Tried by Fire

answered my last few letters," his thoughts ran on. "I haven't had a line from her for two weeks. Aunt Kate said all was well, or else I might have worried about the dear little girl."

Miriam was Howard's ward, and an heiress. She lived in his house, with his widowed aunt to act propriety. But Maurice was already looking forward to the time when Aunt Kate would be merely an honored guest, and when a little gold band on Miriam's finger would be all the chaperon necessary. It seemed too good to be true. The past was at last dead. He hadn't heard a word from Winsfield since the latter.

a word from Wingfield since the latter had inherited money from some cousin or other. As he recalled this man or other. As he recalled this man—
his one and only enemy—Maurice's brow darkened. Wingfield had bled him pretty thoroughly in those days—
the price he had demanded for his silence was a heavy one. And Maurice had paid to the last farthing, even though the loss of the money crippled his business and made things very awkward. It was his burden and he must face

it. Better that than to have the full story of that old crime raked up, and to meet averted faces everywhere. to meet averted faces ev Still, it was hard on a man! The taxi drew up at the gate of s house. He had not sent word of

his coming, hoping to take Miriam by surprise, and to see the joy-light wakng in her dark eyes.

He opened the door of the taxi, and

sprang quickly out, eager to be face to face with the girl he loved, and who, was just beginning to hope, loved Just as he finished paying the driver

he front door of the house was thrown ppen, and a man came out. For a mo-ment they stood there in silence. Maurice's face was dark and sullen; the other man eyed him with a super "Hallo, Howard!" he cried. "Bit of a

chock seeing me here, eh?"
"It is, Wingfield!" retorted Maurice "It is, Wingfield!" retorted maurice shortly, ignoring the proferred hand. "Don't get shirty! I haven't come about—about the old business," Wing-lad said, with an ugly sneer. "That

Aeld said, with an ugly sneer. "That is dead—for the time being, unless you cut up rough! A questioning look was all the reply Maurice made.

"I want your congratulations," went on Wingfield, watching him closely. "I have the honor to be engaged to your

ward, the charming Miriam!"
"You lie!" retorted Maurice, taking a threatening step forward.
"Steady!" warned Wingfield, with a laugh. "I still hold the whip-hand, you

Without deigning him another word,

Without deigning him another word, Maurice brushed him aside and went into the house. But his heart was like lead in his breast. He felt somehow that Wingfield had told the truth. During his own absence this man had entered his home and stolen the only thing in it he traceured. thing in it he treasured. "Maurice!" The sharp cry roused him from his

reverie. A girl was standing half-way up the stairs. She had turned at his quick entrance, and was clinging to the banister, white and shaken.

bringing her little presents.

Maurice listened dully. In his heart he felt a wild hatred of the man who had through the years been as an evil shadow on his life. But what Wingfield had done in the past was as nothing compared with this last cruel blow.

A sudden resolution came then to Miriam, and she bent her head over the blow.

ne thought, as he made a dash for a taxi, and was presently being whirled rapidly homewards. "Ireland's no rest cure for anyone just now!"

He gazed with appreciative eyes out on the good old London streets, with the endless traffic obeying the uplifted hand of a solitary policeman; and no need to fear what one might find round the corner.

"It's stronge that Miriam answered my last the strong to the solution of the corner that the strong tha

No; he must stand by and watch in helpless agony.

Up in her bedroom Miriam also was sitting in dull misery.

The sight of Maurice's unhappiness had cut her to the heart. She had known of the love which her guardian bore for her, and had dreamed dreams, too. But that was before Wingfield had come into her life, with his vague hints of some dark secret in Maurice's nest.

At first she had hated the man, for At first she had hated the man, for his own sake and because she knew that Maurice, the man she loved, distilked him. But soon after their first meeting Rupert Wingfield hal dropped little meaning remarks concerning the power he held over Maurice.

"If people knew as much as I do," he had at last said openly, "they would shun this man as if he were a leper. They would refuse to touch his hand, or even to see him. He would be an outcast!"

outcast!

outcast!"

At first hot words of defiance and defence of Maurice had sprung to Miriam's lips. Then, with instinctive wisdom, she had bitten them back. Memory recalled something strange in Maurice himself—some suggestion of a shadow on his life. Although she had always understood from her dead father that Maurice was successful in his business. her guardian had always his business, her guardian had always been unaccountably short of money. Then a great inspiration had come

to her.

"I love Maurice," she vowed, "and because of that I will do my best to make him happy. This man pretends to hold some secret of his. Well, I shall play him at his own game, and free Maurice from this unknown iread."
While Maurice himself had been

know that Maurice Howard also loves you. But I am in a position to prevent him marrying any decent woman. If you refuse me now, the day Maurice Howard makes you his wife will be the day of his downfall!"

Fate was driving her cruelly far on her path of deception. But Miriam had trodden it bravely so far. She had had trodden it bravely so far. She had "Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snap-tion into the metal in Columbia by stimulated thereby. The metal in Columbia him to the man who listened "But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snap-tion into the man will be the metal in Columbia by stimulated thereby. The metal in Columbia him the metal in Columbia him the metal in Columbia him to the man who listened "But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snap-tion into the man who listened the metal in Columbia him the

But Maurice had come back. The sight of his dear eyes, dull with pain and longing, had almost vanquished must go on with it!" she mutter-

ed, her hands clenched until the nails dug into her rosy palms. "I have set my hand to the plough. If I turn back now he will be more dangerous to Maurice than ever. But, oh, it's hard

in the drawing room.

Maurice had received his successful rival with cold politeness, and then had left them alone together. And Aunt Kate had muttered some excuse and Gone were the shadows which had followed him, her worn old face anx-

A sudden resolution came then to Miriam, and she bent her head over the

fire as she made her next remark, in-"I wish you—happiness," he said tent on hiding the suspense in her eyes slowly, when at last Miriam faltered from his watchful gaze. "Before we are married I have one hing to ask of you."
"And that is?"

"And that is?"

"What power do you hold over Maurice—over my guardian?"

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" langhed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel ber shrink from his touch. Let her thrink. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to

He had resolved from the first to

why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper.

a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and

paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are hateful!"

Oh, you are hateful!" An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the rime," he reminded her, with a sneer. crime," he reminded her, with a surface "The crime of a dead man!" retort-

Whife Maurice himself had been away she had found her chosen part fairly easy to play—until Wingfield had proposed.

"I love you, Miriam," he said, quite calmly. "And I mean to marry you. I know that Maurice Howard also loves you. But I am in a position to prevent it was a summary of the said of the said

of defeat. Then, with an angry mut-ter, he swung on his heel and walked

eyes.
"I am free!" she murmured, stretch-

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, pasing through a golden dreamland

Friend. The newest idea for agriculture is

a system of perforated metal tubes. laid crosswise on the wings, out of which the seed is forced by air pressure created by the flight of the plane.

for slow speed, with a roomy fuselage that provides capacity for a large On each trip it plants a row thirty-six feet wide. Fly ing only a few feet above the ground, Let each life's path a record be, ejects the seed with sufficient Unbroken to eternity. velocity to bury it to the requisite depth in loose, prepared soil.

ing one minute at each end of the field to turn and get lined up with the white marker.

acres a day, one machine could adequately serve a large grain-growing district, working either on the cooperative basis or by contract. Enthusiasm is the greatest business

asset in the world. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc

"Unknown."

An unknown British soldier buried in Westminster Abbey on the second anniversary of Armistice Day The King was the sole mourner.

In old, old Westminster's sacred pile there lies. calm repose, and peer,

man unknown to fame, yet laid rest, With all the prayers of a broad Em

And on whose grave a king has drop

His claim to lie within that holy fan Is just, and none will him deny a plac 'Midst all the noblest of old England's dead. Who gave her laws, who noble armie

Who sang sweet songs for all the Bri tish race.

