

The Mill on the Floss

By
George Eliot.

BOOK FIRST — BOY AND GIRL
(XVI. Instalment.)

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that pacific kind which implies curiosity on one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said in her previous deferential, coaxing tone—

"This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?" "Ay, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble, and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all except the thimble to the younger woman, with some observation, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle—a stew of meat and potatoes—which had been taken off the fire and turned out, into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gipsies—they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of deference and attention towards her—all thieves, except Robin Hood, were wicked people. The woman saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit of this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite. If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Greathart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the halfpennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighbourhood of St. Ogg's—nothing very wonderful ever came there.

Maggie Tulliver, you perceive, was by no means that well-trained, well-informed young person that a small female of eight or nine necessarily is in these days: she had only been to school a year at St. Ogg's, and had so few books that she sometimes read the dictionary; so that in travelling over her small mind you would have found the most unexpected ignorance as well as unexpected knowledge. She could have informed you that there was such a word as "polygamy," and being also acquainted with "polysyllable," she had deduced the conclusion that "poly" meant "many"; but she had had no idea that gipsies were not well supplied with groceries, and her thoughts generally were the oddest mixture of clear-eyed acumen and blind dreams.

Her ideas about the gipsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, amenable to instruction, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark, and cut up her body for gradual cooking; the suspicion crossed her that the fierce-eyed old man was in fact the devil, who might drop that transparent disguise at any moment, and turn either into the grinning blacksmith or else a fiery-eyed monster with dragon's wings. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gipsies, by betraying her extremely unfavourable opinion of them, and she wondered, with a keenness of interest that no theologian could have exceeded, whether, if the devil were really



present, he would know her thoughts. "What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit—come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, summoning all her force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think—it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam-tarts and things."

Maggie rose from her seat as she threw out this illusory prospect, devoutly hoping that Apollyon was gullible; but her hope sank when the old gipsy-woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady—we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper: you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live—what's the name of the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver—he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?" "Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be—you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently-despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was."

"Oh yes, thank you," said Maggie. "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone: it would be more cheerful to be murdered by a larger party.

"Ah, you're fond of me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go—you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "Good-bye," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane towards the point Maggie had come from an hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

Not Leonore, in that preternatural midnight excursion with her phantom lover, was more terrified than poor Maggie in this entirely natural ride on a short-paeced donkey, with a gipsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half-a-crown. The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the

alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low, thatched cottages—the only houses they passed in this lane—seemed to add to its dreariness: they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed: it was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last—oh, sight of joy!—this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad high-road, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner: she had surely seen that finger-post before—"To St. Ogg's, 2 miles." The gipsy really meant to take her home, then: he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gipsy, and not only gratify his feelings but efface the impression of her cowardice, when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of someone coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gipsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day."

"Oh yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you ever did. I couldn't afford to lose the little wench; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this, how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father, and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie; "I ran away because I was so unhappy—Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, "you mustn't think of running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?"

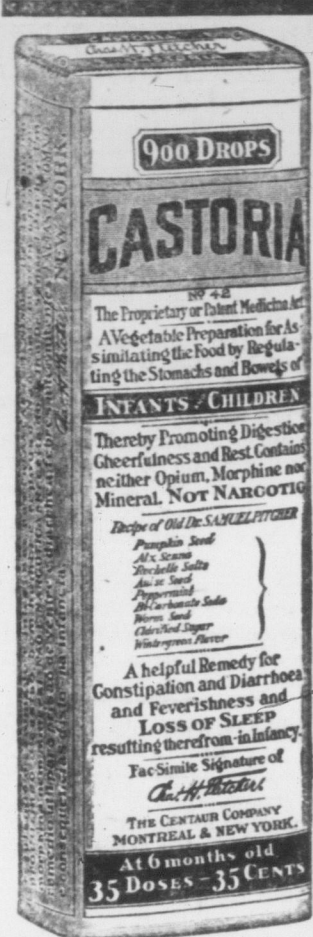
"Oh no, I never will again, father—never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from Tom, about this foolish business of her running away to the gipsies. Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

(To be continued.)



