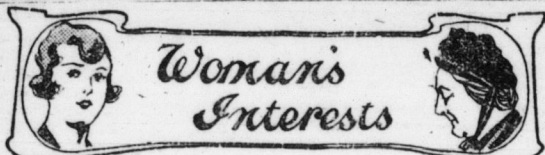


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The Red Man set an illustrious example when he ate green corn. It is an enticing dish for which the majority awaits patiently or otherwise until it is ready to be served or until the first little white blisters appear. Those who await "otherwise" sometimes indulge in satisfying their early season appetites for this vegetable by purchasing the first ears that appear on the market. And what a disappointment it is when, with taste all set for a nice juicy ear of green corn, we bite into white kernels only to find them doughy and tasteless.

It may not be "elegant" to eat green corn from the cob, but it is the only way to get its full flavor and natural enjoyment. Our sympathy goes out to those with "store teeth" who must give up this pleasure.

We regret that Mother Nature per-

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Sapho Liquid sprayed in closets and on clothes, furniture and draperies kills moths, prevents destruction and even keeps moths away.

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1898 No. 32-23

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"Eh? What's that you say?" demanded Mrs. Ashton.

The beginning of David's speech had caused the old lady to flop rather heavily back into her chair, but the last words brought her up again like a rubber ball.

"Yes, mamma," began Grace. "Quiet," snapped her mother. "This discussion requires brains, not sentiment. You say, David, that America has been fooled by him?"

"I said nothing of the kind, my dear aunt. You know as well as I that Uncle Sam isn't easily fooled." "Very true, very true," but this rumor of Washington shipping Rowen Strathmore here—for the love of Annie I can't believe it—no, sir." She focused her eyes indignantly on David. "It's just some scheme you and that girl of mine have concocted between you."

"O mother!" protested Grace.

"Not another word. This isn't a matter of sentiment."

"It's no scheme, aunt. Young Strathmore has, as I said before, been appointed to the diplomatic service."

"If I'm Marvels never cease. Fish will be developing brains after awhile, as I always told Grace, if she could persuade him to stop the giggle, his brain might have a chance to grow."

"May I congratulate you then, aunt, on your future son-in-law before I leave for England?"

"Eh? What? Mercy, boy, have a care for my apoplectic tendency! I thought for a minute you were in earnest and going right now."

"You understood it right, aunt. I leave in the morning."

David found it harder work to convince his aunt than Grace of the necessity of his departure, but as for Grace, she showed no concern or regret at all. David was not a little disappointed over what he mentally termed infidelity to friendship, for somehow Grace was now the only plank in the masthead he had hoped might help to keep him afloat.

"Well, David," concluded his aunt, "it's the regret of my life you're Grace's first cousin. You're so like me, as you know, that you must have a son-in-law."

"O, mother!" came from Grace.

"Quiet!—David needs no apologies from me. This isn't sentiment. Well, David, as I've always said, money and brains are the staff of life, and you've got both. I'm as proud of you as if you were my own son."

David was touched in spite of himself by his aunt's reluctance to part with him. The light blue eyes were misty as she held his hand, and there was a wistful note in her voice as she enquired, "I suppose, David, we could never make a Yankee of you, but when I'm alone—"

"Alone? Why, aunt, what's come over you all?"

"Good-bye! It should never have been invented."

"Alone is the word, David," persisted his aunt. "The American Government wants a diplomat it must be obeyed, and if the diplomat would do better work with a wife he must have one."

"Mother!" Grace made a step forward, but her mother waved her away.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment—it's better business all round for two young people to be alone; besides I'm tired to death of this heathen country. I haven't given in, but the truth is I'm just dying for a sight of the Blue Mountains of Kentucky."

But Grace had her arms around her mother and smiles and tears mingled.

David, while he rejoiced with them, felt miserably alone. A moment's look at Grace's self-denial wasn't a family spectre. He had taken only a few steps down the hall, however, when the door flew open. Throwing conventionality into Mrs. Grundy's lap, Grace ran after him and flinging her arms about his neck she kissed him on both cheeks. "David dear," she whispered, "I know why you're leaving. May God bless and help you!"

For answer David stooped and kissed her forehead.

As Grace re-entered the sitting-room she said softly, "Poor David!"

"What's that?" questioned her mother.

"Nothing, mother. I was just wishing everybody was happy like me. Poor David—"

"David unhappy?—nonsense! He has too much brains—no sentiment about him."

CHAPTER XII.

