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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Carnay forgot her spotless shoes and raced across the greasy tracks calling out and waving her hand.

"Here I am, Hugo! Here I am!" The little man straightened up with a rather frightened expression, pushed his eye-glasses more resolutely into his face, and then broke into a sheepish, somewhat tremulous grin.

"Oh, yes—there you are. Why, yes, of course—it's Jean. Not a day older—not a day. Well, well, well!"

She kissed him, first on one cheek and then on the other, and he accepted the salutation with bashful pleasure.

"Now I call this good of you, Jean. I do, indeed. Where"—he peered about—near-sightedly—"where is Alice?"

"She—didn't come. Oh, she wanted to, Hugo. But I'll tell you about that presently. Shall we look for your heavy luggage?"

"I haven't got any—only these." Poor Hugo was very shabby. In his dolman coat and with the little creased felt hat perched high on his head, struggling with those bulging, outrageous bags, he looked like an old-fashioned German professor on holiday.

But Jean was much more sorry for him than ashamed. If she was ashamed of anybody it was of herself. Poor, poor Hugo. One could scarcely believe that that harmless-looking little lieve that that weak, harmless-looking little creature had ever snatched up a revolver and put a bullet through another man's brain.

Jean managed to secure the attendance of a porter and as soon as the Customs had been passed Hugo and his bags were trotted across to the Hotel de la Gare. He said he was ravenously hungry and they sat down at a table outside, the dining-room being rather crowded. There was nothing very beautiful to look at, only the station and the wide, dusty plaza, where a couple of mongrel dogs sunned themselves and half a dozen fiacres weltered in the heat. Nor was the lunch in any way remarkable, except for its mediocrity. But the discharged lunatic-convict seemed entirely satisfied with things as they were. He tucked into the stale hors-d'oeuvre with avidity, apologizing for his greed.

"Sometimes I got a little tired of the food at Broadmoor," he said. "It was very good—but one likes a change now and again. I can't tell you how I've enjoyed my meals lately. And this is wonderful being here. Do you know, Jean, there were times when I thought it quite possible I'd never see Italy again? That's an unpleasant sort of idea to get. It—discourages one."

Not a word of reproach because she'd never been near him during the whole of those fifteen years.

"Hugo, it was because of Alice that I didn't come to see you," Jean said hurriedly. "I—I couldn't bear her to know . . . things that she didn't absolutely need to know. I wonder if you understand? It seems so selfish, now. I—I didn't quite realize—"

"My dear little girl, of course I understand. You don't take me for a lunatic, do you?" (Jean winced. Why should he put it like that?) "Our little daughter—of course it had to be kept from her."

"Our little daughter?" What, precisely, did he mean? Hugo knew that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter. "I don't want her ever to know that her father was put away in an asylum," Hugo went on, speaking while his mouth was still occupied with food. "And such an asylum!" He waved his fork before plunging it into the little barrel of salt herrings. "Locked up with maniacs who had committed all sorts of horrid crimes."

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Those have been my only companions. I wonder I didn't go mad. . . Ah, well, it's over now." He subsided with a weak sigh and helped himself to butter.

"Alice thinks that you are dead," Jean said in a desperately off-hand fashion. "At least . . . she thinks her father is dead."

"And I might as well have been," Hugo Smarle agreed. "So that's why you didn't bring her to meet me."

"Yes—er—yes, that was one of the reasons. She knew I was going to meet somebody." Jean managed a flat, mirthless laugh. "I told her you were my brother."

Hugo Smarle attacked his troublesome eye-glasses again and stared blandly at his wife. Because she had laughed, he smiled. Doubtless this was a joke, and he was perfectly willing to try to understand it.

"Your brother? Did you ever have a brother, Jean?"

"Yes. His name was John—John Ballis, of course. He died when he was ten years old—about the time I was born."

"Did you tell Alice that I am her Uncle John?"

"Yes. That's what I told her. You see, Hugo, she's going to be married. Such a nice fellow—"

"Married? Married?" Hugo Smarle was terribly bewildered for a moment. "Good heavens, Jean, what can you mean? A child like that—a child—"

"Why, Alice is nineteen," Jean reminded him. "Of course, it is young, but—"

"Nineteen?" he stared pitifully, and then a fine sweat broke out on his forehead and his lips quivered.

"You see, where I've been time stood still. I forgot that she's grown up. My little girl, a woman!"

(His little girl.) "She's engaged to a doctor, a Harley street specialist," Jean went on. "I couldn't have found a more suitable husband for her if—I'd chosen him myself."

"A doctor? Ugh! I hate doctors," Hugo pushed away his plate with a peevish gesture, but drew it smartly back again when the hand of the waiter reached out to possess it.

"I don't think you'd hate this one, Hugo. So kind and devoted. He adores Alice, and she's head over heels in love with him. He's rather well off, too—although that wouldn't have counted with Alice. She's a romantic child. I suppose she gets that trait from . . . from her father."

No longer could Jean bear the suspense of wondering what Hugo meant by those sentimental references to Alice as his little girl.

"Yes. I was always romantic," he said pensively. "I daresay she does get it from me."