Not his the glory of the soulful bard; Not his the glory of an honor grave; He was a warrior true, yet did no

A gallant army at his country's need was but one of the unnumbered brave.

single land can claim him for it own, No land can say that he is truly theirs He was an Empire son, loyal and true, He came at Empire's call her will to

And Britain ne'er forgets the son she

bears. Sleep on, brave heart! a sacred tie

that binds Still closer all the links of Emrire's chain. God give us faith and strength to still

pursue
The path of honor and his will to do; keep unstained the Empire's broad domain. -G. Montague Mason

Platinum Fields of Columbia Are Rich. Platinum, which was worth \$9 an

unce · not very many years ago, fetches \$110 an ounce to-day, or more than five times as much as gold. It is said to have been first discover-

ed in Columbia by a Spaniard named Antonio Ulloa. For a long time there after miners in Columbia, finding it commonly associated with gold, threw the platinum away. Recently seventeen pounds of it were recovered from the foundation of an old building in the Quibdo district, the site of which was an ancient refuse dump. The present high price of platinum

is largely due to the falling off of supplies from Russia, which has been the principal producer. But the mining of the metal in Columbia has been great-The metal in Columbia is found

chiefly along the Atrato River and the Cauca Valley south to the border of were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping from her finger the ring which had bound them.

In inarticulate fury he looked at her, so called at left of the first trick of the first trick.

Homes Under the Sea.

reminiscent of Jules Verne. A modern wizard. Mr. E. R. Calthrop, who Maurice than ever. But, oh, it's hard—it's hard!"

A sob racked her throat as she buried her quivering face in her hands.

"Now that your guardian has returned, we can make arrangements about our wedding," Wingfield informed her that evening, as they sat alone in the drawing room.

The swung on his heel and walked quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her are.

Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

It has been suggested that a large submarine hotel and theatre be built

at Hythe, the same principle it is assumed being used as in the case of the naval towers. The inventor puts forward

other interesting suggestion. plans an artificial island home underneath the waves, some miles out from the Goodwin Sands. The burden of the conventional householder-rates and taxes, customs, dues, licensing restrictions, etc.—could not apply, he contends, to such island colonists

"I May Not Pass This Way Again." "I may not pass this way again,"

Let this thought burn in heart and brain.

So shall we live not all in vain. Who may not pass this way again.

As each small tender bud that grows, Anon may turn to beauteous rose, So each kind action serves to prove The fragrant soul of human love.

So ere we leave this passing show, Where all are wanderers to and fro.

Of man's true brotherhood to man, Framed in the great Creator's plan, With those who followed in His rain, Who may not pass this way again.

Every man I meet is my master in ome point and can instruct me there

The day returns and

brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.





Mother and Son.

Through years of his life from the time of a child, had moulded his mind

discipline mild; And the training which far she began, Her guidance to manhood, him a man.

She has taught him in matters of

honor his part, Her influence gentle is deep heart: He holds to a code of nobility high

And justice to others he will not deny. Tis a trait of his nature he r to

requite; He is firm in his faith, and he stand for the right— Though proofs of her worth there be

many a one,
The surest of these is her chivalrous

Stylish Economy.

For the brilliant color note, and for real warmth, try one of the latest wool scarfs. They make a fascinating subtitute for furs that not all of us can buy this year, because of their high

The scarfs are wide and soft, and come in the loveliest of color combinations. They are made of angora, camel's hair, and brushed wool, and the new idea is to have a hat to match. The scarf with matching tam-o'-shanter is no novelty, but the scarf with a real hat, in a becoming shape, is counted among the new things of these things in mind and live scrupu-

liant purple and squirrel-gray are likely to follow if the air is not proused together, as well as royal blue perly heated and humidified. It is and tan and black and white-checked easier to pay attention to these deangora combined with green, orange, tails than to pay doctors' bills. or bright red. The hats are not hard to make if

you have a knack that way. The best looking are made over a small buckram frame, that has a soft net top to the crown. For trimming, wool cords and tassels are used, also fluffy pompoms and gay wool flowers.

Sweets for the Party. Old-Fashioned Nut Candy-2 cups

ter, % cup chopped nuts. Place the sugar and water on the stove. When the mixture begins to boil, add the ed clean, but it was foul, and we didn't vinegar. Cook a few minutes, and know it. That's the way with Lorton. then add the butter. When the syrup Ugh! It disgusts me." spins a thread, pour it over the nuts which have been spread on a buttered if he were thinking them out as he platter. Mark in squares when cool. When cold, break apart, and wrap square in waxed paper.

