

The Mill on the Floss

By
George Eliot.

BOOK FIRST.—BOY AND GIRL
(20. Instalment.)

Mr. and Mrs. Glegg talked quite amicably about the Tullivers that evening. Mr. Glegg went the length of admitting that Tulliver was a sad man for getting into hot water, and was like enough to run through his property; and Mrs. Glegg, meeting this acknowledgment half-way, declared that it was beneath her to take notice of such a man's conduct, and that, for her sister's sake, she would let him keep the five hundred a while longer, for when she put it out on a mortgage she would only get four per cent.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Tulliver further Entangles the Skein of Life.

Owing to this new adjustment of Mrs. Glegg's thoughts, Mrs. Pullet found her task of mediation the next day surprisingly easy. Mrs. Glegg, indeed, checked her rather sharply for thinking it would be necessary to tell her elder sister what was the right mode of behaviour in family matters. Mrs. Pullet's argument, that it would look ill in the neighbourhood if people should have it in their power to say that there was a quarrel in the family, was particularly offensive. If the family name never suffered except through Mrs. Glegg, Mrs. Pullet might lay her head on her pillow in perfect confidence.

"It's not to be expected, I suppose," observed Mrs. Glegg, by way of winding up the subject, "as I shall go to the mill again before Bessie comes to see me, or as I shall go and fall down, or my knees to Mr. Tulliver, and ask his pardon for showing him favours; but I shall bear no malice, and when Mr. Tulliver speaks civil to me, I'll speak civil to him. Nobody has any call to tell me what's becoming."

Finding it unnecessary to plead for the Tullivers, it was natural that aunt Pullet should relax a little in her anxiety for them, and recur to the annoyance she had suffered yesterday from the offspring of that apparently ill-fated house, Mrs. Glegg heard a circumstantial narrative, to which Mr. Pullet's remarkable memory furnished some items; and while aunt Pullet pitied poor Bessy's bad luck with her children, and expressed a half-formed project of paying for Maggie's being sent to a distant boarding-school, which would not prevent her being so brown, but might tend to subdue some other vices in her, aunt Glegg blamed Bessy for her weakness, and appealed to all witnesses who should be living when the Tulliver children had turned out ill, that she, Mrs. Glegg, had always said how it would be from the very first, observing that it was wonderful to herself how all her words came true.

"Then I may call and tell Bessy you'll bear no malice, and everything be as it was before!" Mrs. Pullet said, just before parting.

"Yes, you may, Sophy," said Mrs. Glegg; "you may tell Mr. Tulliver, and Bessy too, as I'm not going to behave ill because folks behave ill to me: I know it's my place, as the eldest, to set an example in every respect, and I do it. Nobody can say different of me, if they'll keep to the truth."

Mrs. Glegg being in this state of satisfaction in her own lofty magnanimity, I leave you to judge what effect was produced on her by the reception of a short letter from Mr. Tulliver, that very evening, after Mrs. Pullet's departure, informing her that she needn't trouble her mind about her five hundred pounds, for it should be paid back to her in the course of the next month at furthest, together with the interest due thereon until the time of payment. And furthermore, that Mr. Tulliver had no wish to behave unkindly to Mrs. Glegg, and she was welcome to his house whenever she liked to come, but he desired no favours from her, either for himself or his children.

It was poor Mrs. Tulliver who had hastened this catastrophe, entirely through that irrepressible



hopefulness of hers which led her to expect that similar causes may at any time produce different results. It had very often occurred in her experience that Mr. Tulliver had done something because other people had said he was not able to do it, or had pitied him for his supposed inability, or in any other way piqued his pride; still, she thought to-day, if she told him when he came in to tea that sister Pullet was gone to try and make everything up with sister Glegg, so that he needn't think about paying in the money, it would give a cheerful effect to the meal. Mr. Tulliver had never slackened in his resolve to raise the money, but now he at once determined to write a letter to Mrs. Glegg, which should set off all possibility of mistake. Mrs. Pullet gone to beg and pray for him indeed! Mr. Tulliver did not willingly write a letter, and found the relation between spoken and written language, briefly known as spelling, one of the most puzzling things in this puzzling world. Nevertheless, like all fervid writing, the task was done in less time than usual, and if the spelling differed from Mrs. Glegg's—why, she belonged, like himself, to a generation with whom spelling was a matter of private judgement.

Mrs. Glegg did not alter her will in consequence of this letter, and cut off the Tulliver children from their sixth and seventh share in her thousand pounds; for she had her principles. No one must be able to say of her when she was dead that she had not divided her money with perfect fairness among her own kin: in the matter of wills, personal qualities were subordinate to the great fundamental fact of blood; and to be determined in the distribution of your property by caprice, and not make your legacies bear a direct ratio to degrees of kinship, was a prospective disgrace that would have embittered her life. This has always been a principle in the Dodson family; it was one form of that sense of honour and rectitude which was a proud tradition in such families—a tradition which has been the salt of our provincial society.

