

Knox Sparkling
Lemon Jelly
Dessert

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 2 cups boiling water. Add ¾ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add ½ cup lemon juice. Strain into molds first dipped in cold water and chill. Add dates, nuts, berries, oranges, bananas, fresh fruit—or canned fruit.

If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

I KNOW every woman wants distinctive clothes and hats. Every woman should want distinctive table dainties. By using Knox Sparkling Gelatine you can combine your own personal ideas with our tested recipes.

When you serve **Knox Sparkling Gelatine** to your family or guests you are complimenting and pleasing them with something that is your own creation.

With either package of Knox Plain Sparkling Gelatine or Knox Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine (Lemon Flavor) you can make four pints of jelly. Besides jellies you can show originality in making Salads, Puddings, Candies and other good things.

Wm. Charles B. Knox,
President.

Recipe Book Free

Our book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" sent on receipt of your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose 4c in stamps.

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KNOX

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from page 13)

make; the start for that indefinable goal, the heart of life itself.

His disappointment was evident. He lit another cigarette, threw it away, and stood irresolute. She jumped up and ran to him.

"Never mind, never mind," she comforted him. "It was lovely of you. And I have no sense at all," she concluded gravely.

"Not a bit," he agreed. "I think I'll put you in my trunk again, and carry you about, and look after you. Oh, Hope!" He ruffled her hair. She felt cross, and sorry for him, all at once; aware of a conflict within him, but not alarmed. That *beaute du diable* which she still possessed in its freshest bloom drew him powerfully, and he suffered more than she could have guessed. It divided his soul and body like a sword, and he himself did not know what shook him so. Before now he had sought refuge from his wife's perverse coldness in the companionship of other women, had been carelessly happy, and then had forgotten. But he had never experienced anything exactly like this.

Nor was it solely her youth that drew him.

He knew she did not evade him to enhance her value, as his wife did.

NOT that he had these thoughts. Only a part of his brain was active; the part which he used in the making of money. He trained that.

He kissed the crest of her hair, while she sighed ostentatiously and was rigidly unresponsive, repulsing him with her mind rather than with her body. So he let her go. She went out. He heard the soft click of her high heels down the hall, and hoped fervently that no other ears might be listening.

There was no warmth in his heart at the prospect of going home. He finished packing, and locked up his baggage, feeling singularly alone. His wife would probably not be at home; she might be in town, shopping, or visiting; she loved living in huge hotels. Ten days before he had sent her a wonderful sapphire ring for their wedding anniversary. She had not even acknowledged it. She was not a handsome woman, nor charming, nor brilliant, but her very hardness had given her a long ascendancy over him. Despite himself, he was essentially a faithful man, craving affection, easily rebuffed. And there is something in the name of wife that gives a woman possession of certain keys to a man's inner nature, if he have anything fine in him at all. She was his wife, and in his young manhood he had given her those keys. Nor can any gift be wholly revoked; the period of possession can never be effaced.

His daughter was the only thing he had got out of it all—a jolly little tomboy, slowly changing now into an unusually frank and loveable young woman. Perhaps she could come with him on his next trip. It might save him from—he did not know quite what. From trying, perhaps, to thrust unwelcome gifts on another than his wife.

Now, why would Hope not accept? He could not see that it was, over again, his giving her the dollar. She could not buy anything with it. She wanted chocolates, and could not reach the market. But this time, neither could he buy them for her. And yet, it was a perfectly good dollar he was offering her. If it puzzled her, it puzzled him still more. He thought her exquisitely foolish—a creature at once clever and irrational, the more loveable for her imbecility. He was the acquisitive type. He refused nothing of value, reached out always for more, no matter whether he could buy anything with his dollar or not.

Well, it was train time. With a final thought of her, a fatuous hope that she slept sound, he went out.

Though he could not know it, she was far from sleeping. The car was miraculously recovered of its late affliction. It streamed through the night like a wandering earth-bound star; the pale-grey, dusty road rushed into its devouring radius of light and was instantly swallowed again by the dark, endlessly a delight and a fascination to Hope. She was at the wheel, and Allen, beside her, kept a ready hand to correct the errors of her fearful joy. He must reach his arm about her to do it, but she had grown accustomed to his quiet presence and it did not trouble her. They talked, intermittently, cheek to cheek so they might hear. Once she turned suddenly and felt his long lashes brush her face, and laughed. She liked Allen, and one reason was his forthright honesty, which credited hers, so that they stood on firm ground with each other. He gave her less disquiet than any man she knew. He was not stolid, either; he merely controlled himself as perfectly as he did the big machine. In their expeditions they found themselves in perfect accord, intent on the one thing, the magic of the moment's chance. They talked, with the awful candour of utter, uncalculating youth.

To-night, he knew she had been saying good-bye to Edgerton.

"Kinda mean of me," he meditated, "to sneak the car, his last night. Only a block to the station, though. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"How did you know I was there?" she asked, skidding abruptly into a rut.

