Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

But Adam scarcely looked glad. John's serene unconsciousness touching the defects of his cousin's attire was evidently not shared by the visitor, who despite his toil-worn hands, had a much clearer idea of what was "the custom" and what was not, than that possessed by his clerical relative. The color of his face put his beard to shame as in the midst of a shuffling salutation he explained that positively he had no idea of meeting Mrs. M'Donnell, else he certainly would not have taken the liberty of presenting himself without his Sunday coat; but that being on his way back from the quarry, and hearing of John's unexpected arrival, he had not been able to keep himself from stepping in, just to bid his cousin welcome.

John's laugh broke into his stammered excuses.

"Don't trouble, my lad? Ella understands perfectly. What's the need of ceremonies between men who have played at marbles together in the village street? And we've done that—haven't we, Adam?"

"Aye; and many's the blast-hole to the making of which our four hands have gone. When I look at your black coat, John, it seems to me like a kind o' dream; and yet it's real enough too. He's a wonderful hand at the double-handed hammer, Mrs. M'Donnell," added Adam, with a laudable attempt at easing the conversation; though, in truth, the look of Ella's pearl-grey gown seemed to have overpowered him quite as much as John's black coat—"and with the jumper as well."

"I'm afraid I don't understand much about those—those instruments," said Ella, with a rather unsteady but studiously affable smile. "And John too will soon have forgotten all about them. He has another field before him now, you know, Mr.—Mr.——"

"My name's M'Donnell, same as yours, ma'am," grinned Adam, meaning no harm. "We're pretty nearly all M'Donnells here, unless we're M'Larens, or maybe Robsons. But I'll be going now, ma'am, if you'll excuse me"—for under the lofty gaze of those pale blue eyes a recrudescence of shyness had occurred. "And on the first off-day Jean and I will honor ourselves by waiting on you—and in proper fashion," he added bashfully, taking stock of his lower extremities.

"And the boy? Bring the boy along with you," urged John, pleasingly, unaware of the social enormity he was committing. "Why, Duncan must be three by this time?"

"Is three the visiting age at Ardloch?" asked Ella, with a faintly playful smile; and again Adam revealed himself as a much more experienced man of the world than John by looking genuinely horrified, and explained somewhat sternly, as he picked up his bag of instruments from the floor, that Jean knew "the custom" far to well to bring a brat like that along with her on the occasion of a first visit.

Ella bravely gave him her hand at parting, but rather regretted her heroism when she found upon her own the gunpowder stain transmitted from Adam's broad palm.

To John she could not forbear one word of gentle reproof.

"Is it quite wise of you, dear, to keep up this familiarity?" she in-quired, when they were alone. "Didn't you see that the poor man himself was quite awkward at being presented to me in those dreadful clothes and so completely without—without the usual forms?"

"But he is my first cousin, Ella; just the same as my brother."

"I know—I know; but he can't continue to be your brother now that your stations are so different. Surely a little more distance would be more dignified. You owe something to your position, after all; and it is very important to put things on a proper footing from the first." To which John had nothing to reply.

By his puzzled look she could see that her meaning was not grasped; yet refrained from pressing the point. His social ideas required reforming, evidently; but perhaps it was the honeymoon mood which made her resolve that the process should be a gentle one.

Presently she began to cheer up at the thought of the Sunday. No doubt it was because she wanted to do credit to John that she so very carefully settled the details of her attire for the holy day. For she had ascertained that her private pew was in a conspicuous place; and though the villagers were no judges, of course, there might be more understanding eyes present—for instance, those of the wealthy widow across the loch.

When the moment came, to her own surprise a wave of genuine emotion, unconnected with the set of her bonnet-ribbons, made her hold her breath in expectation of John's appearance in the "high place." He too had been living in this moment for two days past, as she knew by the whiteness of his face, by the alarmed glitter in his eyes, when at last, visibly trembling, he stood before the close-packed congregation.

"Even if I die to-morrow I shall die content," he had said to her, as he kissed her before leaving the house. "Pray only that I should not die yet to-day."

On that first Sunday John dazzled nobody with his eloquence. His natural shyness still hampered his movements quite as much as did his long cassock. He had not yet learnt to pitch his voice, and turned dizzy before the rows of familiar eyes. The carefully prepared discourse was stiff and almost cold. It was not until, its last word pronounced, he realised that in another moment he would be rescending the pulpit steps, that a rush of regret for the opportunity slipping from him; a sudden realization of what this moment meant, came over him, sweeping personal diffidence aside as easily as a cobweb. He had actually half-turned towards the steps when he turned again to say, without choosing his words, without pitching his tone, simply and irresistibly.