Jean seemed to be swept by a breath of cold air. She looked at her husband, hesitated, then said deliberately. "Hector Gaunt still lives here. We went up to his farm yesterday."

"Does he? By jove, good old Hector! I should like to see him again. Has he changed much?"

"Not a great deal." Mrs. Carnay played with her food for the remainder of the meal.

As far as she could judge, Hugo was sane enough—"as sane as he had ever been," according to Christopher Smarle. Had he really forgotten that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter? He had never been deceived, never even pretended self-deception when Jean and he were alone. He had rushed her into marriage with him "to save her name," and he had been incredibly good to her and to the little girl he had so generously fathered, but between him and Jean there had never been the ghost of pretence. That was what made it so difficult to labor the point now. Again Jean let it pass. She really did not know what to say.

"You call yourself Mrs. Carnay, don't you? Christopher said he suggested your using the Carnay name, but he didn't tell me you were supposed to be a widow." Hugo went on. "Well, I shall do my best to remember. I'm Uncle John—"

"Balise," she reminded him.

"Yes. I don't think I'll forget. Your brother." He looked at his wife a little wistfully. "I'd rather be your brother than no relation at all. It's kind of you to put up with me, Jean. I won't bother you—or Alice. I'll do whatever you say so long as I may

be with you. Just now I'm a little bewildered. I don't seem to be able to find my way about easily. Christopher was very kind, too. He came all the way to Ostend just to see me safely in the train, and he paid a double fare so that I had a wagon-lit all to myself, and he said to me, 'Now you stay right where you are until the very end of the journey.' He even paid to have my meals sent in from the dining-car, and told the conductor to see I did exactly as I was told. I was so afraid you wouldn't meet me, Jean. I got nervous as anything towards the end. 'What shall I do if she isn't there?' I said to myself. But I might have known you'd come. Christopher said it would be all right. . . And now I think I've had enough lunch. What do we do next?"

Jean swallowed at a lump in her throat, smiled with a great assumption of cheerfulness, and sent the waiter for a facer.

Hugo allowed her to help him into it. He did not look like a murderer, this dazed, pathetic little man; but he talked a great deal, and his chatter, though detailed, was inconsequential, even frivolous. Knowing what she did about him, it was plain to Jean that his brain was by no means normal.

He talked and she listened, but only half attentive. Her mind was still busy with the problem of his suddenly assuming that Alice was really his daughter. Suppose it should become necessary to declare the true facts concerning Alice's parentage? What would happen if Hugo Smarle held to this position he had suddenly taken up?

(To be continued.)

The Expert.

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

"There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up.

"Please, m'iss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

"Standby" Cakes.

For use with this and other desserts and to serve with tea or at luncheon one may bake these attractive "standby" cakes instead of the usual cookies. These get their name because they are the housewife's "standby"—they can be kept on hand always and, instead of getting stale, they improve with age.

Cream three-quarters of a cup of butter and then gradually add a cupful of brown sugar. Beat two eggs well and stir them up. Sift together a cup and a half of flour, a teaspoon of cinnamon, a quarter teaspoon of cloves and half a teaspoon of nutmeg (this last may be omitted if desired), and add these to the other ingredients. Then stir in a cup of seedless raisins and half a cup of chopped nuts.

Place the batter by spoonfuls on shallow greased enameled ware baking pans and bake until brown.

Short Rations.

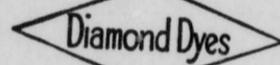
It was just after the honeymoon and Mr. Freshwed superintended the disposal of their first evening meal prepared by his young wife.

"Say," he grumbled, as he glared, knife in hand, at a minute specimen of cookery for two. "What's the matter with the crust of this pie. It doesn't half cover it!"

"Why, dearest," answered the anxious young wife, as she came and gazed at it. "I thought you'd be pleased! Your mother said you always liked the crust rather short."

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Universities Should be Interested in Music.

Our universities should be particularly interested in the development of musical studies, since they profess to give a liberal education, and since no education can be called liberal which does not provide some place at least for the fine arts.

Of all the fine arts the one which has the widest appeal, and which can be cultivated most readily and most profitably by the ordinary person, is the art of music. It is very unfortunate that since the beginning of public education in Canada there has been a widespread tendency to regard music as an extra, a something which could on occasion be wholly dispensed with without any particular loss to the pupil. Only in very rare instances has music been given a place of equal honor with such subjects as arithmetic, literature and history, and yet there are very strong reasons indeed why such a place should be accorded it.

The need for training in musical appreciation is at the present time particularly urgent, although no sensible person would undervalue the importance of training in musical expression. The present plague of the silly and the primitive in popular music has not come uninvited. We have, as a people, sought it by our persistent neglect of music in its more ennobling and more intelligent forms.

A BLENDED TEA IS BETTER.

Tea from one garden, no matter how fine it is, possesses certain desirable qualities but may lack others, because all characteristics are not developed under the same conditions. If the tea has a perfect flavor it may lack body; if it has body it is perhaps without the same perfection of flavor. To combine all desirable characteristics in one blend has been the work of the "SALADA" experts for over a quarter of a century and "SALADA" is the fruit of their labors. The flavor is tea grown.

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