Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Another piece of imprudence, probably. And now they'll expect you to sit up all night, and perhaps even tie up their wounds. Poor, dear father! But you've really got yourself to thank for it, you know, for making yourself too cheap. Now, mind you're back before we are, unless you want me to come after you and march you home. Really, I'm sorry for that great lump of an Adam. What can he have been after? Here's your cloak, Fenella, and the machine is waiting. Now, mind your flowers!"

But Fenella, for a brief moment, had forgotten her flowers. Her brown eyes remained fixed a little wistfully upon her father's face, sympathetically spelling out the disturbance written there. A second sharp reprimand from Julia was required to recall her to more urgent matters.

The next few minutes consisted of those rapid movements, that agitated collecting of gloves and fans, that feverish draping of wraps and tucking up of skirts which, on such evenings as this, mark the final stage before departure. Even before the preparations were quite finished, John had silently withdrawn. He was aware of being not only a superfluous figure, but also a discordant note. Though those three young people were his own flesh and blood, they had no use for him at this moment—nor he for them.

"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?"

CHAPTER III.

It was long past midnight when John, his body weary, his soul bleeding with the pity of the things he had seen, entered the small bedroom he had inhabited since Ella's death. Into a shabby easy-chair he sank down before the grate, in which, here and there, among the dead ashes, an ember gleamed, like a bloodshot eye. Of the revellers, no sign as yet; and, since someone would have to sit up to let them in, it might as well be he, seeing that the pictures so vividly filling his mind would be sure to keep sleep at bay for some time yet. It was to this consideration that Janet owed release from her post.

As he sat there, gently though unconsciously rocking his head from side to side between his hands, John was aware of a pervading sense of loneliness. Ever since the evening on which he and Ella had discovered the truth about each other, the sensation had been latent, to become periodically acute. To-day the sight of the man he loved as a brother, mutilated and apparently dying—perhaps also that of his own children, rigged out so bravely in the livery of fashion—had brought about one of these moments.

Though he had been a widower for barely two years, he had been practically alone for twenty-four.

From a material point of view, Ella had lost nothing by her grudging submission to John's will; since, less than two years after the crucial scene, the three thousand pounds in question had, by one of those subtle ironies in which Fate delights, found their way, after all, into her ready hands; the relative whom Mrs. Watson had selected as her heir having died intestate, close upon the heels of her benefactress, and Ella proving to be the nearest of kin. So, as far as the figure of her income was concerned, the battle with John had not been crucial at all; and yet it was by far the most crucial thing which came to either of their lives, either before or after. Although to outside eyes nothing was altered in their relations, yet nothing had been quite the same again after that evening. The reproachful, martyr-like airs by Ella somehow completely failed to touch John's not usually adamantine heart. Neither was there much talk of the "assistance" she had once dreamt of giving him—as, indeed, how could there be, with maternal duties multiplying? Besides, their ideas with regard to "raising" the native speedily proved not to be identical. When Ella spoke of "raising" she evidently meant improving their manners, and incidentally also their taste in dress, while John used just the same expression for a field of activity not embraced within her horizon.

Yet his patience never failed him. The form which his disappointment took was not irritation, but a slowly growing reserve, in which human pride undeniably had its part. Every glimpse of his inner self which he had granted to this so inadequate confidant now struck him as a humiliation. On the evening of the discovery he had understood that henceforward he would have to go on his way alone; and alone he had gone ever alone, always with the wound of his disappointment upon him—but not actually unhappy, since his work never failed him. The work itself had its disappointments, its frequent and bitter deceptions; but the spiritual has this great advantage over the material worker that the effort in itself satisfies some otherwise unquenchable craving, and that even failure fails entirely to depress, since it is but visible failure, and he knows himself to be working in a field of invisible harvests. Under such conditions even the shovelling of earth into an abyss can be accomplished with a whole heart.

The growing up of his children around him could, under the given circumstances, only accentuate John's virtual loneliness. From the cradle on they had been taught another catechism than the one he would have loved to instil. Without an open struggle there was evidently no means of leading them into his own grooves of thought, and from the idea of domestic disharmony he fearfully shrank. Here, again, the inherent reserve had triumphed. He stood aside, seeing how, year by year, the intangible barrier which stood already between him and his wife was growing up between him and his children. When at last he was left alone with them it was too late to throw down the barrier—or so it seemed to him. During the two years since Ella's death nothing had changed between father and children; he continued to look at them yearningly, but from a distance; and to them he remained "poor father," an object of more or less tender veneration, tinged with that half-contemptuous pity with which so-called "healthy-minded" people regard those who differ from them in the appreciation of visible goods.

