

## At Boarding School

He was writing a note to his mother,  
For you see he had so much to say,  
A great many questions to ask her,—  
He had been from home nearly all day!

Of course he must be very careful  
Not to tell her he missed her to-night,  
Nor how he had worked all day, trying  
To keep the tears back out of sight.

But he'd ask if the pony was lonesome,  
And whether the kittens had grown,  
And if Jack had his place at the table  
Close by her—But it isn't his own,

"And you tell him he can only keep it  
Just while I'm away." This he wrote  
While the tears kept coming and coming,  
And big lumps swelled up in his throat.

Then he told her what he'd been doing  
Since he left home such ages ago,  
'Twas really only this morning,  
But some days are long ones, you know.

"Give my best love to Jack and the puppies—  
I must get into bed, mamma dear."  
Then the poor little baby lips trembled  
As he added, "I wish you were here."

"I do want to say 'good night' awful,—  
I wonder so much if you know:  
But, mamma," the sob now came faster,  
"Don't think I'm one bit homesick, though!"

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"Aye!" said Jack; "but suppose I lie to the Church, how shall I know that the Church will not lie to me? Once more, Father, I thank you. I do believe you are willing to save my life, but I tell you plainly I have no mind to be saved in any such way. I know that the God I serve can yet deliver me out of your hands if such be His will, and I am content that His will shall be done. In all kindness, I pray you trouble me no more, but to leave me to the rest I need."

"It is well, ungrateful, obstinate boy!" said Father Barnaby, rising. "I leave you to your fate. I shall pray for you that your eyes may be opened before it is too late."

"I shall also pray for you!" said Jack; "and so I bid you good-night!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

Early the next morning Jack was aroused by the entrance of the jailor and his men.

"You are to go before the priest!" said the jailor shortly.

"It is well!" returned Jack calmly, rising from his bed. "I shall be glad of water to drink and wash in, Master David, if such be your will!" The jailor looked at Brother Joseph, who answered sharply, "What need of such fopperies? The reverend fathers cannot be kept waiting."

"As you will!" returned Jack. "Master David, since it may be that I see you no more, I thank you for all your kindness to me, and beseech you to convey these little tokens to my father with my love."

"What are they?" asked Brother Joseph.

"You may see them!" Jack was beginning, but the jailor interrupted him—"What then! I am captain of this jail, I trow, and not you, Master Joseph. Take your prisoner away as quickly as you will, but I will have none of your airs here. Marry, come up! You are no such great man! Goods left by my prisoners belong to me, I will have you know. I will do your errand, Jack Lucas, and I heartily wish you well out of this scrape."

The offended sacristan deigned no reply, but hurried his prisoner away as quickly as possible. Early as it was, the streets were full, and in the short passage between the jail and the convent gates, Jack heard many words of encouragement and met many kindly glances. He was taken into a room in the Benedictine convent, where he found his judges already waiting, and a secretary ready to take down his answers. He was asked the usual questions as to his belief and warned to answer truly.

"I have no desire to answer otherwise!" said Jack with an expressive look at Father Barnaby.

He was then questioned as to his belief in the authority of the Pope, the Sacraments, and Purgatory, to all of which he returned straightforward answers.

"Where did you obtain your heretical books?" was the next question.

"I am not here to criminate others!" replied Jack. "Neither do I own to having any heretical books."

"Call in the witness!" said Father Barnaby. Jack looked toward the door, and started as Anne entered followed by her father. Anne gave him a look which he could not understand. It was full of love and supplication, and then brightened into a sort of triumph.

"This maiden is the sister of the prisoner!" said Father Barnaby; "and with a degree of faith and piety rare in this age, she hath herself delivered him into the hands of the Church that his soul may be saved, even by the destruction of the body. Speak, daughter, without fear. How did you first suspect your brother's heresy?"

"He came to me to comfort me one day when I was in trouble!" answered Anne, clearly and readily. "He found me in tears and strove to console me by telling me what he had read from the Bible."

"And did you refuse to listen to him?" asked the prior.

"I did at that time!" returned Anne.

"What did he say?"

"He told me that all my penances and exercises were of no avail—that—"

"That will do!" said Father Barnaby. "We have heard all this from his own mouth, and will not trouble you to repeat it. Is it your belief that your brother is wholly a heretic?"

"He is a believer in the Gospel as set forth by Master Tyndale!" said Anne—"as I am also!" she added firmly. "I was blinded for a time—blinded and besotted by spiritual pride and selfishness, and I fought against my convictions with all my might. Tempted by the devil, I betrayed my brother into your hands, but God in mercy hath given me the grace of repentance. I desire no more than leave to die with my brother."

All present stood as if stupefied for a moment, when Jack, wrenching himself from his detainers, sprang forward and clasped his sister in his arms.

