



CHAPTER XII—Continued

"That's it. Just at this minute Polly leaves me cold and I wouldn't look at her tonight, not so long as I had you to myself."

"Father, that can't be true. It must not be. Because I've set my heart on making Mother look at you."

Claude Dabbs laughed, and put his big hand over Mary's little one. "Just you listen to me, my Mary, and let Polly alone. The devil himself couldn't make Polly look at me."

"Wait and see. Maybe what the devil can't do, Mary can."

But Claude was saying: "I'm to have you for tonight, daughter, and tomorrow, if there's anything to be done, toward making Polly look at me." He changed the subject, keeping Mary busy teaching him Italian words to say to the waiters and the gondoliers.

Ned, not for a moment suggesting a grocery background, was waiting at the landing. His eyes made Mary happy, furious and shy. It was ridiculous, but she could not seem to help it.

The dinner, whether owing to Ned or Claude—Mary could not really tell which, they both seemed so eminently competent—was delicious. Their table was decorated with flowers, which always seem doubly rare and precious in Venice. Her two men, Mary felt, were the most distinguished in the room. The two men were equally sure that she was the most attractive girl in the world.

After dinner, and coffee in the lounge, they went up to Claude's sitting room to talk and smoke. It was a happy evening. In the presence of his daughter, Claude was at his best. Ned, reveling in the fact that Mary was not giving shade of her father's feeling for him, drew Claude out for his daughter's sake.

When "the loveliest evening," as Mary told her, was over and Cinderella-Mary must fly home, Ned remembered that Claude had never once called him Rangelie that evening. What a night and a moon to explain under!

He hinted, eagerly, that he was ready to take upon his shoulders the duty of seeing Mary home, suggesting that it would be safer for both Mary and Claude. Mary simply slipped her hand into her father's and looked at him. Ned's arguments were as nothing.

"I guess we'll risk that, my boy, if Mary wants on," said Claude. "Ned stands on the landing steps and watched them move away. Mary had agreed to meet Claude at the Accademia at three the next afternoon. As Claude turned to direct the gondolier, Ned had whispered:

"Come twenty minutes earlier—for me."

But as the gondola floated away, he wasn't sure that Mary had heard him. When she had said good night, at the doorway of the Royal Danieli, Mary found it was later than she thought and with a little apprehensive feeling went directly to her own room.

There was a light still burning in Polly's room, and reluctantly Mary opened the door between their rooms and looked in.

"Come in, Mary," called her mother. Polly was sitting up in bed, reading, or pretending to read, and before Mary could scold her for reading after a headache, Polly began:

"To save trouble, Mary, and to avoid unnecessary conversation, you were not with the Farleys tonight. They all went to bed an hour ago, and in the hall I heard young Farley asking his mother where you were and why you did not dine with them tonight."

Mary looked at her mother, for half a second without speaking. She had not expected to be caught quite so soon.

"I went to Father's hotel, and dined with him and Mr. Carter." The whole truth seemed what the situation called for.

Polly Johnston gasped and leaned forward. She had gotten more than she bargained for. "Your father! Claude Dabbs?"

"Yes," said Mary demurely. "I like him tremendously, Mother."

"How long have you known him—to like tremendously?"

"Since the day before we left New York. I met him in the drugist's and went to his hotel there, the Langdon, and—"

"Mary! Was it Claude who told you to keep me in ignorance?"

"Oh no, Mother. I thought you might not like my knowing him. But I simply had to. Father doesn't like secrecy a bit. He wants to take care of us both."

"How like Claude," Polly sneered. "Take care of us both behind the grocery shop, I suppose."

"Oh Mother! How can you? He seems perfectly capable of taking care of any number of people. I trust him."

"I do not," her mother snapped. "We'll leave tomorrow."

Mary came to the bed and looked at her mother. To Polly Johnston, Mary seemed suddenly older, and different.

CHAPTER XIII

In the morning, having breakfasted in their respective rooms, as was their custom, Mary, dressed for the street, came to her mother's door.

At the sight of Mary's pale face, Polly's heart misgave her. She knew that her own face was pale, but she was able to say, in the chilliest of tones: "If you have made any plan to meet your father this morning, I will not interfere."

"No," Mary answered in a tone equally lifeless. "We do not meet until three o'clock, at the Accademia."

"In that case, suppose we go to the church of San Zaccaria this morning. I want to see the Gellini Madonna there, and we can walk."