But though the letter could not shake Mrs. Glegg's principles, it made the family breach much more difficult to mend; and as to the effect it produced on Mrs. Glegg's opinion of Mr. Tulliver—she begged to be understood from that time forth that she had nothing whatever to say about him: his state of mind, apparently, was too corrupt for her to contemplate it for a moment. It was not until the evening before Tom went to school, at the beginning of August, that Mrs. Glegg paid a visit to her sister Tulliver, sitting in her gig all the while, and showing her displeasure by markedly abstaining from all advice and criticism, for, as she observed to her sister Deane, "Bessy must bear the consequence of having such a husband, though I'm sorry for her," and Mrs. Deane agreed that Bessy was pitiable.

That evening Tom observed to Maggie, "Oh my! Maggie, aunt Glegg's beginning to come again: I'm glad I'm going to school. You'll catch it all now!"

Maggie was already so full of sorrow at the thought of Tom's going away from her, that this playful exultation of his seemed very unkind, and she cried herself to sleep that night.

Mr. Tulliver's prompt procedure entailed on him further promptitude in finding the convenient person who was desirous of lending five hundred pounds on bond. "It must be no client of Wakem's,"

he said to himself; and yet at the end of a fortnight it turned out to the contrary; not because Mr. Tulliver's will was feeble, but because external fact was stronger. Wakem's client was the only convenient person to be found. Mr. Tulliver had a destiny as well as Oedipus, and in this case he might plead, like Oedipus, that his deed was inflicted on him rather than committed by him.

BOOK SECOND.—SCHOOL TIME.

CHAPTER I.

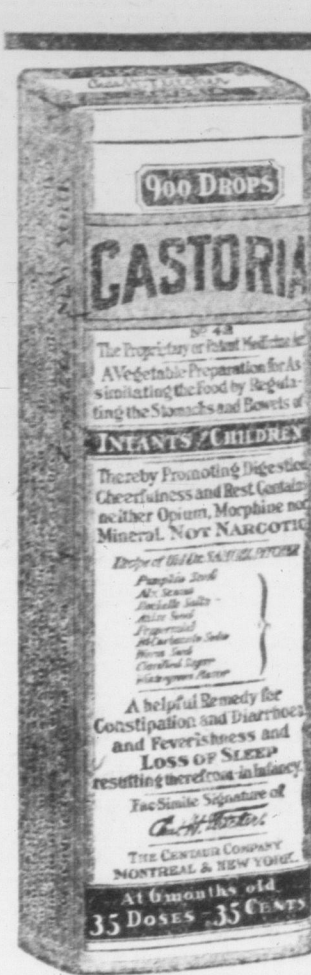
Tom's "First Half."

Tom Tulliver's sufferings during the first quarter he was at King's Lorton, under the distinguished care of the Rev. Walter Stelling, were rather severe. At Mr. Jacobs' academy, life had not presented itself to him as a difficult problem: there were plenty of fellows to play with, and Tom being good at all active games—fighting especially—had that precedence among them which appeared to him inseparable from the personality of Tom Tulliver. Mr. Jacobs himself, familiarly known as Old Goggles, from his habit of wearing spectacles, imposed no painful awe; and if it was the property of snuffy old hypocrites like him to write like copperplate and surround their signatures with arabesques, to spell without forethought, and to spout "my name is Norval" without bungling, Tom, for his part, was rather glad he was not in danger of those mean accomplishments. He was not going to be a snuffy schoolmaster—he, but a substantial man, like his father, who used to go hunting when he was younger, and rode a capital black mare—as pretty a bit of horse-flesh as ever you saw: Tom had heard what her points were a hundred times. He meant to go hunting too, and to be generally respected. When people were grown up, he considered, nobody inquired about their writing and spelling: when he was a man, he should be master of everything, and do just as he liked. It had been very difficult for him to reconcile himself to the idea that his school-time was to be prolonged, and that he was not to be brought up to his father's business, which he had always thought extremely pleasant, for it was nothing but riding about, giving orders, and going to market; and he thought that a clergyman would give him a great many Scripture lessons, and probably make him learn the Gospel and Epistle on a Sunday as well as the Collect. But in the absence of specific information, it was impossible for him to imagine that school and a schoolmaster would be something entirely different from the academy of Mr. Jacobs. So, not to be at a deficiency, in case of his finding genial companions, he had taken care to carry with him a small box of percussion-caps; not that there was anything particular to be done with them, but they would serve to impress strange boys with a sense of his familiarity with guns. Thus poor Tom, though he saw very clearly through Maggie's illusions, was not without illusions of his own, which were to be cruelly dissipated by his enlarged experience at King's Lorton.

