

THE SUNDAY CALL'S \$50.00 A WEEK STORY

AT THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI. BY TREVI. CORA CRESSEY CROW.



Cora Cressy Crow is the only daughter of the late Calvin Joy Cressy, a well-known California banker.

"As my father's best friend, Dr. Weston, you have a warm place in my heart. But my feelings are only those of friendship; so do not pain us both by another such scene."

"Forgive me, Alice, I know I should not be asking the old question over again. But remember, you were a little thing when you crept into my heart, and it is hard to tear you out. I shall not try. Keep the ring, will you not, and wear it as before for your old friend's sake? Good by, and may heaven bless you!"

It was Thanksgiving. In Italy a gay party of Americans had been charmingly entertained at their pension, for the hostess had ordered their national dinner, after which coffee was served in the drawing-room of this one time palace of the Caesars. It would seem that every one present, in putting on his evening clothes, had discarded with his sack coat all everyday cares, and the mercurial American rivaled in vivacity his Italian neighbor.

Milani's glance sought repeatedly to fix the attention of Miss Holt, but whether a perverseness born of inward coquetry or a real unconsciousness made her avoid his could be known only by a student of that peculiar piece of mechanism known as the feminine mind, and even such an one might profitably be reminded of the expediency of the Frenchman's advice, that in writing of woman it is an excellent thing to reserve the right to laugh at what one has written the day before. With the slow, sinuous motion peculiar to the sons of Italy, and which betokens latent power and passion, Milani glided over to an animated group of which Miss Holt was the center.

Obedient an irresistible influence she arose and went toward the piano. He was at her side in an instant. Her fingers swept the keyboard unconsciously, for the only sound she heard was the musical tones of the man at her side.

"Miss Holt, is it an American trait to forget?"

"Really a little from the hypnotic influence with which his mere presence charged the atmosphere for her, she replied with a nervous laugh: 'On the contrary, I was thinking it peculiarly Italian. You seemed in no hurry to claim the fulfillment of my promise for the adventure we planned some days ago.'"

"Get your wrap and let us hasten, then, for it is no safe to be out late. The streets of the Campagna is to be dreaded at night."

"Now tell me, truly, do you believe that dropping a soldo in the fountain insures a return to Rome at some future day?"

"Surely you cannot doubt that, or why should I be bringing you here?"

"What's this for?" inquired Mr. Barclay, looking up from his evening paper.

"Say it: 'I love you, Piperno,'" and she repeated the words after him. The mere sound of her voice saying his name in soft accents intoxicated him.

"No—our love grew too quickly, Piperno; it is only time that can prove if it be really love. You dazzle and fascinate me—you are so different from our men at home! But I do not know whether it will last, and until that knowledge comes to me in a way that cannot be questioned, I shall never marry you. Where is my soldo? Now, as I drop it in the fountain, I promise to return to this spot and to you two years hence."

His face was pale. He could not see the reasonableness of her action, but he felt, as he looked at her, that nothing would change her. And, after all, she was well worth waiting for. So, dropping in a soldo with her, he, too, registered a vow to be there on that night that now seemed to reach so far into the future. There was a chilliness in the air which accentuated the gloom that had fallen upon them. To throw it off she said:

"What, you mean my misericoordi? There is not much to tell except that there is only one other like it and that it belongs to my twin brother, Josefa. They have been in our family since the fourteenth century, and many superstitions cling about them. See this hollow place at the handle: it used to contain poison, and it is said that when these stones flash brilliantly it portends death to one of our family."

As he passed it to her she recoiled. "Take it away quickly. They seem to shoot fire now."

"This thought of their parting on the morrow was with him and it took much of the passion from him, leaving only a gentle caress in his touch. He glanced at the dainty fingers, so clearly outlined against his brown hand, and saw a ring sparkling on one."

"No, not replaced, Piperno."

"How impetuous you are! You frighten me, but I swear it. Here we are back again. Will you not come in?"

"Not to-night, I could not be seeing you with others. Here in the shadow, come closer to me."

