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The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XIII.

"Niu Lang and Chih Nu are weeping buckets this morning," exclaimed Mrs. Claymore to Pep, her white Persian, as she gazed at the downpour from her sitting-room window. "That means Tu Hee will have to meet the Culverts under trying conditions. However, it's only me who'll suffer in looks—the child is such a fairy. My gracious, Pep, if that isn't a woman climbing the hill—why I declare it's Lun! She's coming to tell me, I suppose, that Tu Hee isn't a duck. Well, well, it's a disappointment, but—why mercy, the pure creature can hardly get up the steps! I had no idea she was that old or feeble."

Mrs. Claymore ran to the verandah and helped the tottering, dripping Lun into dryness and warmth. "Why, Lun, you are ill. Why in the world did you ever—"

But Lun let Mrs. Claymore get no farther. Clapping one of the hands that was removing her wet cloak she cried shrilly, "She's gone—gone—the Gift of the Gods!"

The pagan wall sent a chill through the American woman.

"Lun, you are ill, overwrought. Sit here while I get you some tea. No, not another word now. I won't listen."

In two minutes Mrs. Claymore reappeared with a steaming cup in her hand, but it was no use. The cup was only a receptacle for the Chinese woman's tears. Rocking herself back and forth, she gave vent and emotion in heart-rending cries and wails.

Mrs. Claymore, deciding resignation useless, seated herself in a corner and let the woman's anguish have sway. In a few minutes the paroxysm abated and she turned to the other with a little moan.

In an instant Mrs. Claymore was at her side. "Now, Lun," she said softly, "tell me what has happened."

In trembling, moaning tones she told of how Miss Tu Hee, her darling child, had gone to spend two days and nights with Miss Leon Sheldon, a foreign school friend; that when Tu Hee did not return last night as she had promised, she, Lun, had set off at midnight to seek her. She had aroused the foreigners from their beds and learned that their servants had taken Tu Hee home at eight o'clock. They had sent for the runners, but the men hadn't yet come back. Thinking per-

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on the couch. "I know the Culvert and his Uncle Chas were against such an idea, but it was different with David and me. We were more than brothers to me. And you, Helen, you always claimed Tu Hee would bloom like a rose on foreign soil, didn't you?" Helen Claymore nodded. "I've studied the child closely. Deep down she is as much Anglo-Saxon as you and I. She has the Chinese veneer, but it is only veneer—her soul is white. I mean that literally. Her love for her uncle is the strongest link that binds her to paganism. That reminds me, Mr. Weng Toy returns to-night from Shanghai. If you'll put up with me company until then, Grace, I'll wait and see what he intends to do."

"O Helen! do we have to wait till then? Can nothing be done before?" "I don't see how. Mr. Sheldon is doing everything possible. Remember, we are women in a pagan land, dear."

"Do you think," continued Grace, "that if we went to the mandarin's house we might find out anything? Even a tiny clue might lead to something."

Helen Claymore shook her head. "According to Lun, Mr. Sheldon interviewed every servant. Not one of them remained home last night. They were all at the festival. Even Lun was out till ten o'clock."

"Well, Helen, I can't rest here. If it's pouring torrents I feel I must be out and doing something."

"What do you propose?" questioned her friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Tu Hee discovered she was indeed a hopeless prisoner, she felt there was nothing to do now but pray for the gods to take her. But, she asked herself, would the gods help her? They apparently had no pity on her or they would have saved her from this—the disgrace of being in Chu Sing's power. She crept back to the bed, where she sat with her head buried in her hands. She looked up fearfully when the door opened, but it was only the woman returning with a pitcher of water.

Tu Hee drained a glass eagerly and her parched throat called for more, but the servant shook her head. Tu Hee pleaded, reached out her hand insistently, but even as she spoke drowsiness befogged her brain—a queer, helpless sensation took possession of her limbs and she sank back on the bed.

When she awoke, the rain beating against the window and the faint light entering the room announced that morning and a storm had arrived together. Her head felt clear. The memory of the past hours rushed over her again, but not with renewed horror. She was the calm stoic now. She would struggle no more. Death was always within reach. The sound of a chair moving caused her to turn her head on the pillow. The waiting-woman was approaching with a tray of food.