"Your prayers have been heard, dearest brother!" said Anne, kissing him. "I am not now ashamed to confess the truth. A long time I fought against it, but it would not be withstood. I am now come to confess it, and to die by your side."

"The maid is frantic!" said Father Barnaby, recovering himself. "This distress hath driven her beside herself, and she knows not what she says. She hath ever been a faithful child of the Church."

"I know right well what I say!" returned Anne. "It is no new thing. The work was begun in the convent by Agnes Harland and was finished by the reading of God's word." She stopped, strove to continue, raised her hands as if grasping for something, and then slipping from Jack's arms, she sank senseless on the floor.

"So, did I not tell you she was ill!" said Father Barnaby. "Master Lucas, hath your daughter been ailing?"

"She hath not complained!" said Master Lucas, kneeling and raising Anne in his arms; "but she hath looked very ill since yesterday when she came to visit a family of children in our lane, who are down with the sweating sickness."

"The sweating sickness!" exclaimed the prior in alarm. "Let her be removed at once! It is as much as our lives are worth to be in the same room with her. Master Lucas, you will take home your daughter?"

"Aye, that will I!" said Master Lucas. "My son, my dear son! Must I leave thee here?"

"Think not of that now, dear father, but take care of Anne and of yourself!" said Jack. "I trust we shall soon meet again, in a better place, where no malice of our enemies can divide us!"

"Let us have no more of this!" said Father Barnaby. "Master Lucas, take this poor maid home and let her have fitting attendance. I at-

tach no weight to her words, spoken in the delirium of disease. Brother Joseph, secure the prisoner!"

But Brother Joseph had clearly no mind to the task. "He has just embraced and kissed this woman, your reverence, and the sickness—"

With a smile Jack kissed his sister once more and walked back to his place. His bearing evidently made an impression on the prior, who whispered something to his fellow inquisitor, to which Father Barnaby answered with a frown. As soon as Anne was removed, Jack was again questioned as to the person from whom he had received his books. He resolutely refused to answer.

(To be continued.)

## Hints to Housekeepers.

A raisin broth acceptable to an invalid is made by boiling one pound of raisins slowly in plenty of water for an hour. Strain and return to the fire. Add a small piece of butter and thicken with cornstarch, moistened with cold water. Grate in a quarter of a nutmeg, and season with a tablespoonful of brandy or two of wine. Sweeten to taste, and serve hot with a toasted cracker. Raisins are known to be nourishing and stimulating, and the broth is both palatable and useful.

FIG JAM.—Take one pound of good figs, chop fine and put them on to cook with a half pound of sugar, one cup of water, and half a grated nutmeg. Cook until thick; place in a wet mould, and when cold they are ready to serve. Will keep some time if put in glasses and sealed.

For immediate relief after eating use K.D.C.

SOUP MILK GINGERBREAD.—One-half cup molasses, one-half teaspoon soda, pulverized and sifted and thoroughly stirred into molasses, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon butter, melted, one cup sour milk with one-half teaspoon soda well stirred in, two and one-half cups sifted pastry flour; bake in gem or muffin pans.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One and one-half cups cornmeal, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, milk to make a thin batter. This will probably be sufficient for two breakfasts, reheating for the second meal or serving the second day in hot milk for luncheon.

Digestion is assisted and a very pleasant flavor given to a glass of milk by adding a tablespoonful of bran. Stir well into the milk, and if a milk diet is prescribed, you will be able to take a large quantity of the milk without distaste or discomfort.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

For a lung cold, which causes troublesome coughing attended by the feeling of soreness in the chest, let the home doctor prescribe a simple measure of relief—a plaster or poultice to be worn all night. Take four tablespoonfuls of ground flax-seed, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two salt-spoonfuls of red pepper, mix it all together, and add sufficient boiling water to make into a poultice thin enough to pour. Have ready a flannel bag 12 inches long and four or five inches wide. Turn the poultice into this, and put it on the centre of the chest so that it lies up and down. It gives comfort and relief, and will not blister—if covered with extra flannels it will keep hot for many hours.

K.D.C. the great Spring remedy.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Cream a cup of sugar and half a cup of butter; half a cup of milk; stir in flour sufficient to make a dough firm enough to roll, into which has been sifted two teaspoons baking powder and a little grated nutmeg. Roll out very thin, cut, and sprinkle over a little sugar. Bake in a quick oven till brown. Serve with preserves or jam.

To make ordinary stock put in a pot soup meat, the shank and other meat bones, the carcass of roast turkey or chicken, or trimmings of roasts or steaks. Cover with cold water, a handful of salt, and boil gently for several hours. Add no vegetables or spices. Skim from time to time and add water as stock boils away. Strain, put in stone jar and set in cold place.