

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)
"A lot of sillies!" declared Julietta.
"You don't find anything interesting?"

"It would only stop at flirting!"
"Mm! The young rascals! Well, no one can blame 'em for falling in love with you."

Julietta glanced out at Mrs. Drake among the roses.
"Why don't men fall in love with the right women?" she exclaimed half impatiently. "It would save a world of bother!"

"Again Morrow stirred uneasily, and bit into his cigar.
"Yes," he said quietly. "I'd save a world of bother."

Julietta inspected him, a lazy smile playing upon her lips.
"And what lot of romance would be spoiled!" she said mockingly.

"After all, I suppose things are for the best. There'd be no struggle, no effort, no—no self-denial; without the life would be sweeter."
"Why I like business—there are things to be overcome." She paused. "Life after all, is real business, isn't it? I can't just play at it. That's why mere society bores me, Uncle Paul."

"Then you regard this visit to La Vina as business?" Morrow threw her an amused look.
"No," she laughed. "But it's obeying a natural impulse, and I consider that as part of the business of life."

"I'll miss you," he said with a sigh. He settled back in the depths of his chair, and for a space neither spoke. Suddenly Paul leaned forward, his face whiter than its wont.

"Julietta," he said quietly, "perhaps you'll despise me for it—perhaps I'm ridiculous but I don't care." He paused, and under the touch of premonition Julietta felt cold. "No, not ridiculous; it's not ridiculous to love, and—and I love you."

Mere words seemed terribly inadequate. There was nothing Julietta so desired in the world as the happiness of Paul Morrow, but his happiness, it seemed, depended on something she was powerless to give. She hit her lips, but could not check the tears that crept to her cheeks.

Watching her intently, Morrow saw those tears—and understood. He came to his feet, and burst grinningly into the house.
"Forgive me," he said huskily. "I might have known—"

"But I—do love you, Uncle Paul," she said tremulously. "I do—"

"Thank you, dear," she spoke gently. "Of course you love—your Uncle Paul—"

He turned, and walked slowly into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Her Reception At The Old Home.
To Julietta's eyes La Vina was much the same, only dingier—the old hotel, the miserly post-office, the ramshackle livery stable, the gnawed hitching posts. Concrete sidewalks and two flagrant new buildings—the La Vina Bank, and the new apartment of Rosenbaum & Kline—alone flaunted prosperity abroad.

As the train pulled out, Julietta was still gazing around, when a voice at her elbow made her aware of a pair of shrewd pale blue eyes appraising her.
"Lookin' for anybody special, Miss?"

"Not especially," said Julietta coolly. "Were you?"

The man, who was short and stout and of an age somewhat past forty, stepped back and lifted his hat.
"Excuse me, but I'm afraid I've got the words. 'Just thought I might be of service to a stranger.'"

"Oh, I'm not a stranger, Mr. Burt!" Julietta said lightly, frowning.
"Well, now, I thought I knew all the folks in forty miles," he finished with an apologetic cough.

"You seem progressive," said Julietta, nodding toward the bank. "That's a fine new building you have!"
"Not bad," and Burt grinned slyly. "You've put one over on me, I guess—"

"Little girls will grow up," said Julietta lightly. "I'm Lizzie Dare—used to live at the Wurrells' ranch."
Mr. Burt did not remember her, that much was quite plain. As he hesitated, Julietta bade him farewell and started across the road, for the afternoon was growing late. La Vina's banker looked after her dubiously.

"Hm! Old Wurrell's niece, eh?" he muttered. "Her looking that dressed up—like an actress! I wonder, now, if she knows about—"

He shook his head and turned away. Julietta had hard work to find a horse and buggy, for the whirr of the automobile was in the land; but at length she was satisfied, and drove forth gleefully. How well she remembered that road! With wondering pity she recalled how, the last time, her little bare feet had trodden his dust. She marvelled at the daring of her innocent ignorance and, marveling, felt up-surge within her a great wave of thankfulness for that meeting with Paul Morrow.

The sun plunged behind the mountains, the heated horizon cooled, a lopsided moon took outline. Cottonwood Creek was brimming. The alfalfa fields were under irrigation; a long-legged curlew flew away with a harsh cry. Standing motionless on a distant levee was a high-booted Chinaman leaning on his shovel, his head bent, listening for the gurgle of water in some gopher hole. She passed the great cottonwood tree which had witnessed the sale of her duck to the Chinese peddler and her good-by to Lay Thorpe. Clay! Her heart quickened. The tree was larger now, and she smiled in the whimsical wonder whether it recognized in her the little barefooted Lizzie Dare. And so she came at last to Wurrell's ranch. As she swung around the curve of the driveway and sighted the twinkling lights of the house where she had been born, a pack of hounds greeted her clamorously, and the uproar gave warning to those within.

