

The Game of Nations

By DONNA SHERWOOD BOGERT.

III.

That afternoon he persuaded her to walk with him toward the river. Somewhere up there Beverly lay sleeping, Miss Dorothea, also, fatigued by the heat of the day was in retreat. But this was Peggy's native element and the dust-laden air was attar of roses to her nostrils. If she wondered why Beverly and her sister had chosen to walk beneath the glaring sun, she gave no sign. Her step was brisk beside his own and little by little, as the velvet sand swallowed their footsteps, Trevanion unfolded his story.

"And all this time," said the incredulous girl, "you have been laughing up your sleeve at Beverly?" "Hardly laughing," he replied, "the greatest respect for Beverly's talent. The things in my possession make me decidedly uncomfortable, Miss Peggy, what would you have done if that poor, hunted creature had begged his life at your hands?"

"I don't know. I—don't—know. Our respect for the Northwest Mount-Ed is almost a passion. I presume, I should have done as you did—if I had the courage. May I see the map?"

Trevanion drew the paper from his wallet. It was frayed and slightly soiled as though from much careful study. Peggy sat down under the shade of a scrubby cottonwood and spread the paper out upon her knee. "I've a large map of the Rockies that I purchased in Calgary," explained Trevanion, "but it does not tell me anything new. I can't even find the names of these two rivers."

"The chances are that they're merely mountain streams. Her yellow eyes gleaming with sudden inspiration. "Why not find them, Mr. Trevanion, find them for yourself?" She turned her face toward the west, where the glowing crags towered to the sky. "Have you ever camped in the mountains? There's nothing like it in all the world! We'd take Miss Dorothea and one of Jim's men to cook, and we wouldn't come back until we discovered why Schneider was murdered! It would be great."

"And you'd go along?" "Go? You couldn't keep me at home! I'll tell Jim you and Miss Dorothea want a taste of open-air life."

"Do you think Dottie can be won over?" "Your sister would do anything for you," asserted the girl positively. "But, of course, she's very timid. Perhaps we'd better not tell her about Schneider and the map."

"Conspirators!" announced Trevanion in a stage whisper. Peggy laughed as they clasped hands on the compact. But later, when she sat beside her bedroom window, staring into the heart of the color while moonlight, her face was very serious. Suppose she was leading Trevanion into danger? Who knew what secret forces of evil revolved about that tiny scrap of paper? If through her Trevanion met disaster—was killed perhaps—

All in a moment she knew that she could not contemplate the desolation of a world without him. The rush of conviction frightened her, so poignant was it, so overwhelming. Creeping into bed, she huddled down among the quilts, trying to fight off her fears while Trevanion slept and dreamed that his head was pillowed on Peggy Herford's lap.

CHAPTER IX

The shrill, little creak in the living room tinkled the hour of midnight. James Herford yawned and tapped the ashes from his pipe.

"Bed for mine," he said half aloud. "I'm losing my beauty sleep." A draught of night air swept through the room as the door noiselessly opened from the outside and silently as a shadow, a man entered.

"Why, hello Beverly. Anything wrong?" "I want a talk with you, Herford. I know it's late, but I waited to be sure Lennox wasn't coming back."

"At your disposal. Have a cigar!" Beverly waived the offer, sank into a chair and stretched his long legs toward the blaze.

"What," he said abruptly, "do you know about your boarder, Trevanion?" "Why—nothing much. Seems a particularly decent sort of chap. Went broke in Wall Street last winter and came up here on a few hundred saved from the wreck. Peg knew him. She worked in his office for two years."

"What was his object in coming—more speculation?" "Looking for a fresh start. I advised him to wait—not rush headlong into anything. Besides he was pretty well done up when he got here; nervous as an old woman."

"Nervous, eh? And he hasn't tackled anything yet in the business line? Just eats and sleeps, does he—and rambles around by his lonesome when you and the boys are away?"

"Herford leaned forward. "I say, Beverly, what are you getting at? If there's anything wrong with Basil Trevanion, I want to know it. Peg's gone on a camping trip with him and his sister and a guide."

"Where?" Beverly's voice was curt. "I don't know. Int. the mountains. Six days ago."

