

The Mill on the Floss

By
George Eliot.

BOOK SECOND — SCHOOL TIME.

(25. Instalment.)

CHAPTER II.
The Christmas Holiday

Fine old Christmas with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and colour with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow.

Snow lay on the croft and river-bank in undulations softer than the limbs of infancy; it lay with the neatest finished border on every sloping roof, making the dark-red gables stand out with a new depth of colour; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir-trees, still it fell from them with a shuddering sound; it clothed the rough turnip-field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts, and here and there a disengaged four-footed beast stood as if petrified "in unrecumbent sadness;" there was no gleam, no shadow, for the heavens, too, were one still, pale cloud—no sound or motion in anything but the dark river that flowed and moaned like an unresting sorrow.

But old Christmas smiled as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the outdoor world, for he meant to fight up home with new brightness, to deepen all the richness of indoor colour, and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragrance of food: he meant to prepare a sweet imprisonment that would strengthen the primitive fellowship of kindred, and make the sunshine of familiar human faces as welcome as the hidden day-star. His kindness fell but hardly on the homeless—fell but hardly on the homes where the hearth was not very warm, and where the food had little fragrance; where the human faces had no sunshine in them, but rather the leaden, blank-eyed gaze of unexpected want. But the fine old season meant, well; and if he has not learnt the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father Time, with ever-unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart.

And yet this Christmas day, in spite of Tom's fresh delight in home, was not, he thought, somehow or other, quite so happy as it had always been before. The ced berries were just as abundant on the holly, and he and Maggie had dressed all the windows and mantelpieces and picture-frames on Christmas Eve with as much taste as ever, wedding the thick-set scarlet clusters with branches of the black-berried ivy. There had been singing under the windows after midnight—supernatural singing Maggie always felt, in spite of Tom's contemptuous insistence that the singers were old Patch, the parish clerk, and the rest of the church choir: she trembled with awe when their carolling broke in upon her dreams, and the image of men in fustian clothes was always thrust away by the vision of angels resting on the parted cloud. The midnight chant had helped as usual to lift the morning above the level of common days; and then there was the smell of hot toast and ale from the kitchen, at the breakfast-hour; the favourite anthem, the green boughs, and the short sermon, gave the appropriate festive character to the church-going; and aunt and uncle Moss, with all their seven children, were looking like so many



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

reflectors of the bright parlour-fire, when the church-goers came back, stamping the snow from their feet. The plum-pudding was of the same handsome roundness as ever, and came in with the symbolic blue flames around it, as if it had been heroically snatched from the hearth-fires into which it had been thrown by dyspeptic Puritans; the dessert was as splendid as ever, with its golden oranges, brown nuts, and the crystalline light and dark of apple-jelly and damson cheese: in all these things Christmas was as it had always been since Tom could remember; it was only distinguished, if by anything, by superior sliding and snowballs.

Christmas was cheery, but not so Mr. Tulliver. He was irate and defiant, and Tom, though he espoused his father's quarrels and shared his father's sense of injury, was not without some of the feeling that oppressed Maggie when Mr. Tulliver got louder and more angry in narration and assertion with the increased leisure of desert. The attention that Tom might have concentrated on his nuts and wine was distracted by a sense that there were really enemies in the world, and that the business of grown-up life could hardly be conducted without a good deal of quarrelling. Now Tom was not fond of quarrelling, unless it could soon be put an end to by a fair standup fight with an adversary whom he had every chance of thrashing; and his father's irritable talk made him uncomfortable, though he never accounted to himself for the feeling, or conceived the notion that his father was faulty in this respect.

The particular embodiment of the evil principle now exciting Mr. Tulliver's determined resistance was Mr. Pivart, who, having lands higher up the Ripple was taking measures for their irrigation, which either were, or would be, or were bound to be (on the principle that water was water), an infringement on Mr. Tulliver's legitimate share of waterpower. Dix, who had a mill on the stream, was a feeble ancillary of Old Harry compared with Pivart. Dix had been brought to his sense by arbitration, and Wakem's advice had not carried him far; no Dix, Mr. Tulliver considered, had been as good as nowhere in point of law; and in the intensity of his indignation against Pivart, his contempt for a baffled adversary like Dix began to wear the air of a friendly attachment. He had no male audience to-day except Mr. Moss, who knew nothing, as he said, of the "natur' o' mills," and could only assent to Mr. Tulliver's arguments on the a priori ground of family relationship and monetary obligation; but Mr. Tulliver did not talk with the futile intention of convincing his audience—he talked to relieve himself; while good Mr. Moss made strong efforts to keep his eyes wide open, in spite of the sleepiness which an unusually good dinner produced in his hard-worked frame. Mrs. Moss, more alive to the subject, and interested in everything that affected her brother, listened and put in a word as often as maternal pre-occupations allowed.

else could so much as say "snap." But I'll pivot him!" added Mr. Tulliver, lifting his glass with a sense that he had defined his resolution in an unmistakable manner.

"You won't be forced to go to law with him, I hope, brother!" said Mrs. Moss with some anxiety.

"I don't know what I shall be forced to; but I know what I shall force him to, with his dykes and erigations, if there's any law to be brought to bear o' the right side: I know well enough who's at the bottom of it; he's got Wakem to back him and egg him on. I know Wakem tells him the law can't touch him for it, but there's folks can handle the law besides Wakem. It takes a big raskil to beat him; but there's bigger to be found, as know more o' th' ins and outs o' the law, else how came Wakem to lose Brumley's suit for him?"

Mr. Tulliver was a strictly honest man, and proud of being honest, but he considered that in law the ends of justice could be achieved by employing a stronger knave to frustrate a weaker. Law was a sort of cock-fight, in which it was the business of injured honesty to get a game bird with the best pluck and the strongest spurs.

"Gore's not fool—you needn't tell me that," he observed presently in a pugnacious tone, as if poor Gritty had been urging that lawyer's capabilities; "but, you see, he isn't up to the law as Wakem is. And water's a very particular thing—you can't pick it up with a pitchfork. That's why it's been nuts to Old Harry and the lawyers. It's plain enough what's the rights and the wrongs of water, if you look at it straightfor'd; for a river's a river, and if you've got a mill, you must have water to turn it; and it's no use telling me, Pivart's erigation and nonsense won't stop my wheel: I know what belongs to water better than that. Talk to me o' what th' engineers say! I say it's commonsense, as Pivart's dykes must do me an injury. But if that's their engineering, I'll put Tom to it by and by, and he shall see if he can't find a bit more sense in th' engineering business than what that comes to."

Tom, looking round with some anxiety at this announcement of his prospects, unthinkingly withdrew a small rattle he was amusing Baby Moss with, whereupon she, being a baby that knew her own mind with remarkable clearness, instantaneously expressed her sentiments in a piercing yell, and was not to be appeased even by the restoration of the rattle, feeling apparently that the original wrong of having it taken from her remained in all its force. Mrs. Moss hurried away with her into another room, and expressed to Mrs. Tulliver, who accompanied her, the conviction that the dear child had good reasons for crying; implying that if it was supposed to be the rattle that baby clamoured for, she was a misunderstood baby. The thoroughly justifiable yell being quieted, Mrs. Moss looked at her sister-in-law and said—
"I'm sorry to see brother so put out about this water work."
(To be continued.)

Nearly half the maritime works at Monfalcone, sixteen miles northwest of Trieste, have been destroyed by fire.

The ORIGINAL and only GENUINE BEWARE of imitations sold as "Just as good."

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to convince you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA?
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

WOMAN'S WORLD

EVERYDAY HOME HELPS

A domestic science kitchen always sets me thinking, and I have seen two of them recently. Everything about it is arranged with the primary object of convenience, and for the doing of the cooking every necessary article is placed in as handy a position as possible.

This is why the sight of one of these kitchens always starts me planning our own kitchen over again. I think of where I would have placed cupboards, had I had the planning of it; how much better the stove would be in such and such a place—and so on. But after one has worked off these "vain imaginings," practical every day sense comes back again, and the only really sensible question suggests itself—What can I do with the particular kitchen I have to make it more convenient, and what further appliances can I secure to lighten my "daily round and common task?"

That is, after all, the only question left for us to ask, isn't it? Every woman has the hope in her heart that some day she will plan and have built (in her new home of the future) just the sort of convenient kitchen that has been in her mind's eye these many years; but meantime, and for the majority of us "meantime" is quite a long time, how can we in our household working arrangements show the superior quality of our grey matter?

