

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"They are so, and that tall steeple is that of the Church of St. Mary. I will guide you to the house of Sir William Leavett, which is near the waterside. I wish that our journey were to be longer."

"I shall remain with my cousin for a month or more, and hope to see you often, as well as to make the acquaintance of your good father!" said the merchant, kindly. "And is this my cousin's house?" he asked, as Jack, after traversing the better part of the street, stopped before a dwelling of very modest appearance. "Truly it is a modest one!"

"That large house farther up the street is his, by right of his cure," said Jack; "but the infirm old priest of St. Mary has long dwelt there, and Sir William will not let the old man be disturbed. He never thinks of himself or his own comfort."

"He was always self-sacrificing—sometimes almost recklessly so!" replied the merchant. "Well, my young brother, I must bid you farewell for a time, but we shall soon meet again. Present my greeting to your good father and say I hope to make his acquaintance. Remember what I have said to you, and be careful for your own sake and that of others; yet let not your care lead you to the baseness of denying your Lord, be the risk what it may. Better a hundred deaths in one than that. May the Lord have you in His holy keeping!"

Arrived in front of the shop in Bridge street, Jack could almost have thought his absence a dream, everything looked so entirely unchanged. On entering the shop, however, he noticed some few alterations. A great bow-pot filled with flowers and sweet herbs stood on one end of the counter. The cakes and other small wares in which Master Lucas dealt, were arranged with more than usual neatness and taste, so as to set them off to the best advantage, and an elderly, kindly faced woman in black whom Jack had never seen before, was arranging on a tray in the window some confections of a more delicate and choice kind than Jack had ever seen them show. She started as he entered, and nearly let fall her tray.

"Lady! How you startled me, lad!" she exclaimed, in a cheery, pleasant voice. "You will be wanting Master Lucas, now!"

"Is my father well, madam?" asked Jack, using involuntarily the title he would have employed in addressing a lady of rank; for there was something superior in the lady's whole manner and appearance.

"Your father! Oh, then you are young Master Jack come home again. Your father will be right glad to see you. Here, Master Lucas! Dame Cicely! Here is Master Jack come home!"

Jack's wonder as to who the stranger could be was cut short by the entrance of his father, Anne, and Cicely from different directions; and now he really felt himself at home again. Cicely kissed and hugged him, held him off at arm's length to see how well he looked and how much he had grown, and then kissed him again. His father was not one whit behind, and even Anne warmed up for once and was almost genial. Jack thought her looking much worse than when he left home. She was paler and thinner than ever, and her eyes had a frightened—almost a guilty expression. As soon as he was alone with Cicely, he began to question her about his sister.

"Well, she is much as usual, poor thing!" said Cicely. "No great comfort to herself nor yet to any one else. I doubt Sister Barbara has been a great disappointment to her, though she built so much on her coming."

"Who is Sister Barbara?" asked Jack.

"Why, the lady that came to us when the Grey Nuns' convent was broken up," replied Cicely. "She is going to some convent in Bristol by and by, but meantime your father gave Anne leave to ask her to stay with us. You saw her in the shop when you came, you know!"

"Was that Sister Barbara?" asked Jack, surprised. "I wondered who it could be. But why was Anne disappointed? I am sure she looks like a nice lady. I liked her face the first minute I saw her."

"And so she is indeed, and yet she was in a

way a great disappointment to your sister. You see Anne thought that when Sister Barbara came, she would have some one to help her in her penances and her prayers. So she fitted up the room next her own with a rood and an image of our Lady, and I know not what all; and there Sister Barbara was to live secluded, and Anne was to fetch her meals, and they were to have another little convent all to themselves. Your father never interfered with her, but let her arrange matters after her own fashion, only he smiled when Anne talked about Sister Barbara's living secluded and about her having lived in the convent ever since she was ten years old, and knowing nothing of earthly vanities, and he said the gentlewoman should have her own way, whatever it was."

"He is certainly the best natured man that ever lived!" said Jack. "But please go on, cousin Cicely! I want to know how it turned out!"

"Well, it turned out differently and more pleasantly than any one expected," continued Cicely. "Sister Barbara came at the time appointed, and Anne took her up to her room, where she was to be secluded. But bless you, she did not stay there, not she. The second day she came down into the kitchen, where I was busy overseeing the maids, and working myself—for Judy had hurt her hand and of course I could not let her use it). She was as much interested and pleased with everything as a child, and it being a fast day, she proposed to me that she should make some almond pottage for your father's dinner, such as they used to have at the convent at such times. Well, my dear, I thought I was a pretty good cook—"

"And so you are!" said Jack.

