

## The Hidden Treasure.

## CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"He will lose all the health and strength he has gained if he once gets back into that close room, with Master Crabtree to drive him with whip and spur," said Master Lucas. "I am willing he should learn what he can at home, since Sir William is so kind as to teach him, but to school he shall not go for a year!" and as Master Lucas, with all his kindness and gentleness, was an absolute monarch in his own family, Jack was fain to submit. So he gave up, with good grace enough, the thought of going to Oxford next year, and contented himself with what he could do at home. He was especially anxious to get on with Greek, as Master Fleming promised him a copy of Erasmus' Greek Testament, so soon as he should be able to read it; and with the help of Sir William he made great progress.

Master Fleming still remained in Bridgewater, at the house of his cousin, now and then making an excursion into the country, especially to the homes of Lord Harland and the Knight of Holford, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy. He had been invited to the tables of the most substantial citizens of Bridgewater; but, while he was always ready for a friendly chat upon London matters, trade in general, or other topics, he was no boon companion, and frowned most decidedly on anything like loose or profane conversation. He visited much among the poor of Father William's congregation, especially among the sailors' families by the waterside, and gave a large sum of money to the fund of the almshouses for the widows of mariners, which had been founded and endowed by a wealthy ship-owner some years before. He was often to be found in Master Lucas' shop, sometimes under the pretext of storing his pockets with cakes and sweets for the school children, sometimes merely to have a chat with the kind, genial old baker. He and Jack took long walks into the country on pleasant afternoons, talking of everything in heaven or earth, Jack asking endless questions, and Master Fleming listening and answering with that patient kindness and sympathy which often produces in a young person of either sex a sort of adoring reverence for an older companion. In short Master Fleming won golden opinions from all sorts of people, from the Prior of the convent, whom he informed as to the best means of supplying his house with figs, dates, almonds and spices, to Mary Dean's little children, to whom he gave cakes and toys and more substantial comforts.

Mary Dean's condition had considerably improved since we first met her in Master Lucas' shop, at the beginning of this tale. She had recovered entirely from her injury, and thanks to the long rest enforced by her broken bone, and to the generous diet provided by Dame Cicely, she found herself in better health than she had been since the death of her husband. She was enabled to take in the fine washing and ironing in which she excelled, and which was then a profitable business, owing to the great quantity of lace worn by both sexes. Mary Dean was judged to have the neatest hand of any one in Bridgewater at a lace or art-work falling band, or a lady's stiffened ruff and pinnars, and lawn aprons, and thanks to Cicely's patronage and recommendations, she found plenty to do. She was able to put in order her house, which had once been a good one, and to help pay her way by letting lodgings now and then to the better sort of sea-faring men. Peter and Peggy both went to school, and Master Lucas had promised to take Peter as an apprentice while Peggy was learning under Madam Barbara what would ensure her a superior place whenever she should wish to go to service. Moreover, Mary had received letters and money from her son in foreign parts, and that more than once—not a great deal, to be sure, but enough to be a help to her, and (what she valued still more) to show that her Davy was not the scape-grace his former master would have made him out. In short, as Master Lucas had once prophesied, the sun was beginning to shine on her side of the hedge, and she could well afford to dispense with the charity which had been so grudgingly dealt out to her at the convent gate.

There was one person with whom Jack did not

"get on" at all, and that was his sister Anne. Jack had always loved his sister dearly, it must be confessed on slight encouragement, for Anne's system of religious belief led her to look on all natural affection with suspicion as a thing savouring of "the world," and a hindrance to that ascetic sanctity to which she aspired. For a time, during Jack's long and severe illness, she had seemed to thaw toward him, and to be disposed to give him her confidence, especially after the conversation relating to Agnes Harland, and Jack had looked forward with affectionate impatience to seeing her again. But he found her, to his great disappointment, frozen up ten times colder and stiffer than ever. At first he was unwilling to accept this state of things, and accused himself of jealousy and unkindness; but he soon came to see that it was no fancy on his own part. Anne avoided him as much as possible; she would not sit down in the room alone with him if she could help it, and she seemed actually afraid of him. Jack felt very much distressed, for aside from his strong natural affection toward his sister, his heart was full of the first love and joy of a genuine religious experience, and he would fain have been on good terms with all the world. He made many attempts to put matters on a better footing, but without success. Anne seemed to shrink into her shell more and more as Jack tried to draw her out of it. At last one day, finding her alone in her room, he entered it and closed the door behind him:

"My dear sister, how have I offended you?" asked Jack. "You avoid me at all times as though my presence carried the plague with it. You never speak to me if you can help it, and I tell you freely, Sister Anne, I cannot think it right. Even if I have displeased you, it is not the part of a Christian to bear malice. The Scripture rule is, 'If thy brother trespass against thee, tell him his fault between him and thee alone.'"