(To be continued.)



The
ORIGINAL
and only
GENUINE
BEWARE
of Imitations
sold as "Just
as good."
Richards
Chemist



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of
Dr. J. C. Ayer

In
Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

WOMAN'S WORLD

Training Little Children

All Living Things Appeal to the
Vitality of the Child—Show Him
That the Little Plant Is Doing
Something—It Pushes Its Roots
Down and Its Stem Up; It Eats
and Drinks, Breathes, Sleeps
and Wakes.

By Mrs. Bertha Lewis

We are all aware that for some years past there has been an ever-increasing demand among educators for a better understanding of things from the things themselves by actual experience, instead of merely through book knowledge.

Songs and stories about nature, for instance, though they are very necessary and a very beautiful part of work with children, are not nature-study, but merely a means of emphasizing the things which have been observed by the child, and of aiding him to express his thoughts of these things in simple, beautiful language, motion and rhythm. Each new song or story about the object under observation is the opening of a new door into the world of nature and should lead to fresh observations.

There is nothing more dead to a child than a preserved specimen. Nature-study deals with life, and life appeals to the vitality in the child. If a specimen is used, be sure it is a live one or a good picture (the preserved specimen should be the result of the lesson, not the basis of it).

We live in a world of living nature. What do we know of the grass under our feet, the trees of forest and plain, the insects whose apartment houses fill the dead twigs, the birds which nest in the woods and fill the world with music, the stars overhead, clouds, rain, hail, wind, mist, dew, on the sun which shines over all? The study of nature has to do with living things, or things that are doing something. The stars are twinkling and making light. The snowflakes are falling, making patterns and bringing us messages from fairy-land.

The birds are hopping, flying, singing, building nests, laying eggs and feeding their young. The worms are crawling and ploughing the ground and so helping to make things grow. Pussy is our pet; she is good company and will play with

us and purr when happy. The dog is our friend; he guards the house at night and will run, jump and do tricks for us, bark, growl, howl and scratch. His body must be made strong so he can chase away his enemies or ours, jump for his food, bark for joy, growl when danger is near, and scratch to dig holes in which to bury his bones. Why is his nose so pointed and why are his eyes so far back? Where does he live? How many legs, ears and eyes has he?

The fruit, vegetables and flowers are all growing and vari-colored. The fruit and vegetables are good to eat and help us grow. The flowers are fragrant and beautiful.

Nature-study will help the child to make simple, truthful observations upon the things about him, to appreciate the beautiful in them, and to express his thoughts in his various activities.

The habit of accurate observation is very important. Some authority has said that there are few errors which arise from wilfulness, compared to those which arise from want of care and exactness in noting things quite easily noticeable.

In the study of nature—

1. Do not try to teach too much in one lesson.
2. Let the child examine the object if possible.
3. Lead him to notice first the characteristic features and qualities of whatever is under discussion.
4. Remember that children are more interested in what things do than in their form.

Let the child examine a little plant, seed-rod and all. Lead him to observe that it does something:

GALL STONES

REMOVED IN
24 HOURS
WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATSOEVER

INDIGESTION, Bile and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Pertussis, and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, which are a dangerous complaint and moderate persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. These had attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; that they realize what the trouble is. Thousands of very kind persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Remove today and avoid all suffering. Can be obtained at W. MARRIS'S DRUG STORE, Maple Leaf Block, P. O. Box 104, Regina, Sask. Price \$2.25, postpaid. Write to Regina or Toronto.

it pushes its roots down and its stem up; it eats and drinks, breathes, sleeps and wakes.

It makes things: Leaves and flowers, seed and fruits. Incidentally, notice the form and color that these activities give to each individual plant.

Nature-study need not be dull or difficult; it provides plenty of life and action. It is mostly our own interest that is dead, or our sense that need quickening.

Grasp a few fundamental principles and nature-study in the home, in the kindergarten and in the school will become the children's delight, the teacher's friend, and occupation for the nursery to help start the youngsters in busy work as well as a daily delight when walking out.

Recipes

BRUNSWICK STEW.

3 or 4 pounds of fowl, 2 quarts of water (boiling), 1 pint of tomatoes, 2 onions (thinly sliced), 1 cupful of cooked Lima beans, 2 cupfuls of corn (fresh if possible), 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1-8 teaspoonful of pepper.

Draw and clean a fowl and cut it into pieces. Wash well and place in a kettle with the boiling water. Simmer until the breast meat is tender; remove that and use for some other dish of chicken. To the meat remaining add the tomatoes, Lima beans, corn, onions and seasonings. Simmer for one hour and serve. If the water cooks away too much, add more.

For Our
Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY

AND NOAH'S ARK

By Howard R. Garis

"You won't be very long, will you?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, started out from his hollow stump bungalow one day.

