

The Hidden Treasure.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Awed and yet comforted, Jack turned his steps homeward. He found nobody in the shop but Simon the journeyman.

"Where is my father, Simon?" he asked.

"Your father and your cousin have gone to see Dame Higby in her trouble!" replied Simon; "and they did talk of stopping to supper with Mistress Martin. Madam Barbara is in the other room, waiting supper for you!"

"I did not think it was so late!" said Jack. "I will be with her as soon as I wash my hands!"

"Your sister is ill at ease and keeps her chamber!" said Madam Barbara, in reply to Jack's somewhat embarrassed question. "I would not have left her, but she begged me to do so, and I thought she would perhaps sleep if left to herself!"

Jack felt somewhat ill at ease at being alone with Sister Barbara, but the good lady chatted on as usual about all sorts of matters. Jack could not help thinking that there was something peculiar in her tone, and once or twice fancied that he caught her eyes resting on him with peculiar tenderness. When the meal was finished and cleared away, Sister Barbara went up to Anne, and Jack sat down to occupy himself with books. He did not find Horace very congenial to his present feelings, and was just wishing that he might venture to take out his Bible, when Sister Barbara again entered the room, closing the door after her, and came to where he was sitting. Jack rose, but she made him a sign to be seated, and sat down near him. Jack's heart beat fast, for he felt that something was coming, but he kept silence and waited to be spoken to.

"Jack!" said Sister Barbara in a low tone; "will you forgive me? I listened to what you said to your sister this afternoon. I came into my room while you were talking and I could not help listening. Will you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear lady!" said Jack, recovering himself, for he was considerably startled. "I said nothing to Anne which I would take back. I know they were dangerous words, but they were true, and I am sure you would never betray me!"

"I could not betray you unless I betrayed myself!" said Sister Barbara in a still lower tone. "Jack, I have so longed to hear words like these once more. I have heard them before from the lips of one who paid dearly for them!"

Jack felt fairly giddy with amazement. A new light seemed all at once to dawn upon him, making clear a hundred little things which had puzzled him.

"Do you mean Agnes Harland?" he asked.

"Did you hear them from her?"

"Hush!" whispered the lady. "Yes. However you heard the tale it is true. It was from that poor child that I learned to know the truth of what you said to Anne this afternoon. After she was secluded from the family, she was very ill, and the heart of our prioress was moved with pity toward her. She had always a pitiful heart, dear lady, and she would fain have saved the poor girl and sent her away to her friends before the matter came out, but it could not be. However, she pitied Agnes as I said, and at last got her moved from the prison cell to a more comfortable place, where she could at least see the light of day. Father Barnaby consented at last (not that it made so much difference, for Mother Cecilia was mistress in her own house, I promise you), but as I say, he consented on condition that she should see none of the family, and that I alone should attend upon her; for he thought I had grown up in the house, as indeed I had, and that I was too steadfast in the faith to be moved. Agnes did not live many weeks, but she lived long enough to tell me many wonderful things, and to convince me that she was right, and when she died she gave me this book, one of those which she brought from home, and which, being small, she had managed to conceal about her person."

Madam Barbara drew from her bosom a small, thin, and much worn book, and put it into Jack's hand. Feeling as though he were in a dream, Jack opened it and looked at the title page. It was an English translation of Luther's commentary on Galatians, with the text. On the margin

of the page was written in trembling characters, "Fear not them that kill the body," and again still fainter "My peace I do give unto you."

"That is all the Scriptures I have ever seen except the Psalms!" continued Madam Barbara. "Agnes had the Gospels also, but they were discovered and taken from her when she was imprisoned. I have read this book again and again, and I prize it more than life, but I do so long to read the whole Gospel, the words of our Lord Himself. When I heard you speak this afternoon I was sure you had read them, and I was determined at all hazards to ask you. Have I done wrong?"

"No indeed, Madam!" replied Jack, earnestly. "You have done well, and right thankful am I that I can help you to a sight of the Gospel. I will lend you the book at once, and I daresay I can procure a Testament for you from the same friend who gave me mine. But you know it is a dangerous possession!"

"I know it well!" said Sister Barbara. "Have I not jealously guarded this treasure of mine for two long years. But I am growing tired of this secrecy. I should like to speak out what I think."

"I am often troubled myself as to this same secrecy!" said Jack. "It seems a kind of denial of the Master, and yet, for the present, I see no other way! But here comes my father."

"So. I find you in good company, son!" said Master Lucas, with his usual jolly laugh. "I have been thinking you must be lonely. But where is Anne? Not at the church or chapel in this storm surely!"

"Anne is not well, and is lying down, dear father, and Madam Barbara was kind enough to come and sit with me!" said Jack. "How did you find Dame Higby?"