It had all the appearance of a pleasant little morning. Though Polly held her head high, she was suffering. The Polly Johnston, who smiled faintly at any remark and stared unflinchingly into the fierce Italian sunlight, was a woman fighting desperately against a terrified realization of what loneliness might mean to a middle-aged woman who had not looked ahead or contemplated it. A hundred times that morning Polly was ready to cry; ready for any compromise that would leave her Mary.

Claude Dabbs might have guessed something of Polly's plight and been sorry. He had fought his own fight, and come through it whole, like the sturdy soul he was. Had Polly but known it, here, in Venice, was a Claude who was actuated by no small, revengeful feelings, but moved only by a real and very friendly desire to help, and also to share Mary. But Polly, shuddering at the thought of lonely years without Mary's companionship, turned away with equal distaste from the thought of sharing Mary, and the grocery shop, with Claude.

How could Mary conceive that her mother, so long distrustful and scornful of any emotion save the maternal, could turn with relief to the thought of cold, circumspet Loren Rangelie, as contrasted with the Claude she remembered. Claude represented to Polly all the primitive emotions, with the disagreeable background of a shop. Not having seen Claude for twenty odd years, she created an image of a fat, middle-aged grocer with the uncontrolled emotions of a young man. Always there was that shop in the background, and the image caused her to shudder.

"If you wish to dine with your father tonight, I shall not mind," she said to Mary as they turned toward the hotel and luncheon.

"Be reasonable, Mother," Mary pleaded. "Don't make me feel I've lost my mother because I've found my father."

Having made up her mind, Polly was one to carry things through easily. "I'm afraid it will work out that way, but, of course, I've nothing to do with it."

"You have everything!" protested Mary vehemently. "It's all in your hands. Don't you see that Father—well, he just can't—unless you give some sign."

Polly's laugh did not ring pleasantly in her daughter's ears. "Claude Dabbs has been stating his case rather cleverly, I see."

Mary stood still on the bridge leading to their hotel, regardless of the crowd of chattering, staring Italians who were passing by. "Oh Mother, you don't get Father at all. He doesn't think he has any case. He thinks he must leave it to you. He feels he can't bring himself to your attention. Mother, it's awfully delicate of him. You must see that."

"I only see that he is taking you from me, and I can see neither delusion, nor any other evidence of good feeling in the process. Since it has to be endured, I'll endure, but I'm not kissing the hand that deals the blow. You will please discontinue the discussion, as long as you are in public, unless you can control yourself."

For the hundredth time that day poor Mary wondered why it was that those who loved one most, could, and did, so surely wound one. "I wasn't really going to cry, but if you will pretend to look at the boats for a moment, I'll pull myself together."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Mary, Was It Claude Who Told You to Keep Me in Ignorance?"

wills against each other, and it was distinctly unpleasant. She wished to Heaven they had not started this, or that the child would give in, instead of standing there white and desperate.

"Mother," Mary was facing her, and though there were tears behind her eyes, her voice was steady. "You know I hate Loren Rangelie. He's the coldest, hardest man I know, and if you—if you divorce my father—to marry him, for his money—I'll try to feel the same toward you, Mother, but I never will!"

She was gone. The door closed behind her before Polly could get to her feet. She started to follow her, and then stood still, breathing fast. What could she do? If she refused Loren Rangelie and his money, what had she to fall back on but C. M. Dabbs?

"Come in, Mary," called her mother. Polly was sitting up in bed, reading, or pretending to read, and before Mary could scold her for reading after a headache, Polly began:

"To save trouble, Mary, and to avoid unnecessary conversation, you were not with the Farleys tonight. They all went to bed an hour ago, and in the hall I heard young Farley asking his mother where you were and why you did not dine with them tonight."

Mary looked at her mother, for half a second without speaking. She had not expected to be caught quite so soon.

"I went to Father's hotel, and dined with him and Mr. Carter." The whole truth seemed what the situation called for.

Polly Johnston gasped and leaned forward. She had gotten more than she bargained for. "Your father! Claude Dabbs?"

"Yes," said Mary demurely. "I like him tremendously, Mother."

"How long have you known him—to like tremendously?"

"Since the day before we left New York. I met him in the drugist's and went to his hotel there, the Langdon, and—"

"Mary! Was it Claude who told you to keep me in ignorance?"

"Oh no, Mother. I thought you might not like my knowing him. But I simply had to. Father doesn't like secrecy a bit. He wants to take care of us both."

"How like Claude," Polly sneered. "Take care of us both behind the grocery shop, I suppose."