"Very long!" he replied. "Well, the only part of me that will be long is my ears. And I can't help them."

"No, I don't mean that," said Nurse Jane, as Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose, joking like. "I mean you won't stay in the woods very long."

"Oh, no, I'm only going out to look for an adventure," said the bunny. "As soon as I find that I'll come right back."

So away he hopped on his red, white and blue striped barber pole rhinoceros crutch, and soon he was in the woods, where the snow lay thick under the trees, for it was a few days after Christmas.

All at once Uncle Wiggily saw something that looked like a little house, or box, on the snow under a next year's banana bush.

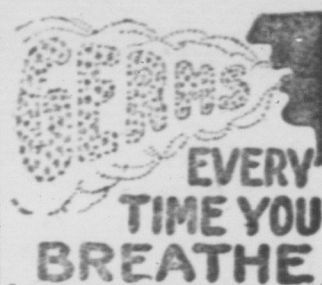
"I wonder what that is?" thought the bunny. "It looks as if it might be a trap. I must be careful and take another look. I'll put on my glasses."

But when he went to do this he found he had left his spectacle home, and he could not see, very plainly, what was lying on the snow.

"If it is a little box, I could take it home to Nurse Jane so she could keep her needles, pins, spoons of thread and sewings things in it," thought the bunny. "If it is a little house I could take it to Susie Little-tail, the rabbit girl, to play her dollies lived in it. But, as it may be neither of these, but instead, a trap, I had best be careful."

Uncle Wiggily was walking around the thing on the snow, looking at it from all sides, and wishing he had his glasses so he might see what it was, when, all of a sudden, he heard a laugh—and not a very nice kind of a laugh, either—and then, out from behind a hole, appeared the bad old Moggiewoggle.

"How do you do, Mr. Longears?" asked the Moggiewoggle, who, as I have told you, has a long tail, as round and thin as a lead pencil. "How do you do?"



you inhale cold germs, some of which are bound to lodge in the throat and breathing passages. You cannot prevent this. You can, however, prevent their development which sets up inflammation resulting in coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throat and laryngitis. To avoid these troubles, keep the throat, nasal and breathing passages bathed with the medicinal and germ-destroying vapor that is released when Peps is dissolved in the mouth. This vapor mingles with the breath and reaches the remotest parts of the throat, breathing passages and lungs; destroying all germs and preventing infection. Safeguard yourself by keeping a supply of Peps on hand. The box. All dealers or Peps Co., Toronto. FREE TRIAL package will be sent you upon receipt of this advertisement and 1c. stamp to cover return postage.

PEPS

"Not so very well since I've seen you," answered Uncle Wiggily, sort of shivery like. "I think I'll be going."

"Oh, ho! No you won't!" cried the Moggiewoggle, who had managed to get loose from the place where his tail was caught fast in the crutch holes in the snow, the time Uncle Wiggily took the custard pie to the poor church mouse lady. "You'll stay right here until I see if you have anything good to eat in your pockets!" said the bad Moggiewoggle.

He was just going to grab hold of Uncle Wiggily when, all of a sudden, something moved in the little box, or house, that lay on the snow, and something ran across the snow, and stood beside Uncle Wiggily. And the something that was very little cried in a small, squeaky voice:

"You let Uncle Wiggily alone!" "Who says so? Who are you? Pooh, I'm not afraid of you. You're too little to scare me!" boasted the Moggiewoggle.

"Little, am I? Well, watch me grow big!" said the little animal that had come from the tiny house. And then there Uncle Wiggily saw a great big lion appear. The lion was so big that the bunny could see him without glasses. And when the Moggiewoggle saw the lion he cried:

"Oh, I'll be good! Where did you come from so suddenly?"

"I came from the Noah's Ark that Jennie Chipmunk got for Christmas," was the answer. "She forgot it and left it out in the snow. And, as I am a wooden lion, when the snow made me damp and wet I swelled up big. And now I'm bigger than you!"

"Yes, I see you are," said the Moggiewoggle.

"And there's a tiger and an elephant and a bear and a wolf and other animals in the Noah's Ark," went on the lion in his roaring voice. "They can all swell up and get big, as I did. We won't hurt Uncle Wiggily, or any of his friends—we Noah's Ark animals won't—but we'll hurt you if you don't run away and—"

"Oh, I'll run away fast enough," said the Moggiewoggle, and he did, not hurting the bunny at all. Then the wooden lion grew small again, and went back with the rest of the animals into the Noah's Ark, and now that he knew what it was, and not a trap, Uncle Wiggily picked it up and took it home to Jennie Chipmunk.

So it's a good thing Christmas comes once in a while, you see, and if the boiled egg doesn't jump out of the frying pan and try to slide down the ironing board, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the speaking doll.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA