

# THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1906, by Francis Lynde

## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

She looked up at him appealingly. "Don't make fun of such things, Tom. Love is sacred."

"I was never further from making fun of things in my life. I mean it with every drop of blood in me. You said you didn't want to find me changed; I'm not changed in that, at least."

"You ridiculous boy!" she said; but that was only a stop-gap, and Longfellow added another by coming to a stand opposite a vast obstruction of building material half damming the white road. "What are you doing here—building more additions?" she asked.

"No," said Tom. "It is a new plant—a pipe foundry."

"Don't tell me we are going to have more neighbors in Paradise," she said, in mock concern.

"I'll tell you something that may shock you worse than that: the owner of this new plant has camped down right next door to Deer Trace."

"How dreadful! You don't mean that!"

"Oh, but I do. He's a young man, of poor but honest parentage, with a large eye for the main chance. I shouldn't be surprised if he took every opportunity to make love to you."

"How absurd you can be, Tom! Who is he?"

"He is Mr. Caleb Gordon's son. I think you think you know him, but you don't; nobody does."

"Really, Tom? Have you gone into business for yourself? I thought you had another year at Boston."

"I have another year coming to me, but I don't know when I shall get it. And I am in business for myself; though perhaps I should be modest and call it a firm—Gordon & Gordon. I built this new firm, and it is all that has kept Chiawassee from going into the sheriff's hands any time during the past six months. Duxbury Farley and his son had deliberately wrecked the company."

"You must not say such things of Mr. Farley and—and his son to me. If you do, I can't listen."

"You don't believe what I say?"

"I believe you have convinced yourself. But you are vindictive; you know you are. And I mean to be fair and just."

"Tell me one thing, Ardea, and maybe it will shut my mouth. What is Vincent Farley to you—anything more than Eva's brother?"

"Another young woman might have claimed her undoubted right to evade such a pointed question. But Ardea saw safety only in instant frankness."

"He has asked me to be his wife, Tom."

"And you have consented?"

"I wonder if I have," she said, half-mustily.

"Don't you know?" he demanded. And then, "Ardea, I'd rather see you dead and in your coffin! You don't know Vint Farley."

"Don't! My opportunities have been very much better than yours," she retorted.

"That may be, but I say you don't know him. He is a whited sepulcher."

"But you can not particularize," she insisted. "And the evidence is all the other way."

"The evidence isn't all one-sided," he asserted. "If you were a man, I could convince you in two minutes that both of the Farleys are rascals and hypocrites."

"Yet they are your father's business associates," she reminded him.

He saw the hopelessness of any argument on that side, and was silent again, this time until they had passed the Deer Trace gates and he had cut the buggy before the great Greek-pillared portico of the manor-house.

When he had helped her out, she thanked him and gave him her hand quite in the old way; and he held it while he asked a single blunt question.

"Tell me one thing more, Ardea: do you love Vincent Farley?"

Her swift blush answered him, and he did not wait for her word.

"That settles it; you needn't say it in so many words. I love you—love you as this man never will, never could. And with half his chance, I could have made you love me."

"Don't Tom! please don't," she begged, trying to free her hand.

"I must, for this once; then we'll quit and go back to the former things. You said a while ago that I was vindictive; I'll show you that I am not. When the time comes for me to put my foot on Vint Farley's neck, I'm going to spare him for your sake. Then you'll know what it means to have a man's love. Good-by; I'm coming over for a few minutes this evening if you'll let me."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Brother Japheth had concluded some business at the new foundry and the architect who was building the latest extension to the pipe-pit floor was heading across the yard to consult the young boss. Pettigrass paused with his foot in the stirrup to say, "Old Tike Bryerson's on the rampage ag'in; folks up at the valley head say he's a-lookin' for you, Tom-Jeff."

"For me?" said Tom; then he laugh-

ed easily. "I don't owe him anything, and I'm not very hard to find. What's the matter?"

