

HIS GREAT REMORSE

By MARY LLOYD EVANS.

Always the footsteps behind me, dull, hollow, but echoing—never before. Did they but precede I might have had hope, for then they might guide me to some haven of rest, peace for my tired heart.

I was not a wicked man, nor a mean man, nor a dissipated man. I was only a murderer—to the world never that, but to my own conscience, yes. A thousand deaths were in my heart and one poor victory—if I could call it that.

"I consent to the marriage."
"Secret, of course?"
"It must be that way under the circumstances."

Burned into my brain were these three sentences, for they started the train of circumstances that resulted in a terrible tragedy.

It was six weeks since that I overheard Huldah Evans speak the first, Vance Telford made reply. Then her final words—"my love, my adored one!" She whom I worshiped was a party to a clandestine complication with a rival I had never feared, nor before that even suspected.

He had come to the village, a stranger. He had made several calls on Huldah. I was curious, but she never apprised me as to the personality of her new acquaintance nor his motive in visiting her. That vividly remembered afternoon I was living a high hedge, surrounding the Evans place when I heard the brief colloquy noted.

I had come to the spot with my heart full of hope and love. I left it vengeful, embittered, my soul immersed in the blackest despair.

I wandered towards the narrow but deep rolling stream at the edge of the town, my spirit dazed, my heart distracted. This, then, was the end of it all. She loved another! I flung myself on the grassy bank, watching the swift eddies just above the waterfall. It was an unfrequented spot for the present, for the old foot bridge had been condemned, as all the regular townsmen knew, a new structure being proposed, and the roadway on either side of the stream was blocked some distance back. There signs were up, warning the approaching driver and pedestrian of peril.

I sat in a daze, staring blankly at the rushing waters, madly tempted to plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

plunge beneath their surface and

I tore down the dim shore, calling madly the name of the man I had murdered.

Only the sound of the waves, the roar of the falls below, the night bird's thrill answered me. The void had opened up and swallowed my rival. Huldah was free, but I—tramp! tramp! tramp! ever the accusing footsteps, and always behind me, pursuing, challenging, accusing!

Looking back now I marvel how I passed those dreadful days, those wakeful nights of the two weeks succeeding. Twice I had called upon Huldah. I was amazed at the fact that she betrayed no anxiety, none of the suspense of a bride expectant whose object of devotion had mysteriously disappeared. My guilt drove me to make my visits brief and constrained, although Huldah seemed glad to see me. She had with her now a cousin, a pale-faced, hopeless-eyed girl, who seemed an invalid, Martha Dawes.

No word of the fate of Telford had reached the newspapers. I had lined the river for miles, making cautious inquiries, but with no result. Then one evening those torturing footsteps drove me to a resolution: I would see Huldah once more, confess and leave the place forever.

It was twilight when I reached her home. She sat in a rustic chair in the garden humming a low tune. Miss Dawes, near by, was gazing with sad, far-away eyes at the crescent moon. I leaned over the chair and said to Huldah:

"I wish to tell you something of Vance Telford."

She started, glanced quickly at her guest, and her finger on her lip, led me to a distance.

"What of Mr. Telford?" she challenged, with a certain sternness that chilled me.

"He is dead, and I—am his murderer!"

And then the words leaped over each other tumultuously as I told my story, all of it, without reservation.

She grasped a tree for support, her face a white void.

"Go away!" she faltered, waving her hand distractedly. "I must think—think!"

It was all over! She hated me, she despised me! I wandered about aimlessly, but the influence of fatality drew me to the river. Ever, it seemed, calling to me, for miles I trod its banks, the footsteps—tramp! tramp! tramp!—beating incessantly on my agonized ears.

I must have gone several miles, when I drew behind a bush near the shelving shore of the stream to avoid meeting a man progressing slowly with the aid of a cane. I was in no mood for companionship. I moved too far, my foot slipped, I went headlong, and was conscious of my head striking the water and a rock at the same time. Then I was insensible.

My blood curdled as I regained consciousness, for I recognized that the man bending over me had dragged me to safety, and that man, in form and substance, Vance Telford!

Within an hour I knew all the story of his rescue down the stream, his convalescence, his begra now to the Evans home. And then I learned that it was the sad hearted Miss Dawes who loved him, and that Huldah had arranged for their clandestine marriage because her cousin could not live without him. Her family did not like Telford, nor did Huldah, but it was arranged that Telford was to wed Miss Dawes secretly and then go away and make a man of himself, for he had been a sad profligate.

But now I knew the man was in earnest when he told me how his narrow graze of death had reformed him. Arm in arm we went to the Evans home, to make two anxious hearts happy, for Huldah really loved me.