Beverly mused a moment, staring into the fire; then he swung suddenly around on his host.

"I came to you, Herford," he said, "because I know you to be absolutely trustworthy. There's a great deal I'd tell you if the information was mine to use as I saw fit. I will, however, say this: last week you offered me Trevanion's room for an afternoon nap. I was dog tired. Three times I was on the point of dropping off to sleep when a gnawing, scratching sound aroused me. It seemed to come from inside Trevanion's trunk. I thought it was a rat and I wanted to sleep. With absolutely no thought of prying, I opened the trunk and looked in the bottom of the trunk. Sure enough there was a mouse and—"

"Well!" exclaimed Herford impatiently, "well?"

Beverly's next words came slowly. "I also found, among the silk shirts and other immaculate garments, a suit of ragged clothing several sizes too small for a man of Trevanion's build, and a pair of cheap boots with the soles worn completely through."

"That's queer!" "They answered exactly the description of the clothing worn by the lad who disappeared after the Schneider murder."

Herford's pipe dropped and broke unheeded to the floor. "You—think Trevanion—?" "I don't know what to think. It's got me guessing. I had several pieces of a neat, little puzzle; but now they don't fit, unless—"

"Yes?" said Herford, now on his feet. "Oh, well, never mind! I can't confront Trevanion now because I am not ready to force an issue. Keep an eye on him if possible. Don't curtail the camping trip. It may lead to something. There are bigger things back of all this than the murder of an old reprobate."

With a swing of broad shoulders he was through the doorway, leaving Herford gazing after him like a man in a trance.

"Trevanion," he muttered, "Trevanion and old man Schneider—impossible!"

For fully an hour he pondered and then made his way out into the night, across the splendor of chilled, white sands to the quarters. One building, that of Lennox, the foreman, stood apart from the rest. Herford pounded on the door.

"What the devil?" answered a drowsy voice. "Get up," commanded Herford, "and let me in."

Lennox's tousled head appeared in the doorway. "What's eating you, Herford?" He closed the door, and yawning, lighted a candle.

"Dave—I'm worried about Peggy. That's why they took a new one on me. Do you imagine he knows his business?"

Lennox pulled a blanket about him and sat down on the edge of his cot. "Him—?" he murmured. "I've wondered—"

His pause rendered Herford's anxiety more acute. Suspicions of Trevanion, naturally, he could not mention. Beverly had extracted no promise but Herford knew that his silence was taken as a matter of course.

"So have I—since they left—and I shan't feel easy until some one who knows the mountains joins the party. You see how it is—I can't be spared. There aren't more than half the new calves in yet. Can you go, Dave. I'll manage your share of the work. It won't take you long to catch up with them because Miss Dorothea will have to travel easy. You're an Indian at following a trail."

Lennox was severely delighted. The prospect of several weeks' intimate companionship with Peggy made his blood burn. He answered carelessly. "All right. Can start at daybreak."

When Herford had gone, he rose and looked cautiously about him. Then with a sudden, stealthy gesture, his hand snuffed the candle flame, leaving the room in darkness. Then he thrust aside the rug, and with cautious silence lifted a small, tightly fitting trap door of whose existence not even Herford was aware. The aperture was black as pitch, and the air that rushed up, stale and moldy.

"Hist!" he whispered. A scrambling sound followed, and Lennox leaning down, drew a figure up thru the opening. The moon, peering through the cloud, shone for an instant into the room. It touched the foreman's stooping body and gleamed against a pale face disfigured by a slanting scar.

"What's up?" muttered the boy anxiously. "I heard voices."

"So here," Lennox spoke roughly. "I've got to go away—for weeks perhaps. I'll leave you all the grub I can but the rest of the time you'll have to shift for yourself. You can make free of the tunnel but keep out of the shack. The weather's warm now and you'll be all right."

"There's cold down at the mouth to-night. The wind from the river bites like a snake. That's why I happened to be up here under the planks. It got clean through to my 'ide. I ain't the 'alth I used to 'ave."

