



BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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WORTH SPENDING TIME OVER

Now That the Season of Fruit Is Here, Put Up These Delicacies for the Winter Days.

Sweet Apple Pickles.—Make a syrup with three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar, and while it is heating put in about a teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice and a stick of cinnamon broken in bits. When the syrup boils up well, put in seven pounds of good cooking apples, pared, cored and cut in quarters. Turn them over gently with a wooden spoon, being careful not to break them. Cook until you can penetrate with a fork and then turn into jars. More apples can be added from time to time, if you have them in a stone crock, until the crock is full. These will keep for a year.

Spiced Pears.—Take seven pounds of fruit, one quart of vinegar, three pounds of sugar and a tablespoonful each of cloves and stick cinnamon. Put the fruit, sugar and spices in jars in layers, and let stand overnight. In the morning drain off the juice and let it boil up, then pour over the fruit. Report this process, and on the third morning add vinegar to the syrup, and cook until the pears are transparent and can be pierced with a fork.

Spiced Plums.—For the syrup allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and a scant pint of vinegar to every three pounds of sugar. To each peck of plums allow one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace and one of allspice. Wash each plum well with a darning needle, add the spices to the syrup and pour the syrup, boiling hot, over the plums. Let them stand three days, then skin out the plums and boil the syrup down until quite thick, so there will be just enough to cover the fruit. Pour hot over the plums. Set away in a stone jar with paraffin paper over the top.

FOR THE WINTER BREAKFAST

Orange Marmalade and Conserve, Put Up Now, Will Be Appreciated in the Cold Weather.

Here is an improved method of preparing orange marmalade, which is as delicious as it is simple. Pour boiling water over six oranges and three lemons, leaving fruit whole and let stand overnight. In the morning put fruit through food chopper, being careful to save all the juice. Pour one large cup water over this and let simmer one hour. Drain through colander, pour juice over 12 cups sugar, stir and boil ten minutes. Then add pulp and boil down to the consistency desired. Just before taking from fire add one cup walnuts.

Conserve.—Wash well six pounds rhubarb and cut into inch pieces. Cut four oranges and four lemons and skin slices. Put four large cups sugar over all this fruit and let stand overnight. In the morning add four more cups sugar and boil until like jam. When done add one cup chopped walnuts.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Jam.—Take one quart each rhubarb, strawberries and sugar. Mix well and place on one fire and cook till thick as jam. Add nuts if desired.

Fish Croquettes.—Take two cups of cold salmon, two tablespoons butter, three tablespoons milk, one cup of flour, one cup of milk, one cup of peas, three tablespoons of cream, add salt and mustard.

Free the salmon (either cold boiled or canned) from bones and break it up into small pieces. Season it with a dash of salt and mustard. Cook one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoons of flour together, add to the hot butter, mix well, add the salmon and cream. Add the salt and set away to cool. If the mixture is not salty enough add more seasoning. Heat one cup of cream with one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour and the cream. When the salmon mixture is cold and firm mold it into round, flat cakes. Put a spoonful of peas in the center of each cake, cover with another salmon cake, press into a ball, egg and crumb and fry in deep, hot fat.—Pictorial Review.

Hint for Users of Lamps.—If you use lamps—and many of us do, even in these days of electric lights—here is an idea that will prove helpful when you find that the chimney has cracked and you have no extra one on hand. The defective chimney may be made to last over by "adding" one side of the top with a wire hair pin before lighting the lamp. Such a device has been known to keep a damaged chimney from breaking during an entire evening, although when it was taken off the next morning the chimney came away in two pieces.

Maitre d'Hotel Butters.—This is made by working one-fourth cup butter (1/2 cream), then add one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-half teaspoon chopped lemon juice and one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce. This may be served hot or cold as desired.

When Boiling Cauliflower.—Before placing the cauliflower in the steamer to cook it up in a piece of muslin. When ready, it can then be easily lifted from the pot, into the colander to drain. Untie the muslin, and you will find the vegetable beautifully whole.

Watercress Salad.—Wash the cress well, dry in a clean towel. Chop an onion, two radishes, one cucumber, and grate watercress. Serve on heap of lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Louisville, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. The regular matter in which she is interested during the service and is asked to sing. When she returns home, she is surprised to find that her father, who is a member of the choir, has been elected to the position of organist. She is disappointed, but she is also interested in the choir and she decides to join it. She is also interested in the choir and she decides to join it. She is also interested in the choir and she decides to join it.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Of course you are lonely, child, but that is your fault. You are in this house on a footing of equality, and all seem to like you, except Miss Grace—and I must say, her disapproval disturbs you very little. But you don't adopt our ways. You make everybody talk by your indifferent behavior—then wonder that the town shuns your society, and complain because you feel homesick!"

Fran's eyes filled with tears. "If you believe in me—if you try to like me—that's all I ask. The whole town can talk, if I have you. I don't care for the world and its street corners. There are no street corners in my world."

"But, child—"

"You never call me Fran if you can help it," she interposed passionately. "Even the dogs have names. Call me by mine; it's Fran. Say it, say it. Call me—oh, father, father. I want your love."

"Hush!" he gasped, aghast, pale. "You will be overheard."

She extended her arms wildly. "What do you know about God, except that He's Father, that He's Father, and you worship Him as His son. Yet you want me to care for your religion. Then why don't you show me the way to God? Can you love Him and deny your own child? Am I to point to him as my Father in Heaven, but not dare acknowledge my father on earth? No! I don't know how others feel, but I'll have to reach out myself, things through human things. And I tell you that you are standing between me and God."

"Hush, hush!" cried Gregory. "Child, this is sacrilege!"

"No, it is not. I tell you, I can't see God, because you're in the way."

"Then you had already refused Fran before I came?"

"I had—hadn't I, Fran?"

"Fran gave her father a look such as had never before come into her dark eyes—a look of reproach, a look that said, 'I cannot tell back because of the agony in my heart.' She went away silent and with downcast head."

CHAPTER XV.

In Sure-Enough Country, one morning, more than a month after the closing days of school, Abbott, who had been looking for him from his room window as Hamilton Gregory's buggy, with Fran in it, passed. Long fishbones projected from the back of the buggy.

By Fran's abrupt discovery of a broken chair, Simon Jefferson, still, for all his fifty years and his weak heart, it was not to be that he was so pleasant, respectable woman—Simon's mother. How, old ladies do not sit upon creek banks.

The thought of sitting upon the bank of a stream suggested to Abbott that he must be agreeable to pursue his studies in the open air. He snatched up some books and went below. On the green verge of the stream, he inhaled the fragrance of the roses. "I'm glad you've left your room," said Miss Sapphira, all innocence, all kindness. "You'll study yourself to death. It won't make any more of life to take it hard—there's just so much for every man."

"Yes," sobbed Fran, resting her head upon her bosom, "yes, why was I born?"

"You break my heart," he sobbed with her. "Fran, say the word, and I will tell everything; I will acknowledge you as my daughter, and if my wife—"

Fran shook her head. "You owe me no more to my mother than to her," she said, catching her breath. "No, the secret must be kept—always. Father, I must never call you that except when we are alone—I must always whisper it like a prayer—father, let me be your secretary."

It was strange that this request should surround Fran with the still atmosphere of a tomb. His embrace relaxed incessantly. He looked at his daughter in frightened bewilderment, as if afraid she had drawn him too far from his security for further hiding. During the silence, she awaited his decision.

It was because of her tumultuous emotions that she failed to hear advancing footsteps.

Hamilton Gregory took her in his arms and held her to his breast. "Fran," he said brokenly, "my untimely child, my daughter—oh, why were you born?"

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"Some one is coming," he exclaimed, with ill-concealed relief. "We must be seen thus—there would be misunderstanding." He strode to the window and pretended to look out. His face cleared momentarily.

The door opened, and Grace Noir started in, then paused significantly. "And I interrupting?" she asked, in quiescent accent.

"Certainly not," Gregory breathed freedom. His surprise was so forthright that he was carried beyond himself. "Grace! it's Grace! Then you didn't go to the city with Bob. There wasn't any train—"

"I am here," began Grace easily. "Yes, of course, that's the town thing, his delight could not be held in check. 'You are here, indeed! And you are looking—I mean you look well—very well tell you, Mr. Gregory, that I am not ill—your return is so unexpected.'"

"I am here," she steadily persisted, "because I learned something that affects my interest."

She went with Mr. Clinton, but after thinking over what had been told me, I decided to leave the train at the next station. I have been driven back in a carriage. I may as well tell you, Mr. Gregory, that I am urged to accept a responsible position in Chicago."

He understood that she referred to marriage with Robert Clinton. "But—"

She repeated, "A responsible position in Chicago. And I was told, this morning, that while I was away, Fran meant to apply for the secretaryship."

Fran's face looked oddly white and old in its oval of black hair. "Who told you this truth?" she demanded, with menacing gleam of teeth.

"Who knew of your intentions?" the other gracefully said. "But this is no matter. The point is that I have this opportunity. If I go, I must give up my wish to employ you. I have this at once, to make my arrangements accordingly."

"Can you imagine," Hamilton cried reproachfully, "that without any warning, I would make a change? Certainly not. I have no intention of employing Fran. The idea is impossible. More than that, it is—it is absolutely preposterous. Would I calmly turn down what you and I have been building up so carefully?"

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He understood what those wise nods had meant.

the spring time; only those "on the inside" knew that the fateful board meeting had been delayed week after week because of disagreement over the superintendent's report.

