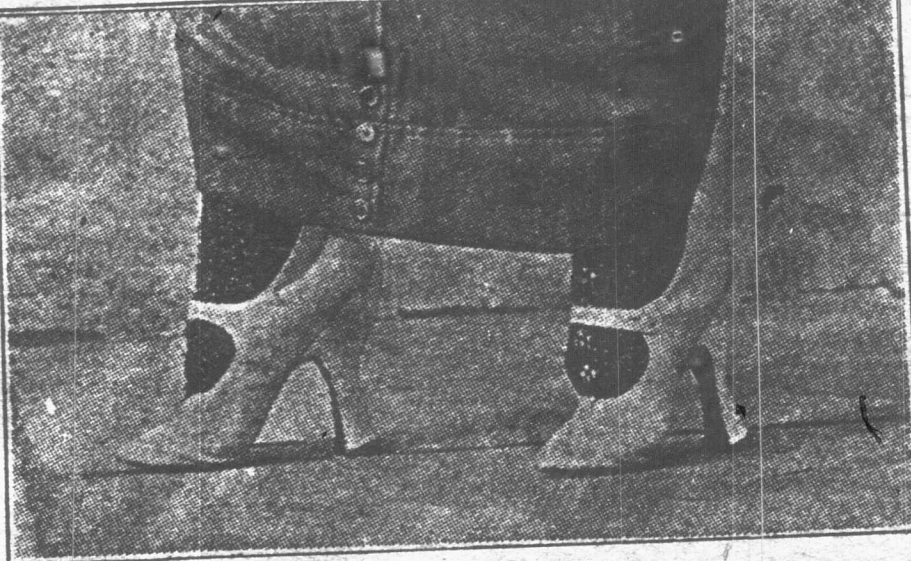
"Let me read it," he said, gravely. "Yes, Eve, I must. I insist. Oh, my little girl, I'm sorry for you, but—"

She turned to him very suddenly, her face aghast.

What she read in his face made her let him take the letter.

"... Everything has changed," read out the colonel. "I feel I shall never be a success in England; I am going to Canada. Of course, I don't ask you to wait for me. You will meet and marry some one far worthier. For a little, perhaps, you will hate me, despise me. I pray

Two hours afterwards the man-



ON TIP-TOE—WEARING SHOES WITH SIX-INCH HEELS.

Fashions in feminine gait and modes of progression change with the shape of woman's clothes. The hobble skirt, for instance, brought in a peculiar style of walking. If the six-inch heel becomes popular, woman will have to walk on the tips of her toes.

God that one day you'll think of me a little more kindly.—R. T."

"R. T.," repeated the colonel, and his eyes gleamed and then went dim. "Eve, you don't set your reason of his going; it's my duty to tell you. For months he has confided his despair to me—he fancied he wasn't making progress. I encouraged him. I liked the boy. I was fond of him. I never thought he was capable of this—"

Very slowly he drew from his pocket the handkerchief, staring down at one corner of it.

"R. T.," he said gravely. "R. T. Eve. The gardener found it not ten minutes ago."

He expected her to flare up in the boy's defence, expected recrimination, protest, argument, entreaty, tears; but she only turned her ivory face to his, looking at him very mournfully, anguish in her eyes.

"I knew," she whispered, burying her face in her hands. "I knew; I saw him."

The colonel himself drove to Bob Terrison's rooms. He did not hope to find innocence, but he longed for explanation. He found silence. Bob Terrison admitted his guilt when he found escape impossible.

"Come back with me," commanded the colonel curtly.

Old Terrison looked up in surprise when the colonel and his son entered the dining-room at the Knoll. Bob caught the colonel's arm.

"Don't tell him, don't let him know," he said swiftly in low tones. "Promise me that."

But Burkleigh shook him off. "Old friend," he said quietly to the solicitor, "I think you ought to know—"

"Stop!" cried Bob. "Stop! do you hear me? For Heaven's sake, colonel!"

