Antoine, emerging from the darkness,

and speaking under stress of deep

emotion; "madame the widow has

"Why not Cleopatra or the Queen

of Sheba?" I exclaimed testily to

effected her descent in my absence.

"We received her the best we could;

"Is that your idea, Antoine, or do

"Well, sir, she just laughed when I

"It was at ten she came, sir, and the

guard held her up, not recognizing

her, here at the gate, and when the

car wouldn't stop the boys chased her

and fired at the tires of her machine.

It was very dreadful, sir. And at the

house-at the door, sir-the guard

"You certainly made a mess of it!"

I ejaculated. "But you did let her

in-into her own house, we must

remember-you did grant her the

courtesy of a lodging for the night?"

sir, to make her comfortable. She

was not what you might say fussy,

pardon us, sir, which was due to not

the morning she'll probably bounce the

Drove Past the House. .

whole lot of us. An old lady fatigued

"You say an old lady, sir; the mis-

"Really a youngish party, I should

Just what these veterans would call

"Young or old, she would hardly

relish her reception. There was a

maid, and they came in a machine?

Did you put up the chauffeur or did

"It was a hired machine, sir; and

madame sent it away. The driver

was a good deal upset over the shoot-

ing. One of the rear tires was quite

you all arrested to-morrow," I remark-

"You're in luck if he doesn't have

"Mrs. Bashford seemed quite amused

by the occurrence," Antoine continued.

"'Wonderful America!' she kept say-

ing after we'd got her inside. We

gave her tea, which was all she asked

comfortable. And there was a dog.

sir. I recall that the master was not

was a dog, but I reflected that a

corral so difficult a subject as my

uncle would be quite capable of inspir-

ing him with delight in the canine

species. My respect for the woman's

powers of persuasion was intensified

To make sure nothing was required

of me until morning. I drove past the

house with the army hanging to the

footboard. The lower rooms were

say," volunteered Graves, the gardener.

old was a matter of conjecture.

tress is not really what you would

very pretty story."

effort to continue the recital,

call so old-not exactly, sir."

you shoot him on the spot?"

blown away."

ed consolingly.

fond of dogs."

by this disclosure.

"She's retired, sir. There was a lady

took the liberty of apologizing."

but it was most unfortunate, your not

arrived, sir!"

being here, sir."

rest of it."

regrettable."

I inquired ironically.

being warned."

me just what she said."

### AUNT ALICE.

Synopsis.-Richard Searles, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading charshould interpret the leading char-acter. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared. Singleton, an aviator, has just returned (in-valided) from France. His uncle. Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient The household at Barton is made up of broken down employees of a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of pro-Germanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visits of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford. Antoine has formed the male members of the household into a guard for pro-tection. Torrence, Bashford's lawyer, informs Singleton that Mrs. Bashford is in America and may be expected at Barton at any time. Singleton reads Searles' play and thinks highly of it.

## CHAPTER II.

The Amazing Widow.

As soon as Torrence left I returned to the garage, feeling that with Mrs. Bashford on American soil my use of the residence even as a loafing-place was unbecoming. Mrs Bashford was not only in America, but with a motor at her command she might reach Barton at any hour. And the vigorous, dominating woman who had captured my uncle Bash, buried him in a far country, and then effected a hop, skip, and jump from Bangkok to Seattle, was likely to be a prodigal spender of gasoline. Her propensity for traveling encouraged the hope that she would quickly weary of Barton and pine for lands where the elephant and jinrickisha flourish.

I had brought with me the manuscript of Searles' play, and I fell upon it irritably and began reading the first act. The dialogue moved briskly, and I read on as though enfolded in the air of a crisp spring morning. My grouch over the upsetting of my plans yielded under the spell of his humor.

"Lady Larkspur" was the name assumed by the daughter of a recluse naturalist in the valley of Virginia. She had known no life but that of the open country, where she ran wild all summer, aiding her father in collecting plants and butterflies. He had educated the girl in such a manner that only the cheer and joy of life were known to her. Hating mankind, he had encouraged her in nature-worship. She knew no literature except the classics; all history, even the history of the storied valley in which she lived, was a sealed book

The girl's curiosity is roused by the sudden appearance of strangers from the unknown world beyond, whom she mystifies by her quaint old-worldishness. Searles had taken an old theme and given a novel twist to it. The solution of the mystery of the father's exile and an amusing complication of lovers afforded a suspensive interest well sustained to the end. In the last act the girl appears at a ball at a country house in sophisticated raiment, and the story ends in the key of mirth in which it began,

It was a delightful blending and modernization of Diana, Atalanta, Cinderella, and Rosalind; but even in the typewritten page it was amazingly alive and well calculated to evoke tears and laughter. That a play so enthralling should be buried in a safety-vault was not to be thought of, and I sat down and wrote Searles a long letter demanding that he at once forget the lost star for whom he had written the plece, suggesting the names of several wellknown actresses I thought worth considering for the difficult leading role, Not satisfied with this, I telephoned a telegram to the agent at Barton for transmission to Searles at the Ohio

address he had given me. The next day passed without incident, and on the second, hearing nothing from Torrence, I began to doubt Mrs. Bashford's proximity. On the third, still hearing nothing, I harkened to an invitation from friends at New London and drove in the runabout for dinner. It was midnight when I got back, and when I reached the gates several men dashed out of

the lodge and halted me. "She's come, sir," dark, but lights twinkled through the second-story shutters. My aunt was established on the premises, and her coming and the circumstances of her advent constituted a good joke of which I and not she was the victim. When I reached my quarters in the garage I sat down and laughed until Flynn appeared, frightened by my noisy mirth that had penetrated to his quarters.

I wakened early, rang a bell connecting my rooms with the chauffeur's end of the garage as a warning to the Flynns to prepare breakfast, and was dressed when the Irishman came in with the tray. In the absence of a morning paper I clung to him for company.

"I trust you will not be leaving; sorr," he remarked, eyeing my halfpacked trunk.

'Very soon, Flynn," "Then Elsie and I will be going

too, sorr. It's most uncomfortable they're making us-Dutch and the rest. That Antoine and his army keep pesterin' us and callin' us Huns, "It's most disagreeable we find it, the wife and me."

cover my annoyance that my aunt had "Suffer and be strong-that's the "Well, she was expected; the house is watchword! We will hope that Mrs. hers; what do you want me to do about Bashford is a woman of sound sense it?" I ended with affected jocularity. and tact who will exert herself to restore peace on her property. When I call to pay my respects and make my adieus I shall speak to her of the situation and vouch for your loyalty. you reflect the lady's sentiments? I'm You haven't, I suppose, seen the widow yet-she's probably sleeping late." properly humiliated either way. Tell

"Quite the contrary, sorr. She's been up and around for an hour an' more. She's been all over the place "The sneering laughter of outraged and stopped for a squint at the garage, dignity! Go ahead and give me the her and the pup."

"She been here, inspecting the garage?" I asked, glanging at my watch. It was not yet eight o'clock. The banter died out of me; clearly it had been my duty to be on hand to pilot her over the estate, or at least to receive her at the garage. "Just what was the lady's frame of mindwas very harsh with her, sir, most as to things generally. Peeved, was she, over the row last night?"

"Oh, no, sorr; quite cheerful an' friendly. She's ordered a big car from New York and told me it would be coming up to-day and to make a place for it."

Here was news indeed, destroying all my hopes that she meditated only with her; maybe a maid; I can't a brief sojourn. The purchase of a exactly say; and we did everything, machine meant definitely that she would remain for some time, perhaps for the winter. I poured a second cup but quite human-like. I hope you'll of coffee, swallowed it, grabbed my hat and stick, and asked enlightenment as to the course taken by Mrs. Bash-"Oh, it's all right with me, but in ford when she left the garage.

"She took the lower road, sorr, toward the Sound and stepped off

quite brisk-like." It was the serenest of September mornings, and I hurried away, thinkthe cloudless blue arch, the twinkling sea, and the crisp air might serve to soften my aunt's displeasure at her hostile reception. From the conservatories I caught a glimpse of a woman on the beach-a slender. agile woman, throwing a ball for the amusement of a fox-terrier. The two were having no end of a good time, She laughed joyfully when the ball fell into her hands and the terrier barked his discomfiture and eagerness for a chance to redeem himself.

Antoine's equivocal statement as to Mrs. Bashford's age was ridiculous. Instead of the middle-aged woman whom I was prepared to meet, here was beyond question a vigorous, healthy being whose every movement spoke for youth and the joy of life. It might, after all, be the maid of whom Antoine had spoken. I reached a low stone wall that separated the lawn from the beach just as she effected a running pick-up of the ball. She turned swiftly and flung it straight at my head. Involuntarily I put up my hand and caught it just as she saw me and cried out-a cry of warning and contrition. I tossed the ball

to the dog. from a journey cross country and "What must you think of me!" she shot at on her own premises -its a exclaimed. "I was blinded by the sunlight and I didn't see you-really Antoine was swallowing hard in his I did not!"

"I had no business being in the way," I laughed, noting first her glowing color, her violet eyesamazingly fine eyes they were-her fair hair with its golden glint, her plain black gown with lawn collar and wristbands. It was her age, however, that roused me to instant speculation. Twenty-five, I decided, was a maximum; more likely she was not more than twenty-two, and if I had been told that eighteen was the total of her years I shouldn't have had the heart to dispute it.

"Bob Singleton," I said and stupidly added, "and you are Mrs. Bashford?" unable for the life of me to avoid turning the statement into an inquiry.

"I am your aunt Alice," she said with a smile, putting out her hand, "Down, Rex!" she commanded the dancing terrier; "lie down; school's over now"; whereupon Rex obediently sprawled in the sand and began trying to swallow the ball,

"Wasn't that silly of me to try to for. We did our best to make her kill you the first time we met?" Her eyes danced with merriment. "I didn't know of course that any one was about. But you made a very nice catch of Antoine spoke truly; if there was it! I had expected to receive you anything my uncle Bash detested it most formally in the drawing-room, but this really serves very well. That world-skipping widow who could tree down yonder is inviting; suppose we stay out here and talk a bit."

> "Can't we make it Alice and Bob?"

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knavery has limits, foolishness none



### THEIR HOME.

"Ah," said the diamond back, "I've heard that we're wanted up in the zoos away from here, where we're looked after and where folks come and gaze upon us. Some of the creatures around have been trying to catch us for that purpose. It's so thrilling to think how dangerous it is for them to get us. That's most thrilling. They're running great risks, great risks, oh, very great risks.

"It shows how anxious people must be to see us. Well if they are so anxious to see us, risks must be taken in order to get us. That's right. We deserve and expect that."

"You speak truly," said a moccasin snake, and a coach-whip snake hissed.

"I agree with what you say." "So do I." said the rattlesnake. "Everything you say, I agree with but-" he ended off abruptly, for he saw a' rabbit he thought he would like

"Now," said the diamond back, "I will do the same thing myself. I will lie in wait to get the food for my dinner. But oh, some folks I suppose think that we live in any old place-I mean folks who don't know. For I've heard them speak of us as crawling, squirming, ugly, dirty things,

"Dear me, if they could but see the beauty of it here. Above are beautiful birds of rare colors. Of course they wouldn't be here if they weren't above.' And the snake gave a great cruel laugh which made the birds shiver and fly higher.

"Then there are lovely cypress trees about and great vines and mosses over everything. Old Soft-Shell Turtle makes his home here and so do the old alligators. How they enjoy being lazy and lying where it is warm and sunny or else when they get too much of that they go where there is shade and cool.

"All about us there is beauty and loveliness and warmth and laziness. The very air feels lazy. The old swamp is lazy itself. That's why it is a swamp, I believe. It never had the energy to up and be a clear lake or a flowing river.

"It wanted to lie down and doze and snooze away its time in dreamy sleep and in restfulness, without any moving or any exercise.

"Yes, I believe that is why swamps are swamps. They're lazy, they are. But so am I when I'm not getting my



prey. I can sleep; yes, I'm a good sleeper, and how I love to sleep. 1 can dream of what I am going to eat when I wake up and I can dream ahead of another sleep.

"That is being pretty smart when one can dream ahead of sleeping beyond the sleep one is having."

"That sounds rather mixed up," said an old rattlesnake. "I believe you don't half know what you are talking about."

"I know this is a beautiful place and that lots of folks would be surprised if they saw so much beauty about us," said the Diamond back.

"But we didn't make the beauty," said the moccasin snake. "We didn't do anything but come here to live because it was so comfortable and warm and damp and swampy and we could be lazy and yet find food."

"Maybe we didn't make its beauty." said the diamond back. "But we liked coming where there was beauty."

"Oh, all right," said the moccasin. "Ah, yes, I believe in being dangerous reptiles. It makes us more interesting that way.

"I agree with the diamond back That's the way it should be. If folks want to see us risks should be taken to get us, they must come with fear and trembling and terribly afraid we the morning the hands will be healed may poison them. Ha, ha," and the moccasin snake laughed.

"Of course," said the diamond back, "I've no idea which snakes they're wanting for the zoo, but I know they like to get as many kinds as possible. I feel sure I will be chosen, but I'll make them work hard to get me," he ended with a terrifying hiss.

"If Only I Had."

It is not worth while to spend a great deal of strength regretting that you have not done this or that. The girl who sighs, "If only I had been kinder," or "If only I had studied harder" cannot alter her past record by a single line. Instead of saying, "If only I had," say with all your heart, "I will do differently in the future." All, the help regret can give is in the way of changing our future course.-Girls' Companion.



every traveler knows.

Is just because of the homes, the mes, the homes to which it goes."

HOT BREADS.

Hot breads are always liked and with such a variety one may have something different for every meal.

Good Muffins,--Cream butter with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add two eggs, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add one cupful of

milk. Beat well and bake in muffin rings. Sally Lunn.-Beat two eggs, whites and yolks separately, add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of softone cupful of milk, two and one-half

a sheet or cut into biscuits. The Biscuit.—Take a pint of bread sponge which has been mixed with some milk, or add a half cupful of warm milk, a beaten egg and tablespoonfuls of soft butter. Knead well, let rise, roll out, cut into biscuit, place in a baking pan and put to rise. When

very light, bake in a hot oven. Spider Cake .- Take one and twothirds cupfuls of corn meal, one-third of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, sift together; add two beaten eggs, one cupful of sweet milk and one cupful of sour milk, with one teaspoonful of soda added. Pour into a very hot, well greased spider or frying pan. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate

Spoon Corn Bread .- Take one cupful of boiled rice, one cupful of corn meal. Scald the meal with one cupful of boiling water, add two cupfuls of sweet milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tenspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar. Beat well and bake in a baking dish from which it is to be served.

Steamed Oatmeal Brown Bread,three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, two tenspoonfuls of salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, two cupfuls of oatmeal, one-half cupful of molasses or onefourth cupful of molasses and onehalf teaspoonfuls of soda, Mix all the ingredients, and steam two and onehalf hours, if in one mold.

The sun sets every day, and people die every minute, and we mustn't be scared by the common lot.—David Cop-

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not throw away the vinegar from pickled beet or other pickles. It may be used in salad dressing

in place of other vinegar, giving a most desirable flavor and color. When we pay 20 cents

a bunch for celery it is needful that every scrap is utilized. The tender inner stalks may be served fresh or in salad,

the coarser outer stalks cooked and served with cheese in an escalloped let out the steam, fold back the cordish, making a most appetizing and ners and send to the table with a bit not common combination. Then the of butter and a dash of paprika and leaves may be dried and used as fla- salt on each. vor for soups and sauces.

added to a roast of any kind adds to juice and rind of one lemon, one Its flavor.

save much time and many lumps. sugar, Return to the oven and brown, When using lemons, drop them in hot Graham Pudding .- Take one and the oven to become hot. They will then half cupful of molasses, one-fourth of

give up every drop of juice ful in cleaning out small corners and ful of soda and one cupful of raisins. for putting on shoe-blackening as it Add spices to taste and steam four is small enough to get into the fine hours. crevices where dust collects.

it in well and wear gloves to bed; in and bake in a moderate oven. and softened.

strips suited for the burners.

corn meal and a little sugar. This thick, pour hot over the cabbage and makes the slices crisp and brown in cook five minutes. Serve at once. color when fried.

bad as the other, if not worse, as the ered pie and bake as usual. frishman says.

cubes for soup, croutons, stuffings, gem pans. puddings, in ment loaves, in scalloped dishes are a few of the ways of disposing of stale bread.

