

My Friend The Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M.
WILLIAMSON,
Author of
"THE...
Lightning Conductor
"THE...
Princess Passes,
ETC.

(Continued.)

Yes, I shall be one of those figures, of course. The Mother has always told me it was my true vocation; that peace and leisure for reflection and concentration of mind were the greatest earthly blessings a woman could have. Ever since as a very small girl, I longed for the day when I should be allowed to wear one of those pretty, trailing, white cashmere dresses and long, pale blue veils, I have looked forward to joining the Sisterhood of good women who alone have ever given me love and the protection of home.

Nothing has happened to change my intentions, and they are not changed. Only, I'm not homesick any more, as I used to be in the feverish Paris days, or even on the Riviera, when we did very little but rush back and forth between Monte Carlo and Cap Martin, with Prince Dalmat Kalm and his friends.

I shall go home and carry out the plans I've had for all these years, but I shall live—live—live—every single minute till the time comes for me to say good-bye to the world.

I should have liked to stay a month at Bellagio (with the wonderful garden of Sordani to explore from end to end), instead of the two days that we did. I am still, the moment our start was arranged, I was perfectly happy at the thought of being in the car again.

There was a discussion as to how we should begin the journey to Lecco and Desenzano, where we were to sleep one night, for our difficulty lay in the fact that there was but one road on which we could drive away from the wooded, wedge-like promontory which Bellagio pushes out into the lake; the steep, narrow road up to Civenna and down again to Canzo and Aso, by which we had come. As our car had done the climb and descent so well, Mr. Barrymore wanted to do it again, perhaps with a wicked desire to force the Prince into accompanying us for seeming timid about the capabilities of his automobile. But when Aunt Kathryn discovered how easy the alternative was (simply to put the car on a steamer as far as Varenna, then running along a good road from the southward to Lecco), she said that Mr. Barrymore's way would be tempting Providence, with whose designs, I must say, she appears to have an intimate acquaintance. Heaven had spared us the first time, she argued, but now if we deliberately flew in its face, it would certainly not be considered on a second occasion.

I was ready so much earlier on the last morning than Aunt Kathryn or Beechy, that I ordered coffee and rolls for myself alone on the terrace; and they had just appeared when Mr. Barrymore came out. He was going presently to see to the car, so naturally we had breakfast together with an addition of some exquisite wild strawberries, gleaming like crimson rubies under a froth of whipped cream. It was only eight o'clock, when we finished, and he said there would be time for one last stroll through the divinest garden in Italy, if I cared for it. Of course I did care, so we walked together up the rose-bordered path from the sweet-smelling flower-garden to the pine-hedged culminate in the pirate's castle. While we stood looking down over the three arms of the lake in their glittering blue sleeves, a voice spoke behind us: "Ah, Miss Destrey, I've found you at last. Your cousin asked me to look for you and bring you back as soon as possible. You are urgently wanted for something, though what was not confided to me."

The Prince used to be troublesome when he first attached himself to our party. If ever he happened to meet me in the big hall or the garden of the hotel Cap Martin, when neither Aunt Kathryn nor Beechy was with me, he always made some pretext to talk and pay me stupid compliments, though he would flee if my relations came in sight. After the trip began, however, his manner was suddenly different, and he showed no more desire for my society than I for his; therefore I was surprised by an equally sudden change this morning. It was hardly noticeable. Even his way of looking at me was not the same. At Cap Martin he used to be rather bold, as if I were the kind of person who ought to be flattered by any attention from a Prince Dalmat Kalm. Later, if he glanced at me at all it was with an odd expression, as if he wished me to regret something, I really couldn't imagine what. But now there was a sort of reverence in his gaze and manner, as if I were a queen and he were one of my courtiers. As I'm not a queen and wouldn't care to have him for a courtier if I were, I wasn't pleased when he attempted to keep at my side during our walk down the path together. He didn't precisely touch Mr. Barrymore out of the way, but seemed to take it for granted, as it were by right of his rank, that it was for him, not the others to walk beside me.

I resented this, for to my mind it was a horrible insult for a person to snub another not his equal in fortune; and as Mr. Barrymore never pushes himself forward when people behave as if he were their inferior, I determined to show unmistakably which man I valued more. Consequently, when the prince persisted in keeping up with Mr. Barrymore and I had walked over to it, Mr. Barrymore following behind. But on the terrace level with the hotel he had to leave us, for the automobile was to be shipped on board a cargo boat that sailed to Varenna some time before ours.

"Why are you always unkind to me? Haven't I been as unfortunate as you in any way?" asked the Prince, when we were alone.

"I am neither kind nor unkind," I replied in a practical, dry sort of tone. "I am going in now to see why they want me."

