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Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd).

That his devotions were to-day quite as detached from the things of the earth as they were wont to be, it might be rash to assert. Neither was he among the last to leave the sacred precincts; while, once outside the door, he seemed without any definite act of volition to come to a standstill, and presently found himself watching the outpouring congregation with an interest never before felt in his fellow-worshippers. At every particularly fair head of hair he actually craned his long neck, and when at last his roaming eyes met another pair of eyes, likewise roaming, but which in the same instant gave up their wanderings with a finality which showed that the goal was reached, he began to have a glimmering of his own motive.

In another moment they had met—She openly radiant, he abruptly self-conscious.

"Oh, how pleasant!" she smiled frankly, from under the shade of an obviously new and very becoming grey hat. "It was real kind of you to think of me."

Her naive taking for granted that she alone had been the object of his station at the door somehow saved the situation.

"I wanted to ask you whether you had no disagreeables in your walk the other night?" said John, a trifle pompously. "It occurred to me afterwards that it was remiss of me not to have stayed along with you."

She colored, obviously not with displeasure.

"Thank you; well, it was rather nervous work, but it's over now, and nothing particular happened. Shall I tell you how you can make up for your remissness?" she asked, glancing up at him with insinuating blue eyes.

"How?"

By taking me a walk now."

"To one of the parks?"

"No; to the Necropolis. It's the only thing that appeals to my imagination in this dreadful town; the only spot at all romantic. Don't you think so?"

"It certainly has the finest view in Glasgow," acquiesced John, as together they turned up the street like any other Sunday couple.

She prattled pleasantly as they walked along. But it was not until they had crossed the bridge which spans the Monlindinar Valley, and above which, among the leafless trees, rose a second forest of monuments, that intimacy began to make strides.

"You know that this is called the 'Bridge of Sighs,' do you not? It's a name that delights me."

"Do sad things delight you?"

"Serious ones do. They are so much more interesting than the jokes people always are making. I find jokes so vulgar. Don't you?' '

"I don't think I know much about jokes," confessed John, whose sense of humor was, in truth, deficient. When a good many adjectives had been expended upon the view—not by John—a short halt was made before the gigantic statue crowning the height. Though an enemy in one sense, John Knox, in another, was an ally against a common foe—a sort of Moses who had led his people out of the Egyptain darkness of Popery. Utterly devoid though he was of the grimness of the great reformer, this other John found no obpection to paying him his qualified respects.

Despite the naked branches, the February day was no longer quite a winter day. The well-kept grass showed a hint of green, the sky actually a suggestion of blue, which might possibly endure as long as the monstrous chimneys held their laboring breath. In the newly-turned borders the bulbs were beginning to show. Upon the gnarled branch of a veteran oak a bird was singing with all the might of its small heart; and the song had evidently something to do with spring, and possibly also with one of the passions apt to be stirred by the season. So suggestive was that song, that not all the slabs and columns and urns and sham temples and over-life-size figures could quite succeed in turning the ancient Fir Park of the city into a stone-cutter's yard.

As presently he rested upon a bench (for it was actually mild enough to sit) beside his new acquaintance, John M'Donnell made an unlooked-for discovery that he was young. It might almost be called an original discovery. Hitherto his youth had appeared to him to be chiefly an obstacle to the rapid attainment of his end; now it occurred to him that in itself it had advantages.

While they walked about, Miss Mitchell (such, as she informed him was her name) had supported the conversation almost single-handed, imparting a good deal of information as she did so. He had heard more about Peebles, and about the aunt who was an invalid and a householder. He had also learnt that the "office" was a post office, though this information was given reluctantly and principally for the sake of evoking sympathy. The life at Peebles had been much more congenial, she assured him. She had helped her father in the school, and had always had the management of all the school-feasts. She loved school-feasts, especially when they were given by charming country ladies who lived in beautiful parks, and houses of whose inner elegancies she had on more than one accasion—generally owing to sudden showers of rain—caught glimpses. She thought that "country-house ladies" must be the happiest people in the world. The post office in William Street was awfully stuffy compared even to the Peebles class-room. But alas! she had no choice in the matter. Situations of any sort were so difficult to get.

