

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"Play not with me, young sir," said the priest frowning. "I have certain intelligence from one who hath seen it, that you have in your possession a copy of the Lutheran New Testament. I require you to put it into my hands." Jack was silent and did not move. "Come, my son!" said Father Barnaby, assuming a more friendly tone; "I pray you be not obstinate. Do but give me up your books, and promise me openly to confess all your errors and all may yet be well. Unless you will do so, I must search your father's house and commit you to prison, where it may go hard with you."

"You will do your pleasure!" said Jack briefly. "I have nothing more to say, except that whatever I may be, there is no cause of complaint against my father!"

Jack was detained in the sitting-room while the house was thoroughly searched in vain. The hiding-place of the books remained undiscovered, to the great chagrin of Brother Joseph, who showed himself an adept in his business, and who had to report his ill-success to his principal.

"Daughter!" said Father Barnaby, turning to Anne, who had hitherto been quite silent. "You at least are a faithful child of the Church, as you have already shown by the information you have given me. Can you tell me where these books are likely to be hidden?"

"I believe them to be in a small cupboard in the wall behind my brother's desk!" answered Anne, in a husky tone.

"Vile wretch that thou art, wilt thou betray thy brother?" exclaimed his father, thrown off his guard.

"Your daughter does but her duty in discovering her brother's guilt!" said Father Barnaby. "It is the greatest kindness she can show him. Rejoice that you have one faithful child left."

"She is no child of mine from this hour!" returned the baker hotly. "I utterly disown her and cast her off!"

"Father, remember your promise!" said Jack; "I pray you do nothing hastily."

Brother Joseph now returned with the books. "Is this all you have?" asked the priest, examining them.

"That is all!"

"You and your uncle had other books when you were at Holford!" said the priest. "What were they and where did you obtain them?"

Jack was silent.

"You will do the old man no service by this silence, if that be your thought!" said Father Barnaby. "You had best be frank with me! I mean you naught but good!"

"No doubt!" said Jack drily. "I thank you for your good will!"

"There is enough of this!" said Father Barnaby angrily. "Since you are determined to be obstinate, matters must take their course. Constable, take this youth to jail, and lodge him with the others. Master Lucas, I advise you to remain quiet and be amenable, and no harm shall befall you!"

"Farewell, dear father!" said Jack. "I pray you be of good comfort and put your trust in God. Have no fear for me. I am in His hands who did never fail them that trust in Him, and no real harm can befall me. Farewell dear Cicely. You have ever been a mother to me. Father John, I thank you heartily for your kindness and good council, and crave your prayers!"

"Have you no word for your sister, dear son!" asked Father Barnaby in his smooth tones.

"I have already said my farewell to my sister!" replied Jack, gravely and sadly. "I have no more to add save to beg her for her soul's sake to remember my parting words. I am ready to go, Master Constable."

"My blessing go with thee, my son!" said his father. "I trust we may yet see thee here again."

"And mine also!" added Father John, rising; "and if my witness in your behalf is of any avail, you shall have it with all my heart, as well as my prayers to our Lord and all the Saints for your good deliverance."

Master Lucas stood gazing after his son, till he could be seen no longer. Then turning away, his eyes fell on Anne.

"Do you stand there in my presence after what you have done?" he asked, in sternly measured tones, as if he would not express the wrath which stirred him at sight of his daughter. "Think you the sight of you can be grateful to my eyes? I would you had died at your birth, and I had lived to see this day!"

"Nay my good, my kind friend!" said Father John. "Be not overhasty. I trust this maiden has had nothing to do with her brother's misfortune. Is it not so, daughter?"

"I did what was right!" said Anne, striving to speak calmly. "My brother is an heretic, and a blasphemer of Holy Church and the Sacraments, and not only so, but he was ever striving to pervert me. I delivered him to justice for the sake of his soul and mine own!"

"I verily wonder whether thou art mine own daughter!" said Master Lucas slowly; "or whether my child died in the convent yonder and some devil entered into her body. Sure thy mother and I never had such a monster. I will not curse thee for the sake of him who is gone, but get thee from my sight, or I cannot answer for what I may do. Get to thy chamber—dost hear me?" he repeated, stamping his foot.

"Yes, go, daughter!" said the old priest. "You do but enrage your father the more by your carriage, which I must say is neither maidenly nor Christian. Get to your chamber and there pray and repent if you can, for in truth you have been guilty of grievous sin. My poor, dear friends and children!" he added, as Anne withdrew, "let us forbear rough words. They can do no good. Let us rather kneel down and say our prayers, not only for our dear young brother, but for this misguided girl. I do trust all may yet be well. The Bishop is a kind-hearted man and averse to all harsh measures, and I have some interest with him which I shall not spare to use. I trust all may yet be well."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANNE.

