

BUSINESS NOTICE

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D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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The Home

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Cheese Fondue.—Melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cup each of hot milk and fine bread crumbs, two cups of grated cheese.

Peach Canapes.—Beat two eggs slightly, add one-quarter teaspoonful of sugar and two-thirds cup of milk.

HOW THE HOSTESS MAY EXCEL A good housekeeper may become a social queen in the art of entertaining.

Entire Wheat Bread.—To one level tablespoonful each of butter and lard, or two of butter, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one and a half level

White Rolls.—Scald two cups of milk, add three level tablespoonfuls of butter, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one level teaspoonful of salt.

Sponge Drops and Frosting.—Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and dry; add gradually one-half cup of powdered sugar, then add the yolks of two eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored.

HELPFUL HINTS. Fresh yeast may be made from yeast sponge by mixing the latter with corn meal until the mass is stiff enough to mold into rolls and slice, or rolled into cakes and cut with a biscuit cutter.

OBEDIENCE TO SCRIPTURE. There was, not many years ago, in Paris, a well-known and young man, of rustic origin and of a very religious turn.

KNOW ALL ABOUT IT. I never in my life permitted a man to kiss me, said the blonde.

Lord Dunsany died on the 16th ult. at Dunsany Castle, county Meath, at the age of 45. He is succeeded by his eldest son, who was born in 1872.

My Namesake.

My debut at Chilverton gave little promise at the outset of being anything more than the first of a series of formal social proceedings that I had anticipated when I promised Bartlett that I would go and visit his people when I came back to the old country.

The platform was dark, and the country in the gloom of the wet winter evening was dismal in the extreme and when I followed the porter, as he struggled along with my bags, I felt yellow glare of the carriage lamps, I half regretted that I had come all the way from London for what would be to me, a stranger, nothing more than a duty visit.

The coachman who was waiting was evidently satisfied with the name the man read off my dressing case, and some twenty minutes later we drew up opposite an old stone-work porch from which a bright light streamed out on to the glittering gravel and the dripping rhododendron banks.

I had returned from ten years' hard work in West Australia only a fortnight before, and what I knew of the people I was visiting was what I had heard from Bartlett himself.

Gwendoline! I struck me as being unfamiliar. I was certain that Bartlett had never mentioned it.

"Sure to be in the inverse ratio of pretentious to name!" I murmured as I went downstairs. But in this I was wrong.

"The young lady that rose at my entrance was charming. I couldn't deny it, even if I had wished to do so."

"Mr. —" And she stopped short with a look of astonishment.

"But you are not the — the — Mr. Jefferys are you expecting?"

"As a rule I am not nervous, but I will own to feeling uncomfortable on hearing this."

"So I asked rather anxiously: 'But this is Mr. Bartlett's, is it not? Chilverton Hall?'"

The way in which the lady's eyebrows elevated themselves was anything but reassuring.

"This! No! This is Chilverton Lodge, and our name is Ferrers."

It was a decidedly cheerful situation, and the consideration of it claimed my attention so fully that I hardly noticed the old gentleman who had just entered, and was focussing me sternly through his eyeglasses.

"Ah! What is this, Gwen?"

"Excuse me to explain? I broke in firmly, rather annoyed at the tone of his voice. 'Oh! an hour ago I came to Chilverton on my way to visit Mr. Bartlett at Chilverton Hall. I gave my name to your coachman and he drove me here. I must apologize for intruding on you, and express my regret for a mistake that is as unfortunate to us both as it is inexplicable to me.'"

"But, papa, the gentleman says his name is Jefferys. The name of the entire party was a guest of Bartlett's! I looked at my watch. Yes, just quite a coincidence."

"Perhaps it was, but I did not enjoy the similarity of the details, and was pleased to acknowledge that I had exit when Miss Gwendoline came to my rescue."

"What she said in an undertone to her father, I do not know, but she said it politely and firmly refused to entertain my suggestion of at once proceeding to the Bartlett's. I must stay to dinner at any rate so he said, and when I noticed the thoughtful expression in Miss Ferrers' face, I concluded that I would not leave the Lodge for an hour or so."

The colonel, as I nicknamed the old tyrant for my own private use, his daughter, as I formed the name of the dinner party. My namesake had not arrived, and to tell the truth, I was glad that he hadn't. No news had come to hand about him. The carriage that had returned to the station had not found him waiting, so we concluded that he had not come down by that train. As far as I was concerned, he might be in a similar pickle at the Bartlett's."

