

Superior to the finest Japans, "SALADA" GREEN TEA is the best at any price—Try it.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)
When left alone a faint hope rose in Tu Hee's breast, which grew stronger as the morning advanced, that Chu Sing had blundered and was held somewhere pending his confession of her whereabouts. So strongly did Tu Hee wish this to be the case that towards noon she really believed it was, and offered up incense in gratitude to the Goddess of Mercy.

Su was surprised at the relict her prisoner displayed for her lunch. She was mistaken after all in thinking her young charge had been pining over a secret love. Well, it was better so, of course. She could more easily learn to love her husband, for Su didn't doubt her master's intentions in that respect.

Tu Hee had risen from her prayers, in which she had not forgotten to men-

tion the young foreigner, Captain Marsden. She stood now recalling their last meeting. A shy smile parted her lips. What would have happened, she wondered, if their ride had lasted five minutes longer? Her daydream engrossed her so entirely that she did not hear the door open and close.

Chu Sing stood silently watching his prisoner. His face was drawn and haggard, and his eyes bespoke a sleepless night. A sudden change swept over him, however, as his gaze dwelt on the girl before him. It was like a ray of light darting across a black cloud.

"Tu Hee!" he cried, starting towards her, hands outstretched.

Tu Hee swung around, a frightened cry on her lips. For a minute she felt physical pain. It was as if Hope had cut a jagged path through her heart as he fled. She shrank back out of reach of the outstretched hands.

Chu Sing dropped his arms and stood looking at her, while a bitter smile banished the gleam that had brightened his dark face.

Tu Hee, buoyed up by her belief developed from a wish, had been taken entirely off guard. Her face looked pitifully white and young under its make-up, and her blue eyes might have been peering into the very depths of hell, so great was the horror mirrored there.

Perhaps it was a flash of pity that caused the man to turn his back and cross to the other side of the room. After a few minutes of silence, in which he had studiously avoided a glance at the girl, he said casually: "I evidently startled you, Tu Hee. When you are used to my presence I want to talk to you." As he spoke Chu Sing wheeled about and faced her. "I am sorry if I frightened you. My love sometimes blinds me to the fact that you have none for me." As he spoke he crossed to within a few steps of where she stood, enveloped in her old-time poise and her eyes gleaming like blue pools of ice.

"You, of course, know why I brought you here," continued Chu Sing, goaded by her manner—"because you are to be my wife, as I always swore you would be."

Tu Hee's hands clinched, and her lips formed the word "Never," but no sound came.

All at once the man's tactics changed. He came a step nearer, and his voice was almost pleading. "Tu Hee, don't you see I am mad over you? I didn't want to do this thing, but I was mad the night I brought you here—mad when I saw the foreign devil standing in the road accepting your smiles as his right. Something snapped in my brain as I watched you, and when the gates closed I bribed the runners to bring you here. It wasn't a premeditated thing. It was forced on me by my love for you."

"Love!—you don't know what love is, Chu Sing. You don't even know what friendship is or you couldn't have betrayed my uncle as you have." A lightning change swept over the man's face. It was like the lash of grief. His eyes avoided Tu Hee's clear gaze and his hand went to his forehead.

Seizing her vantage point, Tu Hee continued: "I believe, Chu Sing, there is a human spot in your soul. Tell me I am not mistaken. Take me back to my uncle. He will be so overjoyed I shall persuade him to even forgive you, and these black days and nights will be buried out of sight in lasting forgetfulness."

The man's hand dropped to his side. Tu Hee started at the wild misery in the look he bent on her. Shaking his head he said: "It is no use, Tu Hee, I've sworn for years you would be mine, but now that you are here within my power, the gods have made me powerless."

Tu Hee sprang forward. Grasping his hands she exclaimed: "You mean you will take me home? O, Chu Sing, may the gods bless you for this! Let us lose no time then. Take me quickly to Uncle Weng Toy!"

It was almost a paternal look that Chu Sing bent on the eager, pleading face before him. His harsh, domineering manner had fallen from him, and there was a melancholy note in his voice as he replied: "Tu Hee, I cannot do what you ask."