"Please don't be in such a hurry," said the Prince. "Perhaps I made Miss Beechy's message too urgent, for I had seen you with the chauffeur, and I could not bear that you should be alone with him."

"It is stupid to speak of Mr. Barrymore as the chauffeur," I exclaimed in a rage. "And it's not your affair, Prince, to concern yourself with my actions."

With that I darted into the long corridor that opens from the terrace, and left him furiously tugging at his moustache.

"Did you send the Prince to call me in, Beechy?" I asked, after I had tapped at the door.

"I happened to see the Prince and have a little talk with him in the garden a few minutes ago," said she, "and I told him if he saw you he might say 'well, he'd be glad if you'd come. Mamma's in such a stew finishing her packing, and it would be nice if you'd help shut the dressing-bag.'"

Aunt Kathryn hadn't been herself, it seemed to me, during our two days at Bellagio. This morning she had a headache, and though I'd hoped that she would walk down to the boat with the Prince, she decided to take the hotel omnibus, so I was pestered with him once more. Beechy and Sir Ralph were having an argument of some sort (in which I heard that funny nickname "the Chauffeur" occur several times), and as Mr. Barrymore had gone ahead with the car and our luggage, the Prince kept with me all the way through the terraced garden, then down the quiet street of steep past the bright-colored silk shops, to the crowded little quay. I should have thought that after my last words he would have avoided me, but apparently he hadn't understood that he was being snubbed. He even put himself out to be nice to the black dog from Airolo, which is my shadow now, and detests the Prince as only as he secretly detests it.

It was scarcely half an hour's sail to Varenna, and ten minutes after landing there, we were in the car, bowling smoothly along a charming road close by the side of Lecco, the eastern arm of the triple lake of Como.

For a time we ran opposite the promontory of Bellagio, with the white crescent of the Villa Serbelloni conspicuous on the

darkly wooded hillside. Near us was an electric railway which burrowed into tunnels, as did our road now and then, to save itself from extinction in a wall of rock. As we went on, we found the scenery of Lecco more wild and rugged than that of Como with its many villas, each one of which might have been Claude Lorraine's. The villages were sparsely scattered on the sides of high, sheer mountains which reared their bare shoulders up to a sky of pure ultramarine, but Lecco itself was big and not picturesque, taking an air of up-to-date importance from the railway station which connects this magic land with the rest of Italy.

"I shouldn't care to stop in this town," said Beechy, when Mr. Barrymore slowed down before an imposing glass-fronted hotel with gorgeous ornamentations of iron and a wonderful garden. "After what we've come from, Lecco does look unromantic and prosaic, though I daresay this hotel is nice and will give us a good lunch."

"Nevertheless it's the Promessi Sposi country," answered Mr. Barrymore. "What's that?" asked Beechy and Aunt Kathryn together. But I knew, for in the garret at home there's an old, old copy of "The Betrothed," which is Manzoni's I Promessi Sposi in English, and I found and read it when I was a small girl. It was very long, and perhaps I should find it a little dull now, though I hope not, for I loved it then, reading in delicious seclusion and stealth, because the Sisters don't allow youthful readers to harken on love stories, no matter how old-fashioned. I hadn't thought of the book for years; but evidently its story had been lying all this time carefully put away in a parcel, gathering dust on some forgotten shelf in my brain, for down it tumbled at the mention of the name. As Mr. Barrymore explained to Aunt Kathryn that this was the country of I Promessi Sposi because the scenes of Manzoni's romance had been laid as if they lay before my eyes the quaint woodcuts representing the beautiful heroine, Lucia, her lover, Renzo, and the wicked Prince Inimomatto.

Nevertheless I took some credit to myself for remembering the old book so well, and fancied that there weren't many other travellers nowadays who would have it. But pride usually goes before a fall, as hard-hearted nuns tell vain little girls who have come to grief in their prettiest dresses; and at lunch it appeared that the humblest, most youthful waiter at Lecco knew more about the classic romance of the country than I did. Indeed, not a character in the book that wasn't well represented in a picture on the wall or a painted postcard. I exclaimed in a rage. "And it's not your affair, Prince, to concern yourself with my actions."

The landlord was so shocked at the idea of our going on without driving a few kilometres to Aquate, the village where Renzo and Lucia had lived, and visiting the wayside shrine where Don Rodrigo accosted Lucia, that Aunt Kathryn was fired with a desire to go, though, as I had would have dissuaded her by saying there was nothing worth seeing. "I believe you don't approve of stories about wicked Princes like Inimomatto," said Beechy, "and that's why you don't want us to go. You're afraid we'll get suspicious if we know too much about them. After that speech the Prince didn't object any more, and even went with us to the car, when we had rounded off our lunch with the Robiola cheese of the country."

