

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT

OR THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

She glanced at him, her beautiful face full of perplexity; she had gathered a crimson carnation, and was holding it between her slender fingers.

"I will tell you, Raoul. I asked my father if love were necessary for happiness, and he said 'No.' I believed him; hence my mistake."

"Your father deceived you," "He did deceive me," she replied.

He looked at the downcast face. "It is a sad story. Tell me, Hildred—why does your patience fail? I love Ulric—I love you; I can judge between you. Why does your patience fail?"

"I do not wish to speak evil of my husband," she replied, slowly; "the very fact that he has injured me should make me generous to him—the very fact that I dislike him should compel me to speak well of him. I love a noble foe."

"If you were a foe at all, you would be a noble one," he said; "but you are not. You may speak frankly, because you are speaking to one who loves Ulric Caraven in spite of his faults. Tell me honestly all about your dislike."

She was silent for some minutes, and the crimson leaves of the clove-carnation fell one by one to the ground.

"I do not like speaking of it," she began. "You must see, Raoul, as well as I do—you must understand. How could any one help despising and disliking a man who lives for himself, who cares for nothing but his own pleasure, and leaves every duty neglected? How can I love a man who married me only for my money, despising me the while—who has not since marriage shown me the ordinary civility that a gentleman never fails to show to a lady? He is selfish, indolent—oh, Raoul, I do not like saying this, but if you saw his cruel neglect, his cruel oppression, if you knew how careless he is as to the claims of justice, you would be sorry for me!"

"I see," he replied, quietly. "Now tell me, Hildred—I know you will speak quite frankly—do you see one redeeming quality amid all your husband's faults?"

CHAPTER XXX.

HE thought long before he answered him, and then she looked into his face.

"I am afraid—I do not remember one. Yes, there is one. I have never heard him speak falsely."

Sir Raoul's face cleared.

"Ulric was a truthful boy," he said. "Do you know of anything else in his favor?"

She thought again.

"I think," she replied, even more slowly, "that he is tender-hearted. He is not cruel; he does not like to see people suffer; he is cruel only to me."

"True in word and tender of heart—these are two good qualities; we know that he has a handsome face, and easy grace of manner, a musical voice. You see I am trying to discover his good qualities. I will tell you something else. He is a spendthrift—I do not deny it. He may oppress the poor on his estate—that I am sure is done unwittingly; but he has never yet refused to help a comrade in distress. Years ago, when I was a hard-working soldier, with nothing to rely on but my pay, if I would have borrowed, he would have lent me half his fortune. He is open-handed."

"Yes," she replied, Sir Raoul smiled. "Listen again, Hildred. He has done all kinds of foolish, mad, senseless actions; but no one ever told of him that he had done a mean one."

"It was mean to demand rent from the poor widow whose husband was killed in his service."

"I am perfectly certain that John Biantyre has misled him," was the reply.

"It was mean to marry me for my money," she said, with flushing face. "Ah! there I must yield! It was mean—it was, in one sense, the worst action of his life," said Sir Raoul. "Let us make a resume, Hildred. He is true in word, tender of heart; he was never cruel; he is open-handed; he has committed but one mean action; he is handsome and accomplished, well fitted to win the heart of any woman. Tell me—do you think it quite impossible to love such a character?"

"I can hardly tell," she replied, slowly.

"I think that Ulric Caraven has in him the elements of a noble character. Hildred. Give to a sculptor a block of shapeless marble, and what does he fashion from it?"

"A beautiful statue," she replied. "True. Given a shapeless mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, I say that a good woman from them can mold a beautiful character. Listen—I will tell you how."

He had drawn nearer to her, and the leaves of the crimson carnation fell at his feet; the western wind seemed to pause and listen—it fell with a faint, subdued sigh.

"You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a com-

monplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better—resign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of Despond into a higher life."

She was looking at him in sheer wonder.

"How can I influence Lord Caraven?" she asked.

