

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Masters reached the steps which led up from the sands to the seat. Standing at their base, he looked away in the direction of the sea. It was easy to mark the spot where Gracie had worked so hard with spade and pail.

He thought of the child with a pang of pity. For his heart had gone out to her; he had been captivated by her loving, winsome ways. Even now his eyes rested on where Gracie had built her last castle. He could mentally see her gleefully swatching the water overflowing the moat and gradually sweeping down the castle's inverted pail-shaped turrets.

Gracie! Poor little soul! And so she, whom he had mistaken for the governess—this woman—was the mother of that incarnation of innocence and purity! What of the child's future? He shuddered to think of it; it was horrible; all horrible in the extreme.

Well, he would go home to his lodgings. First he would look again—for the last time—on that portion of the sands. For he felt that he would never be able to come there again. He would have been thankful for a breeze just then; his brow was so fevered.

Perhaps there was more air on the sea-wall; he would test it, pass up the steps. There was the seat to avoid looking at; the seat where they had both sat reading—a heart reading heart. Where had been born to him the happiest moment in life; love's awakening.

There was other history about the seat; pencil created. Thereon, before meeting, had been born heroes and heroines, wicked men and wicked women. All to be bound together and pressed between covers later on to gladden or sadden readers' hearts.

Living a romance is less alluring than writing one: Masters found it so. He had been wont to believe in the parts he cast his characters for. He was leaning!

Stumbling up the steps on to the wall, he started to walk home. But he halted, suddenly, before he had taken half-a-dozen paces. No drill sergeant's command ever brought up an absent-minded beggar on parade as did the words which fell on his ear.

"I thought that was you, Mr. Masters!"

Her voice! The voice of his shattered life! The same voice; just as fresh and soft and kind as ever! Her voice, speaking to him! Could it be? Or was it a dream, simply chimera of his brain? Or was this voice—this voice ringing, singing in his ears now—the result of his fevered imagination only?

He feared to turn his head to see. To know whether it was in reality the woman for whom he had been ready to lay down his life—whom he had considered a princess among women; chaste, pure, modest; whose dejection had been recent. Whom he had come to think of as soiled.

Yes! She was there before him in the flesh! This perfidious parody of perfection, this translucent ideal. He waited for a moment motionless; then raised his cap—a merely mechanical act.

Besides, being a woman, what else she might be, she was exempt from rudeness at his hands. Her sex protected her.

CHAPTER XII.

"Aren't you going to sit on our seat? Or don't you need a rest?" it was said archly; the significant reference to our Seat, subtly conveyed. She seemed to have shaken the depression of yesterday. Was she herself; her own blithe, bright self again?

Mechanically Masters accepted the implied invitation; sat. There was a silence; a silence which told her of his speech. Not the silence which comes of sweet accord between understanding hearts.

On her part, she was filled with expectancy—an undefined sense of something being wrong. It was not insensible of the fact that the plumage of his dove was falling. No woman could, of course, endure such treatment.

He needed for speech on his part plain; but, somehow, he was at fault for words. Was yet alive to the fact that she would read him as guilty of childish behavior. The silence became tense; strain was fast becoming unbearable.

A little time passed; she got on her feet—being the kind of woman quick to take offense. The inward felt the more acutely because she told herself, she was the same; had courted it, she had courted it herself.

But that thankfulness did not arrest his anger; made it the greater perhaps. He was hardly in a

state of that judicial calm which should characterize dispassionate inquiry. Being angry, he spoke—after the manner of the angry man—foolishly; said brutally—

"This has been a busy evening with you. Don't you get tired of hugging men? I am the second in one hour."

For a moment she made no movement, no sound—save of the quick indrawing of her breath. It was as if some icy blast had suddenly assailed and frozen her to the spot. Her face retained the same look; she was too amazed—not understanding—too astonished to do more than look. He went on—

"I saw the parting at your back door; I was passing. Saw you slobbering over a man there as you seem inclined to slobber over me."

It was if he had struck her! She drew in her breath to that it sounded whistle-like. Fell back; extending her arms, seemed as if she would push him from her as something unclean. In colorlessness her face rivalled his.

"How dare you—"

Those words were shaped on her white lips. Then she stopped. The lips trembled, tightened. Rising to her feet, the indignation in her eyes as she looked down at him completed the sentence.

He laughed; that laugh with the underlying sobbing catch in it, for his laughter was not born of merriment. Said, righteous indignation shining in his own eyes too—

"Dare! What do you mean? The witnessing of it, or telling you of it?"

She scorned reply; he was really too contemptible! Yet the woman in her bubbled to the surface; she could not resist an effort to hurt him—

"And you—you played the spy?"

A raising of his shoulders, a lowering of his eyes, as he answered—

"Call it so if you wish."

He really did not care what she thought of him; plainly showed that. The indifference roused her; she tried again. Spoke with forced quietness—standing a little way from him—her voice full of contempt—

"There is a man bearing your name in the High Street; a blacksmith. I could understand such behaviour on his part. But—a gentleman!"