It was a short drive to Lucia's village; we could have walked in less than an hour, but that wouldn't have pleased Aunt Kathryn. Appropriately, we passed a statue of Manzoni on the way—a delightful Manzoni seated comfortably on a monument (with sculptured medallions from scenes in his books) almost within sight of the road to Aquate, and quite within sight of Monte Resegone, where the castle of wicked Inimomatto still stands. Then no sooner had we turned into the narrow road leading up to the little mountain hamlet than our intentions became the property of every passer-by, every peasant, every worker from the wire factories.

Three splendid English receipts.

Pancake Scones—Put six ounces of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt and a dash of sugar. Make a very stiff batter with sweet milk, to which rennet has been added, or use sour milk and cream. Grease the griddle with butter or melt a small piece of butter in the smallest size omelet pan and put in the batter to the thickness of an inch. Fry on both sides. Drain on a blotting paper. When ready to serve, cut into three equal pieces, butter between and pile one on top of another in a hot muffin dish.

Singing Hinnies or Griddle Cakes—Mix one teaspoonful of currants with one pound of flour, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in three-quarters of a pound of butter, cut into large lumps. Make a stiff batter very slightly with milk. Roll out one way on a floured board to the thickness of half an inch. Cut into squares and bake on a griddle which has been thoroughly heated and well greased. Turn until brown on both sides. Then draw the griddle to one side of the stove and let the cakes cook through. Split through the centers without crumbling, insert butter and serve at once piled one on another in a hot dish.

Brownie Cakes—Mix one-half a pound of oatmeal, one-half a pound of flour, one rounding tablespoonful of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg thoroughly and add to the mixture a dash of vanilla, three rounding tablespoonfuls of butter. Add enough milk to make into a rather moist dough. Roll out lightly half an inch thick. Cut into round cakes, brush over with beaten egg and cook on a griddle.

Corn Griddle Cakes—Separate three eggs and beat the yolks. To the latter add two cups of milk. Sift together one pint of flour and three rounding tablespoonfuls of baking powder. To this add half a can of corn, from which the juice has been strained, the egg and milk mixture and finally the flour. Beat together thoroughly and put in gradually, one table spoonful of melted butter. Now stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake on a griddle and serve piping hot.

Scotch Scones—Sift one and one-half pints of flour into a bowl and add one level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Sift these together four times. Make a groove in the middle of the flour and pour in two cups of thick sour buttermilk. Mix in the flour quickly and carefully until a soft bread dough is formed. Roll out on a floured board and knead lightly and rapidly. Spread out to an inch in thickness and cut into scones with a round cake-cutter. Rub the griddle with a little suet and cook the scones slowly for five minutes on one side and five minutes on the other side. They should be thoroughly done and nicely browned on both sides.

Chestnut Oakes—Boil one quart of chestnuts and when done scoop out the inside. To this chestnut meat add half a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs well beaten, and half a cup of milk. Stir all together thoroughly and add six tablespoonfuls of pastry flour. Cook slowly on a lightly greased griddle, dropping the mixture spoonful by spoonful.

Chestnut Bread—To the yolks of two eggs add half a cup of milk and mix to gether. Now add two-thirds of a cupful of chestnut meat and stand in a cool place over night, well covered. When ready to use, mix in the whites of the eggs well beaten, one level teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Cook in thin cakes on a griddle.

Cornmeal Butter Cakes—Mix together one pound of cornmeal with one-half pound of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of

baking powder and one pinch of salt. Blend these slowly with one quart of milk, or the same quantity of half milk and half water, and add one teaspoonful of melted lard. When perfectly smooth cook on an iron griddle until each side is a golden brown.

Rice Griddle Cakes—Put one-half pound of thoroughly cleaned rice into a saucepan, cover with water and boil to a mush, adding more water when necessary. As soon as the rice is cooked allow it to cool. Then to half the quantity of rice add one cup of cream, four eggs, a pinch of salt and a grating of nutmeg. Mix into these ingredients one-quarter of a pound of melted butter and add sufficient to make a thick batter. Fry on a hot griddle and serve.

German Apple Cakes—Mix two teaspoonfuls of flour with a pinch of salt. Mix in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, beating them separately. Now break into this the corner of a cake of yeast, cover, and stand away to rise. Peel four apples, remove all traces of the cores and chop very fine. Add the apple very gradually to the mixture because different apples have more or less moisture, and too much apple is liable to break the cake. Bake on a hot griddle in thick cakes and serve hot with powdered sugar.