"Oh Mother! How can you? He seems perfectly capable of taking care of any number of people. I trust him."

"I do not," her mother snapped. "We'll leave tomorrow."

Mary came to the bed and looked at her mother. To Polly Johnston, Mary seemed suddenly older, and different.

"How like Claude," Polly sneered. "Take care of us both behind the grocery shop, I suppose."

"Oh Mother! How can you? He seems perfectly capable of taking care of any number of people. I trust him."

"I do not," her mother snapped. "We'll leave tomorrow."

Mary came to the bed and looked at her mother. To Polly Johnston, Mary seemed suddenly older, and different.

"How like Claude," Polly sneered. "Take care of us both behind the grocery shop, I suppose."

"Oh Mother! How can you? He seems perfectly capable of taking care of any number of people. I trust him."

"I do not," her mother snapped. "We'll leave tomorrow."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

Let's just be glad, the gypsy wind is blowing
Across the clover meadow, sweet and free,
And who could sigh who hears his challenge
"Care care care, and follow, follow me."
Let's just be glad.

EVERYDAY FOODS

The onion is one of our most valuable vegetables. The following way of serving them is worth trying:

Onions Stuffed With Peanut Butter.—Select mild, medium sized onions. Peel and boil until tender, cut out the centers from each, leaving a shell of the onion. Chop the onion, add one-half cup of peanut butter, one-half cup of salt, and one-half cup of paprika. Mix and fill the onions. Place in a buttered baking dish and bake with hot cream three times during the baking. Serve with a sauce using the liquid from the pan, thickened.

Scalloped Chicken With Corn.—Use the leftover meat from a stewed or roasted fowl. For each cup of the meat add one cup of fresh corn or of corn (corn prepared by pressing out the centers) and one cup of cream sauce. Place the chicken mixed with the sauce in layers with the corn. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Best Cake.—Cream three-fourths of a cup of butter, add one and one-quarter cups of sugar gradually, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of cold water, two and one-half cups of flour sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites folded in. Bake in a greased pan for one hour and cover with maple frosting and nuts.

Hot Butterscotch Sauce.—Stir and cook together one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of corn sirup, and one-half cup of boiling water with one-third of a cup of butter. Cook until brown, then add one-third of a cup of boiling water and serve over ice cream. The sauce should harden slightly on the cream.

Sweetbread Country Style.—Dredge with seasoning and flour, sufficient parboiled sweetbreads. Arrange in a baking dish, brush with melted butter, allowing two tablespoons to each pair of sweetbreads. Cover with thin slices of fat salt pork. Bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes, basting twice during the cooking. Remove the pork during the last five minutes of cooking.

For the Convalescent.

More insistent than the call for food is the desire for drink, in both health and illness. The sense of hunger may disappear, but the desire for drink is seldom lost. In illness the thought of food is often distasteful, but the desire for fluids is intensified. While water is the one drink most desired for quenching thirst, other drinks are highly enjoyed by both sick or well. In illness, besides quenching thirst, liquids reduce the temperature of the patient; they also serve as a form to give nourishment when more solid foods are refused or cannot be taken.

Drinks relieve nausea, stimulate the heart, excite the gastric juices, control bowels and soothe the congested state of the alimentary canal. So we must recognize their importance in dealing with illness.

All drinks, as well as other foods given to a patient, should be subject to the advice of the physician in attendance, for even harmless grape juice has proved fatal in cases recovering from typhoid.

Like everything else prepared for the invalid's table, all beverages should be made and served with the utmost cleanliness. A smeary, thick glass of lukewarm lemonade or other drink, which should be cold and attractive to the eye, would nauseate a weak person.

Various fruit juices of other kinds than lemon and orange may be used, though these are used most commonly for they are the best liked. Ginger ale with a little grape juice is a fine cooling drink, pineapple, raspberry or shrub or sirup, are all good. They are more acceptable when chilled or served with chilled ice added.

When beverages of any kind, hot or cold, are carried to a sick room they should be covered, and never left uncovered in the sick room.

Very hot beverages stimulate the digestive fluids, while cold ones retard, and lower the temperature in fever.

When it is convenient to have a supply of ice or a cold drink at hand at night, ice may be kept for hours as follows: Tie a piece of flannel over a deep bowl or pan that can be tightly covered; into this flannel drop pieces of ice so that the flannel will not reach the water as the ice melts. Cover well and ice will keep for hours, to use during the night.