Her satisfaction came then; she had hurt. A deep flush streamed over her face, then faded altogether away, except for two red streaks.

"Am I not behaving as one?"

Keenly sensitive to her rebuke, he spoke half-apologetically. The bitterness of the incident was making him more himself. Brought home to him, forcefully, the irony of things.

"Pray pardon me." He rose and stepped towards. "Allow me to see you home."

"Don't touch me!"

There seemed an absolute fire burning in her eyes, so intense was her scorn. She could not have shrunk from him, or found him more repellent, had he been a leper. Her eyes seemed to scorch him.

He knew himself to be in the right; knew it perfectly well; beyond the shadow of a doubt. But standing before that searing indignation, it was he who appeared to be in the wrong, even to himself—his inmost self.

Such treatment hurt. Thought of the gross unfairness of it too was positively stinging. He who was suffering—the victim—to be put in the wrong! To be arraigned by the victimizer.

His blood, his forehead, seemed to be burning hot, the while he was conscious of cold shivers running through him. Was this—he despised himself through him. Was this—he despised himself as he questioned—carrying out his intention? Was he plucking up his love by the roots?

It was weakness—he labelled it so—weakness on his part that her words, her presence, had still such power to move him. He would be strong—strong and just. But he realized the hardness of the task he set himself. It was man's work; he would prove himself worthy of it.

She did not deign him another word; the wound to her pride was too severe for that. Her blue eyes blazed, as perhaps only blue eyes can. She would have given worlds for tears to soften their burning heat, but no tears came. Without another glance at him she turned and walked away—assumed an every-day gait; he should not think she was excited.

He did not attempt to stop her. Why should he? It was better so. Better that the sharp severing blow had been struck than later; clean cuts heal quickest. He would let her get well on her way home before he moved. She must not think he was trying to follow.

Standing on the edge of the wall he looked out to sea. The water wore an appearance of invitation; that dangerous aspect which has proved irresistibly attractive to so many. Right out too, it looked so—so away from everything.

The tide was receding; was going out and away—to the Great Beyond. He knew that if he chose he could go with it. It would be so easy an act, if he stepped off the rocks further down—into the water that was always deep.

Then he pulled himself up with a jerk. Pride came to the rescue.

Was he to cave in, go under, just because of a woman? What a fool he was! What an unmitigated, arrogant fool! Was there a woman in the world—the whole world—worth caring so much for? No. Not one!

But his heart contradicted. He remembered that anxious look on her face, the loving attitude, the feel of her arms as they rested on her breast, his shoulders. His, too, was the remembrance of the warmth of the sweet human breath; her eyes that had looked into his. Then he looked out to sea again; mentally out to the Great Beyond. Asked himself the old, old question: Was life worth living?

Bathos saved the situation. He remembered that a character in one of his stories had asked the same question: Was life worth living? The comic doctor had replied that it depended—depended on the liver!

He walked home.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH EXTRAVAGANCE.

Women of All Classes Said to Spend Too Much on Clothes.

A dozen years ago the simplicity of dress, not to say tastelessness, of the average English woman was so marked that she was held up before the women of the whole world either as a model of unobtrusiveness or hideousness. One served the same purpose as the other, for underlying both was the fact that English women expended less money on dress than others.

The tradesman's wife could never by any chance escape detection. Her clothes gave her away. The shopgirl paid no attention whatever to dress so long as she was warmly clad in the winter and had a white cotton dress or two in the summer. As for the factory girl, she was completely satisfied if she had plenty of feathers to stick in the front of her great hat.

What has happened in the meantime to English women? asks a London correspondent. They have developed a tendency in dress which has made them conspicuously eager for self-adornment and increased their spending capacity tenfold.

The woman of fashion no longer thinks of dressing as she did formerly. The advent of French dress-makers was simultaneous with the new inclinations.

Fashionable dressmakers used to starve in London. Now they become millionaires. I could name a dozen or more fashionable establishments of this sort which are now the vogue merely because English women insist on spending unwonted sums on their clothes. The shopgirl, too, no longer looks like a frump, but dresses, if not so elegantly, far beyond her limited means.

Nellie—"That Clara Sharpe is just the meanest, most utterly selfish girl I ever saw. She never thinks of anyone but herself." Dora—"Tell me about it." Nellie—"I ran in there the other evening for a few moments, and while I was there Mr. Spooner called. It wasn't long before he requested her to play. He's passionately fond of music, you know. Well, what do you think that girl did? She asked him to come to the piano and turn the music for her, so that I couldn't talk to him."

"I purchased a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of Scott's Emulsion."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

built him up, as it has thousands of others. The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of Scott's Emulsion, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get Scott's. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St. W. Toronto

The Farm

FEEDING VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Farmers who are feeding young stock and particularly hogs, realize in a general way the value of skim-milk for feeding them, but they may not be so well informed as to the most profitable method of feeding it. Skim-milk in itself is an unbalanced ration and unsuitable for any kind of young stock as a sole feed. It can be fed more advantageously in connection with some other feed that is unbalanced in the opposite direction. The best balance for skim-milk on the average farm is corn, or other highly carbonaceous grains, and the best balance for these, when fed to young stock is skim-milk.

Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, has gone into this subject with great thoroughness, and gives details not merely of his own experiments, but a tabulation of the Danish experiments, which are of very great value. The profit of feeding skim-milk with corn or corn meal depends very largely on the proportions in which they are fed. Professor Henry's conclusions are that when feeding one pound of corn meal with one to three pounds of separator skim-milk, 327 pounds of meal will save 100 pounds of skim-milk. When three to five pounds of corn meal is fed to one pound of meal it requires 446 pounds of meal to save 100 pounds of meal. When five to seven pounds are fed to one of meal it requires 574 pounds, and when seven to nine pounds are fed to one of corn meal 552 pounds. On an average 475 pounds of skim-milk equal 100 pounds of corn meal.

Therefore to get the most value out of skim-milk, one should feed it in the proportion of one, two or three pounds of milk to one of corn meal, remembering that we can regard the milk as weighing two pounds to the quart or eight pounds to the gallon. This is not absolutely accurate, but nearly enough so for practical purposes, or twenty-one gallons of milk to a bushel. Even better results would be secured if a smaller quantity of milk was fed.

In short, if you want to get the full value of skim-milk, don't feed your hogs altogether on it. Do so is to waste it. If you want to get the full value of corn, don't feed your young pigs altogether on it. Do so is to waste it. By combining the two in the proportions above given you get the full value of the skim-milk and the full value of the corn.

On this basis Professor Henry figures that when corn is worth 50 cents a bushel and fed at the rate of one pound of corn to one to three of skim-milk, it is worth 28 cents a cwt.; but that fed at from seven to nine pounds to one of corn it is worth only 16 cents a cwt. When corn is 28 cents a bushel, fed in the first-mentioned quantities skim-milk is worth 15 cents a cwt., but when fed in the larger quantities is worth but 9 cents.

Constant endeavors are made—except during the Feast of Ramadan, when all evil spirits are supposed to be kept in strict durance in the bowels of the earth—by daily sprinkling the floors of rooms, especially empty ones, with salt or iron filings, for which bad Jinn are considered to have especial aversion, to insure their exclusion from the dwelling places of the "sons of the faithful."

The favorite abiding places of Jinn are supposed to be empty houses, cross-roads, baths, any uncovered jugs or basins or food receptacles and yawning mouths. So good Moslems not only lock their doors when obliged to leave their houses but besprinkle and cover up in so far as they can every article of domestic use whose emptiness would tempt a roving evil spirit to enter into possession, besides making use of the special prayers ordered by the Koran to keep such visitants at bay.

The words, "I seek refuge with God from Satan the stoned," or "In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful," are constantly upon the lips of Moslems, for without previous pious ejaculations of the kind to dissipate evil presences they dare not undertake even the most ordinary business of their day, neither enter or leave a house, meet with or part from a friend, partake of a meal, commence or complete any commercial matter or journey, take a bath, nor even kill any animal for food, lest the bad Jinn take possession as life ceases and work madness or destruction upon the sacrilegious mortal who presumed to eat or make other use of it.

Probably for the same reason is the singing of a continuous antiphonal funeral chant kept up by relatives and watchers from the moment the breath leaves a human body till it is safely hidden away under the sod; usually as short a period as possible among Mohammedans, twenty-four hours or less being the customary interval between death and burial.

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CHRONIC CATARRH RELIEVED BY PE-RU-NA.



MRS. F. CARR.

MRS. F. CARR, Vineland, Ont., Can., writes: "For several years I was afflicted with catarrh, which made life a burden. The coughing and hacking which accompanied the disease was terrible."

"The complaint finally extended to the stomach and I was in a wretched condition. I tried different remedies and the best professional treatment all in vain."

"Finally, as a last resort, I tried Peruna upon the recommendation of my sister in Hamilton. I could see steady improvement and after using four bottles of that precious medicine I was feeling well again, my old trouble being completely a thing of the past."

"To-day I would not take one thousand dollars for what this grand medicine has done for me." Peruna is a universally recognized catarrh remedy. It will relieve catarrh in its most obstinate form.

MOSLEM BELIEF IN JINN. Methods of Protection Against These Bad Spirits. Mohammedans believe implicitly in the participation of spirits (Jinn), both good and evil, in most of the concerns of daily human life, explaining that Jinn become visible or invisible at will, either by rapid extension or rarification, and consequent diminution of the particles of which they are composed, and that good Jinn are immediately recognized by their resplendent beauty, the bad ones being correspondingly hideous and shocking.

Many cultivated Mohammedans even in this twentieth century, says the Queen, profess not only to have seen Jinn but also to have held converse with them, and to possess certain talismans by which the services of good Jinn may be secured as well as formulas by which bad ones can be put to confusion.

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