Maple Cream Fudge-1 lb. maple and pour on a buttered plate. Fruit Rolls-1 cup prunes, 1/2 cup

figs, ½ cup walnut meats, ½ cup but that 'down' was shredded cocoanut, 1 cup dates, 2 dition—to save fuel. tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Run the cooked ty-dollar bill out of Morris' desk. cones, figs, nuts, and cocoanut through the food grinder. Add the able to replace it before Morris disorange juice and peel. Roll into a covered the theft. It seems he'd had long roll, cut in slices, and wrap each one in waxed naper.

A Disappearing Ironing Board. "Please step aside. Can't you see I'm carrying this heavy, cumbersome

old ironing-board?" City people have overcome this difficulty so they do not have to say this. All they have to do is to open a little

door in the wall, unhook the ironingboard and it is in place. Any farmer's wife can do this too It takes only a little time to install the ironing-board, and the busy house-wife's work would be lightened a great

deal. It is very simple and saves so much time and worry. Have one of the boys fix up your ironing-board like this on some stormy day during the winter. The top of the old ironing-board will do, but it is better to make a new

one. Make it four feet long, eighteen

inches wide at one end and nine inches at the other. A foot and one-half from the narrower end, drop a support to hold the board up. This should be three feet long, four inches wide and an inch thick. This must be fastened on the board with a hinge. The iron-ing-board fastens to the wall by means of two hinges.

A hook is placed in the narrow end of the board, which fastens near the than gambling, but a fellow loses just top of the closet. If your house is in which you do not think it advisable to build the ironing-board into the wall, it may be put on the outside the worst of luck is to have too little of the wall. A curtain may be hung wit to talk well and too little judgover it and it will not be noticeable but will do exactly the same service for the housewife.

Healthful Heat for Homes. Air needs moisture to transfer the heat along from one particle to another, and for the air to be an efficient distributor of heat it must have a sufficient amount of humidity.

room properly humidified requires much less fuel to maintain its temperature than a dry room.

A room heated to 65 degrees F. with

moist air is more comfortable than a room heated with dry air to a temp-erature of 70 degrees F. The reason is that air which is too dry interferes with the normal radiation of the body. Many people find it necessary to heat their rooms to 75 degrees or 80 degrees F. simply because the humidity of the air is considerably below what

When the air in a room is so dry that it warps books and the furniture begins to dry out, it is entirely too dry for the health of the occupants.

If your heating system does not provide means for maintaining pro-per humidity of the air in the room, it is necessary to use pans of water in order to evaporate sufficient moisture. Wicks or cloths dropped inte the pans and extending over the edge or over a crosspiece on the pan accelerate the evaporation. It takes a little time and trouble to keep the pans filled, but freedom from colds and generally better health more than repay the effort. The discomfort caused excessively dry air lowers both the mental and physical efficiency of a person. For the safe of comfort, no less than economy of fuel, the air in the room must contain a sufficient amount of moisture.

In most warm-air furnaces there is means for humidifying the air, and the water-pan must be kept filled, se that at no time it will become dry. With winter here it is well to keep

lously up to them, not only for the Some of the hats have straight saving of fuel, which is necessary in brims, others are in rolling brim view of the serious fuel tituation, but shape. Frequently the brim will be as a protection against colds, influence color and the crown another. Brilenza and other illnesses which are easier to pay attention to these de-

Untempted Righteousness. Wherever a knot of students gath-

ered that day Lorton's case was the topic of conversation. The arrest had taken place early, and few of the fellows had witnessed it. Henry Vanderlip was one of those who did. "It gave me a sense of sudden nau-sea," he told Hammond and Gray

when the subject was brought up light brown sugar, ½ cup water, 1 later. "I had the same feeling once, when the men found a couple of dead "I had the same feeling once, rats in the well we'd been drinking from up at the camp. The water look-Hammond's words came slowly, as

talked: "I understand from Derrick and Shafer-they both room in Clark Hall—that Lorton's term bills were overdue. Derrick tells me Lorton has sugar, 1 cup cream, 1/8 teaspoon salt, been on the edge ever since he enter-1 cup chopped pecans. Boil the sugar, ed college. Several times he has cream and salt together until soft dropped out of the boarding house for balls are formed when it is dropped a fortnight or longer and boarded himin cold water. Then add the nuts, self on next to nothing. Shafer says that Lorton invariably apologized to his callers about the fire's being down. but that 'down' was its normal con-