Orange juice alone, strained and chilled, is an agreeable drink, a mild laxative and a fruit rich in minerals and vitamins. It is given, strained to young babies and they thrive on it. The juice of an orange before breakfast for young or old, well or ill, will be found beneficial.

Nellie Maxwell

Dislikes Solos

I have always thought there is something ridiculous about solo singing. There is a good deal of screaming and yawning. And I do not care to see any mouth open to its greatest extent. E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Lucky Gopher

An oyster containing a \$500 pearl was fished up from a Scottish river by a girl gopher who was searching for a ball that had fallen into the water, according to the Dearborn Independent.

Misunderstood

Angry Mother—Off with that baseball suit, and you'll go to bed without supper, young man!

Obedient Son—What have I done, ma?

"Done!" exploded the mother. "You stand there and ask what you've done? I called you an hour ago to go to the grocery store; get to bed!"

Obedient Son—Yes, ain't women crazy? I thought she was yellin' 'cause I'd made that home run!—Catalina Island.

FAMOUS MINING STRIKES

By THOMAS E. STEWARD

Cripple Creek

ON THE Fourth of July, 1902, a householder named Stratton, who gave odd moments to prospecting, was in Colorado Springs preparing to celebrate. Suddenly something that his mind had been working on seemed to become clear. He got on his horse, rode at headlong speed to Cripple Creek and sank a pick into a granite ledge. A few days later when his samples had been assayed he found himself in possession of a claim running \$350 a ton in gold and silver. And he was discoverer of one of the richest strikes ever made in the history of mining.

Stratton's bunch at Cripple Creek was not mere luck. He was one of many prospectors who had been working the region, hoping to find rich treasure. Every now and then these men picked up a piece of "float," loose or carried away from its natural vein by mountain torrents. These pieces of float were of surprising richness, and Stratton was only one of several who had been figuring out which part of the nearby country might be the lode or parent vein. He had gone over the territory as thoroughly as possible and had eliminated in his mind ledge after ledge until he came down to one. That was the one he thought of that morning in Colorado Springs, and it was the right one. Prior to Stratton's strike the Cripple Creek district had endured a bad name. Some placer gold had been washed out, but there had been a number of reported strikes that had been proved false. Miners and prospectors were wary of the district. This may have been one reason why it stood undiscovered until a bare generation ago. For miles around the only building was the old Bennett & Myers Broken Box ranch, whose ranchhouse still stands in the south corner of the town.

Bob Womack had prospected Poverty gulch, famous in Cripple Creek history, before the arrival of Stratton. Through Womack, Stratton had met one Dick Houghton, a veteran mountaineer and prospector, and it was Houghton who put him on the trail of his famous strike.

Meanwhile scores of mines were sunk in the Cripple Creek district. By 1900 the annual output in precious metals was \$15,000,000.

Completions by the United States geological survey indicate that the Cripple Creek district produced \$154,258,805 worth of gold between 1891 and 1905, together with which 737,626 fine ounces of silver were recovered. The survey's figures are those of the director of the United States mint.

Cripple Creek gains added interest from the fact that it was the last of the great bonanza strikes and gold rushes prior to the Klondike rush of 1898.

The Tin Mines of the World

ALTHOUGH its name has come to have a meaning almost of scorn, due to comic aspects of the lowly tin can in a vacuum lot, tin is one of the most important of the world's metals and is also one whose history is closely associated with romance.

The tin mines of Land's End, in Cornwall, England, probably were the first mines yielding anything but gold or gems, to be worked in all Europe. They are supposed to have been in use as long ago as the Bronze age, before man discovered iron or knew how to make steel. It is known that the people of ancient Tyre and after them the Romans and probably the Carthaginians sent ships to England with slaves who worked these mines for their tin.

Until the early part of the present century British tin mines had an important place in world production, but their output has fallen nearly to nothing against the competition of much larger and richer deposits now worked in other parts of the world.

By the irony of fate, Potosi in Bolivia, which was a world center of silver production 400 years ago under the Spanish and had all the characteristics of the most "roaring" mining camps, has come down from the prehistoric metals to become, today, the single largest center of tin production. Where the bearded conquistadores and the grasping representatives of the Spanish kings killed, stole and cheated in an effort to satisfy their lust for silver and gold, the Aymara Indians today bring up the dull-looking ore that enriches chiefly British and American investors.

Vying with Bolivia as a center of tin production is the Malay peninsula. Until ten years ago the Malay states usually produced more tin per year than did Bolivia, but the scale swung in favor of South America's mountain republic in recent years.