Tu Hee turned away. She knew there had been something in the water that had caused the deep sleep from which she had just awakened.

The servant, noticing the movement of aversion, bent over her charge and in quick, eager Chinese, missees needed it. She not sleep without it, and not sleep means very sick."

(To be continued.)

Flower Wisdom.

A garden cannot live entirely to itself. Even the finest stock needs fresh blood from the garden of another.

A few little purple petunias can spoil a whole bed of mammoth fringed beauties.

Some flowers must not be massed; they are so depressing when past their prime.

Before your roses blossom, sow their beds with forget-me-nots.

All pansies are gadabouts, and take fresh life from change of scene. It takes chrysanthemums two years to recover from one move.

The scarlet runner is worth while; it grows well, looks well and eats well.

Foxgloves are all on the surface; they are a joy if constantly renewed.

When your oriental poppies begin to sulk in the early fall—let them alone! Fertilize deep, if you want strong roots for endurance.

What is easily grown and free flowering is never appreciated by the gardener; if the neighbors are successful with it, down goes its value another peg.

If flowers don't fill a bit of bare ground, weeds will.



He: I was once in love with a girl in this town. I understand she married a broker.
His wife: Surely not broker than you are.

The countryman is neither as sensational nor as glib as the townsmen. He takes longer to think, and he thinks deeper.—Lord Selborne.

Woman's Interests

CANNING THE UNUSUAL THINGS.

After the ordinary canning of the summer is finished, the housewife may turn her attention to the more unusual and artistic phases of the work and devise ways and means for storing the less familiar products.

Some of the less common garden vegetables, put into the cans, will help add variety to the winter meals.

Tomatoes canned whole for winter-time salads are not difficult to do, if one knows the secret of their success. This consists in making a thick sauce of some of the poorer tomatoes and pouring this into the jars, so that it entirely surrounds the whole tomatoes. Select tomatoes that are ripe and firm; sort them, putting those of regular size in one pile for filling the jars, those of less perfect appearance or shape in another pile for making the sauce. Cut these into small pieces after washing them and place over the fire with enough water to prevent them from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Then cook them briskly till reduced to a pulp. Strain this through a sieve, pressing well so that all the juices are obtained; then measure it and to each quart add two spoonfuls of sugar and one of salt. Blanch the perfect tomatoes and cold-dip them, then remove the skins and cut the cores neatly away. Place them in the sterilized jars, packing as close together as possible, but taking care not to crush them, and fill the jars with the thick, hot tomato sauce. Partially seal as usual and process under five pounds' pressure for fifteen minutes, or in the water bath for half an hour. When serving, pour the tomato liquid from the jars and use it for flavoring soups or sauces. The tomatoes themselves should be firm and in fine condition for baking whole or for serving in the form of a salad.

Vegetable Soup Stock will prove a convenient and savory thing to have on hand, for with it a steaming dish of soup may be made in the twinkling of an eye. To make a dozen quart jars of the stock one will require half a bushel of tomatoes, four heads of cabbage, one peck of onions, six green and three red peppers, twenty-four medium-sized carrots, six stalks of celery, two dozen ears of corn and a large bunch of parsley, with a cup of salt. Scald and peel the tomatoes and cut them into small pieces, or run them through the food chopper. Boil the corn, which should, of course, be young and tender, for ten minutes; then cut it from the cobs. Chop the cabbage and peppers after removing the seeds from the latter and cut all the other vegetables but the parsley into small pieces. Then mix all together and cook without adding any water, or only enough to prevent burning, until the vegetables are all very tender. Remove the bunch of parsley and fill the mixture into sterilized jars; process under ten pounds' pressure for fifteen minutes, or in the water bath for forty-five minutes.

A quart of this stock added to a quart of boiling water, then cooked for ten minutes and nicely seasoned, will make a quick vegetable soup; or a pint of it, added to a quart of meat stock and cooked for the same length of time, will provide an appetizing dinner soup.