And then—the footsteps died out forever.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Napoleon and the Balloon.

When Napoleon was a young cadet he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the Champs de Mars. He entered, unperceived, the inclosure which contained the balloon, which was then very nearly full and about to ascend, and requested the aeronaut to allow him to enter the car. The request however was refused, the reason being that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the aeronaut.

"Though I am young, I fear neither the powers of earth nor of the air!" Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed.

On being requested to retire, the little cadet, enraged at the refusal, drew his sword and, slitting the balloon in several places, destroyed the apparatus which had been constructed with infinite labor and ingenuity.

Such was Napoleon's first and last attempt to ascend in a balloon.

Mons Born in Fighting.

Mons began fighting, Caesar founded it as a camp and a short time later Cicero's brother sustained a siege by Ambiorix. Its most famous siege was in 1572, delivered by Frederic of Toledo, one of the distinguished generals of Alba. The siege lasted from the end of June to the middle of September; sorties and relief were vain; the town capitulated under the most honorable conditions. In 1691 the Maréchal de Luxembourg attacked the town, inflicted great damage and forced surrender. In 1709 Marlborough and Prince Eugene attacked and carried the town after a siege of 126 days. In 1746 the Prince de Conti laid successful siege. In 1792 Mons was the first fruit of the Republican victory at Jemmapes, and in 1794 the Austrians were subjected to a crushing defeat.

Mecca of Buddhist World

LONG before the clean, green shores of Rangoon become visible to the navigator on the Irrawaddy, there appears above the highest point of the horizon a shaft of gold set in a coronet of gems that throws a rainbow shimmer across the splendid blue of the Asiatic sky. As you draw near the fine old city the jeweled diadem slowly rises and takes definite outline, and presently you behold the great golden dome of the Sway Dragon pagoda, which is the "Glory of Burma" and the Mecca of the Buddhists' world.

From every viewpoint the radiant temple dominates the city, imposing and glorious—one of the finest sights of the world in its barbaric splendor of color and form. It is the oldest shrine in Burma, the one most frequently visited of all places of worship east of India, and it contains actual relics of Gautama Buddha which have, centuries attracted pilgrims from every part of Asia, even from the remote corners of almost inaccessible Tibet. At first you, being an Occidental traveler, accustomed to the towering architectural triumphs of the West, wonder idly at the compelling attractiveness of the ancient edifice that incites so much speculative reflection; then you gradually become aware of a distinctively personal interest in the golden monitor that greets you so invitingly wherever you turn in your wanderings about the beautiful old town. Finally it takes possession of your fancy, more than any other thing that you have traveled so very far to see; more than the old torts the ancient shrines, the lovely gardens and the brilliant, light-humored native life—more than anything in all picturesque Burma.

Stone Dragons Guard Approach.
The principal approach to the temple city—for it is literally a city of shrines clustered about the central pagoda—is guarded by two enormous blue stone dragons behind which rise stairs in long series, covered with elaborately carved teakwood roofs sup-

ported at regular intervals by great stone pillars. The stone steps have been worn very uneven by the countless feet that have gone up and down for more than seven hundred worshipful years. Seats are ranged along the spacious landings for the comfort of the old and decrepit worshippers who lead the long climb difficult, and above these seats are numerous very old but finely preserved carvings and frescoes of fanciful design and beautiful workmanship.

As you toil upward you meet and pass men and women of all races, some of whom are so remote from you in speech and customs and habits of thought that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find the key of a common understanding between you. Only one word can unlock the deep antipodean silence and place you for an instant on a plane of comprehension with those strange primitive beings whose existence holds nothing that can bridge the vast gulf that separates civilization and medievalism, and that word, "Buddha," which brings light to every Buddhist face. You hesitate to speak experimentally because it has mysteriously become sacred to you in that vast assembly of worshippers to whom it means all they know of holiness and mercy and hope. So you pass on in awed silence, watching the human stream with an interest intensified by the strangeness of the place and by the evidences of the common spiritual need that drew the heterogeneous throng from the far ends of the universe.

That curious horde is well worth watching. There are old, old men tottering feebly from step to step, equally old women of many races; handsome young girls with blithe morning faces; little radiant children in humming bird attire; stolid, harsh-featured Mongolians from Western China, Tibetans in

coarse, ungainly and far from clean attire; squat and homely men and women from further Cambodia and Siam; pale, refined looking Hindus in snowy garments and enormous spotless turbans—all bent upon a single purpose.