"You cannot?" questioned Tu Hee, bewilderment in her voice. "You say you cannot take me to my Uncle Weng Toy?"

Chu Sing shook his head. "No, Weng Toy, my friend, the best I had, is with the gods."

tened to the maniacal ravings and looked into the wild blue eyes, he bowed his head in bitter repentance. His evil deeds had indeed turned on his own heart and were rending it in shreds.

CHAPTER XV.

"It do missee much good is she go out."

Tu Hee raised her head, shook it listlessly, and sank farther into the depths of the upholstered chair. "Nothing can do me good any more, Su." "It not good missee read that every day?"

Tu Hee folded the newspaper spread out on her lap. "No, take it away. I know by heart now how my uncle was taken from me. If he had only waited for the latrine, as he intended, all would have been well, but poor Uncle Weng, he felt something was wrong at home, so he took an earlier one. Tu Hee just outside the city came that awful collision. He didn't live long enough to send me a message; no, not one word!"

Even the stolid Chinese heart was touched by the hopeless tones, and by the tearless misery in the blue eyes.

As the woman left the room, Chu Sing entered. He glanced apprehensively at the figure in the chair. "Feeling better?" he enquired in a somewhat abashed, hesitating voice.

Tu Hee studied him a moment. Then to the man's surprise, said: "Chu Sing, bring a chair over here. I want to talk to you."

Unmistakably pleased, Chu Sing did her bidding.

Tu Hee's face softened a little as she watched his eager clumsiness. "I think, Chu Sing, you really do care for me in your way. No, please don't interrupt me. I believe you are sincere in saying you are sorry for giving in to your headlong impulse to bring me here five weeks ago; but, frankly, Chu Sing, no words could make me believe you. What has proved to me your real repentance is your treatment of me since I've been your prisoner."

"Prisoner? You are not my prisoner, Tu Hee. I gave you your freedom a month ago. I have considered you and treated you as an honored guest since the night delirium took hold of me."

"Yes, what you say is true, Chu Sing." Tu Hee's voice was a little weary. "You gave me my freedom, but I no longer cared for it. Where was I to go? When my mind grew sane again Uncle Weng had been buried, and I could not bear the thought of going back where we had been so happy together. But now I feel differently about it. Perhaps because I am stronger. I want to go to my home, Chu Sing, just as soon as you can take me there."

A shadow crossed the man's face. "It shall be as you say, Tu Hee. We can start to-day—at once—if you say so."

placed at the left without awkward reaching across or changing hands.

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When cooking fruit for canning or to serve as sauce at meals for the day, I add a pinch of salt, not enough to give a salty taste, however, and I always dust a little salt over the fruit in a pie before adding sugar, and over the fresh fruit I intend to serve at any meal. Until one has tried it it is hard to believe the difference it makes in the amount of sugar required.

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"Wait. Please sit down again. You brought me to your house here, Chu Sing, which, as you know, is one of the rites of marriage."

"No one need ever know, Tu Hee." "But the rite has been fulfilled. I am according to my country's law one-sixth your wife. If you still wish me for your wife I am willing that the other rites shall be performed."

With a cry Chu Sing sprang to his feet. His dark face was transfigured. "You mean that, Tu Hee? You mean you care that much for me?"

The blue eyes met his sadly. Tu Hee shook her head. "No, Chu Sing, don't mistake my meaning. My heart died with Uncle Weng. I warn you I may be a sad, melancholy partner for you. You had better not be hasty. Consider well. There are many happy young Chinese maidens who would be only too glad to be the wife of the prominent official, Chu Sing."

"I care for only one maiden. I shall live only to reawaken your heart, my little Tu Hee. I have loved you from the time I held you on my knee and played with you."

The man was bending low before Tu Hee's chair.

Tu Hee tried to overcome the repugnance that filled her as his breath touched her hand. Why did a pair of penetrating grey eyes intrude at that moment into a soft, well modulated voice sound in her ear: "Do you mind my telling you that it is only when I am with you I am happy?"