Carrots in Butter are delicious. Wash and scrape tender young carrots of small size and blanch them for three or four minutes in boiling water. Then fill them into sterilized jars and pour over them a dressing made by adding three tablespoonsfuls of fresh butter to a quart of water; bring to the boiling point and stir in four tablespoonsfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of salt. The dressing should be used while boiling hot and the jars filled to within one-quarter of an inch of the top. Partially seal the jars and process forty minutes under ten pounds' pressure, or one hundred and twenty minutes in the water bath. If the carrots are not very young and not very tender, give them a somewhat longer time for processing.

Cauliflower is not often canned, but there is no reason why it should not be. Only the flower should be used. Break the flowerets apart and crisp them in cold water, then blanch in boiling salted water, using a tablespoonful of salt to each quart. Arrange immediately in the jars and fill with boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt to each jar. Process thirty-five minutes at ten pounds' pressure in the steam cooker, or fifty-five minutes in the water bath.

Canned Fruit Salad requires large, ripe, firm peaches, tender juicy pears, white grapes, and—if possible to secure them—several ripe pineapples and a bottle of maraschino cherries. Canned pineapple may be substituted for the fresh, and the cherries may be omitted.

As to the proportions to be used in this salad, one may use one's own discretion, selecting for the foundation the fruit which is most plentiful at the time of making. Peaches and pears may be used in equal quantity, with just enough of the other fruits to give the desired variety. A pint bottle of the cherries will be ample for six quarts of the other fruits combined, as the cherries are merely ornamental. Scald, peel and halve the peaches

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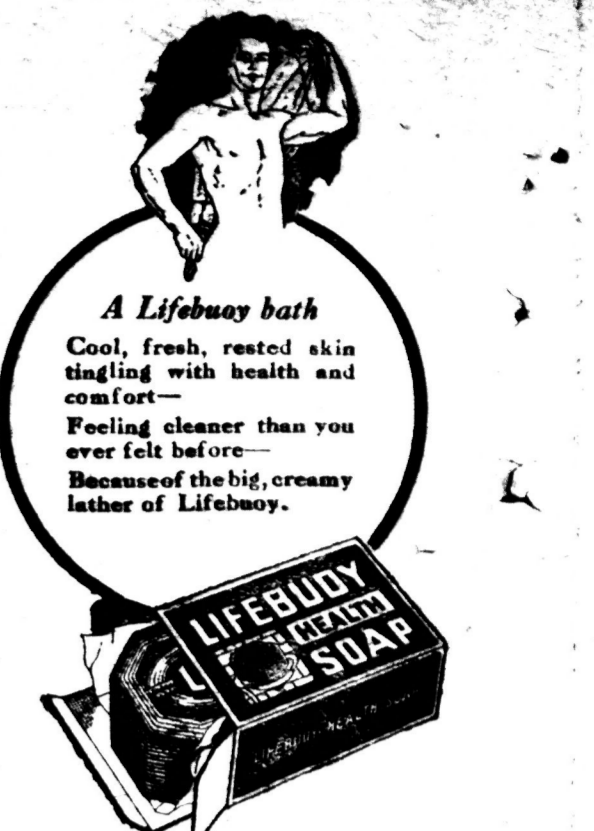
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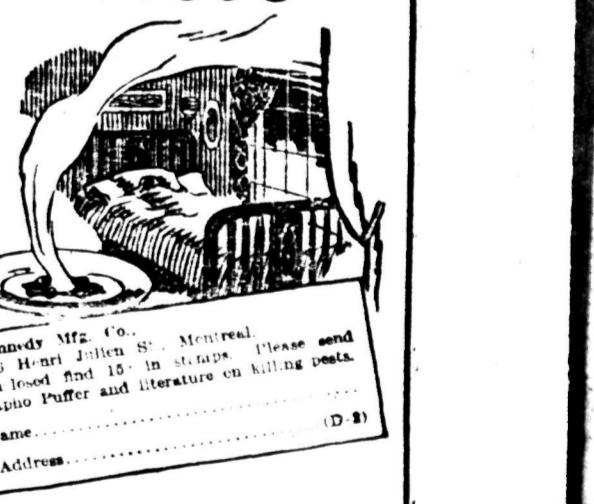
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