A surprising change came over Tu Hee after David had left her. She peered out between the curtains of her rickshaw until the big gates clanged to, shutting from her view the tall form standing rigid in the centre of the road. David's idea of a quiet, different Chinese maiden would have received a decided jolt could he have seen the sudden soft light in the blue eyes, heard the low laugh that rippled from between her parted lips, and the tattoo beat by her slipped feet.

These actions not giving sufficient vent to her feelings, she brought her hands together and bounced up and down like a gleeful child. Then all at once her face grew wistful, and she whispered low, as if afraid the breeze which swayed the curtains of the rickshaw, might overhear, "My English mandarin!" and with a happy sigh lay back among the cushions.

Poor Tu Hee! already a grim, cruel shadow was over her, which was to chase the smile of youth from her lips for many a day. So happy was she in her dreaming that she did not notice the lapse of time, did not awaken to the fact that the runners had covered enough distance to arrive at her door a dozen times over. It was the shrill, piercing call of a shriek owl that aroused her. Parting the curtains, she looked out. To her amazement she was no longer in her own grounds. Instead, trees and hills surrounded her. Indignation and fright mingled in her tones as she called out, "Where are you taking me? Stop, you have but a minute to explain!"

A voice which she knew only too well answered her. "Frightened? Shall I come in with you, little Tu Hee?"

With an effort Tu Hee forced herself to sit upright. She returned calmly the look of the bold eyes, but her nail shields cut into her flesh.

"What does this mean, Chu Sing? My uncle, as you know, does not allow me to travel at night."

"I have come to myself when I saw the foreign devil with you."

Tu Hee decided she was using the wrong tactics. "Do you know, Chu Sing?"—a half laugh accompanied the words—"you frightened me for a minute! Please tell the runners to turn back. I should be home."

"Home—ah, what a word!—just where we will be soon, my dear."

With a cry Tu Hee leapt from her seat, but before she could make another move her arms were in an iron grasp. She felt somehow this woman was a stranger. Her horror and fright Chu Sing seated himself beside her.

"Alone at last," he whispered.

For a moment Tu Hee thought herself dead had come to release her. She did not know it was merely fear paralyzing and turning numb her whole being.

A groan escaped Tu Hee. Hope deserted her entirely now. Chu Sing might come in any minute and then—

A shudder convulsed her. It seemed as though her brain would give way. A twinge of pain brought her attention to her ankle. It was neatly bandaged and she wondered vaguely who had done it, but what did it matter? Oh, if she could only escape! Was there the slightest chance? She asked herself, as her gaze rested on the woman in front of her. Well, she could at least try. "Please fetch me a drink of water," she said wearily.

The woman bowed and hobbled from the room.

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When Tu Hee opened her eyes the horrors of the night had not crept back into her mind. Darkness hid her surroundings from her and the softness of her bed betokened only luxury, safety, and home. Her head felt a little queer, and sleepily she turned to rest it more comfortably. A cry escaped her. Her ankle! As she raised herself on her elbow the whole horrible truth rushed over her, and in spite of the acute pain she started from the bed. Upon reaching the floor, she stumbled, and a chair overturned. Immediately the door opened, and Tu Hee's wide horror-stricken eyes fastened on the stream of light that crept in. Relief almost choked her as she saw a Chinese woman servant enter with a lamp.

"Toddling forward on her tiny feet, she set the lamp on a small teakwood table near the bed and then prostrated herself before the pale, frightened Tu Hee.

"Please get up," commanded Tu Hee in Chinese. "Tell me where I am."

The woman rose and for answer gazed at her interlocutor in dumb, stupefied amazement.

"Where am I? Please tell me," Tu Hee's question in spite of herself was a frightened wail. Still the woman did not reply.

Tu Hee moved forward a step. The pain of her foot turned her faint, but fear and will power enabled her to overcome her physical weakness. Grasping the woman by the shoulder she said sharply, "Speak—where am I?"

"No, no!" shrieked Tu Hee, stumbling after her; "come back!"

The woman stood still. A flicker of wonderment passed over her stolid, stupid face as she crossed the room. Tu Hee grasped her hand tightly. She felt somehow this woman was a stranger. Her horror and fright Chu Sing seated himself beside her.

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The woman bowed and hobbled from the room.

The moon, which a minute before had flooded the hills with light, was now covered by a cloud. Tu Hee did not know where she was running to but she knew she must keep on. The savage shouting behind told her she was being hotly pursued. Her brain worked automatically. She longed for trees, anything that might conceal her. The ground was becoming uneven. She had apparently left the

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