"I will speak," retorted Burkleigh. "I love your father too well to prosecute. You shall escape scot-free. You can go to Canada—or where you please, so long as I never see you again and Eve never hears from you. You're escaping disgrace—imprisonment, but you sha'n't cheat your father. He's going to have the truth. Terrison, there was a mark on that handkerchief. It belonged to—"

But Bob moved swiftly forward. He went to his father's side, putting both hands on the old man's shoulders, speaking very fast, in a whisper, while the colonel could not hear.

Old Terrison's face went white then flushed very red. For a moment he listened, then flung up his hands, shrugged his shoulders free.

"You sha'n't, you sha'n't," he almost screamed. "Your young life, Bob, Bob, how did you know? How did you find out? Burkleigh, for the love of Heaven, listen to me! I came to you this morning to confess the chest contained papers, not money; memoranda of sums I had embezzled. I didn't keep the payments up into the bank. I'm a thief, Burkleigh, an old thief! I came to tell you—to throw myself on your mercy—to beg you to aid me. But you told me your story, it opened up a way of escape. I never guessed—never for a moment imagined Bob knew that the valueless accounts of an unfaithful trustee were all that the chest contained!"

"I hoped to pay you off, sir, some day," said Bob, miserably; "I meant to go to Canada. You were not to lose, colonel." He went to his father's side, and his voice was broken as he added:

"He's been all that a father could be to me. He's held his head so high—been so honored, so trusted. I wanted to save him. It was a mad way, mine, but I could not think of any other. I discovered by his private ledger how hopelessly wrong things were with him."

The colonel put both hands on the solicitor's shoulders.

"Don't despair, old friend," he said. "Only four of us know, or have to know. You and I—and we both understand—and Bob and Eve."

"You'd—you'd give her to me now?" muttered Bob.

The colonel held out his hand. "Leave us alone," he said. "Let us talk it over and bury it. Call Eve, Bob; Bob, call her down to you."

Two hours afterwards the man-

bers of the Brambleleigh Thrift Club were drinking the health of their ancient and honored treasurer, Godolphin Terrison, and, at the colonel's request, cheering to the echo the announcement of the engagement of his daughter to Bob—London Saturday Journal.

GREAT WEALTH OF ONTARIO

GREATEST PROVINCE IN THE DOMINION.

Hon. W. H. Hearst Tells of the Wonderful Resources of This Country.

Northern Ontario, its vastness, its productive capabilities, its wealth of mineral and timber, its fish and its fur, its fertile lands and the importance of the development of Ontario to Toronto, Older Ontario and the Dominion, was the subject on which Hon. W. H. Hearst, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines in Ontario, addressed the members of the Toronto Canadian Club the other day. The vastness of New Ontario and the immensity of its wealth was presented as never before.

Millions of Acres.

New Ontario comprises, the speaker said, Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay, Rainy River and Kenora. Millions of acres of land was awaiting the settler in the rich clay belt. The diversified character of its products was sufficiently large to take in everything grown in Older Ontario, even to its finest fruits. Ontario's millions of acres under cultivation yielded her \$13,000,000 more than the combined field crop of the two important provinces of the West. New Ontario is equivalent to sixteen times the area of Older Ontario. Blessed with easy access to the markets of the world, Ontario was destined to be the greatest province of the greatest empire. It was destined to be the greatest paper making and ore and steel country in the world.

Opening Up North Land.

The Canadian Northern, the G. T.P., and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways, were opening up large tracts of the finest lands in the world to the settler. During the past year 1,400 settlers went in upon this land, and their success was drawing others. The possibilities of the future were, Hon. Mr. Hearst said, but slightly indicated by the work of the settler to date. However, 62,444 farms were available in the 20,000,000 acres of fertile soil.

Interesting Statistics.

With statistics at his finger ends, Hon. Mr. Hearst appeared to his large audience to be a veritable encyclopedia of areas, revenues and productions. New Ontario has 3,453 miles of railway, of which 1,000 is C.P.R., 761 National Transcontinental, 1,043 Canadian Northern, 253 T. & N.O., Central Algoma, 336, and Algoma Eastern 90, all opening up the best land in the Dominion. Yet the province was but inadequately supplied with railways.