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



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chat. H. Hitchcock* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

WOMAN'S WORLD

Training Little Children

By Mrs. Alice Barton Harris.

Let Us Not Cripple Our Children's Self-dependence and Initiative. For City Boys, Four Months of Camping Out in the Summer Provide Much Wholesome Development.

I sometimes wonder what the city child is able to show in the way of self-dependence and initiative when the inevitable day arrives that he must stand on his own feet. It seems to me that he is never left alone. In well-to-do families he usually passes from the teacher's hands directly into the hands of his governess or tutor, who instantly assumes the responsibility for his safety and well-being. He works and plays under supervision, and has no opportunity to develop initiative or a sense of responsibility.

In the name of education we are crippling what we should cultivate. The best way to develop initiative is to let the child alone for at least a part of each day. I think it shows an almost insulting lack of faith in his intelligence, this constant attendance on him. Even if he does make a few blunders, he will be developing himself that way.

"My husband and I were brought up in all the freedom of large spaces, and after a few years of New York apartment life, with summers in boarding houses, we realized that our boys were going to lose out on most of the joys of childhood unless something was done about it. So we bought for almost nothing a 100 acre valley, 2,000 feet up in the Catskills, and 500 feet above the nearest village—a real wilderness into which no self-respecting servant would dream of setting foot. There was a rough little cabin in it, which was quite adequate for a summer home. Our object was to have a place where the children could stretch their bodies and souls, and incidentally where the parents could also—where light and heat and water did not come by means of taps and buttons.

We had to do all the work ourselves and the boys, then 5 and 6, were expected from the beginning to do their share. They fetched the milk from the nearest farm, a half

mile distant, realizing fully that if they did not get it there would be no milk, a crisis which could not exist in town. We have most of our dinners outside over a camp fire, which, of course, the boys soon learned to make. They often serve us doubtful meals, over which they labor joyfully for hours beforehand. They have absolute freedom to wander over the mountains with only their dogs for protection. There are hours and hours when I have no idea where they are, and they come home with the most wonderful adventures to recount. For four months out of every year they live the life of the pioneer boy.

I think every city child should have some such summer experience if possible, where responsibilities can be given him which he may assume or not, but where he must take the consequences. The child brought up under artificial conditions necessarily prevailing in city life, or in the summer hotel, has no point of contact with the old, simple, universal forms of human living, from which all wholesome developments took their root.

"WE MOTHERS"

Olive Brayton, a writer, says: "Years ago, I discovered it was a spiritual as well as a physical necessity to have intervals of rest throughout the day—rest even from the companionship of those I loved the most dearly. My body so often became overtired from pressure of work; my nerves sympathized, as every good neighbor

should, and my spirits ran at low ebb. But that ambitious brain—not always as wise a neighbor as my nerves—said: 'Go on! Go on! There are a dozen things to be done yet!' and I obeyed my poor foolish brain until my whole body and nerves became slaves to an imperious master. At last they revolted. They made my brain understand that its servants were not doing as good work, nor as much under the whiplash of injustice, and it wisely changed its method. 'Rest every little while,' it now said, 'you will work with new zeal; you will do more, and you will love your work; your children will catch your happy mood, just as before they caught the weary fretfulness.'"

"Since then I make it a part of my religion to lie down on my back in a quiet room when I begin to feel tired, and to relax every muscle and close my eyes (and my mind if possible) to all outward things. It is a wonderful tonic. I never fails to give me a new spiritual uplift. My loved ones seem more lovely to me, my home more attractive, and I am always glad of life and the blessed privilege of work. Until I began this practice, I had never realized how closely related our spiritual and our physical bodies are, or that tired-out muscles and nerves are poor neighbors for the spirit."