He pressed her to him in silence. As she passed into the warmth of the lighted rooms she turned and waved him a gentle adieu and he went back to the Fountain of Trevi, to live over again all that he had felt there that evening. The fatal air, which rises late at night from the fever marshes of the Campagna, made him its target. It aimed straight.

"That night, as he retired, there mingled with his vision of a beautiful woman the consciousness that the glassy stones in his dagger were flashing fire."

"In a lucid hour the patient said: 'Doctor, hand me that dagger. Yes, I know it is a poison to die. How long have I to live? Tell me, for it matters more to the mere dying.'"

The sick man hesitated. His keen gaze was searching the physician's face.

"What is your name? Weston? Ah, I remember—the American physician!" He gazed at him steadfastly for an instant. "Yes, I will trust you, Doctor, I have a strange tale to tell you and a stranger request to make, and not much time or strength left in which to do it. I love. Yes, here on my bed, facing death, I still love, and it is the only thought that fills me. She is your countrywoman. Her name is Miss Holt, Miss Alice Holt. What is it? Are you faint?"

"No; go on."

"She is to return to Rome and to me in two years. She has sworn it at the fountain of Trevi. But she wears another man's ring. I cannot let him win her. She must not know that I am dead; you understand, doctor, she must not know! For two years she shall be mine. This is more than a sick man's fancy. Promise me that you will write to her for me, and then when it is time for her to come to Rome tell her I am dead."

He fell back exhausted, and the color receding from his face left it a deathly hue.

"I cannot do this thing for you." The physician's voice in dissent aroused him.

"Such a slight deception can matter but little. It is a dying man's request." And the eyes already, with a look not it belongs to earth, turned toward him appealingly.

There was a long pause, and the demons of revenge and jealousy alternately asserted their sway over the physician. This woman, or love of her, had ruined his life. This dying man's thoughts were not of the world he was about to enter, but of her. Was it not right that she, too, should suffer. He merely said:

"I promise you."

"Milani's hand clasped him as in a vise."

"My dagger—bury it with me."

A heavy fog hung over San Francisco. It served but to increase the appearance of luxurious comfort of the Holt home on Pacific avenue.



THEN HE SAW PLAINLY PIPERNO'S DAGGER DESCENDING IN THE AIR.

overcast with portentous clouds and little gusts of wind blew up intermittent showers.

In keeping her promise to be at the Fountain of Trevi that night Alice Holt felt that she was faithfully performing her last office to the dead. She stood before the long mirror as her maid adjusted the storm coat, which completely smothered the dainty lace of her evening gown. Suddenly she shivered from head to foot.

"Did you feel that cold draught, Jane? Where did it come from?"

"The doors are closed, Miss Holt."

"Ugh! I feel as if some one were walking over my grave." As she started out she cast a wistful glance at the lights behind.

An hour before a dark figure had been restlessly plowing its way through the increasing storm in the direction of the Fountain of Trevi. It was Dr. Weston. He had thought all day of the beautiful woman whom he had won after all these years and who was to be his to-morrow. Yet on this night his mind was filled with visions of the dead man with whom he had broken faith.

His happiness suddenly stood out before his mental vision like a beautiful orchid in the dark night, and it, too, had grown, like some of those plants, from out a human skull. An imperceptible though irresistible force impelled him in the direction of the fountain. As he neared it his heart beat tumultuously. The swaying branch of a tree touched him and he started nervously. He turned quickly and his eyes almost started from their sockets. The dark clouds that had obscured the moon parted at that instant and the wan rays lighted up a ghastly face with a startling likeness to Piperno's. The physician's limbs refused to perform their office. He tried to scream, but his voice seemed paralyzed. He could see the apparition approaching. As it came nearer he recovered his strength and with the frantic efforts of a madman he ran toward and clasped the tangible thing in a frenzied grasp. He almost smiled—thank heaven it was no ghost that he grappled with! His fingers slowly relaxed. Then he saw plainly Piperno's dagger descending in the air. His heart ceased beating and as his powerless arms fell to his side he dropped to the ground dead, without a wound.

