

The Mill on the Floss

By George Eliot.

BOOK FIRST — BOY AND GIRL.

(XI. Instalment.)

"What's the use o' that," said Mr. Tulliver sharply, "when a man marries, and's got no capital to work his farm but his wife's bit o' fortin? I was against it from the first; but you'd neither of you listen to me. And I can't lie out o' my money any longer, for I've got to pay five hundred o' Mrs. Glegg's, and there'll be Tom an' expense to me—I should find my self short, even saying I'd got back all as is my own. You must look about and see how you can pay me the three hundred pound."

"Well, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Moss, looking blankly before him, "we'd better be sold up, an' ha' done with it; I must part wi' every head o' stock I've got, to pay you and the landlord too."

Poor relations are undeniably irritating—their existence is so entirely uncalculated on our part, and they are almost always very faulty people. Mr. Tulliver had succeeded in getting quite as much irritated with Mr. Moss as he had desired, and he was able to say angrily, ending from his seat—

"Well, you must do as you can. I can't find money for everybody else as well as myself. I must look to my own business and my own family. I can't lie out o' my money any longer. You must raise it as quick as you can."

Mr. Tulliver walked abruptly out of the parlour as he uttered the last sentence, and, without looking round at Mr. Moss, went on to the kitchen-door, where the eldest boy was holding his horse, and his sister was waiting in a state of wondering alarm, which was not without its alleviations, for baby was making pleasant gurgling sounds, and performing a great deal of finger practice on the faded face. Mrs. Moss had eight children, but could never overcome her regret that the twins had not lived. Mr. Moss thought their removal was not without its consolations. "Won't you come in, brother?" she said, looking anxiously at her husband, who was walking slowly up, while Mr. Tulliver had his foot steady in the stirrup.

"No, no; good-bye," said he, turning his horse's head, and riding away.

No man could feel more resolute till he got outside the yardgate, and a little way along the deep rutted lane; but before he reached the next turning, which would take him out of sight of the dilapidated farm-buildings, he appeared to be smitten by some sudden thought. He checked his horse, and made it stand still in the same spot for two or three minutes, during which he turned his head from side to side in a melancholy way, as if he were looking at some painful object on more sides than one. Evidently, after his fit of premeditation, Mr. Tulliver was relapsing into the sense that this is a puzzling world. He turned his horse, and rode slowly back, giving vent to the climax of feeling which had determined this movement by saying aloud, as he struck his horse, "Poor little wench! she'll have nobody but Tom, belike, when I'm gone."

Mr. Tulliver's return, into the yard was desecrated by several young Mosses, who immediately ran in with the exciting news to their mother, so that Mrs. Moss was again on the doorstep when her brother rode up. She had been crying, but was rocking baby to sleep in her arms now, and made no ostentatious show of sorrow as her brother looked at her, but merely said—

"The father's gone to the field again, if you want him, brother."

"No, Griddy, no," said Mr. Tulliver in a gentle tone. "Don't you fret—that's all—I'll make a shift without the money a bit—only you must be as clever and contriving as you can."

Mrs. Moss's tears came again at this unexpected kindness, and she could say nothing.

"Come, come!—the little wench shall come and see you. I'll bring her and Tom some day before he goes to school. You mustn't fret."



GILLETT'S LYE
CLEANS—DISINFECTS—USED FOR SOFTENING WATER—FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP—FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

I'll always be a good brother to you."

"Thank you for that word, brother," said Mrs. Moss, drying her tears; then turning to Lizzy, she said, "Run now and fetch the coloured egg for cousin Maggie."

Lizzy ran in, and quickly reappeared with a small paper parcel.

"It's boiled hard, brother, and coloured with thrums—very pretty: it was done o' purpose for Maggie. Will you please to carry it in your pocket?"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Tulliver, putting it carefully in his side-pocket. "Good-bye."

And so the respectable miller returned along the Basset lanes rather more puzzled than before, as to ways and means, but still with the sense of a danger escaped.

It had come across his mind that if he were hard upon his sister, it might somehow tend to make Tom hard upon Maggie at some distant day, when her father was no longer there to take her part; for simple people, like our friend Mr. Tulliver, are apt to clothe unimpeachable feelings in erroneous ideas, and this was his confused way of explaining to himself that his love and anxiety for "the little wench" had given him a new sensibility towards his sister.

CHAPTER IX.
To Garum Firs.