The tired mother, who will be wise, will follow the above splendid advice, and will be repaid a hundred-fold. The mother who is too well cared-for, either by others, or by herself, will perchance awaken and commence to think. She will say, 'I really never felt as bad as that. I never worked hard enough for anyone, even the children, to feel so tired. I must spend more of my resting hours thinking. If some women do too much do I do too little? Do I realize closely my spiritual and physical body are related, and is the real I of me half asleep?'"

Dear mothers—and sisters, too—cannot we take a middle course? Both extremes need correction—one from over-strain, the other from drifting.

Let us learn to know quietness and confidence wherein is strength—a strength which is mental, and can learn to say "Let go" as well as "Go on."

This is only possible when we consciously enter our own inner audience chamber, and there meet a calm Presence; the hush of reverence enfolds us; and we learn that prayer in its highest form does not mean "much speaking."

A pure unselfish desire is a prayer, and we learn to listen as well as to request.

A little girl was noticed once leaving her dolls to play in a garden, and found kneeling beside her little bed very quiet. When asked what she was there for, she replied: "I was asking God for things this morning, and I forgot to wait to hear what He wanted to say to me." (A fact.)

This is a good example to those who are willing to become as little children, and we come forth, brave, strong, sweet and dignified to minister to those around, as we have been ministered to in that "apart a little while."

There is a light thrown in on our greatest difficulties here—be they mental, moral or physical—that if we relax sufficiently to see by, will illuminate the most thorny and intricate path. It is well worth while to study hard to learn how to relax and rest.

Dear mothers—and sisters—seek for this secret sacred power if you know it now. Many have found it, and are living, possessed of sound minds in sound bodies, in consequence.

GALL STONES
REMOVED IN 24 HOURS WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATSOEVER

INDIGESTION, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis, and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and makes people 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. Procure today and send an operation. Can be obtained at W. MASSIG'S DRUG STORE, Maple Leaf Block, Regina, Sask. P. O. Box 124. Write in English or German.

should, and my spirits ran at low ebb. But that ambitious brain—not always as wise a neighbor as my nerves—said: 'Go on! Go on! There are a dozen things to be done yet!' and I obeyed my poor foolish brain until my whole body and nerves became slaves to an imperious master. At last they revolted. They made my brain understand that its servants were not doing as good work, nor as much under the whiplash of injustice, and it wisely changed its method. 'Rest every little while,' it now said, 'you will work with new zeal; you will do more, and you will love your work; your children will catch your happy mood, just as before they caught the weary fretfulness.'"

"Since then I make it a part of my religion to lie down on my back in a quiet room when I begin to feel tired, and to relax every muscle and close my eyes (and my mind if possible) to all outward things. It is a wonderful tonic. I never fails to give me a new spiritual uplift. My loved ones seem more lovely to me, my home more attractive, and I am always glad of life and the blessed privilege of work. Until I began this practice, I had never realized how closely related our spiritual and our physical bodies are, or that tired-out muscles and nerves are poor neighbors for the spirit."

The tired mother, who will be wise, will follow the above splendid advice, and will be repaid a hundred-fold. The mother who is too well cared-for, either by others, or by herself, will perchance awaken and commence to think. She will say, 'I really never felt as bad as that. I never worked hard enough for anyone, even the children, to feel so tired. I must spend more of my resting hours thinking. If some women do too much do I do too little? Do I realize closely my spiritual and physical body are related, and is the real I of me half asleep?'"

Dear mothers—and sisters, too—cannot we take a middle course? Both extremes need correction—one from over-strain, the other from drifting.

Let us learn to know quietness and confidence wherein is strength—a strength which is mental, and can learn to say "Let go" as well as "Go on."

This is only possible when we consciously enter our own inner audience chamber, and there meet a calm Presence; the hush of reverence enfolds us; and we learn that prayer in its highest form does not mean "much speaking."

A pure unselfish desire is a prayer, and we learn to listen as well as to request.

A little girl was noticed once leaving her dolls to play in a garden, and found kneeling beside her little bed very quiet. When asked what she was there for, she replied: "I was asking God for things this morning, and I forgot to wait to hear what He wanted to say to me." (A fact.)

