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CREAM OF CORN SOUP

Now that the cold weather is with us once more soups should figure largely on the menus of the housewife. If there is stock in the house clear soups are always delicious, but if not some sort of cream soup is excellent. These cream soups are too heavy for a long dinner, but all right for a simple home dinner or for lunch. This is the method of making cream-of-corn soup. Open one can of corn and turn from the can to the chopping bowl. Let stand twenty minutes and then chop. Put in a granite-ware saucepan and let simmer for twenty minutes. Then force through a puree strainer using a wooden potato masher. Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler with a slice of onion. Remove the onion and add the corn to the milk. Melt two table-

spoonfuls of butter and add two of flour, stirring briskly. Then pour on the hot milk slowly while stirring constantly. As soon as it reaches the boiling point flavor with salt and pepper and serve very hot. Many other sorts of vegetables can be used to make cream soups. Peas in particular make a delicious soup, using the same mode of procedure. Beans also, celery, potatoes, squash and tomatoes, these all make delicious soups. One housewife adds a little tapioca to her tomato soup which gives it an added richness. Another with a liking for celery puts a stick or two into most of her soups to give it a flavor. If soups are liked quite hot and peppery, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce gives the desired piquancy.

THE GOLDEN DOG

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C. Copyright L. C. PAGE Co. Incorp.

CHAPTER XLI.

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME

Caroline, profoundly agitated, rested her hands on the back of a chair for support, and regarded La Corriveau for some moments without speaking. She tried to frame a question of some introductory kind, but could not. But the pent up feelings came out at last in a gush straight from the heart.

"Did you write this?" said she, falteringly, to La Corriveau, and holding out the letter so mysteriously placed in her hand by Mere Malheau. "Oh, tell me, is it true?"

La Corriveau did not reply except by a sign of assent, and standing upright waited for further question.

Caroline looked at her again wonderingly. That a simple peasant-woman could have indited such a letter, or could have known aught respecting her father, seemed incredible.

"In heaven's name, tell me who and what you are!" exclaimed she. "I never saw you before!"

"You have seen me before!" replied La Corriveau, quietly.

Caroline looked at her amazedly, but did not recognize her. La Corriveau continued: "Your father is the Baron de St. Castin, and you, lady, would rather die than endure that he should find you in the Chateau of Beaumanoir. Ask me not how I know these things; you will not deny their truth; as for myself, I pretend not to be other than I seem."

"Your dress is that of a peasant woman, but your language is not the language of one. You are a lady in disguise visiting me in this strange fashion!" said Caroline, puzzled more than ever. Her thoughts at this instant reverted to the Intendant. "Why do you come here in this secret manner?" asked she.

"I do not appear other than I am," replied La Corriveau evasively, "and I come in this secret manner because I could get access to you in no other way."

"You said that I had seen you before; I have no knowledge or recollection of it," remarked Caroline, looking fixedly at her.

"Yes, you saw me once in the wood of St. Valier. Do you remember the peasant-woman who was gathering mandrakes when you passed with your Indian guides, and who gave you milk to refresh you on the way?"

This seemed like a revelation to Caroline; she remembered the incident and the woman. La Corriveau had carefully put on the same dress she had worn that day.

"I do recollect!" replied Caroline, as a feeling of confidence welled up like a living spring within her. She offered La Corriveau her hand. "I thank you gratefully," said she; "you were indeed kind to me that day in the forest, and I am sure you must mean kindly by me now."

La Corriveau took the offered hand, but did not press it. She could not for the life of her, for she had not heart to return the pressure of a human hand. She saw her advantage, however, and kept it through the rest of the brief interview.

"I mean you kindly, lady," replied she, softening her harsh voice as much as she could to a tone of sympathy, "and I come to help you out of your trouble."

For a moment that cruel smile played on her thin lips again, but she instantly repressed it. "I am only a peasant-woman," repeated she again, "but I bring you a little gift in my basket to show you my good-will." She put her hand in her basket, but did not withdraw it at the moment, as Caroline, thinking little of gifts but only of her father, exclaimed,—

"I am sure you mean well, but you have more important things to tell me of than a gift. Your letter spoke of my father. What, in God's name, have you to tell me of my father?"

La Corriveau withdrew her hand from the basket and replied, "He is on his

way to New France in search of you. He knows you are here, lady."

"In Beaumanoir? Oh, it cannot be! No one knows I am here!" exclaimed Caroline, clasping her hands in an impulse of alarm.

"Yes, more than you suppose, lady, else how did I know? Your father comes with the King's letters to take you hence and return with you to Acadia or to France." La Corriveau placed her hand in her basket, but withdrew it again. It was not yet time.

"God help me, then!" exclaimed Caroline, shrinking with terror. "But the Intendant; what said you of the Intendant?"

"He is ordered de par le Roi to give you up to your father, and he will do so if you be not taken away sooner by the Governor."

Caroline was nigh fainting at these words. "Sooner! how sooner?" asked she, faintly.

"The Governor has received orders from the King to search Beaumanoir from roof to foundation-stone, and he may come to-morrow, lady, and find you here."

The words of La Corriveau struck like sharp arrows into the soul of the hapless girl.

"God help me, then!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands in agony. "Oh, that I were dead and buried where only my Judge could find me at the last day, for I have no hope, no claim upon man's mercy! The world will stone me, dead or living, and alas! I deserve my fate. It is not hard to die, but it is hard to bear the shame which will not die with me!"

She cast her eyes despairingly upward as she uttered this, and did not see the bitter smile return to the lips of La Corriveau, who stood upright, cold and immovable before her, with fingers twitching nervously, like the claws of a fury, in her little basket, while she whispered to herself, "Is it time, is it time?" but she took not out the bouquet yet.

Caroline came still nearer, with a sudden change of thought, and clutching the dress of La Corriveau, cried out, "O woman, is this all true? How can you know all this to be true of me, and you a stranger?"

"I know it of a certainty, and I am come to help you. I may not tell you by whom I know it; perhaps the Intendant himself has sent me," replied La Corriveau, with a sudden prompting of the spirit of evil who stood beside her. "The Intendant will hide you from this search, if there be a sure place of concealment in New France."

The reply sent a ray of hope across the mind of the agonized girl. She bounded with a sense of deliverance. It seemed so natural that Bigot, so deeply concerned in her concealment, should have sent this peasant woman to take her away, that she could not reflect at the moment how unlikely it was, nor could she, in her excitement, read the lie upon the cold face of La Corriveau.

She seized the explanation with the grasp of despair, as a sailor seizes the one plank which the waves have washed within his reach, when all else has sunk in the seas around him.

"Bigot sent you?" exclaimed Caroline, raising her hands, while her pale face was suddenly suffused with a flush of joy. "Bigot sent you to conduct me hence to a sure place of concealment? Oh, blessed messenger! I believe you now." Her excited imagination out-nerved even the inventions of La Corriveau. "Bigot has heard of my peril, and sent you here at midnight to take me away to your forest home until this search be over. Is it not so? Francois Bigot did not forget me in my danger, even while he was away!"

"Yes, lady, the Intendant sent me to conduct you to St. Valier, to hide you there in a sure retreat until the search be over," replied La Corriveau, calmly eyeing her from head to foot.

"It is like him! He is not unkind