While the possible troubles of Maggie's future were occupying the father's mind, she herself was tasting only the bitterness of the present. Childhood has no foreboding; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow. The fact was, the day had begun ill with Maggie. The pleasure of having Lucey to look at, and the prospect of the afternoon visit to Garum Firs, where she would hear uncle Pullet's musical box, had been marred as early as eleven o'clock by the advent of the hair-dresser from St. Ogg's, who had spoken in the severest terms of the condition in which he had found her hair, holding up one jagged lock after another and saying, "See here! tut—tut—tut!" in a tone of mingled disgust and pity, which to Maggie's imagination was equivalent to the strongest expression of public opinion. Mr. Rappit, the hair-dresser, with his well-oiled coronal locks tending wavy upward, like the simulated pyramid of flame on a monumental urn, seemed to her at that moment the most formidable of hed contemptories, into whose street at St. Ogg's she would carefully refrain from entering through the rest of her life.

Moreover, the preparation for a visit being always a serious affair in the Dodson family, Martha was enjoined to have Mrs. Tulliver's room ready, an hour earlier than usual, that the laying out of the best clothes might not be deferred till the last moment, as was sometimes the case in families of lax views, where the ribbon-strings were never rolled up, where there was little or no wrapping in silver paper, and where the sense that the Sunday clothes could be got at quite easily, produced no shock to the mind. Already, at twelve o'clock, Mrs. Tulliver had on her visiting costume, with a protective apparatus of brown holland, as if she had been a piece of satin furniture in danger of flies; Maggie was frowning and twisting her shoulders, that she might if possible shrink away from the prickliest of tuckers, while her mother was remonstrating, "Don't, Maggie, my dear—don't make yourself

so ugly!" and Tom's cheeks were looking particularly brilliant as a relief to his best blue suit, little wrangling, effected what was always the one point of interest to him in his toilet—he had transferred all the contents of his everyday pockets to those actually in wear.

As for Lucey, she was just as pretty and neat as she had been yesterday: no accidents ever happened to her clothes, and she was never uncomfortable in them, so that she looked with wondering pity at Maggie would, certainly have torn it off, if she had not been checked by the remembrance of her recent humiliation about her hair: as it was, she confined herself to fretting and twisting, and behaving peevishly about the card-houses which they were allowed to build till dinner, as a suitable amusement for boys and girls in their best clothes. Tom could build perfect pyramids of houses; but Maggie's would never bear the laying on of the roof: it was always so with the things that Maggie made; and Tom had deduced the conclusion that no girls could ever make anything. But it happened that Lucey proved wonderfully clever at building: she handled the cards so lightly, and moved so gently, that Tom condescended to admire her houses as well as his own, the more readily because she had asked him to teach her. Maggie, too, would have admired Lucey's houses, and would have given up her own unsuccessful building to contemplate them, without ill-temper, if her tucker had not made her peevish, and if Tom had not inconsiderately laughed when her houses fell, and told her she was "a stupid."

"Don't laugh at me, Tom!" she burst out angrily; "I'm not a stupid. I know a great many things you don't."

"Oh, I daresay, Miss Spitfire! I'd never be such a cross thing as you—making faces like that. Lucey doesn't do so. I like Lucey better than you: I wish Lucey was my sister."

"Then it's very wicked and cruel of you to wish so," said Maggie, starting up hurriedly from her place on the floor, and upsetting Tom's wonderful pagoda. She really did not mean it, but the circumstantial evidence was against her, and Tom turned white with anger, but said nothing: he would have struck her, only he knew it was cowardly to strike a girl, and Tom Tulliver was quite determined he would never do anything cowardly.

Maggie stood in dismay and terror, while Tom got up from the floor and walked away, pale from the scattered ruins of his pagoda, and Lucey looked on mutely, like a kitten pausing from its lapping.

"Oh, Tom," said Maggie, at last, going half-way towards him, "I didn't mean to knock it down—in-deed, indeed I didn't."

Tom took no notice of her, but took, instead, two or three hard pecks out of his pocket, and shot them with his thumbnail against the window—vaguely at first, but presently with the distinct aim of hitting a superannuated blue-bottle which was exposing its imbecility in the spring sunshine, clearly against the views of Nature who had provided Tom and the peas for the speedy destruction of this weak individual.