He thought it a little singular at the time that Japheth gave him a curious look and mounted and rode away without answering his question. But the building activities were clamoring for time and attention, and his father was waiting to consult him about a run of iron that was not quite up to the pipe-making test requirements. So he forgot Japheth's half-accusing glance at parting, and the implied warning that had preceded it, until an incident at the day's end reminded him of both.

The incident turned on the fact of his walking home. Ordinarily he struck work when the furnace whistle blew, riding home with his father behind old Longfellow; but on this particular evening Kinderling, the architect, missed his South Tredegar train, and Tom spent an extra hour with him, discussing further and future possibilities of expansion. Kinderling got away on a later train, and Tom closed his office and took the long mile up the pike afoot in the dusk of the autumn evening, thinking pointedly of many things mechanical and industrial, and never by any chance fore-reaching to the epoch-marking event that was awaiting him at the Woodlawn gate.

His hand was upon the latch of the ornamental side wicket opening on the home foot-path when a woman, crouching in the shadow of the great-gate pillar, rose suddenly and stood before him. He did not recognize her at first; it was nearly dark, and her head was snooded in a shawl. Then she spoke, and he saw that it was Nancy Bryerson—a Nan sadly and terribly changed, but must much of the wild-creature of face and form still remaining.

"You done forgot me, Tom-Jeff?" she asked; and then, at his start of recognition: "I allow I have changed some."

"Surely I haven't forgotten you, Nan. But you took me by surprise; and I can't see in the dark any better than most people. What are you doing down here in the valley so late in the evening?" He tried to say it superiorly, paternally, as an older man might have said it.

"You allow it ain't fittin' for me to be out alone after night?" she, with a hard little laugh. "I reckon it ain't goin' to hurt me none; anyways, I had to come. Paw's been red-eyed for a week, and he's huntin' for you, Tom-Jeff."

"Hunting for me? Well, I'm not very hard to find," he said, unconsciously repeating the answer he had made to the horse-trader's warning.

"Couldn't you make out to go off somewheres for a little spell?" she asked, half-pleadingly.

"Run away, you mean? Hardly; I'm too busy just at present. Besides, I haven't any quarrel with your father, what's he making trouble about now?"

She put her face in her hands, and though she was silent, he could see that sobs were shaking her. Being neither more nor less than a man, her tears made him foolish. He put his arm around her and tried to find the comforting word.

How Ardea and Miss Euphrasia, going the roundabout way from one house to the other to avoid the dew-wet grass of the lawns, came fairly within arm's-reach before he saw or heard them, remained a thing inexplicable. But when he looked up they were there, Miss Euphrasia straightening herself aloof in virtuous disapproval, and Ardea looking as if some one had suddenly shown her the head of Medusa.

Tom separated himself from Nan in hot-hearted confusion and stood as a culprit taken in the act. Nan hid her face again and turned away. It was Miss Dabney the younger who found words to break the smothering silence.

"Don't mind us, Mr. Gordon," she said, jolly. "We were going to Woodlawn to see if your father and mother could come over after dinner."

Tom smote himself alive and made haste to open the foot-path gate for them. There was nothing more said, or to be said; but when they were gone and he was once more alone with Nan, he was fighting desperately with a very manlike desire to smash something; to relieve the wrathful pressure by hurting somebody.

"You were going to tell me about your father," he said, striving to hold the interruption as if it had not been, and yet tingling in every nerve to be free. "Did you come all the way down the mountain to warn me?"

"I had to come anyway. He run me out, paw did."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Tom, prickling now with a new sensation. "And you haven't any place to stay?"

She shook her head.

"No. I was allowin' maybe your paw'd let me sleep where you-uns keep the hawsses—jest for a little spell till I could make out what-all I'm goin' to do."

He was too rageful to be quite clear-sighted. Yet he conceived that he had a duty laid on him. Once in the foolish, infatuated long-ago he had told her he would take care of her; he remembered it; doubtless she was re-

membering it, too. But her suggestion was not to be considered for a moment.

"I can't let you go to the stables," he objected. "The horse-boys sleep there. But I'll put a roof over you, some way. Wait here a minute till I come back."