"The Scriptures!" said Anne, starting. "What do you know of the Scriptures?"

"I know that much, at all events!" answered Jack; "and so do you, because Father William preached from it only last Sunday!"

"I did not hear the sermon!" replied Anne. "I was praying in our Lady's chapel. It would be well, brother, if you prayed more and minded sermons less!"

"And I cannot but think, sister that it would be well for you, not perhaps to pray less, but to seek instruction more!"

"I seek instruction where sound teaching is to be found!" said Anne, colouring as she always did at the least intimation of blame. "I do not run after novelties and novelty mongers like Sir William!"

"You have no right to speak in that way of Father William!" said Jack, colouring in his turn. "But we will let that pass. One of two things I am sure of!" he added, fixing his eyes upon Anne's face; "either you think I have wronged you, or you have wronged me! Which is it?"

(To be continued.)

## Two Clerymen Agree.

Rev. P. C. Headley, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.: "Although I have not given testimonials of so-called 'Proprietary Medicines,' I can fully endorse the one written by my friend, the Rev. George M. Adams, D.D., of Auburndale, Massachusetts, which gave me confidence in the remedy before using it. Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known, K.D.C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

Dr. Adams' statement is:—"I recommend K.D.C. very strongly; in my case it has proved singularly efficient; when I could find nothing else to give relief, it was a prompt remedy. I should be unwilling to be without it."

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—One cupful of sugar, four eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of cream, one pineapple grated. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten yolks of eggs, then the pineapple and the cream, and lastly, the beaten whites whipped in lightly. Bake with undercrust only.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

Ink stains may be removed from woodwork by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia. Rinse with soda and water.

For stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots, then washed off with clear water.

In a basin of water salt falls to the bottom; for this reason salt fish should not be soaked with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

SPICE CAKE.—Beat a half pound of butter to a cream, add gradually a cup of sugar. Beat five eggs until very light without separating. Stir them into the other ingredients. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, a tablespoonful of black coffee, a teaspoonful of cocoa, same of cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg. Mix together two ounces of cornstarch, one cup of flour, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift, stir in lightly, and bake in gem pans in a moderate quick oven about twenty minutes.

SPANISH CREAM.—One quarter of a box of gelatine, one-quarter of a cup of cold water, the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half a salt-spoonful of salt, one pint of milk, the whites of three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Soak the gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve it in boiling water. Make a custard of the yolks of the eggs beaten and mixed with the sugar and the salt. Pour on the hot milk and cook in the double boiler till it thickens. Add the strained gelatine, water, vanilla, and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Mix all well and turn into moulds wet in cold water. Place in ice chest. When hard serve.

HASHED BROWN POTATOES.—Chop two cold boiled potatoes rather fine. Take a good-sized saucepan—just an omelette pan is best—put in two tablespoonfuls of butter. When hot turn in the potatoes; dust with salt and pepper, and with a limber knife pat them down into a smooth sheet. Stand the pan over a moderate fire and cook slowly for about ten minutes. Now begin at the handle side of the pan and roll them over and pat each roll down until you get to the opposite side of the pan, and the potatoes are in the shape of an omelette. Put your serving dish over the pan and turn it upside down, so that the under side will be on top, and they are ready to serve.

Take K.D.C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

A new receipt for bread pudding has been found, and is presented with the indorsement of being worth a place in the appendix leaves of the housekeeper's cook-book: Soak one pint of fine crumbs in a pint of milk until soft, add three tablespoonfuls of cocoa dissolved in a little water, three well-beaten eggs, a half-cupful of granulated sugar, and another pint of milk. Set the pudding dish in a pan of hot water and bake one hour. Whipped cream flavoured with vanilla is very good with this pudding, or a sauce made from a scant cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of cornstarch, and a cupful of water may be used. Cook the ingredients in a double boiler ten minutes, and just before serving add an ounce of butter and a half-teaspoonful of vanilla.

SKIN DISEASES.—Skin diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B.B.B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood, from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BEYOND DISPUTE.—There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

THE PLAIN TRUTH TELLS.—Constipation, Headache, Biliousness and Bad Blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which acts upon the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, curing all their diseases.