"You can do it by patience and perseverance. Say to yourself that the task of your life shall be to make him a good man. Instead of running away from it, devote yourself to it. There is much said of woman's mission—let that be yours, and surely there can be no higher or holier mission than to rouse an indolent man to a sense of his duty, a selfish man from his self-indulgence."

"But how could I do it, Raoul?" she asked.

"You could do it in some fashion. The well-being—nay, the very souls of men lie in women's hands. Here is a life-long task for you—a glorious mission, a noble work. Give your life to your husband—to the task of awakening him to a sense of his duties—to the task of making him a good man and a useful member of society, a conscientious steward of great wealth, a just land-owner; teach him how to be kind and just and merciful, help him to lead a fair and noble life. Could any woman wish for a more glorious task than this?"

Some of the light that shone on his face was reflected on hers.

"It would be a noble task," she said, thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self-control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who, from a mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I prophesy that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from



"LISTEN, I WILL TELL YOU HOW." Its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun. Do you not foresee it, Hildred?" And an almost saintly enthusiasm shone on his face.

"It is possible, Raoul, but—"

"Nay, be brave. You must not even think of the word 'but.' You must be enthusiastic over it—nothing can be done without enthusiasm. You must give yourself up to it, as a missionary does to the conversion of the heathen; as a martyr does to his death. You must work for it, live for it, die for it. Have you the courage and the constancy for this, Hildred?"

The light was deepening on her face, the fire in her eyes. The passion of his words was beginning to tell upon her.

"I have both the courage and the constancy," she replied.

"Think of the difference in the ending," he said. "Imagine the earl on his deathbed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom he has neglected, by the ghosts of duties left undone, ready to curse the young wife who, by flying from him and leaving him to his own devices, had hastened his ruin, body and soul—picture that. Then fancy to yourself the earl on his death-bed, blessing the dear wife, the noble woman who saved him from ruin, who woke his soul from its long sleep, who taught him how to live and to die. Could you hesitate for one moment between those two pictures?"

"No, not for one moment, Raoul. I do not hesitate—I will not hesitate. I will do my life's work."

"That is well said. You must resolve to overcome all difficulties—you must say to yourself from the beginning that nothing shall daunt you."

"I wish," she said, "that you would tell me what to do, first. I could go on if I only knew how to begin."

He smiled gravely.

"Perhaps you would think my first lesson a very hard one," he said.

"I will do what you tell me, Raoul. Let it be what it may."

"Then I shall suggest this. You wish to make a little advance—nothing very marked, but some trifling act of civility that will make amends, and show your desire to be what children call 'friends.'"

He did not know what an effort it

cost her to say "Yes," but she did say it, and she meant it.

"Then this is what I suggest. It was about a spray of mignonette that you displeased Ulric last. Gather some beautiful sprays of it, the finest you can obtain, and take them to him. Say quite carelessly, 'You admire mignonette, so I have brought you this.'"

"And suppose," said Hildred, "that he repays me in kind by throwing it away?"

"Never mind—courage and patience must be your watchwords. Ah, Hildred, after all, our likes and dislikes should have little to do with our duties; I shall watch over you, I shall help you, and sympathy is sweet."

She caught his hand and kissed it. He saw her face clear and a bright earnest light shine in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HE walked slowly down the path, Sir Raoul by her side. She looked round on the four high ivied walls.

"I have always loved this little pleasure," she said. "I shall love it better than ever now. It will seem almost like a church to me."

"Why like a church?" he asked, with some amusement.

"Because one of the best sermons I have ever heard has been preached to me here," she replied. "I have learned a lesson here. I shall never see these high ivied walls or touch a crimson carnation without thinking of you, Raoul, and all that you have said."

Then he watched her as she went from one bed of mignonette to another, looking eagerly for the choicest sprays, holding them up to him with wistful, eager face and sweet, pathetic eyes.

"Will this do, and this?" she asked as simply as a child. "Oh, Raoul, I hope he will not be angry—I hope he will be pleased! I shall tell you how I get on. I am nervous about it."

In another minute the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasure, alone.