Sell Flowers to Glid Great Dome.
At close intervals along the well-nigh interminable steps are fragrant little booths containing all the opulent flowers of the country, incense sticks and tiny packets of gold leaf, presided over by bright looking Burmese girls who offer their wares with charming modesty. You need not buy if you feel disinclined, but the chances are that you will gladly invest a few cents in a thin packet of gold leaf which will be used, later on, to overlay some tiny weather flaw in the great golden dome of the pagoda which is never permitted to suffer impairment for lack of attention (for your little purchase is intended for a votive offering). It takes a great deal of gold to keep the dome in perfect repair, for it is 1,350 feet in circumference and 370 feet high, and it is covered from base to summit with pure gold leaf. The jeweled diadem that crowns this marvelous temple is valued at \$250,000, and was a gift of the common people of Burma; and the gold leaf reserve fund in the temple treasury was contributed by pilgrim worshippers, many of whom are so wretchedly poor all their lives that they have never known the luxury of a full meal, yet their poverty pinched hands are rarely empty within the temple precincts.

At length you find yourself at the base of the central pagoda, surrounded by a multiplicity of small shrines exquisite in detail, but fantastic in conception, yet with a sort of appealing grotesqueness that causes your heart to beat faster, as if it brought you to the verge of an understanding of the strange spiritual fervor which it represents. In a vast court open to the brilliant Asiatic sunshine those confusingly numerous shrines display a great variety of Buddhas, some reclin-



GOLD COATED PAGODA

TWO VARIETIES OF PUREE

May Accompany Meat or Form the Foundation of a Most Substantial Soup.

A puree may be either an accompaniment to meat or form the foundation of a substantial soup. Whatever vegetable is turned into a puree must first be well boiled, then passed through a sieve—a work demanding patience, it is true. The puree will then have a little butter and seasoning added to it, cream or the yolks of eggs, or some gravy sauce, according to what meat it accompanies.

A puree of chestnuts accompanies veal or poultry and requires the addition of a little thick cream. A puree of white haricot beans accompanies roast mutton.

A puree of sorrel or spinach, or both combined, is really nicest when served without meat and placed in individual cocottes or in shells of fried bread. After passing the spinach, etc., through the sieve it is beaten up with a little butter and cream and liberally seasoned. It should not be boiled more than just enough to cook it tender, and then it will keep its color and flavor.

Cucumbers, marrows, turnips, artichokes and pumpkins all make delicious purees, sweet or savory. Another delicious puree of small white onions and new potatoes makes a dainty dish, if sufficient cream is added, and the mixture is put into small china dishes and browned on top.

The puree destined for serving alone or as an accompaniment to meat must be kept thick, yet smooth; the puree that forms the foundation of a soup is lengthened out to make a sufficient quantity by adding to it meat or vegetable stock, and milk or cream, or milk or eggs, etc. The eggs and cream should not be put in until after the puree is cooked and taken from the fire.

HOME HELPS

The furniture will be improved by being wiped off occasionally with a cloth dipped in linseed oil.

The short grass trimmings from the lawn make very good feed for fowls.

To save face towels put a hanger on both sides of the towel and you will find that instead of one end wearing and the other remaining unworn, both ends will wear evenly.

One quart of flour made up into baking powder biscuits will make from twelve to fifteen, according to the size of the cutter.

When using whipped cream if you add the white of an egg to the cream and whip with it, it requires less cream and is more delicate in taste and flavor.

Washing Jap silk blouses, a teaspoonful of methylated spirit, added to two pints of water, gives just the sufficient stiffness required and saves starching or ironing, when too wet.

Spiced Pears.

Eight pounds of pears, four pounds best brown sugar, one quart vinegar, one cupful of mixed whole spice, stick of cinnamon, cassia buds, allspice and cloves, less of latter than former. Tie spices in a bag and boil with vinegar and sugar. Skim well, then add pears, cook ten minutes or till scalded and tender. Skim out pears and put in stone jar. Boil sirup five minutes longer and pour over the pears. Next day pour off the sirup and boil down again. Repeat this three mornings. Keep the bag of spices in the sirup.

Appetizing Tomatoes.

Cook together for 20 minutes a can of tomatoes, one bay leaf, a teaspoonful of salt, a slice of onion and six peppercorns. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two of flour, strain, and pour in slowly one cupful of the cooked tomato that has been strained. When smooth, pour over the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and set aside to cool. When cold, add the stiffly beaten whites and bake in a moderate oven. Grated cheese sprinkled over the top just before putting in the oven makes a good variation.

Cottage Pudding.

Cream three-fourths tablespoonful butter and one and a half tablespoonfuls sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of beaten egg, one and a half tablespoonfuls milk and five tablespoonfuls flour mixed and sifted with one-half teaspoonful baking powder and a few grains of salt. Beat vigorously, turn into two buttered individual tins and bake in moderate oven. Serve with cream, wine or brandy sauce.