His thought was to go to his mother and ask her help; but half-way to the house his courage failed him. Since the breach in spiritual confidence he had been better able to see the lovable side of his mother's faith; but he could not be blind to that quality of hardness in it which, even in such chastened souls as Martha Gordon's, finds expression in woman's inhumanity to woman. Besides, Ardea and her cousin were still in the way.

He swung on his heel undecided. On the hillside back of the new foundry there was a one-roomed cabin built on the Gordon land years before by a hermit watchman of the Chiawassee plant. It was vacant, and Tom remembered that the few bits of furniture had not been removed when the old watchman died. Would the miserable shack do for a temporary refuge for the outcast? He concluded it would have to do; and making a wide circuit of the house, he went around to the stables to harness Longfellow to the buggy. Luckily, the negroes were all in the detached kitchen, eating their supper, so he was able to go and come undetected.

When he drove down to the gate he found Nan waiting where he had left her; but now she had a bundle in her arms. As he got out to swing the driveway grille, the house door opened; a flood of light from the hall lamp banded the lawn, and there were voices and footsteps on the veranda. He flung a nervous glance over his shoulder; Ardea and her cousin were returning down the foot-path. Wherefore he made haste, meaning not to be caught again, if he could help it. But the fates were against him. Longfellow, snatched ruthlessly from his half-emptied box, made equine protest, yawning and veering and earning himself a savage cut of the whip before he consented to place the buggy at the stone mounting-step.

"Quick!" said Tom, flinging the reins on the dashboard. Chuck your bundle under the seat and climb in!"

But Nan was provokingly slow, and when she tried to get in with the bundle still in her arms, the buggy hood was in the way. Tom had to help her, was in the act of lifting her to the step, when the wicket latch clicked and Ardea and Miss Euphrasia came out. They passed on without comment, but Tom could feel the electric shock of righteous scorn through the back of his head. That was why he drove half-way to the lower end of the pike before he turned on Nan to say:

"What's in that bundle you're so careful of? Why don't you put it under the seat?"

"I reckon you wouldn't want me to do that, Tom-Jeff," she answered, simply. "It's my baby—my little Tom."

He was struck dumb. It often happens that in the fiercest storm of gossip the one most nearly concerned goes his way without so much as suspecting that the sun is hidden. But Tom had not been exposed to the violence of the storm. Nan's shame was old, and the gossip tongues had wagged themselves weary two years before, when the child was born. So Tom was quite free to think only of his companion. A great anger rose and swelled in his heart. What scoundrel had taken advantage of an ignorance so profound as to be the blood sister of innocence? He would have given much to know; and yet the true delicacy of a manly soul made him hold his peace. Thus it befell that they drove in silence to the deserted cabin on the hillside; and Tom went down to the foundry office and brought a lamp for light. The cabin was a mere shelter; but when he would have made excuses, Nan stopped him.

"It's as good as I been usen to, as you know mighty well, Tom-Jeff. I only wish—"

He was on his knees at the hearth, kindling a fire, and he looked up to see why she did not finish. She was sitting on the edge of the old watchman's rude bed, bowed low over the sleeping child, and again sobs were shaking her like an ague fit. There was something heartrending in this silent, wordless anguish; but there was nothing to be said, and Tom went on making the fire. After a little she sat up and continued monotonously:

"He was liken to me thataway, too; the Man 'at I heard your Uncle Silas tellin' about one night when I sot on the doorstep at Little Zoar—He hadn't no door to lay His'n head; not so much as the red foxes 'r the birds \* \* \* and I hain't."

The blaze was racing up the chimney now with a cheerful roar, and Tom rose to his feet, every good emotion in him stirring to its awakening.

"Such as it is, Nan, this place is yours, for as long as you want to stay," he said, soberly. And then: "You straighten things around here to suit you, and I'll be back in a little while."