Lennox's laughter was contemptuous. "You dried-up weasel! You never had an ounce of good, red blood in your veins! Listen! Steer clear of Beverly—Herford—everybody; don't

Nature's Make-Up Box

The first users of radium ore were the Indians of Utah. In pre-Columbian times they employed it (the stuff now known as "carnotite") to paint the bodies a bright canary yellow.

It is work on eminent painters ought to omit mention of the American aborigines, who quite generally were in earlier days wonderful colorists.

It is supposed that the first coat worn by man was a coat of paint. But the early American artist, when he had adorned himself like a rainbow, the final touch perhaps being to make the lower half of his face red and the upper half green, did by no means stop at that.

He painted weird pictures on rocks and the faces of cliffs. He painted his wooden house, or his tepee, with symbolic and descriptive designs. He painted monstrous marks (worn in ceremonial) and also his pottery.

The most precious of all things to the Indians—who even nowadays have not lost their talent in this direction—was paint. A deposit of mineral pigment was to them a mine of wealth. Oxides of copper yielded blue and green paints, and from iron oxide was obtained a brilliant red.

The first workers in the quicksilver mines of California were pre-Columbian Indians. Chianahar, the ore of mercury, is a sulphide of the latter metal, and yields the wonderful red pigment which we call vermilion. Great stuff for warpaint, as well as for other uses.

Not long ago an important deposit of iron ore was opened at Leslie, Mo., and mining operations disclosed the fact that much digging had anciently been done there by the Indians—not for iron, but for iron oxide contained in seams and pockets. For the oxide they had burrowed in all directions,

take chances; don't stir out except at night.

"I ain't looking for the 'angman's noose," the boy interposed sulkily. The foreman's big hand closed on the other's emaciated, strengthless shoulder.

"You let them catch you, my lad," he said, "and you'll never have the chance to hang. I don't know why I haven't throttled you before this, unless it be that murder isn't exactly in your line. You've lied to me right and left—about the map."

The boy began to whimper. "I lost it afore I got out of Calgary, so 'elp me Gawd! A man ain't botherin' with no 'his 'is' paper when he's runnin' for 'is life."

"But you remember what it was—you could draw a picture of it perhaps? See here, kid, I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll just make a little sketch for me."

"I don't remember," the lad whined. His voice rose complainingly. "Shut up! Do you want the place about your ears? Get back where you belong. I've got to start at daybreak. Obeyedly, the boy crawled back in to the opening. A moment passed. Lennox lighted his candle and humming a little tune began to pack.

(To be continued.)

His Motto.

Not long ago the editor of a newspaper asked one of his reporters to interview a man who has made his mark in three fields of endeavor: law, politics and business. At first the man declined to be interviewed, but on the reporter's third attempt to see him he let him in.

"Now, young man," he began, by way of greeting. "I haven't time to talk with you, but I'll do it on one condition, and that is that you stick to one question."

The reporter accepted the terms with alacrity. This was the young man's question:

"What was the most difficult thing you ever did?"

"Well," said the man after a moment of thought, "I should say the most difficult thing I have ever done was to cure myself of the habit of diffidence."

From my boyhood," the business man went on, "I was sensitive and shy to a marked degree. My parents early recognized that trait in me and deterred me all they could from suffering."

"That showed her love and indulgence, but it didn't help to make a man of me. As I grew up my diffidence became more marked. Many times I was refused to enter upon business, as I told myself, 'I was afraid.' I was afraid of events; I was afraid of men. I was in danger of failure everywhere."

"Then one day I picked up a copy of Emerson, and this is what I read: 'Do what you are afraid to do! I took it to heart. Of course I knew that it doesn't mean that you shouldn't be reckless. It means this: when you're on the right road and are sure of it, don't be frightened off into some sidetrack just because the walking is easier.'

"Young man, it took time; it took nerve; if you will, it entailed suffering; but I cured myself of that habit of diffidence. I have been in some mighty tight places. I've had to face desperate men and stand alone in desperate positions; but I've carried out my programme. I've done the things right along that I've been afraid of, and consequently there are now few things left that I am afraid of."

He rose, and the reporter of course rose too. The business man offered his hand and smiled.

"You're a good listener, and your word holds, I see; and you've got more out of me than anyone who has interviewed me in the last ten years!"