A half hour later a man and a woman passed each other at the intersection of two streets; one was Alice Holt, on her way to keep an appointment with the dead, the other Josefa Milani, hastening toward his lodgings.

NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DINNER

What the Good Housewife Served and How She Made the Various Dishes—Her Receipts Would Make an Excellent Thanksgiving Dinner for the Up-to-Date Housewife—Her Way of Roasting Pig and Turkey—How to Prepare Vegetables in the Good Old Puritan Style.

- Roast Pig. Chicken Pie. Cranberry Sauce. Cider Apple Sauce. Celery. Mashed Potatoes. Baked Onions. Mince Pie. Mashed Turnips. Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Pumpkin Pie. Hickory and Beech. Cider and Raisins. Cider.

"AND we will have the Dinsmores and use my new bouillon cups with two handles, and—"

New England gathering and eat one real Thanksgiving dinner before we die. They won't have bouillon things—bubs nor a center piece, but the cooking! I am a boy again at the thought of it."

And so Mrs. Dinsmore woke on that crisp November morning to see a glistening picture in frost work on the attic window and to sniff the most delicious combination of spicy odors that ever reached her reticent nose. She could hardly wait to slide down the steep uncompromising flight of wooden stairs.

"'Aunt Jane,' exclaimed Mr. Barclay as they burst into the dining-room, 'something tells me you are baking pumpkin pies.'"

"Young Mrs. Barclay stood enraptured before the great oven built of brick, five feet deep, three feet wide and two feet high, yawning like a cavern in the very walls of the dining-room. It was used but once a year, in honor of the Puritan feast day, and for days before all the men about the place had been gathering slabs from hemlock fences to feed the flames. At this moment the oven was filled with pies. Later it would hold—well, the city bride discovered before 1 o'clock that day that it was

a treasure house of crispy, golden brown things and delightful odors.

After the pies had come out, the plumpest pig obtainable was popped into their place, followed immediately by a lusty gobbler, and finally by a chicken pie. In the meantime, atop the kitchen stove, cutabagas, which Mrs. Barclay called yellow turnips, potatoes and onions were all to be cooked. Nuts from the woods back of the house were to be cracked, and in less than no time the young bride was fitting busily about in a big apron, helping as earnestly as if she had known "Uncle John's folks" all her life. Incidentally she gathered these receipts:

Pig—Prepare the dressing for the pig and the turkey together. Take two pounds of dry bread and remove all the brown crust, break it up into a big earthenware bowl and pour tepid water over it. Let it stand one minute and then, taking it up a handful at a time, squeeze it hard and dry, tossing it at once into another bowl. Mix lightly with half a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two of summy savory, two of sage or green herbs mixed fine, a cup of melted butter and two eggs beaten light. Bake out the amount needed to stuff the pig, and add to this an onion chopped very fine.

Now take the pig, which has been thoroughly scalded, rinse it inside and out with clear water, wash the inside with water in which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been dissolved, and rinse again in clear water. Wipe dry with a clean cloth, salt the inside and

stuff it so that it is full and plump and true to life. Sew it up closely and lay it on its side on a grating set in a deep roasting pan. Four into the bottom of the pan a little hot salted water, and baste piggy with butter and water a few times as it warms. Later, use the drippings which accumulate in the pan. When it begins to smoke and the skin threatens to crack, gently lift it over so that the other side will brown. Change the position several times during the baking, and if the skin threatens to crack rub it with a rag dipped in melted butter. Three hours will be required to roast slowly and evenly a six weeks old porker. If the legs have not been broken before roasting they will stick out quite stiff now and piggy can be braced upon them, with a wreath of parsley around his neck and a tiny ear of popcorn in his mouth.

The gravy is made from the drippings in the pan. Skim off the grease carefully, and rub into the drippings a tablespoonful or more of flour, as much as it will take up without lumping, add water slowly and bring to a boil just once. Add a dash of pepper, strain and serve in a hot gravy boat.