I am not a domestic science teacher, nor have I had the good fortune to take domestic science training of any kind in any college or school, and so my ideas are not guaranteed to be scientific, but are merely such as occur to any woman who sets herself the task of endeavoring to overtake her day's work in the most efficient manner. If our meals are to be served in a dining or sitting room (anywhere other than the kitchen) a tray on wheels is a great comfort. You have seen the little tables placed beside a patient's bed in a modern hospital. It is something similar to that I mean. The tray would need to be oblong, to allow of its passing through a doorway, and it is simply on four legs which are supplied with casters. No more backbreaking loads of dishes to carry into the kitchen, and no more stepping endlessly out and in from one room to another, when clearing the table after a meal—or setting

it, either, for that matter.

Or perhaps you have a husband of the "handy man" kind—not officiously so, of course, but just enough to be comfortable, and perhaps, as sometimes falls out, he is not very busy in the winter time, and if the matter was broached after instead of just before supper, he would set about making you a fireless cooker which will prove a very great boon indeed to any housewife.

One of the advantages of making a cooker now is that before the busy days of spring and summer come, you will have got over the experimental stage of your cooking in it; for, of course, it takes you a little while to learn just how to manage it. A fireless cooker is most useful in the summer, because all winter we have a fire on anyway, and are therefore better able to give things a long, slow cooking.

Many people have been preaching a "high stool" for the kitchen for a long time, yet it is surprising how seldom one is found in a kitchen. There is usually a chair, and many jobs can be done quite as well sitting as standing, but there are times when a high stool could be used and a chair could not. If it is of the right height you can use it when doing all the easier part of your ironing; and we should have fewer sick mothers if they could accustom themselves (with some little inconvenience at first, no doubt) to taking thought for these things. Perhaps it will take you ten minutes longer to get work than such ten minutes.

A wooden bar, hung with ropes and pulleys, a contrivance anyone can fit up for themselves, which can be raised to within a few inches of the ceiling, is a handy arrangement, especially in a family where there are young children, finished, but if the strain of doing the ironing has been lessened, it is and usually some clothes to be hung up.

Have you ever tried using a large caddy can placed on a table for storing water? It should be placed in such a manner that you can slip a dish or jug underneath it when you want water.

An apron made of white oilcloth will save you many a hard bit of washing. It can be made out of ordinary white table oilcloth, and

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

cut after the fashion of a large front gore of a skirt, so as not to have any fullness. It may be bound round, with tape, and is useful every day for slipping on when washing-dishes and doing the dirtier jobs of the kitchen.

It isn't stooping once that tires us, it is stooping an endless number of times; nor is it that we walk across the kitchen floor once, it is that we do it hundreds of times in the course of a morning's work. And so it is worth while to plan to lessen the distance between the stove and the sink, between the table and the flour bin; also to have a box with divisions in it for holding silver and knives, so that they can be dried into it, and the box itself taken to the table when it is time to get the next meal ready. Most housewives don't realize how far they walk each day until they are extra tired or some infirmity has overtaken them. Surely it is the part of wisdom for everyone to try and do their work with the minimum of wear and tear!

For Our Little Ones

THE SELFISH SHAN GETS A NOSE RING.

By Bertha E. Green.

There was a scurrying of summer breezes amongst all the tree-tops in the wood of Fancy Free. There was much sauciness, and little of good manners, in the way the winds jostled and tossed so noisily upon their scurrying way. So roughly did they swish and swing the boughs, that many a little, feathered fellow of the woods cast anxious glances toward his nest in the leafy shelters. Sometimes it was so rough indeed, that near the top of a big oak that stood right at the forest border edge, three little acorns growing there hugged close together on their little twig, shiveringly pulled their collars up, and had to hold on very, very tight to keep from being blown off.

But there were some of the woodland folk who didn't mind the breezes buffeting a bit. They were the Red Cap Goblins—Nick O'Dee and his Merry Men—who little cared for blasts of winter, or of summer-time.

The jolly little chaps had journeyed through the wood, and now came out from the shadowed wood, and path and down toward the valley brook, which widened here into a pool with willows overhanging.

In just a minute, it could not have been more than two, there were on the grassy bank so many little piles of cherry colored clothes and in the pool just so many little laughing goblins.