"But it's really a sort of slavery," she assured him, gently plaintive. "To any person with an imagination, such prosaic occupation is torture. It's an awful bother to have a lively imagination, I can tell you. Nothing but weighing parcels and counting stamps all day; and in the evening when I yearn for a little cultured talk, Fanny is either dosing my aunt, or else too tired to open her mouth."

"It must be rather a hard life for your cousin," said John naively.

"Oh, yes, poor Fanny! of course it is. But I don't think she feels things as I do. She is quite elderly, you know—past thirty; and besides she hasn't got to earn her bread."

There was a silence, during which Miss Mitchell drew circles on the sand with her umbrella.

"And your home?" she began presently, in a more tentative tone; "is it far from here? Have you many relations?"

Evidently she considered that the time for gathering information, instead of imparting it, had arrived.

"It is very far away—high up on the west coast."

"Ah, the Highlands! I have only read about them; but oh, how I have longed to see them! They must be just beautiful!"

"I never knew how beautiful they were till I left them, though I always loved them, without knowing why."

"Ah, tell me about them!" implored Miss Mitchell.

And haltingly at first, by degrees more fluently, John began to draw a picture of his home—a picture which was meant to be no more than a catalogue of landscape features, but into which, despite himself, and fostered by the breathless attention with which he was listened to, a little rude eloquence stole.

"Oh, how happy the people must be who live in those lovelyp laces!" exclaimed Miss Mitchell, clasping her hands, and with eyes to which positively a litte moisture had risen. "Surely the prosaic side of life must quite disappear among those mountains! Oh, I wonder you could leave them!"

"I left them only to go back to them. I have hopes of getting appointed to my own native place, and to be able to be some comfort to my old fellow-workers."

"Fellow-workers?" she repeated, a little anxiously.

"Yes; in the quarry. We all work at the slates, from the time almost that we can stand."

"And you have worked there too?"

With the question she glanced instinctively at his hands, which, however, were decently encased in a pair of black Sabbath gloves, a trifle pale about the seams.

"I did nothing else till three years ago, and even now I am in the quarry from March till October. It's there I gain the money I spend from October till March."

"Ah, I see," said Miss Mitchell, and was silent for a moment, weathering the blow—for a blow it undoubtedly was.

She had not expected to hear that he was a man of means (the look of his clothes alone knocked that idea on the head); but neither had she been quite prpared for the discovery that her new acquaintance was a quarryman, which, to her, meant nothing else than a common day-laborer. Nothing about his appearance had suggested this; for the Celtic rustic is not as visibly hallmarked as his Saxon brother. "Boorish" would have been the very last edjective to apply either to John or to any of his fellow-workers; while in him natural refinement was heightened by a great personal mildness.

After that pause, almost of consternation, the lady inquired, rather more coldly, when he expected to get his appointment.

"Nex year, I hope—as soon as I am ordained. The Bishop is very favorably inclined to me."

"Have you a bishop up there?"

(To be continued).

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Meat Economy.

Use less; once a day is ample if supplemented with legume dishes, milk soups, cheese dishes, attractive bread and cereal dishes, and eggs when they are cheap enough.

Serve carefully at the table; it is better to serve twice than to send remnants to the garbage pail.

Use cheaper cuts. We pay largely for flavor, tenderness, and excessive fat is the expensive cuts.

We buy meats chiefly for their protein food value. The cheaper round, shank, and neck cuts give more for the money.

The cheaper cuts chopped fine make a Hamburg steak as quickly broiled as a porterhouse.

Prolonged cooking at the lower temperatures will make the toughest cuts tender and improve their flavor. This can be accomplished economically in the double-boiler when the coal or wood fire is being used for other things; in the casserole or close-covered stone crock in the coal stove oven when it is left for the night; or in the fireless cooker when gas or electric stoves are used.

Stews—To many Canadians the word brings a memory of savorless chunks of meat swimming in a watery gravy. In intelligent hands it becomes a dish of infinite variety through the combination of different meats with different vegetables and seasonings, into juicy pieces of meat bedded in most savory sauce.