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

Lord Caraven stood in the billiard-room at Ravensmere; he had been playing with one of his friends, who, having received a telegram, had gone to answer it. He stood alone, leaning carelessly against the open veranda, something more than his usual indifference darkening his face; he never liked interruption during a game.

"A most unpropitious moment," thought the young countess, as she caught sight of him; but, having given her word to Sir Raoul, she would have marched up to the mouth of a loaded cannon rather than have broken it.

Looking up, the earl could not but confess that he had seldom seen a lovelier picture than his young wife at that moment presented, with a flush on her face, and her hands filled with sprays of fragrant mignonette.

She would not reveal her hesitation, but went straight to him, smiling so that he little guessed how her heart beat. He raised his eyebrows as she drew nearer to him. What was going to happen? Before he had time to speak his face was buried in a soft, dewy mass of fragrant mignonette.

"There!" said a laughing voice. "You said this morning that this was your favorite flower. I have been looking for the most fragrant sprays of it that I could find."

(To be Continued.)

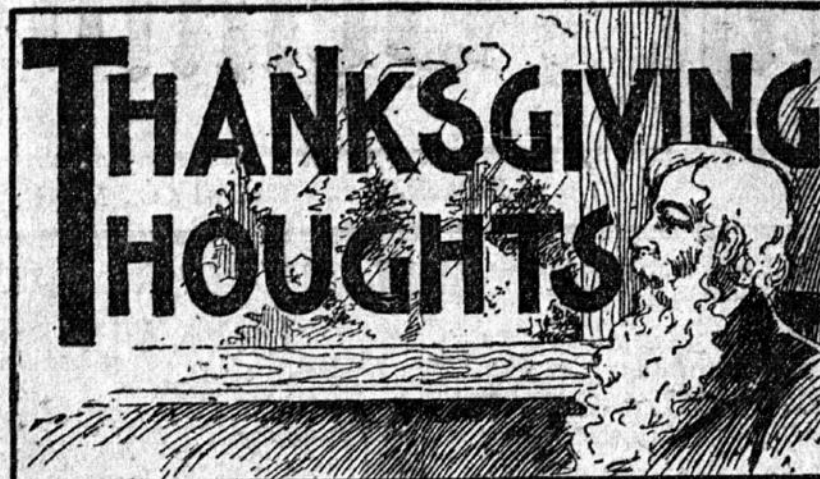
Well Satisfied.

Aubrey de Vere gives, in his "Recollections," an account of meeting, in Switzerland, one of those travelers who make it a point of honor to see nothing so good as what they find at home. This man was an Irishman, with whom patriotism was so truly a mania that every word in praise of the scenery about him seemed a distinct aspersion on the land of his birth. "What can you compare here," he demanded, "with the mountains, of Wicklow?" "Perhaps," said a traveler, "one might name the mountains of the Mont Blanc range." "Oh," he replied, scornfully, "they're out of all reason! I am after walking along the Chamouni valley for three days, and I only saw four of those mountains. Sure, in Wicklow I'd have counted as many as eight of them in three hours!" "Have you seen this wonderful waterfall within half a mile of us?" "I have not seen it, and I am not going to see it. Didn't I see the O'Sullivan Cascade at Killarney? Down it comes from such a height that you don't know where it comes from. Down it plunges, thundering and bellowing, sometimes black as ink, and sometimes white as milk, dashing itself against the right-hand rocks and smashing itself against the left-hand rocks. What is your Handeck Falls compared to that?" "Some persons would say," was the reply, "that the waterfall here is about ten times as high and six times as broad." "Ah, then," said he, with an added note of scorn, "then the O'Sullivan Cascade is not big enough for you? And tell me this now: Couldn't you take a magnifying glass to it?"

Same Old Frog.

George Emig, of Bellevue, Ky., was breaking a big lump of coal the other day, when a frog hopped out of a hole in the center. It had no eyes. Emig is a thoroughly reliable man, and always drinks straight Kentucky goods.

Don't judge a man by his size. The biggest fiddle in the orchestra plays the fewest notes.



