

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

It took some time to settle up all the details of "Harker's Ltd." Jasper Vermont had died intestate; and although advertisements were inserted in various papers, seeking his next-of-kin, no answers were received. The money, therefore, reverted to the Crown; and Mr. Harker, taking up his real name of Goodwin, settled in Kingston with his daughter and her husband, who now, thanks to Lord Barmminster, owned a flourishing business.

Lady Merivale never visited Barmminster Castle again. She had succeeded in convincing her husband of the harmless nature of her flirtation with, and patiently bore the brunt of his very natural resentment at the publicity accorded to his name at the trial; though he acknowledged that under the circumstances she could have done nothing else but come forward to exonerate Leroy. Then her ladyship retired into the country with her husband, who was greatly gratified in the dutiful interest she showed in him and his farm. All love of intrigue seemed to have died out when her flirtation with Adrien ended, nor was it ever revived.

Society also lost its fashionable monarch, as far as Leroy was concerned. The vow that he had registered beside the dead body of the girl who had so loved him was religiously kept. He disappeared from his former place in the world of amusement, and the devotees of pleasure knew him no more.

After the funeral, he stayed on at Barmminster Castle for a time, with his father and Lady Constance; but, with

the consent of both, he departed a few months later for Africa, on a big-game shooting expedition. Living the simple but arduous life of the hunters and trappers, he sought to bury the folly of the past, and restore his hopes of a brighter and better future.

One day, about six months after the death of Vermont, Lord Barmminster sat in the dining-room of Barmminster Castle. His eyes, their expression no less keen, but far more gentle than in former years, were bent, sometimes on the cheerful fire, sometimes on the calm face of his ward, where she stood in the deep embrasure of the window, gazing out over the snow.

A book was in her hand, but it was closed; and the wistful look in her sweet eyes showed that her thoughts had flown from the pages of fiction to the realities of the past and the future. Suddenly Lord Barmminster raised his head.

"Constance, what does Lady Ankerston say in her letter?"

The girl took it from the rack on the writing desk.

"She says," replied the sweet, musical voice, "that the Ashfords are well and thriving. She has taken quite an interest in them. Mr. Harker is rather weak, but cheerful, and so happy in the love of his grandchildren."

"Ah!" said Lord Barmminster, "I am glad they are happy, they deserve all the pleasure they can get."

He sighed. "When does the African mail come in, my dear?" he asked as Lady Constance put away the letter she had been reading.

"To-night, usually," she returned with a sigh. A sudden flash rose to her cheek, and her face still glowed lovingly while it lasted, but leaving her paler than ever when it had gone.

"Still wandering," said her uncle sadly, "surely, by now, Adrien ought to have forgotten the past."

"He'll never come back until he does," said Lady Constance softly.

"No," said her uncle with a touch of pride. "He will not come back until he can take up a worthier life with a worthy love, Constance. Ring the bell, my dear, and inquire for the mail."

She obeyed him and returned to the fire again, placing her hand upon the old man's shoulder. Very beautiful she looked, as the bright gleam of the firelight illumined her face, more lovely now because of its tender, womanly expression; and the old man's gaze rested lovingly on her.

"When he comes back," he said musingly, "Adrien will find a sweet prize. He loves you, and his love will increase and endure."

Almost before he had finished speaking there came the sound of footsteps, and the door opened. The girl barely turned.

"Has the mail come in?" she asked, thinking it was a servant.

But there was no answer. The footsteps came nearer, and someone bent down over the old man's chair.

"Father!" exclaimed a manly voice. Lady Constance uttered a low cry, and Lord Barmminster sprang to his feet exclaiming:

"Adrien, my boy!"

"Yes, father, it is I," said Leroy, his voice hoarse with emotion. Then he turned to Constance, who was gazing at him with tears of joy in her eyes.

"Constance, my darling," he said gently. "Will you forgive me my long neglect of you? My eyes have seen you through all the darkness of these weary months. I have hungered for you all the time, and now, I have come into the light, I want you for my own."

As he spoke he drew her irresist-

ingly within his arms, and the old man, with one loving backward look, stole silently away to apprise Miss Penelope of the joyful news.

A month later the church of Windleham was all ablaze with winter flowers, while crowds of happy, rosy-cheeked children thronged the steps and porch, for it was the marriage day of Lady Constance Tremaine and Adrien Leroy.

There were no fashionable silk and satin-clad guests, or a body of mighty ecclesiastics to perform the ceremony. The old rector, who had known them both from childhood, made them man and wife, while Lord Barmminster gave the bride away. She had chosen to be but simply dressed, and followed only by two bridesmaids—sisters of Mortimer Shelton, who acted as best man. Among the few guests there, were also Lord Standon and Lady Muriel Branton, soon now to be wedded themselves.

Adrien had explained the reason for his anger long ago, and Lord Standon too fully understood to continue the coldness which had nearly spoilt their life-long friendship.

Happy was the bride that bright winter morning, and Adrien as he felt her loved arm against his side, was filled with gratitude and love.

"My darling," he murmured as they emerged from the church, "we do not need the world, you and I. We have each other, that shall be world enough for us."

"Not to the world do I owe you, Adrien," said Lady Constance gravely, "but to another woman." Drawing him to the marble slab, which stood close to the porch, she bent down and placed her bridal bouquet of white roses on the grave of Jessica.