But Chu Sing sensed nothing amiss. He drew his tall form to its full height. His shoulders swung back like those of a man who has received great draughts of new, energizing life. His harsh features looked almost handsome in the glow that suffused them.

Tu Hee's misery partly evaporated in the surprise of it all. Wonder seized her that she should be the cause of such a transformation. Surely she was making no mistake in giving happiness to her uncle's life-long friend; for, in spite of differences, Tu Hee knew an indissoluble tie had bound the two men. If the image of a manly young form in the khaki uniform of a British soldier obtruded itself, she shut it away with the curtain of Oriental prejudice.

Was she not a Chinese maiden? Besides, had not his action in going back to his own country, without even a word or note of farewell, been sufficient proof that the foreigner had thought of her only as a passing diversion, easily forgotten?

Yes, the folded newspaper had dealt two tragic blows to her young life. So there was nothing left to do now but pick up the threads and weave anew. Perhaps the fabric would be less colorful, have many desolate, barren spots, but at least she would do her best and not be ashamed when the gods saw fit to let her join her beloved ancestor. And so Tu Hee entered a new cycle of life.

(To be continued.)

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ing, pack into cans then turn cold water slowly into cans letting it overflow until no bubbles come to the surface, then seal. The neighbors used same process and we certainly enjoy the pies during winter; drain off water and use as fresh pieplant.

Sugar-saring cake—Half cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, half cup molasses, half cup sour milk, two tablespoons shortening (butter or lard), one and one-half cups flour. Hot water can be used instead of sour milk. Bake in two layers. Use jelly or marmalade for filling and spread thinly on top, then sprinkle with shredded coconut. Makes pretty and good flavored cake.

—Mrs. J. C.

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Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin. It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies. Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

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Size and Strength of Dogs

By L. E. Eubanks

The largest dog I have ever heard of was the St. Bernard, Philimon—weight 210 pounds, and height (measured at the shoulder), 34½ inches. When we consider mere bulk and weight, the St. Bernard is unquestionably the largest breed of dog, though some others are stronger—anyway, seem to be, because of more pep and adaptability.

Many people will tell you that the mastiff is the world's largest dog, probably because this breed is known to have been used years ago for draft purposes. The mastiff is a strong dog, and a useful one, but he is not, on the average, as heavy as a St. Bernard. The common impression that Newfoundlanders are very large comes from the stories of their rescue work in the water and on the mountains. Their size is easily surpassed by that of several other breeds.

Of course the Great Dane is a big dog—and "all meat," too, astonishingly muscular and powerful, and not a bit slow to exercise his great strength. One breeder tells of locking a Great Dane in a barn and seeing the dog tear the door completely down to get out. A few instances of 34 inches at the shoulder have been recorded, but usually Danes are considerably below this in height.

The most magnificent pair of dogs I ever saw, from the viewpoint of size, strength and efficiency, were "Zero" and "Arctic," huskies brought to Seattle from "north of 65." Each weighed 120 pounds, and together they could draw a sleigh weighted with 1,000 pounds of freight. On some occasions Mr. Scottie, owner and driver, found it necessary to load each dog with a pack of 100 pounds, and as a reward gave them a daily feed of twenty pounds of moose meat.

Any ordinary dog of average size is much stronger than is commonly supposed. A 40-pound bull terrier will drag a 200-pound man all over town unless the man wraps the lead-cord around a post, or resorts to some other stratagem. The dog's feet are better prepared for gripping the ground, and he has more of them, four as compared to two, four points of contact with the earth, better traction than man.

I have referred to the strength of the northern sled dogs. Not all of them are as big as Zero and Arctic, but they are all surprisingly strong. Even the Eskimo dog, regarded as too light for freighting purposes, does valiant service, and the Indian dog, being larger, makes a still better "horse." However, the huskies are the premier sled dogs. Weighing, on the average, 80 to 90 pounds, and with the fighting spirit and determination of an African buffalo, they do not know what it is to give up. Four of them will draw a load of 600 pounds, and go 40 miles a day—5