All the past things are gone and over, are shed. Yesterday's wounds let yesterday

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled Are healed with a healing which night hath shed.

## OUT OF A CAN OF CORN.

Corn is one of the vegetables like two tablespoonfuls of potatoes that nearly everybody likes.

There are any number of ways in which to serve it; as a vegetable, a soup, a chowder, scalloped and in salad are a few of its accomplishments.

Corn Soup.-Chop one can of corn, add one pint of boiling water and sim-

mer 20 minutes; rub through a sieve. ened butter, and when well mixed add Scald one pint of milk with a slice of onion and remove the onion and add cupfuls of flour sifted with two tea- the milk to the corn. Bind the soup spoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Add

salt and pepper to taste. Plain Corn Salad .- Drain a can of corn and season with mustard and onion juice. Marinate with French dressing and let stand one hour, then drain and arrange on a bed of lettuce or chicory.

Corn Chowder.-Take one can of corn, four cupfuls of diced potatoes, a one and one-half inch cube of salt pork, four cupfuls of scalded milk, eight milk crackers, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one sliced onion and salt and pepper. Cut the pork in small pieces and try out. Add the onion and cook five minutes, stirring often. Parboil the potatoes five minutes, drain and add to the fat, then add two cupfuls of boiling water; cook until the potatoes are soft; add corn and milk, then heat to the boiling point. Season with salt and pepper, add the butter and the crackers soaked in hot milk to soften. Serve with the crackers on top of the chowder. This quantity will serve six people.

Mock Crab,-Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of Take one cupful of graham flour, flour. Mix one-half teaspoonful of salt with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of mustard and a dash of paprika. Stir until well blended, then pour on grad. ually one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Bring to the boiling point and add one fourth cupful of sugar, one and one can of corn, one egg slightly beaten and three teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Turn into a buttered dish, cover with croutons and bake until the croutons are brown.

> To know how to eat, what to eat and when to eat is a problem that humanity has never yet solved, al-though she has enriched herself with many inventions .- Emerson.

# ORDINARY GOOD THINGS.

Even a baked potato may be made to look stylish with a few passes of



a knife over it. Use well baked, and shapely, smooth - skinned ones; make two gashes at right angles on the top or side of each potato. Press to

Raisin Pic.-Take one cupful of Add a few tablespoonfuls of salt chopped raisins, bolling water to cover pork cut in small cubes and fried them, two tablespoonfuls of cracket brown to any vegetable soup, and a crumbs, the yolks of two eggs well very little sugar. A pinch of sugar beaten, one-half cupful of sugar, the fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Bake When making gravies, sauces, or the mixture in one crust and cover mushes that are apt to lump, stir and with a meringue, using the whites of beat well with an egg whisk. This will the eggs and two tablespoonfuls of

water to become heated or place in one-half cupfuls of graham flour, onea cupful of shortening, one egg, half a An old toothbrush will be found use- cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoon-

Sponge Drops.—Beat five eggs very When you have rough, chapped hands light and add one cupful of sugar. Add use fresh lard mixed with sugar, using a teaspoonful of lemon extract and fold enough lard to moisten the sugar; rub in one cupful of flour. Drop in tins

Cabbage Salad .- To one quart of chopped cabbage add one-half cupful Old felt hats make the best kind of of vinegar, two beaten eggs, one teawicks for lanterns or lamps. Cut in spoonful of prepared mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, salt, pepper and a In frying mush, roll each slice in dry little butter. Cook the dressing until

Pieplant Pie.-Take one cupful of In the preparation of a meal use raisins, two cupfuls of pieplant, care that the amounts are neither too chopped; half a cupful of water and lavish nor lacking; one is equally as one cupful of sugar. Place in a cov-

One Egg Cake.-Cream together Keeping all food in closed cans or one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of boxes to keep from drying is a most sour cream and one egg. Add a pinch important economy. A cut loaf of of salt, a half teaspoonful of soda and bread left in the air for a few hours is two-thirds of a cupful of milk; flavor dry and unpalatable. All dry bread with vanilla. Add two cupfuls of siftshould be saved for the hundred and ed flour and a teaspoonful of cream of one ways for using it. Toast points, tartar. Bake in layers or in loaf or