"But for her, life would have ended for both of us that summer day."

Adrien was deeply moved by her remembrance of the child.

"My darling," he said tenderly, "we have passed together through the dark shadows. Let us enter now into the sunlight of our love."

(The end.)

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The Housewife's Corner

Several Hot-Breads From One Formula.

Eggless Cream Muffins.—Mix together two cupfuls of white flour, one-half level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Stir in a cupful of cream or enough for a stiff batter (first beating in the pinch of soda if sour). Beat very thoroughly and bake in buttered gem-pans in a hot oven.

For other varieties of muffins omit one cupful of the white flour and substitute a cupful of rye or Graham flour, bran, rolled oats or wheat, or corn-meal, and proceed as before. Any of these may be baked either in shallow loaf form or in gem pans.

For biscuit, use the same formula, adding merely enough cream for a rather firm dough. Knead lightly, roll three-quarters of an inch thick, cut in rounds, prick twice with a fork, let stand for ten minutes and bake in a quick oven.

For shortcake roll this dough into two round sheets about one-third of an inch thick, bake and put together with any fruit desired.

Fruit buns may be had by rolling the dough into a sheet about one-half an inch thick, spread with a thin layer of soft jelly or marmalade. Sprinkle over this a layer of currants or chopped raisins, or of stoned and halved dates, pressing them slightly into the dough. Roll, cut in half-inch slices and bake.

For a delicious steamed pudding, lay the roll in a steamer over boiling water, steam one and one-half hours and serve in slices with hot lemon sauce, or sugar and cream.

The wholesome and economical ways of using cream scraps in baking and cooking are legion, and are limited only by the ingenuity of the cook and the amount of cream at her disposal.

Ferns, Not Aquatic.

Many women are unsuccessful in raising ferns because of too much or too little watering. Usually, however, the trouble is too much water; often the pot containing the fern is allowed to stand in a plate of water for several days at a time. The soil at the bottom of the pot quickly becomes sour under such conditions. A

florist expressed the true state of affairs well when he said, "Ferns require lots of water, but they are not aquatic."

Ferns should be watered well from both the top and the bottom; but as soon as this is accomplished the water-dish in which the pot stands should be emptied and the fern given no more water for several days. The soil at the top dries out more rapidly than that at the bottom; therefore the fern should not be watered from the bottom as often as from the top.

When a fern begins to look sick, it should be turned completely out of the pot and the soil examined carefully. If the bottom soil has a grayish-white color and is soggy, the fern has been kept wet too long at a time. In such cases it is best to refill the pot with new soil.

In general it is best not to water the fern every day. If the temperature of the room is about 65 degrees, watering from both the top and bottom once a week is sufficient. If the temperature is 80 degrees or above, water every day.

Uses for Borax.

To brighten your old faded carpets, rub with warm water and ammonia to which a tablespoonful of borax has been added.

Add to the last rinsing water to make your clothes white.

Use powdered borax to get rid of cockroaches and beetles.

A teaspoonful added to a gallon of hard water will make it soft.

For freckles, add a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax to one ounce of lemon juice and half a drachm of sugar; mix; let it stand for three days and rub on the face occasionally.

Dissolve a little in warm water to clean the teeth.

To clean your hairbrush, add a

tablespoon of borax and a tablespoonful of soda to a basin of water. Dip the brush up and down in this and then rinse and dry.

Home Calendar.

Clean out chests and closets where you are going to store furs and fannels. Clean furs by first gently beating them with a length of rubber hose to remove all dust. After getting dust out, rub hot bran or cornmeal well into the fur, lay away for a few days and then brush out thoroughly. Coarse furs—bear, buffalo or even fox—may be washed with lukewarm water and pure white soapsuds. Wipe dry with a clean cloth, hang where fur will dry quickly, and then comb out with a coarse comb.

Store furs in closet room having a small window if possible, as this will help keep moths away and afford air to clothing that might otherwise become somewhat musty. Pour a little turpentine in the corners of closets, wardrobes, trunk, and containers where the furs are stored and moths will not molest them.

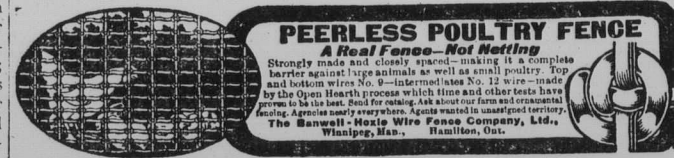
A Handy Laundry-Bag.

This laundry-bag is a great improvement over the old-fashioned draw-string laundry-bag. A wooden coat-hanger forms the top of the bag which curves to fit snugly over the hanger. The opening is formed by a slit from the top, half-way down the center of the front of the bag, and is bound with heavy tape. This makes it very easy to get things in and out of the bag without removing the hanger from the hook. This bag would make a very pretty gift if made of cretonne, having the opening bound with ribbon and the hook of the hanger wound with ribbon.

The Housewife's Day.

Here are a few items for the housekeeper's daily program:—

1. Have a definite plan for each day's work and try to carry it out.
2. Spend at least twenty minutes daily in the open air.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. Work but do not worry.
5. Read one chapter from some good book every day.
6. Drink plenty of water.



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7. Eat regular meals at the table; do not hurry.
8. Get eight hours of sleep.
9. Cultivate a hobby, or have daily intercourse with some friend who is not a housekeeper.

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