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ward her then, ready to confide in her; now he showed only his usual quiet reserve—polite, casual, unreadable. She halted and faced him, abruptly, chilled with disappointment.

"Mr. Eaton," she demanded, "a few minutes ago you were going to tell me something about yourself; you seemed almost ready to speak; now—"

"Now I am not, you mean?"

"Yes; what has changed you? Is it something I have said?"

HE seemed to reflect. "Are you sure that anything has changed me? I think you are mistaken. You asked if I could not tell you more about myself; I said I wished I could, and that perhaps I might. I meant some time in future; and I still hope I may—some time."

His look and tone convinced her; for she could recall nothing he had asked about herself or that she had replied to, which could have made any change in him. She studied him an instant more, fighting her disappointment and the feeling of having been rebuffed.

They had been following the edge of the road, she along a path worn in the turf, he on the edge of the road itself and nearer to the tracks of the motors. As she faced him, she was slightly above him, her face level with his. Suddenly she cried out and clutched at him. As they had stopped, she had heard the sound of a motor approaching them rapidly from behind. Except that this car seemed speeding faster than the others, she had paid no attention and had not turned. Instantaneously, as she had cried and pulled upon him, she had realized that this car was not passing; it was directly behind and almost upon him. She felt him spring to the side as quickly as he could; but her cry and pull upon him were almost too late; as he leaped, the car struck. The blow was glancing, not direct, and he was off his feet and in motion when the wheel struck; but the car hurled him aside and rolled him over and over.

As she rushed to Eaton, the two men in the rear seat of the car turned their heads and looked back.

"Are you all right?" one called to Eaton; but without checking its speed or swerving, the car dashed on and disappeared down the roadway.

She bent over Eaton and took hold of him. He struggled to his feet and, dazed, tottered so that she supported him. As she realized that he was not greatly hurt, she stared with horror at the turn in the road where the car had disappeared.

"Why, he tried to run you down! He meant to! He tried to hurt you!" she cried.

"No," Eaton denied. "Oh, no; I don't think so."

"But they went on without stopping; they didn't wait an instant. He didn't care: he meant to do it!"

"No!" Eaton unsteadily denied again. "It must have been—an accident. He was—frightened when he saw what he had done."

"It wasn't at all like an accident!" she persisted. "It couldn't have been an accident there and coming up from behind the way he did! No; he meant to do it! Did you see who was in the car—who was driving?"

He turned to her quickly. "Who?" he demanded.

"One of the people who was on the train! That man—the morning we—the morning Father was hurt—do you remember, when you came into the dining car for breakfast and the conductor wanted to seat you opposite a young man who had just spilled coffee? You sat down at our table instead. Don't you remember—a little man, nervous, but very strong; a man almost like an ape?"

He shuddered and then controlled himself. "Nothing!" he answered her clasp of concern on his arm. "Quite steady again; thanks. Just dizzy; I guess I was jarred more than I knew. Yes, I remember a fellow the conductor tried to seat me opposite."

"This was the same man!"

Eaton shook his head. "That could hardly be; I think you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken; it was that man!"

"Still, I think you must be," he again denied.

She stared, studying him. "Perhaps I was," she agreed; but she knew she had not been. "I am glad, whoever it was, he didn't injure you. You are all right, aren't you?"

"Quite," he assured. "Please don't trouble about it, Miss Santointe."

(To be Continued.)

Seasonable Recipes

Ginger-Bread Pudding.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, flour enough to make stiff.

Carnation Cake.—Yolk of three eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup butter, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 nutmeg, 1 teaspoon allspice. **Icing.**—1 cup sweet cream, ¼ cup chopped almonds, 8 dessertspoons icing sugar.

Charity Cake.—1 cup sugar, butter the size of an egg; stir to a cream; add one cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda.

Measure Cake.—1½ cups flour, 1 cup butter, beaten together to a cream with the hands; 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup of eggs, 3 also beaten together with a few drops of flavouring.

Minister Cake.—1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ¼ cup sour milk, 1½ cups flour, ¼ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda. Bake thirty minutes in pan with funnel.

Mountain Cake.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon lemon extract.

Yankee Cake.—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup butter, 3 eggs, ½ cup sour milk, 2 cups chopped raisins, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda; use icing sugar.

Toothsome Cookies.—3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 12 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons baking powder, 2 quarts of flour. Roll thin, bake quick to a light brown. This is very good, and keeps well.

Spice Cookies.—4 cups flour, 1 cup lard or dripping rubbed well together, add ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon soda; mix with buttermilk or sour milk until stiff enough to roll ¼ inch. Cut as desired and bake in a moderate oven until a dark brown.

White Cookies.—2 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 1 heaping cup shortening, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder; season to taste. Mix them up with a spoon, and stir in all the flour you can before taking on the board.

Fruit Snaps.—1 cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup molasses, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup each of raisins and currants, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and allspice; flour to roll as soft as can be cut. These will keep several months.

Dutch Cookies.—1 cup sour cream, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup molasses. If cream is very rich, use 1 egg. Roll out and sprinkle with sugar.

Chispe Cookies.—1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, 3 small teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sweet cream, butter size of an egg, flour enough to mix in a soft dough; roll to whatever thickness you want and sprinkle with granulated sugar; roll once and cut out, and bake in a hot oven.

Left-Over Cakes.—Break up in small pieces in salad dish, take a large sweet orange, cut in small pieces, arrange over the cake. Then make a cream of 2 cups sweet milk, 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, or just enough to make a thin cream; let come to boil, take from stove and add 2 teaspoons vanilla; pour over the whole, let cool before serving. Good way to use up stale cake.