Pork Apple Pie.

Line your platter with rich piecrust and put a layer of apple, then one of all fat pork shaved as thin as you can possibly shave it, then repeat till plate is full enough, then sprinkle a little salt over top of apples, large half cupful sugar, pinch of cinnamon or use nutmeg to taste. Cover with top crust, brush over with milk and bake.

Braised Cucumbers.

Cut cucumbers into halves, peel, remove pulp and mix it with minced meat of any kind, which has been seasoned with salt, pepper and catch-up. Press some of this mixture into each cucumber shell, add a little stock, cover closely and braise in the oven until tender.

Pocket Electric Heater.

For the convenience of travelers there has been invented a pocket electric heater, taking current from a light socket, which will boil a quart of water in three minutes.

MAKE USE OF GRAPES

HOUSEWIVES SHOULD RECOGNIZE VALUE OF THIS FRUIT.

Great Point in Their Favor is the High Amount of Sugar They Contain—Some Most Valuable Recipes for the Household.

With the coming of fall, the housewife is offered another most important food-fruit for her table in grapes, blue, purple, red and white, each kind giving a high amount of food value, refreshment and flavor.

The chief qualities of grapes are the high amount of sugar, as will be seen from the following table; also there are present in all grapes varying amounts of potash, lime, magnesia and iron. It is from the grape that we get "cream of tartar" and tartaric acid, which is the base of all good baking powders.

In Europe there are many "grape cures" where the diet consists almost solely of grapes, the various phosphates and acids in which very perceptibly cleanse the blood and make for health. Since this is so, grapes should be used extensively in our diet. Barring the seeds, they are one of the best fruits for children, and it is from the grape that the housewife can evolve so many delicious jellies, marmalades and preserves.

Since it is impossible to have ripe grapes in all seasons, even with the best methods of storing in sawdust, the qualities of the grape can be preserved to a great extent in grape juice—which, by the way, was not even thought of 50 years ago.

Grape Catchup.—To each five pints of grapes, allow one pound of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, and one-half ounce each cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Boil sugar and vinegar 15 minutes together; meantime heat the pulp and skins. Let cool and rub through a colander. Add this to the vinegar and sugar, cooking 20 minutes. Bottle and seal.

Grape Jam.—Heat grapes over boiling water until soft, then simmer gently 30 minutes. Let cool a little and press through colander. Weigh pulp, allowing one and one-eighth pounds sugar for each pound pulp. Cook together, simmering and stirring carefully until it thickens into jam consistency. Then place in small jars. Either ripe or green grapes or half and half may be used, and a little lemon rind may be added with cinnamon and a pinch of cloves or nutmeg.

Grape Pudding.—Wash, pick and flour grapes before putting them into the batter. One heaping pint of picked grapes makes a fair sized pudding. For the batter, heat the yolks of four eggs till thick, then add one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour. Add half a cupful of butter beaten to a cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, and then the grapes. Boil the pudding three hours and serve with a rich sauce.

Jelly Pancakes.

Jelly pancakes can be made in a few minutes and require two cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a generous pinch of salt. Beat the egg very light, add the milk and lastly, with just enough beating to mix all together, the flour sifted twice with the salt and baking powder. Pour enough of the batter into a hot buttered pan to cover the bottom. When browned, spread with butter and jelly, roll up and sprinkle with powdered sugar.—Mothers' Magazine.

Calif's Head Terrapin.

Boil calf's head as for soup until bones fall apart. Remove meat from bones and set aside until perfectly cold. Season with pepper and salt. Add two blades of mace. Chop four hard-boiled eggs and add them to a cupful of the broth in which head has been boiled, together with one cupful of cream, a scant half pound of butter and two tablespoonfuls of browned flour. Let them all simmer thoroughly. Add one-half cupful of sherry and serve. Do not boil after adding sherry.

Cracker Pudding.

Half pint of pieces of cracker broken, four eggs, three-fourths cupful of sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, salt, plenty raisins, pinch of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and same of nutmeg, one quart of milk. Soak crackers in milk about half hour. Bake about an hour in moderate oven. Eat with a plain pudding sauce.

Fresh Pork Cake.

Take as much fresh pork as you like, remove bone and run the meat through chopper. Season as desired and make into round balls or flat cakes. Put into roasting pan, cut up onions and potatoes, placing these in the pan also. Sprinkle with salt, add a little water and bake until done.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.

Beet Salad.

Slice cold boiled beets, cut into strips; line a salad bowl with white, crisp lettuce; heap the beets in the center and pour mayonnaise dressing over them just before it goes to the table, or you can pass the dressing with the salad in an ice-cold pitcher or a pretty bowl with a ladle in it.