A door opened and a man appeared on the veranda, harsh voice upraised in quieting command to the dogs.

Even in the darkness Julietta recognized the tall, gaunt, stooped figure of Jim Wurrell, and a sudden revision swept over her. Helplessly she sat in the buggy staring at that feebbling figure. It was somehow different—

"Who is it?" Wurrell came out, peered at her suspiciously under his bald. "What d'ye want?"

"I'm—Lizzie," was all she could say. For the moment she felt herself indeed Lizzie once again, cowed, repressed.

"Hey!" Wurrell stiffened and his chin thrust out. "Lizzie? Lizzie who?"

In his harsh voice was a startled note that surprised her.

"Lizzie Dare," returned Julietta. Her point swept back as she remembered how in reality she was not "Lizzie" at all; she was Julietta, rich, self-reliant, a grown woman. Her tones rang out in a buoyant laugh.

"Why, Uncle Jim, I believe you don't know me yet!"

"Lizzie!" he repeated. There was something in his voice that struck her unpleasantly—a hint of fright, almost of terror. The steps creaked as he came down them. Julietta sprang out and extended her hand, but he only stood staring blankly at her.

"Lizzie, is it?" he repeated again. "Who else?" she laughed. "How's Auntie, Uncle Jim? Is she home?"

He nodded sullenly. His lips parted from long, fang-like teeth in what was apparently intended for a welcoming smile.

"It's little Lizzie, ain't it?" he said awkwardly. "All grown into a fine lady!" He held out his hand now.

"Well, well, I'm right glad to see ye! Yes, your aunt's to home, and I expect the sight of you will lay her flat with surprise." He lifted his voice in a sudden yell. "Hey, you Jake! Come an' tend to the horse here!"

Another man appeared in the doorway and slouched down the steps.

"Come right in, Lizzie!" Wurrell turned, took her suitcase, and lumbered before her.

Mrs. Wurrell was seated in a rocking-chair, nursing one hand in the other. She had grown quite stout. Julietta observed; her face was lined, her eyes dull. Wurrell addressed her with a backward nod at the girl.

"Here's Lizzie—come back," he said briefly.

The dull eyes of the woman seemed to wake with the same feazing look that had been his. She made no motion to rise, but Julietta brushed past her uncle and impulsively kneeling, threw her arms about her aunt.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you again!" she cried.

"Be careful of my arm!" Mrs. Wurrell recoiled. "It's bad."

Julietta straightened up, abashed. "I'm sorry."

"So you're Lizzie?" Mrs. Wurrell looked her up and down. "Who'd have thought it—you was that homely as a child!"

"Was I?" asked Julietta meekly.

"I've got terrible spell of rheumatism, else I'd get up and act more glad to see you. Jim," she added irritably, "set a chair for Lizzie, can't you?"

Julietta pulled out her hatpins.

"Don't bother, Uncle Jim. I can make myself at home. Do you suffer much, Auntie?"

"Suffer? Of course I suffer!" Mrs. Wurrell's voice rose querulously.

"Pears to me you might have wrote us sometimes. You might ha' been dead an' buried for all we knew."

In Julietta colored, the voice and tone brought back old days again.

"Married?" came the question with a snap.

"No."

"Where'd you get all them fine clothes, then?"

"Earned them, of course."

"Oh! Honest earnin's, I hope," and Mrs. Wurrell's lips tightened virtuously.

"There's some folks wearin' fine feathers as can't say they come by them honest."

"Yes, honest earnings." Julietta caught her aunt's eye, and under her gaze Mrs. Wurrell flinched visibly.

"Where's Maggie? At Home?"

"Maggie's married," was the curt answer. Jim Wurrell, whose face had suddenly reddened, broke into the conversation.

"Lizzie, here have a bite to eat, Lizzie, afore ye start back."

"I'm not going back, Uncle Jim. I've come for a visit."

"I met Mr. Burt in town," she said after a little. A quick, startled look passed between the Wurrells.

"Andy Burt's mighty slick," observed Wurrell ponderously. "Makin' a mint of money too. Ain't never been married, Andy ain't." He favored his niece with a wink.

"You, Jim!" snapped his wife pettishly. "What you mean, puttin' notions in the girl's head?"

(To be continued.)

The Boats of Slumberland.

When all the West is fold on fold Of red, and clouds are tipped with gold, And cows come winding o'er the flats, As like swift shadows fit the South, And id the winds from the South are cool,

They had breathed across a pool To bring its cooling touch to you, And blossoms lift to meet the dew, And children come outdoors to play, Then cares of life are put away.