The colonel was a study in himself. I soon began to believe that everyone — his daughter excepted — was a victim to his powers of bullying. It was very strange that his name was the same as that of my mother's half brother, who had a country-wide reputation for ferocity — Ferrers — an uncommon name, the further side of the daughter, though they were both strangers to me. The more I tried to recollect details of the more mysterious and uncomfortable I began to feel. The wife of my mother's relation was dead, and there was but one daughter, though I had never heard her name. In fact, all that I had heard about the family was from my mother, and she had died a year before I left England for Australia.

All I was certain of was that my mother had married beneath her — in Ferrers' opinion, at least — and that he had refused to acknowledge that she had henceforth any connection with him.

The man at my side was just such a man to see and keep to a thing like that; domineering, too, in all things, even down to gold shares. He actually laid down the law to me on the merits of the different gold-bearing strata east of Coolgardie.

For the sake of the blue eyes that twinkled and the further side of the table I had already endured a good deal. But this was a little bit too much, so I firmly corrected his erroneous views, and pointed out that my ten years' experience in prospecting and assaying in that exact region entitled me to some knowledge about its metal.

Did I know anything about Whitland West? Yes. It happened that I did know a great deal about the company that was just being floated to carry on operations in that region. I'm afraid that I spoke my mind on what was known to myself and one or two of us in Australia as a most daring piece of fraud. I had been over the place most carefully, and was satisfied that there were not ten grains of gold to the ton in Whitland West.

My Namesake.

"Do you know that I am to be a director of the company?"

"But my shares? I have paid ten per cent. on them, and the rest was to be paid tonight or tomorrow."

"To my namesake?" I asked, as the colonel looked at me across my mind — Jefferys, of course; here was a nice piece of business. The last time I saw that gentleman was in Calcutta where he had been horsewhipped in semi-public for "salting" a big claim, and swindling a young gentleman out of three thousand pounds over it. Since then he had disappeared.

Mr. Ferrers looked at me curiously, and we went into the smoking room and talked it over. He would like me to meet the Mr. Jefferys, whom he had been introduced to some months before in London, and with whom he had already done business. Would I mind coming over when he was at the Lodge? Oh, no! I had no objection to do so, but he had better let me know my name were not mentioned, until I was announced. He would be down in the morning, probably. Would I wait until then?

I feel with my ideas very well, so I stayed until lunch the next day. Mr. Jefferys appeared, but was informed that a letter had been received from him, saying that stress of business had made him an unwilling absentee. He hoped to be down on Friday.

"May I ask you a question, Miss Ferrers?" said I, as I stood in the hall and looked at the preparatory to setting out to my proper destination. "Certainly, Mr. Jefferys."

"Did you ever live at Slicheston Grange?" — receding the name of the place where my mother had said her brother lived.

Miss Ferrers hesitated a moment, and turned to look me straight in the face.

"I will answer that if you answer the question first, but to you."

"I smiled. 'That is all right. We lived at Slicheston until two years ago. Now, tell me, was your mother's maiden name Emeline Ferrers?'"

"My identity was established, and by the person I least expected."

"Mr. —" I was the pleasure of coming to Chilverton Lodge on that account? I asked, seeing that she understood the situation.

I thought at first she would not reply, but as I shook hands with her and climbed into the dogcart that was to take me to the Hall I heard her say, "I think not."

And before I had reached the Bartlett's and explained my enforced absence, I had decided the position was worth the great caution it required.

On Friday I went over and interviewed my namesake who had just arrived, and a pretty warm half-hour we had together. It might have been my unsuspected arrival, or that he knew I had an intimate knowledge of the little game he was playing, or the combination that staggered him, at all events, he understood my pointed remarks, and when Mr. Ferrers expressed his wish of withdrawing from Whitland West, he made no remonstrance.

After this episode we saw no more of him, and the field was clear to me. I had done my duty, and I was good one. It was difficult to define a line of action; but the eventual hope was worth attaining, and the mutual understanding about my identity with the owner of those blue eyes, and her sympathy, told me there was hope.

"Do you know," I said to her one day about three months later, when I happened to call on them in London, and had the fortune to find her alone — "do you know that I feel that I am sailing under false colors as it were?"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Jefferys."

"No! I have that consolation. But as regards Mr. Ferrers, I am something of a hypocrite. Am I not?"

Miss Ferrers continued to look thoughtful.

"Now if he knew at this moment that I should be shown the door, shouldn't I?"

"Perhaps — in spite of your financial affairs."

Her smile reassured me a little. "And I shouldn't be allowed to see you again?"

"I suppose not."

"But I shall have to inform him — sooner or later. Which shall it be?"

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