I've been countin' up my blessin's, I've been summ'n' up my woes But I ain't got th' conclusion sum would nat'rally suppose. Why I quit a countin' troubles 'fore I had half a score, While th' more I count my blessin's I keep findin' more an' more.

There's been things that wa'n't exactly as I thought they'd ought t' be, And I've often growled at Providence fer not a pettin' me; But I hadn't stopped t' reckon what th' other side had be'n. So I guess it wa'n't correct, the way I calkered then.

Fer there's be'n a gift o' sunshine after every shower o' tears, And I've found a load o' laughter scattered all along th' years, Fer th' thorns have pricked me sometimes, I've good reasons to suppose Love has hid 'em often from me 'neath the rapture of th' rose.

So I'm goin' t' still be thankful fer th' sunshine and th' rain, Fer th' joy that's made me happy; fer th' purg'n' done by pain; Fer th' love of little children; fer the friends that have be'n true; Fer th' guidin' Hand that's led me ev'ry throt'nin' danger through.

I'm rejoicin' in th' mercy that can take my sins away, In th' Love that gives me courage in th' thickest of the fray. I am thankful fer th' goodness—that from heaven follows me O! how happy and how thankful I forever ought t' be.

So jest let us count our blessin's as we're journeyin' along, Then we'll find less time fer growlin', and more fer mirth and song When you lift your eyes t' heaven earthly shadows flee away— Let us learn this lovin' lesson as we keep Thanksgivin' Day.

—Ram's Horn.



In planning for our Thanksgiving dinner, our minds naturally recur to the time-honored dishes as roast turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce, baked Indian pudding, etc., and our feast never seems quite complete without them. It is not always possible, however, to have turkey and some do not care for it. Roast goose, chicken, duck, pork, or beef may be substituted for it. Another nice dish is "mock duck," or pork tenderloins baked with a bread dressing flavored with herbs and onions. A menu that is semi-old-fashioned but usually liked is oyster soup, roast turkey with mashed potatoes, turnips, baked squash, pickles—sweet and sour—jellies; a salad, mince and pumpkin pie; fruit, nuts and coffee. It is well to have some kind of light pudding for those who do not eat pie. If oysters cannot be procured, vegetable oysters may be substituted. Cream tomato is a favorite kind of soup.



Cooking the Turkey.

To prepare the turkey for the oven, split the skin at the back of the neck, take out the neck bone, cut it close to the body. Draw the crop and the intestines; clean and wash thoroughly; fill both crop and stomach cavities with stuffing. Turn the neck skin down under the back; tie a string round and bring the two ends of the string over the wings and tie on the breast. When ready to bake put the bird in the roasting pan; add a little water, small quantities of chopped celery, carrots and onions, two cloves and a small bunch of parsley. Baste with the gravy every fifteen minutes. Cook in a moderately hot oven for about two and a half or three hours. The pressure of the thumb behind the second joint of the wing will readily break the flesh when it is sufficiently cooked. Take off strings used in dressing before serving on table. After the turkey has been taken out add a little water and flour to gravy left in pan; boil for a few minutes; strain and remove all grease that comes to the top. Serve in sauceboat.



There is danger that the religious significance of Thanksgiving day may be forgotten. We so soon grow accustomed to our blessings that we accept them as a part of the general order of things and naturally become ungrateful by pure forgetfulness or indifference. But as a matter of fact most things which come to us come by the pure favor or courtesy of others, and how unworthy do we consider the ingratitude writ R. V. S. T. Willis in the New York Ledger. He is one of the most contemptible characters with which we meet. We consider him even unwell who does not spontaneously say or write "Thank you" for the favor and kindness shown him by his fellow man. And this word of grateful appreciation is a ver' lost. Even if it may seem to have no effect upon him for whom it was given, it will

SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTOR.

He Did Not Want to Pay What He Owed His Neighbors, This Farmer.

"Look here," said a Suffolk farmer to a friend, "I'm going to kill my pig, but I owe so much pork to my neighbors that I shall have none left for myself if I pay it all back. What would you do?"