Minard's Kidnament Cures Colds, Etc.

even to a depth of twenty-five feet.

Tre was extensively developed in early days among the Indian tribes, and doubtless the pigment produced by this mine was distributed over a vast territory. The miners employed there today, when they come out after a day's work, look as if they were painted from head to foot.

The same diggings in times antedating the white man yielded quantities of another highly valued paint, namely, yellow ochre—the latter being another oxide of iron, often found associated with the red oxide.

A beautiful white paint was obtained by the Indians of the Yellowstone region from boiling springs. It was a white clay, very finely divided, so that when dried it took the form of a powder. They took it out in the form of mud, which had only to be exposed to the sun in order to become first-class pigment material. Some of it had a pinkish tint.

The Indian women, as well as the men, used pigments for cosmetic purposes. But, unlike modern young ladies, they did not try to disguise themselves with masks of white, or to adorn their cheeks and lips with roseate hues, though the white stuff from the Yellowstone springs might have furnished an excellent "liquid powder" supplemented by touches of vermilion or iron oxide. They painted their faces with quaint conventional designs, in obedience to the demands of aboriginal fashion.

The cosmetic paints were kept in tiny earthenware pots made for that use, and were applied with a chewed stick which served in lieu of a brush. But for the execution of pictures or decorative effects the instrument most commonly employed was a paddle-shaped stick, applied edgewise for lines and flatwise to cover spaces.

The French President.

In private life M. Poincare, the French President, is a man of singularly simple tastes and amiable ways. Before he went to the Elysee he used to live with his wife in a very quiet way at a small but delightfully-furnished house on the skirts of the Bois.

Eminently a domesticated man, fond of his home, nothing pleased the President better than an evening by his own fireside, surrounded by his books and with his favorite four-legged companions, a thoroughbred collie and a handsome Siamese cat.

The President is one of those men whose boyhood accurately foreshadowed his future. At school his keenest delight was speech making. Mounted on a chair in the playground, he would hold forth upon any and every subject that appealed to him—a fire, a death, or an event of local or national importance—while his fellow-students listened and cheered. M. Poincare's tremendous capacity for work is largely the result of his mother's training. From early childhood he was taught to be up at 5 a.m., and that habit of early rising he has maintained throughout his life.

SHE THOUGHT DRESS WOULD LOOK DYED But "Diamond Dyes" Turned Her Faded, Old, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings,—everything.

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

Measuring Feed.

Corn in crib: To find the exact number of bushels of well-settled ear corn in a crib, multiply together the length, height and width in inches and divide the product by 3,888. Another method that is simpler is to multiply together the length, height and width in feet and then multiply the product by four. Cut off the right-hand figure and the remaining figures will represent the bushels of shelled corn in the crib.

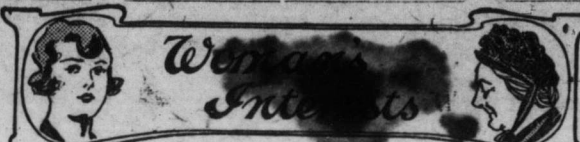
Estimating hay in stacks: It is necessary to find the length, width, and the distance from the ground on one side, over the top, to the ground on the other side. Add the width and the "over" and divide by four. Multiply the resulting number by itself, then multiply by the length. For hay in the stack ninety days, divide by 512, and for 120 days, divide by 488. The answer will be the approximate number of tons in the stack.

Minard's Kidnament Cures Diphtheria.

The man who sidesteps his obligations is apt to find his path a muddy one.

SALT

All grades. Write for prices. TORONTO SALT WORKS. G. J. GLIFF. TORONTO.



Interesting Games

It is easy enough to arrange the entertainment for your party if you have a certain kind of party or a central idea in mind. But for just the plain party, where you ask a number of friends in for the evening and you want to think up games to play that are original and plenty of fun. After all, the old games are best, no matter how you look at it. But there is no reason why they cannot be given a new touch, and that is what I want to do for you today.