He was gone less than half an hour, but in that short interval he lighted another fire; a blaze of curiosity and comment to tingle the ears and loosen the tongues of the circle of loungers in Hargis' store in Gordonla. He ignored the stove-hugging contingent pointedly while he was giving his curt orders to the storekeeper; and the contingent avenged itself when he was out of hearing.

"Te-hee!" chuckled Simeon Cantrell the elder, pursing his lips around the stem of his corn-cob pipe; "looks like Tom-Jeff was goin' to house-keepin' right late in the eventin'."

"By gol, I wonder what's doin'?" said another. "Reckon he's done tuk up with Nan Bryerson, afte' all's been said an' done?"

(To be continued.)

## PROPER CARE OF MATTRESS

Bedding Not Hard to Keep in Condition, Though Constant Care Is Necessary.

An immaculate mattress is more than the sign of a good housewife. It is essential to good health. Even a clean sheet, will not keep a sensitive person from shrinking if the mattress looks queer.

There need be little excuse for any dust if care be taken. Every mattress should have a twilled muslin cover that buttons on, so that it can be frequently washed.

If a mattress is for a big double bed it should be in two parts for easier turning. The extra-careful housewife pulls the mattress up over the foot-board each morning, so that it airs on all sides. It should at least be turned once a day, not always in the same direction. This prevents the ugly ridge when two are sleeping in the bed.

Rubber sheeting should be used under the linen in cases of sickness. In an emergency folded newspapers are a good substitute.

The easiest way to clean a mattress is by the vacuum cleaner. If it must be done at home, put it in a slightly dampened sheet and beat with a wicker carpet beater until all the dirt seems to be out; then take a new sheet, turn the mattress and repeat.

## AMERICAN PATE DE FOI GRAS

Imitation of European Delicacy That Is Easily Within the Reach of All.

Take 1 pound of beef liver, 1 large onion, (cut into quarters), 3 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon of mixed herbs (1 use sage and sweet marjoram), 4 or 5 cloves, and 2 or 3 dashes of nutmeg. Cook slowly about 20 minutes. Be careful that it does not stick or burn. Strain off the liquid. There should be only a little. Now remove skin and coarse parts from liver—and run liver through meat grinder (or grade it if you have no grinder). It should be light and fluffy like meal. Add the liquid, a little white pepper, a pinch of cayenne and another teaspoon of mixed herbs. Knead together like dough and add one-half cup melted butter, salt to taste, put into a large cup (I use jelly glasses), and set in a pan of hot water on the stove for a few minutes. When hot through take up, cover with buttered paper and put on the cover of glass. Set in a cool place 3 or 4 hours. This will have the consistency of firm table butter.

## Fish and Lemon Sauce.

Take a three-pound fish. Clean, cut and sprinkle with salt. Leave for three hours; cut fine one good, medium-sized onion, let simmer in a tablespoonful of butter, add one pint of boiling water, pinch of ginger, pepper, mustard; put in the fish, boil slow 20 minutes. Sauce—Beat well the yolks of six eggs, juice of three lemons; add the hot gravy from fish to yolks and lemons, stirring well, so eggs will not curdle; then put back on stove, let come to a boil, and place fish in a dish, pour sauce over, put away to cool; garnish with lettuce leaves, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley to sauce.

## Sweet Pickled Pears.

Ten pounds of good sound pears, not quite ripe. Wipe them and remove the blossom end. Peel and cook in boiling water until tender. Remove fruit and strain the water. Take 1 quart of this water, add to it 1 quart of vinegar, 5 pounds of sugar and ½ cup of mixed whole cloves, allspice, mace and stick cinnamon. Put it on to boil for half an hour, then add the pears, and when well scalded remove them and pack in glass jars. Boil sirup down until there is enough to cover the fruit. Pour it over and seal at once. Tie the cinnamon and mace in a muslin bag, but put cloves and allspice in whole.

## Home Economy.

To prevent raisins or currants from dropping to the bottom of the pan first put in a layer of dough without them, and then add the dough to which the raisins, well flavored, have been mixed.

A splendid filling for soft cushions may be made by taking a dime's worth of cotton batting, cutting it into small squares, and heating it in a baking pan in the oven for half an hour, care being taken not to let it scorch. Each little square will puff up to twice its size.