The red and white pine on Crown lands in Ontario was estimated to have a value of \$135,000,000, and that on licensed lands \$10,500,000, while the value of pulp wood fit to cut was \$225,000,000, or a total from timber alone of \$370,500,000.

Output of Mines.

The total output from the mines of New Ontario for the nine months ended Oct. 31, was close upon \$25,000,000. Of this \$11,177,335 was from gold. In 1911 the output of nickel matte was \$3,664,474; refined nickel, \$10,229,623; copper matte, \$1,281,118; refined copper, \$2,219,264; pig iron, \$7,716,314; steel, \$9,505,013.

Water Powers.

The water powers of Northern Ontario was another element in its wealth. The capacity of the powers already are known to be over two millions. The great growth of its population, especially in the Timiskaming district, where there are now 75,000 people, compared with 5,000 a few years ago, he regarded as one of the best tests of the great possibilities of Ontario.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Pecan Cakes.—Use two eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking-powder and two cupfuls of chopped pecans. Make a dozen and a half cakes in shallow gem-pans, lay half a pecan on each cake, and bake them for twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

English Gingerbread.—Rub one-quarter of a pound of beef drippings into one pound of flour. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of baking-powder, one-half cupful of hot milk, one cupful of molasses, and one-half ounce of caraway seeds. Mix these ingredients well; pour the batter into a well-greased pan, and bake it in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Pork Balls.—They cost little and are easily made. Chop half a pound of lean pork, and add to it pepper, salt, a slice of bread soaked in milk and an egg with the white and yolk beaten separately. Mix well. Form balls by rolling about a teaspoonful of the mixture upon a well-floured board. Melt butter in a pan, and when it sizzles put in the balls and fry. Serve them on a hot dish, with pickles cut into rounds.

Tomato Honey.—Take large yellow tomatoes, and having scalded them, remove the peel. Weigh the tomatoes; then press them through a sieve, and add one pound of sugar for each pound of tomatoes, and the juice of two lemons to each five pounds of sugar. Cook the ingredients together, being careful to keep them from burning, until they are of the consistency of strained honey. Pour into small jars and seal tightly.

Vermont Jelly Boys.—Delicious breakfast cakes are made as follows: Sift together three and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn-meal, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, and three-quarters teaspoonful each of salt and baking-powder. Beat one egg, and add to it the dry mixture, with enough sweet milk to make a drop batter; quickly stir in one-half teaspoonful of melted butter; drop the batter by small spoonfuls in hot lard, and fry it to a rich brown.

Apple-Cranberry Sauce.—Use one quart of cranberries and two large apples—or three at all ones. Pick over the cranberries, quarter and core the apples, but do not peel them. Wash both apples and cranberries, and put them in a kettle with a little water—enough to show, but not enough to cover the fruit. While it is boiling add a pinch of soda and a pinch of salt. Cook until the apples are tender, and then rub everything through a strainer. Add one and a half cupfuls of sugar, or a sufficient amount to suit the taste.

Potato Fritters.—Boil, peel and mash two pounds of white potatoes; add one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and salt to suit the taste. Beat the seasoned potatoes, and add slowly one-half pint of milk, stirring meanwhile until the mixture is smooth and white. Then add enough flour to make a thick batter, and fry in deep, hot lard. When the cakes are golden brown, take them from the pan and serve them on a hot platter. This recipe makes enough potato fritters for a family of four.

Cheep Salad Dressing.—Beat the yolk of an egg light, dissolve a teaspoonful of dry mustard in a little water and add to the egg yolk, stir in a cupful of water, one-half cupful of vinegar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-third teaspoonful of salt. Beat all together in a saucepan, put over the fire, and, when hot, thicken with a little corn starch dissolved in water. Set aside until cool, then set on the ice until needed.

Plain Cake.—Stir three ounces of melted butter into a cupful of granulated sugar and when well blended, work in one-half cupful of pastry flour, one cupful of plain flour, a pinch of salt, and a scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Break two eggs into a cup, fill the cup with milk, and add to the other ingredients. Beat all well together and add flavoring to taste. Bake in a loaf tin.