Then cares and griefs are put aside; And all the world so big and wide Seems just a blossomed romping place Where little children laugh and race And blow rose petals in the air.

And twine white clovers in their hair. And finally, at sleepy time, Come to your side, arms up, to climb Into your lap and settle down For the sweet trip to Slumberland.

Then when the cows are at the bars, And all the sky is blinking stars, And all the moonflowers, big and white, Come out, backgrounded by the night, That is life's glad and holy time!

And little folks who came to climb Into your lap, hear the low notes Of mother's song, and fairy boats Drift in to an enchanted strand To carry them to Slumberland.

OIL CAKE FOR FUEL.

In Egypt Coal is Now Sold at \$80 Per Ton.

The high price of coal and the shortage of ocean freight space have produced a condition in Egypt under which cottonseed oil cake is being used as a substitute for coal as fuel.

The crushing industry in Egypt produced a maximum of about 85,000 tons of cottonseed oil cake annually for which there was no local consumption. As the result of a lack of shipping facilities large stocks of cake accumulated in Egypt.

The high price of coal coupled with a desire for economy in its use induced experiments with local products as a substitute. The relation of the calorific value of cake to coal was found to be 1 1/2 tons of cake to one ton of north country large coal.

The present price of coal in Egypt is about \$80 a ton. The price of oil cake has been fixed by the Government at various times during the past two years at figures ranging between \$32.50 a ton and the present price of \$15. Cake is now being largely used in place of coal in boiler plants, hotels, restaurants and private houses.

Boilers and stoves, it appears, are not detrimentally affected through the burning of cake. One large concern saves two men per boiler in burning cake instead of coal. Cake ash has a value as fertilizer of about \$25 a ton.

FIRES ON CLEARINGS.

System of Regulating Settlers Clearing Fires Work Admirably.

The permit system of regulating settlers' clearing fires is now in effect throughout nearly all the forest regions of Canada. Last year, legislation to bring it into force was adopted in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. This year, the new Fire Act in New Brunswick makes the plan effective throughout that province. In Nova Scotia, Quebec and British Columbia, the system has been in effect for years. Alberta is now the only forest province without it.

Wherever the setting out of settlers' clearing fires has been regulated under the permit system, with an adequate staff for its enforcement, it has worked wonders in reducing the forest fire losses, with no real setback to agricultural development.

The disposal of logging slash by fire, under control, is a problem closely related to that of slash resulting from settlers' clearing operations. In various parts of Canada, the safe disposal of logging slash is receiving increased attention, due to the rapidly increasing stumpage value of timber and to the realization that our forest resources are by no means inexhaustible.

Something Toward It.

It was the last car for the suburbs that night.

Suddenly there came the tinkle of a coin dropped on the floor of the car, and the benevolent old gentleman who was sitting in the corner seat leaned over and picked up something.

"Anyone lost a \$5 gold piece?" he asked.

Nine passengers searched through their pockets and announced that they had.

"It is dated 1896," said the finder. The ranks of the losers were thinning. Four averred that their lost coin bore that date.

"And it is worn on one side," said the old man.

"Yes," glibly lied one passenger.

"Then, here you are," beamed the old gentleman. "Here's a nickel toward it."

He Feels the War, Too.

"Any old clothes?" said an old clothes man, casually met.

"No, I'm wearing my old clothes myself now," said the man interrogated; and then he questioned the old clothes man: "How's business?"

The old clothes man threw out a hauc, mildly with a deprecating little wave.

"I guess everybody's wearing their old clothes now, aren't they?" said the other, and then he summed up the old clothes situation:

"All the young fellows have gone to war," he said; "that's the worst of anything."



HINTS WHICH HAVE MADE MY HOUSEWORK EASIER.

In washing shirts and overalls I rub a little soap paste, which is bought for the use of the hands, on the dirty spots, then rub this with a scrubbing brush, and it will remove the dirt more easily and quickly than any other way.

To wash windows put a little kerosene in warm water and wash all the windows in the room. When the windows are dry rub with a soft cloth and they will be clear with little work.

To make the stove look nice, without blacking it I rub it with a piece of soap while the stove is hot, then I rub it with a wet woollen cloth.

To keep the mattress clean I made a bag from sheeting to slip over the mattress. I placed strings about every foot across both edges of the top of the bag, and when the mattress is slipped in these are tied. This cover is always in place and the mattress is not torn as when a sheet is pinned on. It also keeps the springs from making rust on the mattress.