## Scratched Paint.

If you are distressed to find that some careless person has scratched the new white paint with a match try rubbing the darkened surface with part of a cut lemon. Unless the wood has been burned the discoloration is removed.

## Cocoonut Cookies.

One cup of grated cocoonut, 1½ cups of sugar, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 large teaspoon of baking powder, ½ teaspoon extract vanilla, and flour enough to roll out.

## DELICATE DISH OF CHICKEN

Something a Little Bit Out of the Ordinary—Hint for the Young Housewife.

This is a very pretentious and yet easy dish for the young wife to attempt. Choose a good roasting fowl of about three and a half to four pounds. Dismember it and soak after thorough washing in clear, cold water. Dredge the pieces slightly with flour, salt and pepper lightly and brown delicately in lard or olive oil. Then put them in a deep saucepan and cover with the stock, which must be prepared beforehand by boiling the neck, giblets and feet of the bird in water with an onion and savory herbs. Set the vessel over a slow fire and cook covered, adding, when a quarter done, one large ripe tomato, a green pepper denuded of seeds and quite a quantity of paprika. Half a clove of garlic cooked from the beginning with the chicken will add to the taste. It must be thoroughly tender when done, but not in rags, and plain boiled rice flanks the dish admirably. Marmite is the name of the earthen crock in which French cooks prepare chicken in this manner, and sometimes the fowl is put into it whole after the preliminary browning.



Nothing is more effectual for bleaching purposes than borax. Dissolve some in boiling water and add a little of this to the water in which the clothes are steeped. Borax is safe to use and it has no harmful effect on materials. It is often used for giving a gloss to linen. The proportion employed is one tablespoonful to every eight tablespoonfuls of starch. Kerosene is sometimes useful for the washing of very dirty articles, mixing one tablespoonful of kerosene to four gallons of boiling water with one ounce of washing soda and a quarter bound shredded soap. Boil the articles in this for an hour and rinse in three different hot waters containing a little soda. Ammonia, if judiciously used, renders woollens soft and elastic.

## RECIPE FOR PRESSED BEEF

Home-Made Preparation Equal to Anything That Can Be Bought in the Shops.

Take three pounds of lean beef and cook carefully in boiling water until tender; do not allow it to boil after the first ten minutes; just allow it to simmer. When tender remove the meat from the water and when quite cold chop finely. Add one heaping teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful each of allspice, ground cloves, cinnamon, quarter teaspoonful grated nutmeg, quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, good pinch of paprika; mix thoroughly.

Dissolve three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine in three cupsful of the stock in which the beef was cooked, add one grated onion and quarter teaspoonful of celery salt. Stir over the fire for a few minutes. Strain this into the meat mixture and pour into a plain square mold that has been dipped in cold water; allow to stand over night. Brush over with glaze, garnish with parsley and blocks of aspic jelly. Serve thinly sliced.

## Sweet Potato Pudding.

Mix one pound of raw sweet potatoes, grated; one-half cupful of molasses, two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, two of sugar and enough milk to make a thin mixture. Add one teaspoonful of ginger and spice to taste. Bake for one and one-half hours.

## Raised Raisin Cake.

Dissolve half a square of compressed yeast in one large cup of lukewarm milk and stir in one pound of flour; let rise; when light beat together eight ounces each of butter and sugar, yolks of four eggs, one cup of stoned raisins, some citron cuttings and the grated peel of one lemon; stir this into the dough, beating it very light (it is best to use the hand); let rise again in a round cake pan and bake in an even but moderate oven.

## Removing Fruit Stains.

To take fruit and tomato stains out of any linen or dress goods (with the exception of silk) apply a paste of corn starch. Let the cornstarch remain on the stain for half a day, then shake or slightly rub it off. This treatment will remove stains from fabrics of the most delicate colors without fading them in the slightest and without leaving a rim.

To conserve steps and energy by systematic organization and co-operation in housework.