Siam and southern China are other important tin-producing districts. The Chinese are constant users of tinfol, with which they wrap a variety of things, ranging from foods and firecrackers to idols and gods. It is said that 100,000 Chinese earn their living beating tin into tinfol by the old-fashioned hand methods and that they use several thousand tons of tin in this manner every year.

Mexico has become a moderate producer of tin in recent years, and there also have been discoveries in Africa, which continent seems destined to reveal colossal deposits of practically every mineral that mankind wants.

(By 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

HOT WATER BATH METHOD "HOT PACK" METHOD

Sterilization Is More Certain and Products More Uniform in Making Sand- and Productive in Making Lunches.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Use the steam-pressure canner for canning asparagus at home. The method now recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture for all vegetables and most fruits is known as the "hot pack." The point of the "hot pack" method is that the material to be canned is heated to the boiling point of cooked a short time before being put into the cans or jars, so that in the shortest possible time the temperature of the whole jar is raised to the required point. This results in more certain sterilization and a better product because of shorter cooking.

Like all other garden products asparagus ought to be canned as quickly as possible after it has been cut, so it is wise to do a little canning frequently while the season lasts rather than to attempt a large amount at any one time.

If you wish to can the asparagus, wash it carefully, and tie it in uniform bundles, cut to fit the container.



Asparagus May Be Cut in Half-Inch Pieces and Canned in the Steam-Pressure Canner.

Place the bundles in a saucepan with boiling water over the lower portion. Cover tightly and boil for four or five minutes. Pack rapidly into hot containers. The asparagus may, if you like, be cut up into half-inch lengths for canning. In this case cover with boiling water, bring to a boil and then pack hot into the containers. Which way you prepare the asparagus, the containers are completely filled up with boiling water, and each jar is sealed at once, put into the hot canner, and processed for 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure, or 240 degrees Fahrenheit. After processing for the required length of time, remove the containers from the canner. Invert glass jars and place them out of drafts. Cool tin cans by plunging them in cold water. Keep all canned products under observation at room temperature for at least a week. Discard any showing signs of spoilage and watch others of the same lot until it is certain that they are keeping.

Farmers' Bulletin 1471-F, "Canning Fruits and Vegetables at Home," will be helpful to you throughout the canning season. It is free while the supply lasts.

Care of Leather Coverings

Leather furniture coverings look better and last longer if they're rubbed occasionally with castor oil. This restores to the leather the oil that gradually dries out. The oil should be well rubbed in and any excess wiped off the surface, or it will collect and hold dirt which will darken the leather, and soil whatever touches it.

used for salad accessories. Green peppers may be hollowed out and stuffed with the cheese, then sliced across to be used as a garnish or as the main part of a salad, on a bed of lettuce. Cheese balls may be rolled in finely minced parsley or watercress, or in chopped nuts. A mixture of cheese, nuts, and chives may be spread in the hollow part of a stalk of celery and passed with the salad. Olives, pineapples and green peppers give good flavor to such mixtures.

Some of the cheese mixtures with fruits or vegetables may also be frozen like mousses, and then sliced and served on lettuce leaves as a frozen salad.

stale eggs. For this reason, fresh eggs sink when placed in water while stale eggs float.

Guaranteed fast-color fabrics prove their value after a few trips to the laundry. Ask for them when getting warm-weather clothes.

Kitchen knives are made to use. A blade made of good-grade steel and firmly riveted to a good handle may cost more than a poorer knife but it is worth the difference.

Fresh eggs contain more water than stale eggs.

Tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, and most vegetables will help a lagging appetite.

To save both food and ice, tighten the hinges and latches on the refrigerator before warm weather comes.

Fresh eggs contain more water than stale eggs.

Potato chowder is a good hearty dish for lunch or supper.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Potato chowder is a good hearty dish for lunch or supper.

Tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, and most vegetables will help a lagging appetite.

To save both food and ice, tighten the hinges and latches on the refrigerator before warm weather comes.

Fresh eggs contain more water than stale eggs.

Potato chowder is a good hearty dish for lunch or supper.

Tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, and most vegetables will help a lagging appetite.

To save both food and ice, tighten the hinges and latches on the refrigerator before warm weather comes.

Fresh eggs contain more water than stale eggs.

Potato chowder is a good hearty dish for lunch or supper.

Tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, and most vegetables will help a lagging appetite.

To save both food and ice, tighten the hinges and latches on the refrigerator before warm weather comes.