"My friends, my brothers, I cannot go like this. Let me tell you: this is the day I have waited for. I have come to live among you—to grow grey among you, if God will allow it. He has called me to work in His vineyard, and this is the corner He has given me. I am but His servant and yours. Day and night you will find me ready. Call me—come to me—summon me at all times. I do not think you will tire my patience, for that will be given me. I belong to you from to-day."

As from his eager lips the words seemed to overflow, his hands clutched the edge of the pulpit, as though to keep themselves from stretching yearningly towards the men below. His straight-featured face, free of self-consciousness, was transformed by the illumination of the eyes, while the summer light turned his closely-moulded head to dusky gold. At that moment his nearest relations seemed to be looking on a stranger; and as for Ella, her gunpowder imagination flared up so violently that it drove the tears to her eyes.

(To be continued.)

On Cake-Making.

The mixing and baking of cake requires more care and judgment than any other branch of cooking, notwithstanding the fact that it is the one most frequently attempted by the beginner.

Always mix your cake in an earthen bowl.

The order in which ingredients are combined is most important.

Measure dry ingredients and mix and sift baking powder and spices, if used, with flour.

Flour is always measured after being sifted.

Fruit, when added to cake, is usually floured to prevent settling to the bottom. This is not necessary if it is added directly after the sugar, which is desirable in all dark cakes.

When baking cake arrange to have nothing else in the oven, and place as near the centre of oven as possible so it will cook uniformly.

Remove cake from pans as soon as it comes from oven.

Cakes are classified as follows:

1. Cakes without butter, sponge cake, etc.

2. Cakes with butter, pound cake, cup cakes, etc.

1. Method of mixing cakes without butter.—Separate yolks from whites (if both are used), beat yolks until thick, add sugar gradually, continue beating, add flavoring. Beat whites until stiff and dry. Fold into first mixture. Cut and fold in the flour in which the salt has been sifted. Do not stir or beat after the flour has been folded in.

2. Method of mixing cakes with butter.—Have the bowl slightly warm, cream butter and sugar, add sugar gradually, and yolks well beaten, flavoring. Sift flour, salt and baking powder thoroughly and add to the batter alternating with the milk. Fold in the egg whites beaten very stiff.

Sponge Cake

2 Eggs (whites and yolks beaten separate), 1 cup sugar, salt, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted together.

Beat yolks of eggs and add sugar, water, flour, and lastly the whites beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven about ½-hour.

Mocha Coke.

2 Tablespoons butter, ¾ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour, 2 squares chocolate, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolk of egg, beat well. Then add milk, salt, vanilla and flour, alternately. Add melted chocolate, mix well, fold in beaten white of egg. May be cooked in one layer or two, as desired.

Filling.

1 Cup confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon soft butter, 2 teaspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 or 3 teaspoons strong coffee.

Chop almonds fine and sprinkle on top of mocha icing.

Soft Ginger Bread.

¾ Cup molasses, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 3 eggs, 3 cups flour, 1 tablespoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda.

Cream the butter and sugar, and add the molasses. Then add the eggs, one at a time, and beat thoroughly. Melt the soda in the sour milk, mixing well. Sift the flour and spices and add to the other mixture, alternating with the milk. Bake either in gem pans or in a ginger cake tin. This will make 24 gems or 1 large cake.

Excellent Layer Cake.

1½ Cups white sugar, 2-3 cup butter, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 3 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg yolks, then the beaten whites, milk, and mix thoroughly. Then add flour in which baking powder has been sifted. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Ice with chocolate or any well-flavored icing.

Hermits.

2-3 Cup sugar, ½ cup butter, salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch of nutmeg and cloves, ½ cup seeded raisins cut fine, few chopped walnuts, 2 cups flour.

Roll about ¼-inch thick. Bake in moderately hot oven.

Eliminate Waste.

Some of the ways to reduce waste are: Bring the market trimmings home and use them in cooking; save all trimmings of beef and mutton, drippings from roasts, bacon fat, fresh pork fat, sausage fat and chicken fat, which may be combined or used singly in cooking in place of butter or lard, use the cracklings from tried out suet for shortening in corn cakes or suet puddings.

Good cooking and attractive appearance of dishes do much to reduce table waste and promote good digestion. Waste can be reduced by judicious serving. Small portions should be served at first and second helpings given if necessary. Skin, bone, gristle and fat, which will not be eaten, should not be served, because if not served they can be used for soup and the like.

This is not a time for hysterical thinking or action. For immediate relief every individual and community should consider earnestly the matter of food conservation and the limitation of waste.