New England Pancakes—Stir gradually into two cups of cream five table-spoonfuls of sifted flour. Whip the yolks of seven fresh eggs and the whites of four, and season with one teaspoonful of salt. Pour these into the flour and beat until smooth. Heat one table-spoonful of butter in a frying-pan and put in a thin layer of batter. When brown on the under side, turn and brown on the opposite side. Roll and serve with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

Planned Cakes—Rub together one table-spoonful of butter and one table-spoonful of sugar. Stir in the well-beaten yolks and whites of two eggs. Thicken with two cups of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Make a thin batter with sweet milk, and cook on a steaming griddle.

Backstreet Cakes—Old-fashioned Times—Pour over one cupful of yellow meal, one quart of boiling milk and add one-half teaspoonful of salt. As soon as cold add one-quarter of a cake of compressed yeast, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff dough. Beat well together and allow the mixture to rise over night. When ready to cook, stir in one table-spoonful of the best molasses and one table-spoonful of soda. These cakes can be made in the morning, using one table-spoonful of baking powder instead of the yeast.

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Chained to a corpse.

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The Romans used to punish a murderer by chaining to his body the corpse of his victim. Wherever he went he dragged behind him the debris of his crime, the stinking, revolting thing that was once a man.

Every day you see people dragging around with them the corpse of their sins. They can't get away from them. And many of them have become so intimate with these corpses that they become corpses themselves. The misery of these poor unfortunates has become constitutional with them. It fits them like an old shoe. They have become accustomed to it.

And there are thousands of humans who are walking the earth today with corpses attached to them—dyspeptic stomachs they can't get rid of. They have to get along with the best they can with the stomachs they have. And the owners of said dyspeptic stomachs are to be found in every walk of life, suffering from some form of indigestion, first cousin to dyspepsia.

They wear that forlorn appearance, their energy is at zero, nothing interests them, and they interest no one; their faces are drab, their nerves are wilted and their shoulders sag. Are you one of the myriads who dangle and gratify their palates, at the sacrifice of their stomachs? Are you one of those who allow their senses to run riot, eating too much, drinking too much, eating at the wrong time, eating the half-cooked, the queer and the impossible?

Are you bloated after eating, and imagine that it is your food that fills you? Do you have nausea when you look upon this or that thing and heave and heave for it, too, at the same time? And have you got a whole lot of other things the matter with your stomach that you know about but nobody else does, and can't explain? If so, you have dyspepsia, real dyspepsia. And the chances are you have had it a long time.

Your stomach is overworked, abused, fagged out. The gastric and digestive juices are weak, the muscles of the stomach are jaded, and the whole business needs new life. It needs something which will take hold of the food as it comes in and is the digesting, and let your stomach take a rest.

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STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER
THE ALL-
IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private life to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers a great many years.

Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, and has many years under her direction, and since her decease, she has been advising sick women free of charge.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus she has established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help her to cure you. Write her, and she will except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

GRIDDLE CAKES FOR SHROVE TUESDAY

The custom of having a pan cake supper on the eve of Ash Wednesday is no longer confined to New England. This old-fashioned custom has become a feature of the last day before Lent in every household where the family are fond of hot cakes straight from the griddle. At the first of these suppers, however, only buckwheat cakes were served. Now, any kind of a batter that can be cooked on a griddle forms a part of the meal, and the more unusual the cakes the more do they have to be brought steaming from the kitchen. Plenty of sweet butter and a good supply of the best molasses, maple sugar, or melted sugar accompany the cakes whatever they may be.

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Pancake Scones—Put six ounces of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt and a dash of sugar. Make a very stiff batter with sweet milk, to which rennet has been added, or use sour milk and cream. Grease the griddle with butter or melt a small piece of butter in the smallest size omelet pan and put in the batter to the thickness of an inch. Fry on both sides. Drain on a blotting paper. When ready to serve, cut into three equal pieces, butter between and pile one on top of another in a hot muffin dish.

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WHAT Vin Mariani IS

A multitude of so-called "Coca-Wines" are yearly dished out on this market, which are nothing else than a simple admixture of cocaine with ordinary wine.

VIN MARIANI, the world-renowned tonic, is a preparation of an agreeable and wholesome French wine, especially selected because of its peculiar distinctive qualities and ERYTHROXYLON COCA, the medicinal qualities of which are well known to the medical profession.

BEWARE of cheap alcoholic stimulants sold as tonics, as they often contain deleterious ingredients which will harm your health.

All Druggists Everywhere

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS AND CAN BE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kidneys, and making them strong again."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

RE TEMPERANCE

Rev. Mr. Taylor Takes Issue With Some Present Plans.

Rev.