"Telephoned—you were out. Waited for

you. I followed you home." He laid a restraining finger on the wheel.

"Well, you shouldn't have. That was mean."

"Oh, shucks. I knew you went there sometimes." His drawl accepted the fact without comment, reprobation, or innuendo.

She shook her head. "Never did, before. This is more fun."

"Aren't you his girl?" questioned Allen directly.

"His girl? No—I don't think so. He's been nice to me. I like him, of course. How do you mean?"

"The limit," said Allen.

She took it in presently. It came to her in the light of a problem. Why should he have thought so? Not being a hypocrite, she made no pretense of anger. Though she did not realize it, that was because of Allen's acceptance of her right to her own choice. Because he had never made it an excuse to be hatefully presumptuous, to assume her discredited authority. But why—?

She asked him.

"Oh, well—he likes you, too. And he doesn't get on with his wife. And he hasn't got a girl here." This was elemental logic with a vengeance. But the force of it could not appeal to any unawakened girl.

"Well, I don't see," she murmured vaguely.

"I think he's nice. He is to me. Has he got—"

"Sure, he's all right," Allen interrupted. "He had a girl in St. Paul, I believe. But that was awhile ago."

"I'm not his girl," affirmed Hope.

"All right," said Allen. That was his phrase; Allen played the cards as they fell. "I believe you, if you say so. You can't ever tell. I wish you liked me."

"I do," she said instantly.

"Oh, shucks," said Allen again. "You're a funny girl, aren't you?" And he retreated into silence for a time.

"You talk," she said finally, with a rather hopeless air, "as though one had to—"

"Oh, well, not just exactly that," he interrupted again. "But—life's pretty lonesome. I like a girl. I used to know a lot of chorus girls in Chicago; jolly kids." He was sufficiently explicit, until she mutely signed enough. Yet there was something primitively clean in his confession. She regarded him with utter astonishment.

"I think I rather like being alone, mostly," she said at last.

"Sure, I know," he assented. "I—You're away off. You're a funny girl."

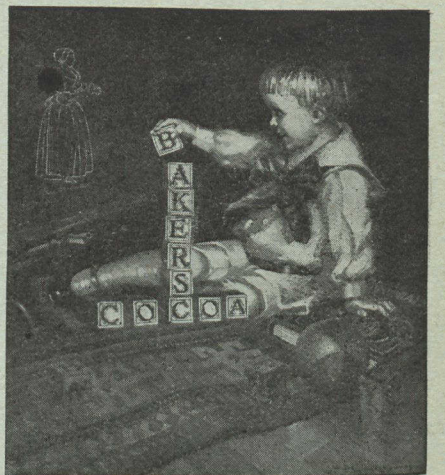
And there was her front gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dressing-room was uncomfortably crowded; Hope found herself in a corner, remote from a mirror and reluctant to take off her wrap lest her assurance should go with it. The dreadful feeling of being alone in a crowd assailed her; she felt goose flesh rising on her bare shoulders, and looked about despairingly for Mrs. Patten and Mary. They had promised to be there, and were late. Eleanor Travers nodded casually, and went on powdering her nose. Mrs. Shane appraised her with a long, insolently inexpressive look and then turned, with an air of contempt, and adjusted her gown with a slight wriggling movement. Hope decided she would be no more beautiful for seeing her own reflection once more, and made her way to the door.

While she waited, drawing on her gloves, she could see Ned Angell at the door of the other cloak-room, evidently not yet expecting her; he had his hand on the shoulder of another youth, and they were both laughing, but in a confidential manner, as over a private joke. So it was, rather, though of course Hope could not know; they had just returned to Ned's overcoat pocket. Ned was in flannels, as were many of the younger men; he even had a cummerbund instead of a waistcoat, but he carried off his dandyism extremely well, as a few men can, by appearing unconscious of it. Hope thought she had never seen any one look quite so "finished" as he did; she even forgave him for wearing a seal ring on his little finger, and that his hand was too small for a man's. His mouse-coloured hair, brushed very sleek, had a high light to it, like lacquer. He looked incredibly useless, and gay; and was both. But for a cavalier at a dance, he was all one could ask, and more, Hope felt, than one so country-cousinish as she had a right to. Now he saw her, and came across the room, and carried her off on his arm.

Inside the ballroom, a long bare apartment meagrely festooned with dusty-looking bunting and forlorn strings of Japanese lanterns against a glaring white wall, she hesitated again, not knowing whither Ned was guiding her but aware of some immediate duty on his mind. He was taking her to the patronesses, and she stumbled her way past them in an agony of embarrassment, tearing a founce on the sharp heel of her slipper as she bowed to them. She got another glance of appraisal there, from Mrs. Dupont, who was Cora Shane's bosom friend, a simile which in that respect implied an amplitude of affection on the part of both. A new girl to them was a thing to be considered. Mrs.



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