Thus the morning had been made heavy to Maggie, and Tom's persistent coldness to her all through their walk spoiled the fresh air and sunshine for her. He called Lucey to look at the half-built bird's nest, without caring to show it Maggie, and peeled a willow-switch for Lucey and himself, without offering one to Maggie. Lucey had said, "Maggie, shouldn't you like one?" but Tom was deaf.

(To be continued.)

Easy Economies.
Solder Up the Holes in Your Tin Articles at home. Fold a scrap of tinfoil over the hole and apply the tip of a red-hot poker to melt it in place. The solder may also be melted from old tin cans.

WOMAN'S WORLD

Training Little Children

Every Child Instinctively Desires to Use His Hands. This is One of the Ways in Which He Educates Himself—Country Homes Abound in Material for Beginning Handwork.

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

So many of our American farm houses are situated in very rigorous climates that a good many mothers will not think the out-of-doors a possible playground in winter time. This is less true, than they are apt to think. On almost any sunny day in the winter, little children, if warmly dressed, will benefit far more by a brisk, romping, active half-hour's running and jumping than city babies do in their swathed, motionless outing in a baby carriage. And when really bad weather drives them in, as it should do very seldom, the country mother has a great advantage in space over the city one. For there is about a farm nearly always some corner, a woodshed, a corner of the barn, an attic, or an unused room where the little folks may romp and play actively. If necessary the sacred spare room is better used for this purpose than kept in idle emptiness. And all the varieties of handwork are resources for rainy days.

For, as the children advance beyond real babyhood and the mere need for constant romping and climbing and running like little animals, their instinctive desire to use their hands increases, and this is an instinct which should be encouraged in every possible way. Just as the wise mother sees to it that they are provided when babies with ample chance to roll and kick and tumble, so when they are older she is never more pleased than when they are doing something with their hands; and she has all around her ample material for beginning this handwork. A pan of beans or shelled corn, with a wide-mouthed bottle and a spoon, will keep a two or three-year-old happy and absorbed for a long time. A pack of cards to be shuffled or used to build houses in another "play thing" which does not need to be specially bought. A pan of bran and a handful of clothespins occupy even a baby of fourteen months as he pushes them into the closely packed bran and pulls them out. A big rag doll, the size of a small child, is easy to make and stuff with cotton. The most rudimentary scratches serve to indicate the eyes, nose and mouth, and the lips and cheeks can be colored realistically with any red jelly. All children love a big doll of this sort, and delight to dress it and undress it in their own clothes. They learn in this way to handle buttons and buttonholes, and to master the difficulties of shoes and belts and sleeves. A new corn-cob pipe and a small bowl of soapuds means harmless fun for the five-year-old, which is always watched with rapture by the littler ones.

And then there are blocks, perennial blocks, which need not at all be bought from a store. A father with a plane and a saw can plane a couple of two-by-four stocks and in about half an hour make as many square or oblong blocks (2x4x6 inches is a good size) as any child needs to play with. These large blocks not only cost practically nothing, but are much better for the little children to use than the smaller, expensive kind that are sold; and the set will outlast a family of most strenuous children. A collection of empty spoons of different sizes is a treasure for the child of three who will rejoice in stringing them on a cord passed through a bodkin. When he is a little older and has learned skill in this exercise he may graduate to stringing buttons with a real needle and thread. On baking day, a small lump of dough (made less sticky by working more flour into

it) which can be rolled and played with on a bit of smooth board is great fun for little folks; and let the mother constantly remember that any fun which is secured by using the hands does not only make the child happy, but is of educational value.

On washing day a basin of soapy water and some bits of cloth to be washed out will fill many happy minutes. The oilcloth apron is as indispensable for this play as for the outdoor water play and for clay modeling. This last is perhaps the most eternally interesting of the indoor occupations for little children. If the clay is kept on a bit of oilcloth on a low table, it is not an untidy element in a kitchen.

If dried peas are soaked for a few hours they are soft enough to be pierced by a needle and can be put together with wooden toothpicks into many fascinating shapes. Dried watermelon and sunflower seeds can be used in the same way. A box of dried corn cobs can convert a free corner of the floor into a farm with log cabin house, rail fences and barns. Trees can be simulated by twigs stuck into bits of clay to hold them upright, and farm animals can be rudely fashioned out of clay, dusted over with domestic coloring material to make them realistic—flour for sheep, cocoa for brown horses and cows, charcoal for black animals and then baked in the kitchen oven to make them firm.