There is a donkey game, for instance, where you blindfold the player and make him pin a tail on a cambric donkey pinned on the wall. There are ever so many ways of changing this game. A cap may be pinned on a picture of the host or hostess, or a bell on the village church tower. Or a gun can be pinned on a poster of a soldier or sailor. Young and old like this game, and it is sure to make at least fifteen minutes of your evening go like clockwork. Besides it is very little trouble and gives opportunity for awarding a prize.

The old cobweb party is another standby that never fails to make fun. This can be fixed up in many new dresses. It might make a very delightful game by calling it a telegraph hunt, and having messages picked up on the wires. Various colored strings are wound through the house, each guest being given a different colored wire. Along the wire at intervals are letters tied on, which the guest must collect and from them at the end when he has unraveled his wire spell a message. This gives opportunity for a prize, too. Children will get a lot of fun out of the same party, or grown-ups, too, if bright wools are twisted around the furniture and they are made to knit or crochet up the wools as they go.

A hunt may take the place of a cobweb party and be a little less trouble for the hostess. She may hide various objects through the rooms and set the guests a hunting for them as soon as they have all arrived. These three things make excellent ice-breakers for any party. There could be flower or nut pickings, wild animal hunts, bird hunts, heron hunts and so on according to the nature of the party and the time of year.

"Hot butter blue beans, please come to supper," pleases older folks as well as the kiddies. Instead of having some one play the piano to indicate how near the searcher is to the object which the rest of the players have hidden, have some one whistle. This is going to be hard, because every one is going to laugh and make the whistler lose his job.

Even blind man's buff can become a very modern party game if given a new twist. One way to do it is to blindfold everybody, but on the player who is "it" put a bell to warn the others of his approach. Another way is to make the blind man identify the one he catches by making them answer several foolish questions such as "What is your favorite pie?" "Do you smoke?" and "What is the farthest you have ever been away from home?" The player who is caught may disguise his voice, but he must answer the questions truthfully.

Team games where two captains are elected and choose their partners for some sort of contest are good to play where there is a large crowd. There are any number of these. One consists of giving each player a letter which is hung around the neck, the same letters being distributed to each side. Now the referee calls out a word and the captain must assemble his players in order to spell out the word.

The side accomplishing this first spell a point. The same thing can be played with numbers and games of addition and subtraction done instead of spelling.

Progressive stories where every one is willing to "play" give fun in a small place where there is not so much room to move around. The sort of story it is to be may be announced by the hostess to help the imaginations of the guests. Thus she may suggest a ghost story, a love story, a fish story or a "true" story, making each one add a true incident as the story comes to him in turn.

Charades and pantomime require willingness on the part of the guests, but are loads of fun and need no preparation.

Why Have a Double Chin?

A double chin is never youthful or as attractive as a clear-cut line which follows the contour of the face and neck. And the worst of it is that a double chin is pretty sure to go on getting uglier and uglier as time passes and the flesh increases and the muscles relax.

Avoid becoming overweight by frequently testing your weight to see whether or not it is getting beyond normal. If you find that you are five or ten pounds too heavy, begin to exercise a little more strenuously and to lessen the fats, sweets and starches from your food. Once a week weigh yourself and make a note of this so that you will be encouraged to go on with what little self-sacrifice you may be exerting in order to restore yourself to conditions of health and attractiveness.

Carry the head regally erect, quite as though you were wearing a crown and were exceedingly proud of your kingdom. Make a distinct effort to push the top of the head up into this imaginary crown so that it will rest firmly in place. This simple exercise will prevent the disagreeable forward-reaching goose-neck which gives any one a very common, even an ordinary appearance.

If there is any indication or a hint of overdevelopment of the neck, take daily exercise especially directed to correct the trouble, and bathe the neck twice a day in clear, cool water to make the flesh and muscles firm. Avoid carrying the shoulders forward, as this gives them an awkward, square appearance. Use a firm, small pillow to sleep upon, and once or twice a day take a few moments to relax perfectly in a horizontal position with no pillow at all.

Charmades and pantomime require willingness on the part of the guests, but are loads of fun and need no preparation.

The Klondike Bed.

What mother in our cold climate does not sigh when cold winter nights come and the problem of keeping the covers on the children comes up for solution. Pinning comforts and blankets to the mattress is not very satisfactory. A sturdy kick or an upheaval which indicates turning over, is more than likely to tear either bedding or mattress. And healthy vigorous children simply won't keep covered winter or summer.