White Cake.—Cream a lump of butter the size of an egg with a cupful of sugar, add one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of water. Sift together three times one and one-half cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder and add to the other ingredients. Last of all, fold in the stiffened whites of two eggs. Bake in a very moderate oven. If gas is used, do not heat the oven until the cake is in. Make a boiled frosting, cover the cake with it, let it cool, then pour over this unsweetened chocolate that has been melted over steam. A pinch of cream of tartar in the boiled frosting will improve it.

Tips to Housewives.

Salt fish should always be soaked with the skin side up.

Turquoise ornaments should never be wet, but cleaned with a dry chamomile.

When chestnuts are in season, they are a delicious addition (boiled) to a simple salad.

To make bananas perfectly digestible, bake them on a grid in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

When next making doughnuts, add a pinch of ground ginger. The change is well worth while.

If lace is rinsed in milk and ironed while still damp, it will have just a little body—and this is quite desirable.

If, when measuring, a tablespoon is not convenient, remember that three teaspoonfuls is the equivalent of one tablespoonful.

To keep some kinds of flowers from making a vase top-heavy, put a quantity of clear white sand in the bottom to serve as weight.

Candles in glass candlesticks are the prettiest illumination for a dinner table, and with rose-colored shades the effect is most becoming.

Before using flannel hodie in making any dish, parboil and skin it; then it will be infinitely more delicate.

A delicious fish salad is made from cold sturgeon, smoked salmon or flannel hodie mixed with endive, cold potatoes and a little celery.

Instead of a single blade chopping knife, use a wheel with 13 sharp blades revolving on a single axle. These are to be found in up-to-date stores.

If fish must be kept in the refrigerator, take the precaution of rubbing well with salt and then wrapping it in paraffin paper so that the flavor will not be imparted to other foodstuffs.

In place of the simple dish of mashed potato, scoop out the potato with an ice cream scoop or mold gently into pyramids, brush each over with melted butter and put them in the oven until brown.

Certain tall flowers—lilies among them—are best arranged in a wide-mouthed vase with a stem holder in the bottom. Or wire stem-holders may be had that fit over the top of the vase or jar.

To clean feather ticking and thack or duck suits, use a rice-root horse brush and a tub of hot suds. Dampen the article, rub the worst spots with washing soda, dip brush into suds and rub vigorously. Rinse and hang in the sun.

It is often difficult when arranging flowers to make them stand up nicely. If a piece of wire setting is crushed up into a ball and placed in the bowl, the flower stems can be stuck into the wire and they will stand up satisfactorily.

Sweet potatoes are delicious served in the following way: After they have been boiled until done, mash them and put in a generous supply of cream and butter, then beat them until very light, put them in a baking dish and bake them in the oven until they are a nice brown.

When a lamp wick is a trifle large draw out a thread or two from the centre; then it will move up and down easily. Speaking of lamp down: make it a point never to cut a burned wick; rub it off instead with a piece of cloth or blotting paper. Then it will always burn evenly.

After taking the bread from the oven it should be removed from the pans and put bottom side down on a wire bread cooler. If you wish the crust to crisp, do not cover it. If you wish a soft crust, cover it with a clean towel while it is cooling. Put it into a tin box and cover closely.

IS AN IDEAL PORT.

Only World Harbor That Has Double Tides Daily.

The position of the port of Southampton is that of England's premier passenger port, and no further evidence of this is needed than the fact that 304,045 passengers and 47,968 troops, giving a total of 352,013 persons, arrived in the port and departed from the docks in 1910.

The geographical position of the port is not only unique, in that it is situated almost midway on the coast line of the English Channel, and within easy access by rail to the Metropolis, but it is blessed with the unusual natural advantage of double tides, which gives it virtually four hours of high water twice a day—an advantage enjoyed by no other port in the world. The harbor itself is landlocked, but for the east and west entrances, and the very moderate tidal range with a slow flood tide, is a boon that cannot be too highly valued, for it not only makes the port very acceptable, but minimizes the cost of dredging.—Cassier's Magazine.

Photographically.

Maud—"He fell in love with her photograph and asked for the original."

Grace—"What developed?"

Maud—"She gave him the negative."

An optimist is a man who faces the future hopefully without neglecting any of the tasks of to-day.