A rag bag into which the children may dive and delve is a resource for rainy hours, and if the mother is at hand to keep an eye on the process and tell what colors and materials are, to suggest matching those colors and stuffs which are identical and to make agreeable combinations with others, rag bag hour is as educational as any exercise in a carefully run modern school. The country mother has here again a great advantage over many city mothers in that her work is always at home, and of a nature which allows her to supervise the children's play without giving up all her time to them.

Provision should be made in the case of little children for their desire to handle all sorts of objects—the desire which makes them enjoy so greatly a tumbling over o' mother's workbasket. There is no need to let them upset that, when there are in every country house such a vast number of other articles which are not hurt by baby hands—spoons, tin pans, boxes, tongs, clothes baskets and darning eggs. Furthermore, instead of being told "Don't touch!" they should be encouraged to learn how neatly and competently to perform such ordinary operations as opening and shutting drawers and doors and boxes and gates, screwing the tops on cans, hanging up clothes and taking off rubbers.

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Recipes

Mixed Vegetable Mold.
Soak one cupful each of dried beans and peas overnight. Drain and boil until soft; drain again, and rub through a sieve. Mix with half a cupful of butter substitute, two cupfuls of whole-wheat bread crumbs, one large boiled onion, chopped, one tablespoonful of parsley, two chopped pimientos, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Turn into a mold, cover with a greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out on a hot dish; garnish with cooked cauliflower. Serve with apple sauce.

Baked Tomatoes with Rice and Cheese.
8 tomatoes, 4 cupfuls of cold boiled rice, 1 cupful of grated sharp American cheese, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper, parsley or celery top, 4 tablespoonfuls of corn meal.

Select large, even-size tomatoes; wash, and cut off the stem ends; remove the centers and place the tomatoes in a colander, cut side down, for twenty minutes. Fill with a mixture made as follows: Mix the rice, cheese and seasoning together; fill into the tomatoes; sprinkle with corn meal and place on a baking sheet or a pie plate; put into a hot oven for thirty minutes or bake until nice and brown. Serve with tomato sauce made from the inside of tomato, which has been seasoned and thickened with cornstarch.

For Our Little Ones
TALES OF THE FRIENDLY FOREST.
By David Cory.
Carrot tea and lollypops
Make small bunnies take big hops.
But I really do not know
If boys and girls would find it so!

One morning, ah, so early, while the frost was still on the grass and Mr. Happy Sun was hardly out of bed under the misty hill in the east, Billy Bunny hopped down the Pleasant Meadow till he came to the Babbling Brook. Perhaps he wanted to see the little freshwater crab, and perhaps he didn't. I can't really tell, for the first person he spoke to was Tommy Turtle. Yes, sir, Tommy Turtle, in his little walk-about house. And do you know, I think it must be very nice to be able to take your house with you wherever you go, instead of having to move out yourself on the last of May!

"Good morning," said Billy Bunny, and Tommy Turtle pushed out his head from under his shell roof, for at first he had pulled his head inside, the way he always does when he hears a noise.

"Oh, it's you," said Tommy. "I thought it was somebody else." And then he winked at the little rabbit in a very solemn way.

"My, but it's getting cold," said the little rabbit, and he turned up his fur collar. "Willie Wind is as chilly as an ice cream cone." And this made Tommy Turtle wink again, for maybe he didn't like ice cream. But I guess he did, for in a minute he began to smile.

"I'm going down to the Old Mill Pond. You won't see me again till spring."

"What are you going to do?" asked the little rabbit.

"I'm going to crawl' into the soft, warm mud," said Tommy Turtle. "Old North Wind isn't going to freeze the end off my nose," and the wise little turtle started off for the Old Mill Pond, and when he got there he flopped over the bank without another word.

"Dear me!" said Billy Bunny, "now he's gone. Old Uncle Bullfrog is in the mud at the bottom of the pond, and lots of forest folk have flown south. There won't be many of my friends left before long." And the little rabbit felt quite lonely. So he hopped away toward the Friendly Forest and by and by he came to the stream where Benny Beaver lived. And there was that busy little beaver making his winter house of sticks and mud, so that when the water froze he would be able to swim out through the cellar door underneath the ice.

"Something tells me it's going to freeze tonight," he said to the little rabbit, "and I'm going to be ready, yes, indeed."

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