Make a little meat go a long way. Spread the flavor over other nutritious but more neutral-flavored food, e.g., meat pies, Irish stew, potpies with dumplings, stews with plenty of savory gravy, served in a border of rice, mashed potatoes, boiled beans, macaroni or vegetables.

Use every part of a meat purchased. Fry out the fat not used for the table, and use for shortening and other purposes; trimmings and bones for soups, and left-overs for "made" dishes. Avoid using too strong heat for roasting and broiling, which ruins bones and trimmings for the soup pot, besides wasting heat.

Eliminate meat from the diet of the small children. The normal child will thrive better on milk, cereals, and eggs in place of meat. A child's appetite is what the parents make it. Do not feel sorry for the child whose breakfast is oatmeal and milk, and supper is bread and milk with a bit of biscuit and jam; thec hild is well fed.

Eggs may replace meat in the adult diet whenever the price per dozen goes below the cost of 1½ pound round steak.

Fish Recipes.

Salmon Cutlets. — Chop rather coarsely the contents of a tin of salmon, and mix in an equal bulk of breadcrumbs, seasoning the lot according to taste. Then, with the aid of beaten eggs, form a fairly stiff paste, which can be made into cutlets, and each coated with egg or milk and browned breadcrumbs. Heat in a frying pan with dripping.

Creamed Finnan Haddie.—Two cupfuls of white (or cream) sauce, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three eggs, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, two cupfuls of flaked finnan haddie, pepper. Boil one egg hard. Add the butter and yolks of two eggs to cream sauce, cheese and pepper and minced hard-boiled egg. Then add the fish and heat the mixture.

Baked Codfish.—One cup rice, one quart milk, one cup shredded codfish, three tablespoons butter, four eggs. Cook rice and milk in double boiler until rice is tender and has absorbed the milk. Add well-beaten egg yolks, codfish that has been soaked, and butter. When cool add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake and serve with the melted butter.

Fish Pie.—Remove the bones and skin from any cold cooked fish, shred it and add seasoning to taste. Butter a baking-dish, cover the bottom with mashed potatoes and add the fish and small bits of butter. Season and cover with a top layer of potatoes and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes or until it is brown.

Household Hints.

Pictures should be hung on an agreeable level with the eye.

The lightest weight kitchen utensils make work less tiresome.

When a screw becomes loose, remove it and fill the hole with bits of sponge packed in tightly. Then replace the screw and it will hold as firmly as ever.

When slipping geraniums remember that the woody stalks cut back and set in rich soil will make the best blooming plants.

To set growing house plants in a tub and spray them with a bath spray is one of the best methods of giving their leaves the necessary moisture.

After washing oilcloth and linoleum, be sure to dry it properly. If left damp it will speedily rot and soon become totally ruined. It is a great mistake to use too much water for washing it. The cloth should be wrung out and passed lightly over the surface.

A campstool to hold the clothes basket is a convenience on washday. It is light, easily carried about, and when not in use takes up little room. In hanging out the clothes and taking them from the line the stool saves stooping and keeps the bottom of the basket clean.

Time will be saved if the housekeeper will sit down with pad and cook book and plan the meals for at least three days, and as each meal is planned a list is made of the food to be purchased; by this means the marketing can be done for three days in little more time than would be required for one.

When a child has the slightest tendency to crooked legs he should have a very special treatment. His bones are too soft, and he needs more lime and iron. He should be taken off his feet at once, and have salt water bathing and massage.

Door mats should never be shaken against a wall. It causes the fibre to break. They should be placed face downwards and beaten gently with a stick or brush head. Mats treated like this will last twice as long. This method is also cleaner and easier.

To freshen a skirt that has become wrinkled and mussed from packing or otherwise, brush carefully, so that all dust may be removed, and hang over a tub of boiling hot water. After it is thoroughly steamed it will look like a tailor cleaned garment.

To avoid valuable time looking for the different buttons in your button box take a wire hairpin and straighten it out; then shape the wire in a circle and bend each end back after stringing all of one kind of buttons on the pin, and hook one end through the other. It takes but a minute and you always have the different kinds right at hand.

Adhering to Orders.

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—'E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor.

The first lead pencil, or graphite pencil, was made in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

According to a lately issued edition of a dictionary, there are now 450,000 words in the English language.

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