As a nation we have a disdain of economizing. There is an annual food waste of thousands of dollars in families of moderate and ample means. This waste is the result of bad preparation and bad cooking; improper care and handling; from serving too many courses; and from failure to utilize the food not consumed. For example, in preparing potatoes it is asserted that 20 per cent. of the edible portion may be discarded.

With food at present high prices it behooves every housewife to see that all food is properly prepared and cooked to eliminate waste.

Cleaning the Cellar.

The cellar as a storehouse for canned goods and vegetables should be kept scrupulously clean, as authorities state that disease may occur because of the impure air which gathers in some cellars. The cellar that contains impure odors should be thoroughly aired on a mild winter day. The floor should be swept and mopped and all cobwebs brushed down from the walls and ceiling.

One method of removing odors in a cellar is to fill a bowl with lumps of quicklime over which a few grains of dry copperas have been scattered. Slack the lime thoroughly and the steam arising from the mixture will remove bad odors in the cellar. Powdered borax is a good disinfectant to scatter around the floor and corners of a damp cellar. Chloride of lime is an excellent deodorizer and an inexpensive substance to use for purifying the air in damp, ill-smelling places. Charcoal has great powers of absorption and a few bags hung up in the cellar will act as a deodorizer and absorb moisture. Powdered slack lime will also prevent the musty and mouldy odors which are prevalent in many damp cellars.

Because of the cellar being out of sight the conditions there may become very bad before demanding attention. Such conditions should not be tolerated, especially when the room is used as a place for storing food products. A few hours time can be very profitably used in protecting the food stored in the cellar as it undoubtedly bears a great influence on the general health of the family.

Very True!

"And now, boys," said the President of the League for Mutual Improvement Among Growing Lads, "one word more. Never be in a hurry. More haste, less speed. Remember the hare and the tortoise. Never try to dash ahead. Jog on the weary way, and you will arrive just as soon. Let 'slow but sure' be your motto. Then you can't go wrong. Be slow and you will be sure."

"Not always, sir," piped a young urchin.

"Not always? How do you make that out?"

"There's lots of things, sir, that's slow, but they ain't ever sure."

"Oh? Name one, then."

"Please, sir, a watch!"

YOUTH AND AGE.

He is not young, although his years be few,
Who is not glad when skies grow clear and blue;
When from the south the winsome Spring returns
And earth is clothed with verdure soft and new.

He is not young, who with unheeding eye,
Sees the procession of fair days move by,
Passing in golden glory down the west,
Nor feels his heart with happiness beat high.

Nor is he old, though slow his step, once free,
Who finds a temple in each stately tree;
Whose soul rejoices in the scented hours
With bird and flower and honey seeking bee.

He is not young who can in earth behold
Only a stage where he wins place and gold;
But he who feels its wonder day by day—
Whate'er his years, he never can be old.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in N.Y. Sun.

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The French and the Germans in particular have used dogs in connection with ambulance work. The Germans claim, indeed, that over 8,000 wounded men owe their lives to these four-footed searchers. The dogs are so knowing that they can easily tell the difference between a dead man and a man who merely looks dead. They waste no time over the former, but immediately raise the alarm over the latter.

Sometimes they bring back a cap to indicate their discovery, after which they lead the ambulance men to the spot. But a more effective method is employed by means of a small, sausage-shaped piece of leather attached to the dogs' collars. When a dog finds a wounded soldier it takes the leather piece in its mouth and returns to its trainer. If, on the other hand, the dog comes back with the piece of leather still depending from the collar this is a signal that it has sought in vain.

And some people still believe that dogs have scant intelligence!

Ottawa Boy's Wit.

During the last heavy thaw that caused quite a number of puddles on Bank street, Ottawa, one afternoon a smartly dressed young man was trying his best to avoid wetting his new tan boots. As he came to a rather large puddle he hesitated a few moments before crossing.

Two boys were walking behind him, and one said to the other: "Gee, Ted, look at that guy, he's afraid of getting his feet wet." To which the other replied: "You bet, Bill, that's why he hasn't enlisted, he's afraid of crossing the water."

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Note. Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." The Valmar Drug Co., Store 4, Toronto, will fill your orders if your druggist cannot.

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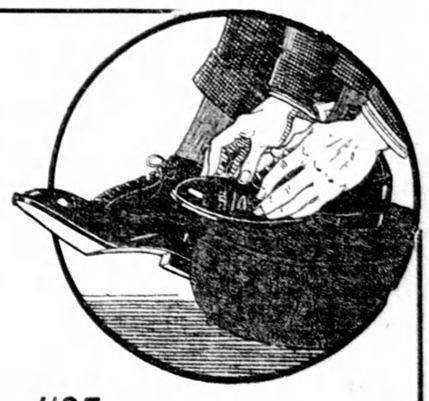

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