This is a good example to those who are willing to become as little children, and we come forth, brave, strong, sweet and dignified to minister to those around, as we have been ministered to in that "apart a little while."

There is a light thrown in on our greatest difficulties here—be they mental, moral or physical—that if we relax sufficiently to see by, will illuminate the most thorny and intricate path. It is well worth while to study hard to learn how to relax and rest.

Dear mothers—and sisters—seek for this secret sacred power if you know it now. Many have found it, and are living, possessed of sound minds in sound bodies, in consequence.

Recipes

Sweet Potato with Nuts and Raisins.

Combine a quart of mashed and seasoned sweet potatoes with three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one-third cupful of corn-syrup, either white or brown, a cupful of halved raisins, and a half cupful of chopped walnut meats. Pile into a well-oiled baking-dish or casserole, sprinkle the top with an extra half cupful of raisins, chopped, and one-third-cupful of chopped wal-

nut meats; pour over a tablespoonful of melted butter and brown 30 minutes in a hot oven. A well-beaten egg may be added to the sweet potato mixture if desired. This may be prepared ready for baking a day ahead.

Sugarless Cranberry Sauce.

Mix a half cupful of dried chopped figs, measured before soaking, with a pint of cranberries, a cupful of water, and one and one-third cupful of white corn-syrup. Boil gently until the figs are tender and the cranberries are well cooked, finishing the cooking over hot water if the sauce seems to be getting too dry. This mixture will jelly and may be molded individually. It desired very sweet, add a little honey to the mixture before cooking. This may be made two or three days ahead.

Little Mince Meat Puddings.

Fill little greased ramekins with Libby's Mince Meat. Put in oven, in pan of water, for ten minutes. When cool, decorate with icing, put whipped cream and a candied cherry on the top of each.

Icing—Cook a large quarter cupful of strained honey till it threads when dropped from a spoon. Pour it over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, beating continuously till cool. While beating add grape jelly a little at a time till the icing is the right color and consistency.

SWEETS THE KIDDIES CAN MAKE

Peanut Clusters

Cut up a half pound of sweet dipping chocolate (which can be obtained at any high-class grocer's), and put it into the top of a small double boiler. Pour boiling water into the lower half, put it over the fire and set in the top part containing the chocolate, allowing it to melt gradually over the hot water. When it is melted, stir in a pint of roasted peanuts, measured after the shells and hulls have been removed. Then spread some sheets of paraffin paper on a big mixing-board and dip up a small teaspoonful of the chocolate-peanut mixture, dropping it on the paper. Do this with the whole amount, putting the candies a small distance apart. Let them stand until they are entirely firm.

Honey Crisp

Crack enough walnut-meats to fill a measuring-cup and then break or chop them in coarse pieces. Thoroughly oil a "middle-sized" dripping-pan with butter or a little salad-oil and spread the nuts in it. Then measure out into a saucepan two cupfuls of extracted honey (not in the comb), put it over the heat and let it boil for five minutes, stirring it every little while. The fire must not be very hot or the honey will burn. Then pour the honey into the pan with the nuts and let it become hard. Crack it in pieces for serving.

Fruit Balls

Measure three-fourths of a cupful each of layer figs, any kind of walnut-meats, stoned dates, and stoned prunes. Add a half cupful each of candied cherries and bits of candied pineapple, and grind them all together through the medium-sized knife of the food-chopper. Then add a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and the grated rind of one-fourth orange. Knead and mix this thoroughly with your hands until it all sticks together. Then put some shredded coconut through the food-chopper. (Of course the chopper must be washed.) Form the fruit mixture into balls the size of a grape and roll them in the coconut. Let them stand undisturbed overnight on sheets of paraffin paper.

Chocolate Honey Crisps

Melt half a cake of dipping chocolate as you did in making peanut clusters. Then dip it off the heat and let it stand for about twenty minutes out of the hot water. Then drop, one at a time, small pieces of honey crisp into the chocolate, taking each out with a fork before putting in another. Place them in neat rows on sheets of paraffin paper.