"But bless you, I cannot hold a candle to her. I never saw anywhere such nice things as she makes. Well, she was a bit shy of your father at first, but by degrees she got to dining with the family, and bringing her work down into the sitting-room, and there was an end of all seclusion. By and by she came to me, and says she, 'Dame Cicely, I am tired of idleness and I want to do something to pay for my keeping.' 'Laws me, madame!' says I! 'Don't you think of such a thing! You are a born lady!' says I, 'and I am sure my cousin thinks it an honor and a pleasure to have you for a guest.' 'You are all very good to me,' says Sister Barbara. 'I never guessed before what a lovely thing family life could be. For you see, Dame, my mother died when I was but a babe in arms,' says she, 'and I was put into the convent and I have never known anything else. But now I am here with you,' says she, 'life seems so much brighter and worth so much more' than it has ever done before.' 'Laws, madame, says I, 'I am glad you like our homely ways, I am sure.' Well, the long and short of it was, she said she knew how to make many nice sweetmeats, and cakes of different kinds, and she did not see why she should not make them for your father to sell in the shop; and she prayed me to mention the matter to him. Well, at last I did so, and said he, 'Let the gentlewoman have her own way and please herself. Mayhap she will feel more at home and contented if she thinks she is doing something for her own support.' And so she went to work in good earnest, and filled the shop window with her pretty dainties, and your father says she makes him a deal of profit. And she has left off wearing her nun's robe and veil, for she says she does not like to be stared at."

(To be continued.)

Life's Opportunities.

The great broad field of time is portioned out, like the strips of peasant allotments, which show a little bit here with one kind of crop upon it, bordered by another tiny morsel of ground, bearing another kind of crop. So the whole is patchy, and yet all harmonizes in effect if we look at it from high enough up. Thus each life is made up of a series, not merely of successive moments, but of well-marked epochs, each of which has its own character, its own responsibilities, its own opportunities, in each of which there is some special work to be done, some grace to be cultivated, some lesson to be learned, some sacrifice to be made; and if it is let slip, it never comes back any more. "It might have been once, and we missed it, lost it forever."

Hints to Housekeepers.

Keep silver bright by occasionally putting in strong borax water, which is boiling hot when the silver is added.

Milk and egg gruel is excellent for a cold or in the grip. Beat one egg until light and foaming, add one cup of hot milk and one teaspoon of sugar.

LIGHT FAMILY BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of butter or lard mixed in. Wet with sweet milk and roll out soft and cut with the top of a glass.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take a pint of soft-boiled rice, a teacupful of fresh milk, three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and as much wheat flour as will make a thick batter. Bake in muffin rings in the oven or on a griddle.

SCALLOPED SALMON.—Open a pound can salmon, pick free from skin and bones, and lay first a layer of salmon, then a layer of bread crumbs, pepper and salt and a little butter, then put in more salmon and bread crumbs in alternate layers until the baking dish is full. Add a teacupful of milk and bake about fifteen minutes.

An excellent spring time sandwich is made from thin slices of fresh brown bread, spread thick with cottage cheese, and folded over a crisp leaf of salted lettuce. If one likes the lettuce-leaf may be dipped in French dressing. Lettuce and cheese should both be cold.

COCOANUT PIE.—Soak one and one-half cupfuls of shredded cocoanut two hours in one pint of milk, then add one cupful of granulated sugar, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, flavouring to taste. Put in a deep tin with an undercrust and bake at least 80 minutes. Use the whites to frost.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A pineapple jelly is made by paring and grating one large pine with a half a pound of sugar and half a box of gelatine that has been soaked for one hour added. Put these over the fire and stir constantly till steaming hot, then remove, and press through a colander. Stick almonds and bits of angelica round a cylinder mould, holding them in place by dipping them in melted gelatine; fill in the pineapple and pack in cracked ice with a little salt. Let it stand two hours and serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Line the bottom of a tin ring mould with a round of white paper, and the sides with split lady fingers. Next soak one ounce of gelatine in one-half pint of cold water and let it settle until soft. Place it on the fire, and while it is dissolving, press a quart of fresh strawberries through a sieve. To these add one cup of powdered sugar. The gelatine must then be taken off and allowed to cool, then the berries are added, and finally one pint of whipped cream. The mixture is then poured into the mould and put on ice.

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LEMON CREAM PUDDING.—Soak one-quarter ounce, or three level teaspoonfuls of gelatine, in one-half gill of cold water till soft; then place over the fire and stir till dissolved. Stir the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cream, add one-half pint of orange juice and the juice of four lemons; lastly, add the gelatine. Continue stirring until it begins to thicken, then add the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, rinse out a mould with cold water and pour in the cream. Set on ice till firm.

I was attacked severely last winter with Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Colic, and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life.

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