When putting washable collars on woollen dresses, if one will sew a piece of bias tape along the neck of the dress and sew clasps on the collar and dress it will be fastened and unfastened in a few seconds and need not be fastened on. Five clasps will do for most any collar.

When doing your own papering sometimes some of the paste will get on the right side of the paper, spoiling the looks when it dries. To avoid this add about three or four table-spoons of powdered alum to a quart of flour.

When putting rosettes of ribbon on bonnets, baby dresses, white aprons or any washable material sew a clasp on and it need not be ripped off when the ribbons spoiled by repeated washings.

A trap-door made in a cellar way is very convenient, as there can be shelves made along the side. The boiler and lots of things can be hung there out of the way and dry, but one must be careful to have it always open, then there will not be so much chance of running in and falling down stairs. It is impossible to reach very high in most cellars ways which are high.

Some Common Greens.
Dandelion.—The leaves of the plant are very popular for greens. The bitter principal they contain is a stimulant to the appetite. The most delicious part of the plant is the crown with its unfolded foliage and buds. When well balanced, this portion makes a good salad. The plants are often covered to exclude the light. This not only blanches the leaves but makes them more tender and extracts some of the bitter principal.

Dock.—The leaves of the curled or sour variety are one of the common early greens.

Purslane.—The fleshy stems are used for greens. They are also sometimes pickled. The roots of one variety are boiled and eaten. These plants are very popular in France as a salad.

Wild Mustard.—The comparatively large, succulent leaves make good greens when cooked and the young, tender ones make delicious salad, for their flavor is more mild. Mustard is often used to give flavor to mild greens as beets and lettuce.

Pokeberry.—The young shoots are similar in appearance to asparagus. These are usually boiled and served with young, tender leaves as greens. The root is said to cause serious illness.

Pigweed.—The plant is called wild beet, or careless weed, and is commonly used for greens.

Wild Lettuce.—The leaves may be cooked as greens or served raw as a salad.

Lamb's quarter.—Lamb's quarter, often called pig-weed, is much used for greens. It is related to spinach and beets.

Sorrel.—This plant is related to the dock. It finds use as flavoring with mild greens and is valuable in salads.

Watercress.—This is a valuable salad plant.

Cultivated Greens.
Spinach.—This is a standard crop for spring and fall greens. For home use it may be had during the summer by successful sowing in rather cool and moist ground.

Beet Tops.—Seedling beet plants make a very tender, delicious green. The plants can be used until roots are an inch or more across, cooking leaves and roots together.

Swiss Chard.—This garden vegetable makes excellent greens, coming in at the end of the spinach season in the spring. Use the foliage part for greens and prepare midriffs like asparagus.

Kale.—Kale is the most tender and delicious of the cabbage family and is valuable for greens throughout the summer.

Turnip Tops.—Turnip tops are used for greens when very young.

Kohlrabi.—Kohlrabi is a member of the cabbage family and is grown for the fleshy stems.

Mustard.—The cultivated variety is referred to; it is very much like the wild, which has already been mentioned.

Horse Radish.—The leaves of the plant make excellent greens, either

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The Child in the House.
I.
From the tower, like some big flower,
The bell drops petals of the hour
That says "It's getting late,"
For nothing else on earth I care,
But wash my face and comb my hair,
And hurry out to meet him there—
My father at the gate.

It's—oh, how slow the hours go!
How hard it is to wait!
Till, drawing near, his steps I hear,
And up he grabs me, lifts me clear
Above the garden gate.

II.
When, curved and white, a bugle
bright,
The moon makes magic of the night.
A fairy trumpet blowing:
To me this seems the very best—
To kiss good-night and be undressed,
And held against my mother's breast.
Like snow outside that's blowing.

It's—oh, how fast the time goes past!
How quick the moments leap!
Till mother lays me down and sings
A song, and, dreaming many things,
She leaves me fast asleep.

Handling a "Fight-Wad."
A lady who was soliciting contributions for a useful community work, called on a prosperous but over-thrifty jeweler in a western town.

She presented her case with all her eloquence, but the jeweler was unresponsive.

"I believe it's a good thing, Mrs. B—," he said. "It deserves to succeed, but I can't afford to give you anything for it. However, you have my good will."

"Very well, Mr. Shine," said the solicitor, "if that's all you feel able to give, just sign your name here and write 'good will' after it, and then the ladies will know what your gift is."

The jeweler signed the paper, but he put something besides "good will" against his name.

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Correct.
"Why, sir!" exclaimed the exacting person, "in the course of your remarks you mispronounced several words."
"Hear me, friend," responded Senator Sorghum. "In these days if a man uses only words he knows how to pronounce there isn't a chance of his being able to keep up with the war situation."