An adaptation of the Klondike bed, long used by nurses for patients who must sleep outdoors would solve the problem. It requires three blankets in addition to the regular comforts, but extra long quilts might be substituted for the first two blankets mentioned in the directions given below.

Cover wire springs with building paper, or better still, paper prepared

FOOD PRICES IN DAYS OF YORE

VARIOUS PHASES OF THE COST OF LIVING.

Former Prices, Though Small to Us, Were Source of Discontent.

Loud in the land is the voice of the pessimist. The cost of living is likely to go higher and higher. It goes up to stay. Prices never will come down. That is his lugubrious refrain. It is a refrain that has been heard again and again in the past. Despite it, there always has been the reaction, and prices have come down. Only very few persons seem to have noticed the coming down, or thought it worth while to record it.

The cost of living is not a recent problem. It is a problem that goes back disturbingly through the ages. Henry VIII. had troubles other than the matrimonial ones for which he is popularly remembered. His people went to him with their complaints about the high cost of living, so he took a hand in the matter and fixed prices. He decreed that beef and pork should be sold at a halfpenny a pound, mutton three farthings a pound, goose at fourpence a pound and chicken at a penny a pound. After all Henry may not have been as black as he was painted. We could see his like to good advantage.

However, it must be remembered that a penny was equal in purchasing value to a shilling in later years. Henry did not attempt to fix the rents but then rents were exceedingly reasonable.

When Queen Bess Reigned.

Then Queen Elizabeth came to the throne and people began to howl in earnest about high prices. Elderly persons whose incomes had not increased correspondingly complained bitterly. Money had just about halved in value. For his diet alone the common soldier paid three pence halfpenny a day or two shillings a week, and eightpence a week for his lodging and washing. But apparently the food was all that could be asked in quality and quantity, for Frode says that the English soldiers owed their reputations as the best fighting men in Europe to the abundance in which they lived. The taverns were regarded as the greatest robbers of the age. Petty officials fleeing their right and left, they had to reimburse themselves as they could.

A foreign visitor to England in 1592 noted that women who had not a piece of dry bread at home wore velvet in the streets.

Feasting in Olden Days.

"We had nothing," said Pepps, of a dinner to which he was invited, "but a venison party, a leg of mutton and a pullet or two." He called a dish of narrowbones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks all in one dish, a great trait, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies and a dish of pavans and cheese—a homely dinner. He left record of one dinner of his own at which he was very proud: "a fricasse of rabbits, a chicken, a boiled leg of mutton, three carps, a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a dish of anchovies, and good wine of several sorts." For one of his dinners at a tavern he paid 34 shillings a man. That \$8.50 a plate when the purchasing power of money was many times what it is now was simply riotous personal extravagance, for elsewhere in his "Diary" he tells of having, at an ordinary in Old Exchange, "very good cheer" for 15 pence; and again: "Went to the King's Head Ordinary, but, coming late, dined at the second table for 12 pence."

Pepps, too, belonged to that eternal chorus of pessimists. "I do not remember when I first began to be able to bestow a play upon myself," he wrote in 1667, "that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices, and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and 18d. places—so much the vanity and the prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular."

Of cocklighting Pepps said: "But, Lord! To see the strange variety of people, from a Parliament man to the poorest prentices, bakers, butchers, drymen, and what not!"

"It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put into their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, lose it, yet bet as much at the next better, so that one of them will lose ten or twelve pounds at a meeting."

Storing Meat.

After smoking meat put the pieces in muslin bags, which have been dipped in whitewash. Or make a mixture of three pounds barium sulphate, .06 pound of glue, .08 pound of lead chromate, and 4 pound of flour. Mix the flour thoroughly in a half pailful of water. Dissolve the lead chromate separately in a quart of water and add this and the glue to the flour.

Bring this to a boil and add the barium sulphate. Make the day before it is needed and apply with a brush. This will keep flies away and coat enough bags for 100 pounds of meat.

Miscellaneous may be bad, but a young man thinks it depends on the Miss.