If you could only have seen the little rascals at their antics, Nick O'Dee swam quietly toward the bank, where sat an old, old mottled frog, who nearly fell over the edge when the little goblin came up to the top and squirted a mouthful of water all over him. They made an old mud-turtle give them rides upon his back around the pool. They begged a blue kingfisher for a feather from his tail, and with it sneaked up to a dozing muskrat, and tickled his nose so that he sneezed and sneezed.

But the jokes weren't all on one side. A cross water boatman nipped one of the goblins very smartly for disturbing him, and there was great excitement and much laughing when another Red Cap, diving down, found himself in the midst of a school of minnows. All the little fishes were swimming so close together and were in such a hurry to get out of the way, that the hundreds of little wiggling tails tickled the diving goblins almost into kinks.

ed on up the steep slopes that led to the Bald Hills.

The Giant Plays a Tune.
As they went on, they heard what seemed to them to be the wind whistling. But soon the sound changed to a little tune, a whistled tune like a canary's song, but oh, so loud, and clear. A little further yet, and there, right on the top-most slope of the Bald Hills, sat their giant friend, the Smiff, and he was playing merrily upon a flute. It was a jolly tune the giant played, with many funny little warbles in it.

The Smiff put down his flute when he saw the goblins coming up the hill, and gave his little friends a smiling welcome.

"I wonder if you little mischiefs wouldn't come up here today," said the Smiff, as he lay down full length upon the grass, while all the little goblins sat around where they could watch the giant's smiling face. The big fellow propped his chin upon his hands, and when the goblins all had settled down so quietly, the Smiff began to tell his little friends about the Nose-Ring of the Shan.

He was a tall, dark man, with a tall, dark cap, a bright curved sword, and a great selfishness. He had a black beard, too; but black beards were common amongst his people, as were black caps and shining swords.

There was a rule among this warlike people that all who fought should share and share alike, but the Shan was not content. He let his selfish cunning get the better of his fairness, and hid away far more than his just share of goods.

For more than one year did the Shan deceive his comrades, but the day came at last when his dishonesty was found out by his fellows, and Nadir Shan was taken prisoner to the council hall.

The rulers of the tribe had brought before them all the secret store the Shan had hid away, and it was portioned out, an even share to each. And then the chief in council judgment gave, and punishment decreed to be meted out to Nadir Shan for all his selfishness. They led the Shan out just before the door of the council hall, and through a hole pierced in his nose they fastened a bright ring of copper.

Then said the chief to all the tribesmen there: "Let this be a warning, and let those who think to take unfairly from the common store beware."

Throughout the years the story spread, and lost not in the telling, and even to this day where drooping nose and thin pursed lips show greed within a mind, men say, "That one needs, for his selfishness, the nose-ring of the Shan."

His story finished, the Giant Smiff settled himself upon the grass to have a little nap, while the goblins romped near him.

The giant's flute lay on the slope beside him, and Nick O'Dee climbed upon it, and was soon down inside-through one of the holes. It wasn't a minute till, one after the other, all the rest of the goblins were inside the Smiff's flute.

Then something dreadful happened.

The Flute Disappears.
The flute, with all the Red Cap band within it, started rolling down the hill, and the farther it went the faster it rolled. Far on and down they rolled, and tumbled dizzily, until at last the rolling flute came slowly to a standstill.

The little goblins stuck their heads out, and, wonder of wonders, it was no giant flute at all that they were in, but just a big log lying close beside the brook, and where each little goblin's head stuck out had one time been the entrance to a bird's house, or the round hole that marks a squirrel's front door.

GALL STONES
REMOVED IN 24 HOURS WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATSOEVER

INDigestion, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Pertussis, and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and misleads persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, until they had attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; then they realize what the trouble is. Ninety out of every hundred persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Proceed today and avoid an operation. Can be obtained at W. MARRIS'S DRUG STORE, Maple Leaf Block, Regina, Sask. Price \$5.25, postpaid. Write in English or German.

More Cure for the Sick by using the marvelous

Exanthematic Remedy

also called Bacteriostaticum

Prepares in which everything concerning this cure is explained will be sent free! Only send stamps to be had from

JOHN LINDEN

Specialist and only Manufacturer of the genuine and pure Exanthematic Remedy, 1016 and 1018 Prospect Ave., E. E. Letter Drawer 358 Cleveland, Ohio. Beware of imitations and false recourses.