Turkey is roasted after the same receipt, but to prevent burning after the browning process commences it is covered with buttered paper.

To make the turkey gravy, put the neck, heart, liver and gizzard to simmer in a pint of water, when the turkey enters the oven. When tender, drain off the liquor and save it. Chop the heart and gizzard and pulverize the

liver, discarding the neck. Return the meat to the liquor in which it was cooked, boil three or four minutes and then thicken with flour, rubbed smooth in cold water.

Garnish the turkey with fried sausage and parsley.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut two small, young chickens into small pieces; that is, cut the breast into three pieces, the back into two, and also separate the leg from the second joint. Wash and cut up a thick slice of salt pork. Plunge chicken and pork into boiling hot water, and as soon as they begin to boil draw them back on the stove and simmer until the chicken is tender. Thicken the gravy with flour rubbed in sweet cream.

Line the sides of a deep earthenware pudding dish with a rich baking powder dough made as follows: Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt into a quart of flour. Rub into this three tablespoonfuls of shortening, butter or lard mixed. Add gradually a cup of milk, handling the dough as little as possible, and roll out lightly a quarter of an inch thick on a floured board. Place a layer of chicken on the bottom of the pan, then a thin layer of new potatoes cut in small dice and chopped hard-boiled egg, a dash of pepper and salt. Cover this with chicken and pour over it the chicken gravy, being sure that there is plenty to fill the dish. Then cover with a crust one-quarter of an inch thick, cut with a hole in the center the size of a teacup. Brush

the top with the beaten white of egg and bake from a half to three-quarters of an hour.

In the preparation of vegetables Aunt Jane was particularly successful. Her mashed potatoes were not sliced according to modern methods, but pulverized with an old-fashioned potato masher, and then whipped with good sweet cream, butter and salt, a flat egg-beater being used for the purpose.

Aunt Jane's receipt for boiled onions is as follows: Peel the onions and wash them in cold water, put them in boiling salted water and simmer in an uncoated vessel, preferably porcelain lined, until perfectly tender. Drain in a colander, and when dry return them to the porcelain saucepan. Set them back on the stove and let them stew slowly until their own water is exhausted, or about fifteen minutes. Serve them with rich, creamy sauce.

CIDER APPLE SAUCE.—Boil a gallon of sweet, unfermented cider down to two quarts. Have ready one-half bushel nice sweet apples, pared, corad and quartered. Put the cider in a granite or porcelain kettle, and when boiling add as many apples as the kettle will hold. Cover and simmer very slowly without stirring, until the apples are tender. Skin them out into a stone pot and add more apples until all are cooked. Pour the syrup over the apples and put away to cool. The next day drain off the syrup, boil down until quite thick, and then return to the kettle. The pieces of apple should be dis-

tinot, tender, rich and juicy.

PUMPKIN PIE.—This receipt will make three good sized pies. Line deep pie tins with rich puff pastry and fill with the following custard: One quart of milk, three cupfuls of boiled and sieved pumpkin, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful each of mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, a dash of brandy gives added zest to pumpkin pie. Serve with American cheese.

MINCE MEAT.—Four pounds lean beef, boiled and chopped fine; double quantity of green tart apples chopped, one pound chopped suet, three pounds seedless raisins, two pounds currants, one tablespoonful each of mace, dried, one-half pound finely cut cinnamon, one pound brown sugar, one quart cooking molasses, two quarts sweet cider, one pint boiled cider, one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful pepper, one tablespoonful mace, one tablespoonful allspice, four tablespoonfuls cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, and one tablespoonful cloves. Mix thoroughly and warm it on the range until heated through. Remove from the fire and when nearly cool stir in a pint of good brandy and one pint of Madeira wine.

PORK FRUIT CAKE.—Chop and grind very fine three-fourths of a pound of fat salt pork and pour over it one pint of boiling water. When cool add two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one nutmeg, six cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls soda. Have prepared and floured one pound of currants, two pounds raisins and one-half pound citron, their in lightly. Bake in moderate oven.