There was a great deal of talk about the superintendent's report. "You are a pretty good friend, Mr. Ashton," she said with a curl of her lip. "I mean—when we are alone."

"While we're together, and after we part," he quoted. "Fran, surely you don't feel toward me the way you are looking."

"Exactly as I'm looking at you, that's the way I feel. Stand there as long as you please."

"I don't want to stand a moment longer. I want to sit with you in the buggy. Please don't be so—so old!"

Fran laughed out merrily, but immediately declared that she was laughing because you are unexpected; it doesn't mean I like you any better. I hate friendship that shows itself only in private. Mr. Chambliss is like people to show their true colors."

"I am not Mr. Chambliss, and I want to sit in your buggy."

She was sitting in the Gregory bug, but, most surprising of all, there was no horse between the shafts—no horse was to be seen, anywhere. Best of all, no Simon Jefferson was visible. Fran's heart felt that it was all slow traveling, indeed, even for this sleepy old road!

"Not in a hurry, are you?"

"I've arrived," Fran said, in unfriendly tones.

"Are you tired of fishing, Fran?"

"Yes, and of being fished."

She had closed the door in his face, but he said—as through the keyhole, "Does that mean for me to go away?"

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"Well, then get in the very farthest corner. Now look me in the eyes! They are so marvellously—unfriendly."

"I'm glad you ended up that way. Now look me in the eyes. Suppose you should see the school-board sailing down the road, Miss Sapphira thrown in. What would you do?"

"What should I do?"

"Hush, I suppose," said Fran, suddenly rippling.

"Then you look me in the eyes and listen to me," he said impressively. "Weigh my words—have you scales strong enough?"

"Put 'em on slow and careful."

"I am not Mr. Chambliss for I show my true color. And I am a real friend, no matter what kind of tree I am—"

"Up!" she suggested, with a sudden chuckle. "All right—let the school-board come. But you don't seem surprised to see me here in the buggy without Mr. Simon."

"When Mr. Simon comes he'll find me right here," Abbott declared. "Fran, please don't be always showing your worst side to the town; when you laugh at people's standards, they think you queer—and you can't imagine just how much you are to me."

"Hush!" Fran snuffed. "I hate to be anybody's friend and have my friendship as little use as yours has been to me."

He was deeply wounded. "I've tried to give good advice. I want help in carrying out what I already know."

Her voice vibrated. "You're afraid of losing your position if you have anything to do with me. Of course I'm queer. Can I help it, when I have no real home, and nobody cares whether I go or stay?"

"You know I care, Fran."

Fran caught her lip between her teeth as if to hold herself steady. "Oh, let's drive," she said recklessly, striking at the dashboard with a whip, and shaking her hair about her face till she looked the elish child he had first known.

"Fran, you know I care—you know I mean."

"We'll drive into Sure-Enough Country," she said with a half-smile showing on the side of her face next him. "What! Here we are. All live in Sure-Enough Country are sure- enough people—whatever they say is true. Goodness!"

She opened her eyes very wide—"It's awful dangerous to talk in Sure-Enough Country." She put up her whip, and folded her hands on her lap.

"I'm glad we're here, Fran, for you have your friendly look."

"That's because I really do like you. Let's talk about whatever—how you expect to be what you'll be—you're nothing yet, you know, Abbott, but how did you come to determine to be something?"

Into Abbott's smile stole something tender and sacred. "It was all my mother," he explained simply. "She died before I received my state certificate, but she thought I'd be a great man with one for it."

"And she'll never know," Fran lamented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why She Was Quitting.—A famous Ohio humorist says that a new rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the south to act as their serving-maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't much to eat it was brought to the table in courses. At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said: "I'll tell you, I was in the kitchen house doing too much shiffin' of dishes for de fevver of de vittles."

Theater Used as a Stable.—The Italian theater of Mantua, Pa., is in the opinion of connoisseurs, the most convenient stable they have found in the length and breadth of the peninsula.

The pit boxes serve for mules, horses, or oxen; the galleries are crammed with hay and straw; the balcony is a reservoir for oats; the stage is a good place for operations on wounded animals, while the green room is a special haunt of buffaloes.

For after that no fish, however hungry

My Unfortunate Child—My Daughter

"Oh, Why Were You Born?"

You pray "Our Father who art in Heaven . . . give us this day our daily bread." And I pray to you, I say, my father here on earth, give me your love. That's what I want—nothing else—I want it so bad.

I'm dying for it, father, can't you understand? Look—I'm praying for it. She threw herself wildly at his feet.

Deeply moved, he tried to lift her from the ground.

"No," cried Fran, "I'm not asking what she said, 'I will not get up till you grant my prayer.' I'm not asking for the full, rich love a child has the right to expect—but give me a crust. To keep me alive—father, give me a crust. I need it. You needn't think God is going to answer your prayers, if you refuse mine."