Anne retired to her room and locked herself in, a precaution she might have spared, for no one came near her except one of the maids to bring her some food. The girl, though she did not speak, looked at Anne with an expression of wonder and reproach, which went to Anne's heart.

"Where is my father, Dorothy?" she asked, feeling as if she must say something.

"Your father has gone out with the old priest who stayed here last night, Mistress Anne!" was the short reply, and Dorothy, who was usually disposed for a gossip on the smallest encouragement, retired and shut the door without a word more.

(To be continued.)

Value of Kind Words.

Great will be the blessedness of those who have not to weep over harsh words, bitter expressions, or wanton neglect to those who ought never to have been subject to such things. None will ever regret speaking too many kind words, while many will have to weep over hasty ones which made the heart ache, and perhaps hastened the death we had to mourn. If, therefore, you would escape this, and have fewer tears to shed by and by, seek and study to be kind now to those you love. If you desire a happy future, sow the seeds now. Be kindly, gracious, considerate, tender, while you have the opportunity. Seek to cast brightness and cheerfulness at all times in your home. Banish as completely as you can all harshness, meanness, suspicion, unkindness, inconsiderateness from your being, so that when the dark shadows of trial and death give you sorrow, you may not have to add to it the bitterness of self-reproach, when it will be of no avail. Never forget that the habit which feeds and helps the one starves and hinders the other. Sow kindness, loving words, cheerful smiles so constantly, that the heart will be full, and the mind possessed by such influences that there will be no room left for the rank weeds of unkindness to find an entrance or obtain a place.

Hints to Housekeepers.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD. For one large loaf use three pints of sifted cornmeal, three pints of rye flour, one cup of good hop yeast and one cup of molasses. Mix very soft with warm water, pour the mixture into a round pudding tin, and allow it to stand until light. Bake with a steady fire for three hours.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of rye flour, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of molasses and one-half a teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix rather thin with either milk or water, salt to taste, and boil four hours in a tightly covered pudding mould.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

RAISED GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Mix two cups of graham, one of cornmeal, and one of white flour with one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a tablespoonful of molasses and enough warm water to make a soft batter. Dissolve one-half a yeast cake in water; add it with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda to the batter, and let it rise over night. In the morning mould with a very little flour into biscuits and bake in a rather quick oven.

DELICIOUS RAISED BUNS.—Use one quart of milk; boil one pint of it. Add to the whole quart a piece of butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup sugar and two eggs beaten together, one-half a cup of black currants, and one-half a cup of yeast. Let the mixture rise over night.

DELICATE CREAM BISCUIT.—Add to two quarts of flour one teaspoonful of butter or lard, one large teaspoonful of sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Let it rise over night and in the morning knead lightly and bake in a quick oven.

K.D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

BREAD STICKS.—These are made from raised bread dough, to which has been added the thoroughly beaten white of egg. The proportion is the white of one egg to a pint of the dough. The addition of the egg renders the sticks crisp. They are baked in pans made purposely for them—pans with small troughs in which the dough is placed.

MADE WITHOUT YEAST.—For the benefit of those who desire to use baking powder instead of yeast, I append the following recipes: Delicious rice muffins may be made by sifting two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder into one pint of sifted flour; add one cup of cold boiled rice, two eggs, a little salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and milk enough to make a thick batter. Bake quickly in a hot oven.

K.D.C. cures dyspepsia.

EXCELLENT WHEAT MUFFINS.—Use one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two cups of flour, two cups of milk, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add salt to taste, and bake in muffin tins in a very hot oven.

OATMEAL GEMS.—Soak over night two cups of oatmeal in a pint of sweet milk. In the morning add two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven in hot gem pan.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Add one cup of sour milk to one-half a cup of molasses; mix in two and a half cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and one large tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a quick oven.

K.D.C. the mighty cure for indigestion.

BERRY BREAD.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter; add two beaten eggs, one cup of milk and one pint of either blue or huckle berries. Sift one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into enough flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in a hot oven.

BAKING BREAD AND BISCUIT.—The proof of the bread and the biscuit lies in the "baking of it." A little experience, however, will enable one to have the oven just right. When the bread is baked it should be turned out on a clean cloth or board, and each loaf should rest so that the air may circulate about it. When cold it should be placed in a dry tin box or stone jar. Biscuits should be cared for in the same way, unless it is desired to eat them when fresh from the oven.