"Lorton said that he took the twencovered the theft. It seems he'd had a rather urgent reminder that morning that his bills must be paid within a specified time. That doesn't excuse the theft, of course. It was a foolish and criminal act, but a fellow who has never had any such strain on his virtue had better not be forward about condemning Lorton. "I came across two words in a book

was reading the other evening: 'untempted righteousness.' Isn't ours that kind so far as money is concerned? Has any one of us ever known what it was to need a twenty-dollar bill-need it badly enough to be worried for days over not having it? If we haven't, we oughtn't to judge the fellow who has. We don't know what we should do if we were in his place, Untempted righteousness is good in its way, but it isn't qualified to sit in judgment on a fellow who has borne the brunt-and gone down.' "I see, Hammond," said Vanderlip,

putting out an impulsive hand, and Hammond winced under the grip. You're right. Untempted righteousness-the soft sort that's never had to take hard knocks-isn't an article to boast of.'

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc. Sometimes More.

Speculating sounds more refined as much.

ment to keep still. COARSE SALT

A wise Frenchman has said that

LAND SALT Bulk Carlots ONTO BALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF

"Is it true that you are engaged to at—to Wingfield?" demanded Maurharshly. "Yes," Miriam replied in a breathless whisper. Then she broke out in ious and tender.

a torrent of words. She had met Wing"But I haven't made any preparafield at the house of a friend just after Maurice had started on his ill-omened journey to Ireland. And he had at once become a most devoted wooe calling on her as often as possible, and

Successful Authors at Play Sir A Conan Doyle, although ap- | been into, any desert, or mountain parently believes in the astral body, has a pair of fists which are by no means spiritual. In fact, the creator of Rodney Stone, that best of all box-

ing and prize-fighting yarns, is him-

celf no mean exponent of the "noble

But the originator of Sheriock Holmes is the Admirable Crichton of literary sportsmen, for he has travelled the world over, is a daring mountain climber, can make as pretty a cut through the slips at Lords as many

most amateur golfers. don; now that he is gone, the man often taken part in matches as a rewho gave Captain Kettle-C. J. Cut- presentative of the Press, whilst few eliffe Hyne--to the world, probably holds premier place. If there is any lanes on a bike more than the other orner of this old earth he has not two distinguished men.

range, or great river he has not seen, any wild beast he has not shot, then someone should call upon him and tell him of his omission, and he will sure ly include it in his next trip, seeing that he reckons to do a pretty regular ten thousand miles a year-except when there's a world-war on.

He believes that a novelist who wants to write "live" stuff, needs to see "live" places. He possesses a fine collection of hunting trophies.

Two of Britain's best-known writers at their best in a yacht-Sir a professional cricketer, and has Arthur Quiller-Couch, the famous "Q" scored a good many centuries in his of "Dead Man's Rock," and John Oxentime, can make even the best of lawn ham. Both these men are very much tennis players sit up and take notice, at home on salt water or fresh, for is an indefatigable motorist, is a diffi- they are as handy with an oar as with cult man to follow across country with a sail.

the hounds, and can find his way both | Probably the least sporty of literary into and out of a bunker as well as men are Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, and George Bernard Shaw. The greatest traveller amougst The author of "Mary Rose" is, how modern novelists was poor Jack Lon- ever, fairly useful with a bat, and has men have "mouched" about country Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice

ns notecase.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—

paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between
her teeth as suddenly she held the
paper closer still to the flames, to scan

ed the girl sternly, and he stepped "You know!" he almost shrieked.
"I know the difference between the

man I love"—she faced him proudly— "and that of his dead cousin. Maurice.

so cold and still, and for the first time something almost approaching love for her swept over him in this moment reminiscent of Jules Verne. A mo-

ing in her breast with dread.
"You can do all that afterwards," replied Wingfield, his air of authority at strange variance with his role of lover. "I shall ask Maurice Howard formally for his consent to-morrow."

Then, he added with

an airplane equipped for the planting of the farmer's field with seed. This kind of flying machine, as described by Popular Mechanics, is built

At the end of each wing-tip there is tube to throw down a thin stream of white lime, marking the line of the In practice only one tube would be used at a time, the other being shut off. By this means it should be practicable to plant one square mile, or 640 acres, in six hours flying forty miles an hour and allow

With a sowing capacity of 1,000