"Why poorly—but poorly!" replied Master Lucas, his sunny face clouding at the remembrance of the sorrow he had witnessed. "You see her poor man had a long illness, but he went off suddenly at last without the sacraments, and the priests will not sing for him unless she will pay high for masses—and there is her helpless boy, who will never do any good or know anything. I fear she will have a hard time. We must see to it Cicely, and not let her want!"

That night Jack put his Testament into Madam Barbara's hand, and the next day he brought her a small copy from Master Fleming's store, now waxing low.

(To be continued.)

Advantages of Tidiness.

Tidiness is satirized by a hundred writers, and is also despised by millions, but nobody ever argues against it seriously, unless we take the allegation that strong men are never tidy to be a serious argument. It would be one, perhaps, if it were true, but it is not. Great soldiers and sailors are almost invariably tidy, Frederick of Prussia being a rather conspicuous exception; many great lawyers have been neat to finicalness, and the same may be said of many great men of business. We should say, indeed, that as many weak men were untidy as strong men, and of the latter a large proportion will be found to be of the dreamy or reflective temperament.

Dreamy people hate tidiness, and the very reflective are rarely quite tidy, the reason being the same in both cases, that such persons, besides feeling the inherent dislike of most men to small recurrent exertions without immediate end, are annoyed by interruptions to the current of thought. They want, as they say, to be at peace from trifles, and as somebody usually saves them from the consequences of their ways, they remain untidy through life.

That they gain anything by their untidiness, except, possibly, some light relief from irritability, is, however, a most rash assumption. They rarely save time, for they can never find anything; they do not think more clearly, for the materials for thought are never ready to hand; and it may be questioned if their habit adds even to their mental peace.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength, simply because it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Take a glass pitcher half full of cracked ice. Throw into it some strawberries, a sliced orange, sliced lemon, and some sliced pineapple. Then pour in one pint of plain soda, one-half bottle of claret, and a sherry glass full of curroca or chartreuse. To this add three tablespoonfuls of sugar. After it is well shaken or mixed pour it into ice-cold glasses, and decorate with sliced oranges, pineapple, strawberries, and a sprig or two of green mint.

Stem nice, solid, large berries, dust them with sugar, add a few drops of lemon juice. Beat two eggs without separating, add one gill of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and sufficient flour to make a light batter (one cup). Add a quarter teaspoonful of salt, an even teaspoonful of baking powder, and beat well. Toss in a few berries, cover them with the batter, and drop carefully into smoking hot oil. Serve hot, dusted with powdered sugar.

Delicious little cherry pies are made by lining rather large and deep patty-pan tins with a good pie-crust, filling them with stoned cherries in abundance, mixed with enough fine, fresh cracker-crumbs to absorb the juice. Spread the top with well-beaten white of egg. Small cherry puddings made from a biscuit dough like a batter, dropped in deep cups and steamed, are very nice. Drop in the cup a tablespoonful of the dough, then a deep layer of cherries, then a layer of the dough, etc. Do not fill the cups more than two-thirds full. When cooked invert the cups on pie-plate. With the puddings serve a thin sauce made of cherry juice thickened with arrowroot.

To make an egg and fish sandwich, pound the yolks of five hard-boiled eggs and the white of one in a mortar. Add about as much anchovy as you have eggs, and mix in the mortar. Add to this mixture a teaspoonful of butter to every yolk of egg. When it is a smooth mass, spread it on brown bread cut to the regulation thickness of an eighth of an inch. The Norwegian anchovies that come in a keg are considered better than those that come in a bottle already boned. Take the little fishes out of the keg, a few at a time, soak them in cold water for two hours or longer, open them, and remove the backbone. After cleaning them well, lay them in a dish covered with sweet oil until needed.

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

CRUMBED CUTLETS OF LAMB.—You can get the most delicious lamb cutlets from the leg, cutting three slices an inch thick. Mix well in a cup two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and rub the mixture over the slices of lamb. Cover the dish in which the meat lies and put it away for an hour or more. When ready to cook the cutlets spread them lightly with melted butter and dip them in fine bread crumbs. Cook in a double boiler over moderate fire for eight minutes. Serve hot, with green peas and parsley.

GREEN TOMATO SOY.—To make this sauce take two gallons of tomatoes, green, and sliced without peeling; twelve good-sized onions, also sliced; two quarts of vinegar, one quart of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, ground, one tablespoonful of all-spice and one tablespoonful of cloves. Mix all together and stew until tender, stirring often lest they should scorch. Put up in small glass jars. This is a most useful and pleasant sauce for almost every kind of meat and fish.

"Should Spend his Last Dollar."

Rev. Chas. T. Cocking, returned missionary from Japan: "I consider K.D.C. worth its weight in gold; any one suffering from dyspepsia, if he has a dollar left, should buy it and try the truth of what I say. They who give it a trial will continue to take it, I am sure."

Free sample of K.D.C. and pills sent to any address. K.D.C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.