"Quite easy to trick 'em," said the friend. "Kill your pig and leave it hanging outside until late at night, so everyone can see it. Then take it in, and say someone stole it. Stick to the tale, and you'll be all right."

The farmer followed instructions, and the kind friend watched his chance and stole the pig. The poor farmer came around the next morning to tell what had happened.

"Somebody has stolen my pig!" he cried.

"Good!" said the friend. "Stick to it, and the neighbors'll believe you, sure enough."

"But it was stolen, I tell you!"

"Excellent!" quoth the friend. "Just you stick to that tale."

"You confounded ass!" yelled the farmer. "Don't you understand? It was really stolen."

"Superb!" laughed the delighted friend. "You ought to have been an actor, so you ought."

That Suffolk farmer slammed the door and went away fuming.—London Answers.

CANADA'S CAPITAL AROUSED.

Never Was There Such Excitement—Physicians' Association Trying to Explain.

Ottawa, Canada, Nov. 25th.—This city is stirred up as never before. Some seven years ago the local papers published an account of a man named George H. Kent of 403 Gilmour street, who was dying of Bright's Disease, and who, at the very last moment, after several of the best physicians had declared he couldn't live twelve hours, was saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

People who know how low Mr. Kent was refused to believe that he was cured permanently, and the other day, in order to clinch the matter, the papers published the whole case over again and backed up their story by sworn statements made by Mr. Kent, in which he declares most positively that in 1894 he was given up by the doctors, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills, and nothing else, saved him, and further, that since the day that Dodd's Kidney Pills sent him back to work, seven years ago, he has not lost a single minute from his work. (He is a printer in the American Bank Note Printing Company.)

Mr. Kent is kept quite busy during his spare hours answering inquiries, personally and by letter, but he is so grateful that he counts the time well spent. Indeed, he and his wife have shown their gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills in a very striking way by having their little girl—born in 1896—christened by the name of "Dodd's."

Altogether, it is the most sensational case that has ever occurred in the history of medicine in Canada, and the perfect substantiation of every detail leaves no room to doubt either the completeness or the permanency of the cure.

The local physicians have made the case of Kent and Dodd's Kidney Pills the subject of discussion at several of the private meetings of their association.

The Raw Food Habit.

Just now the raw food diet threatens to become a fad. Certainly many people are experimenting with the new dietetic idea. It would be far better, for the average man or woman to adopt an absolutely raw diet, and eat everything which he could possibly eat or relish in a perfectly raw state, than to swallow into his stomach the horrible messes which are concocted by the average cook. It is safer, on the whole, for man to take his food as he finds it in its natural state than to take it as he finds it on the table of the average boarding house, or hotel, or in other words, it is safer for man to take his food straight from the hands of his Maker than from the hands of a French cook.—Good Health.

Buffalo Bill's Horses.

Buffalo Bill greatly bewails the loss of his horses in the recent railroad accident to his show. "All these horses," he says, "were thoroughly trained and experienced, and it will take time and money to replace them. It is not easy to train these mustangs, and even after they're well trained, they need experience to become reliable and serviceable. Insured for \$250 apiece, they were worth at least \$1,000 each to me. My horses have to do so much more than the circus horse that they cannot be so readily replaced. I have already made arrangements for another lot, and will soon have them in training at the Bridgeport winter quarters."—New York Times.

His Grievance.

Cleek—What, gum? And so soon after the honeymoon? Isn't your wife all your fancy painted her?

Bunker—Oh, yes; but she can't golf a little bit.

Cleek—And you grumble at that? Why?

Bunker—But she thinks she can.—Brooklyn Life.

The Bath Room Window.

It is occasionally desirable in a bath room window or in one having an objectionable outlook to have an opaque pane. The pretty, frosted effect often seen in restaurants and saloons can be readily produced at home at little cost. To a pint of stale ale add a handful of Epsom salts. Mix and apply with a brush. This makes a hard finish that will remain indefinitely, or, if desired, may be removed by scrubbing at any time.—New York Evening Post.

The receiver of a black eye feels as bad as any thief.

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