And yet his memories of Ella were not entirely bitter. They were even touched with remorse. Was it so completely her fault that she had failed to come up to the ideal companion he had pictured? or not rather his for having expected of her more than she was able to give? It was this question which, throughout all her foolishness and peevish deterioration of temper, had kept him patient.

On one solitary occasion had patience failed him. This had been during the smallpox epidemic which had raged at Ardloch some eight years after his marriage. For some days there had been sickness about, to which an incompetent doctor had not been able to give a name. But on that day an Oban authority had pronounced the terrifying word, and a summons arriving in John's absence had been promptly suppressed by Ella. On his return he had indeed observed an increased nervousness of manner, and had been closely questioned as to the people he had met on the road; but no suspision had awakened in him until next morning, when a second, and this time fearful, messenger burst into the room in which he was preparing to breakfast. Charlie Robson had died in the night, it appeared, and now his wife was sinking so fast that she felt it needful to see to her soul.

"Charlie Robson?" repeated John, thunderstruck. "Gone already? Why was I not called?"

(To be continued.)

Have the kitchen shelves placed a half-inch from the wall and you will find it the greatest help in cleaning.

"The Stately Homes of England."

The stately homes of England
How stricken now they stand,
The cottage homes of England
Are lonely through the land.
And Flanders from her riven side
Sends seagulls in with every tide.

The lilacs bloom in England,
But their fragrance breaks the heart,
The hawthorn glows in England,
But it has a poisoned dart,
And Flanders with her crimson flowers
Has stained the tender hue of ours.

The nightingales of England
Still cry from hill to hill,
The cuckoo sings through England,
But other songs are still,
And Flanders from her fields of red
Sounds us the Last Post of the dead.

The sad waves cry round England,
The sad clouds tower and break,
But brave man smile in England,
Brave women work and wait,
And Flanders from her deathless pyre
Waves high her torch of holy fire.

The stately homes of England,
How glorious now they stand!
Oh, the cottage homes of England,
How great they are and grand!
And heroes kiss the sacred sod
Of Flanders and give thanks to God.

—S. M. Smythe.

His Other Copper.

Macdonald's dog was in the habit of going daily to a baker's shop. His master would give him a penny, which he would drop out of his mouth on to the counter, receiving in exchange a penny bun.

One day his master said to the baker: "I should like to know how much my dog really does know. Try him with a half-penny bun to-morrow."

When, the next day, the dog dropped his penny, and only a halfpenny bun was given to him, he sniffed at it, turned it over and over with his paw, then in a dignified manner walked out of the shop, leaving the bun.

In ten minutes he returned, accompanied by a policeman.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME.

First Lesson—Food Constituents.

The secret of success in successful cooking lies with the housewife who knows food constituents, their value and the proper method of preparing, as well as how to plan a diet for invalid, child or grown person.

Many women read technical terms and become frightened and bewildered. This is very foolish. Just remember how hard it seemed to do decimals before you mastered them, and how quickly you understood after a little practice. It is just the same way with food terms. Learn the few simple principles and become mistress of the finest profession in the world—become a practical and scientific housewife.

The five principal elements of food necessary to maintain the health are: Proteins, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts, water.

Proteins.—The source of proteins are meat, milk, cheese, butter, eggs, fish, grains, and legumes. Proteins contain carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and sometimes phosphorus. Containing about sixteen per cent. of nitrogen, their chief use is tissue building, repairing waste and making muscle. They also supply the same amount of heat as starches.

Carbohydrates.—Their source is in starches and sugars, and they are found chiefly in green vegetables, grains and fruits. Carbohydrates are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen in small granular grains inclosed in cellulose coverings. Carbohydrates are used to supply energy or power to do work. They enter, to a small extent, into the process of building tissue. They also furnish heat. Starch, by the process of digestion, is converted into a dextrine, and then made into a convert sugar. This change takes place in the intestines.

Fats.—The source of fats is in beef, lard, chicken and other compounds of an animal source, and in olives, corn, peanut and cottonseed oil of a vegetable source. Vegetable oils are free from all disease. Corn oil is superior to all domestic oils, it is the by-product of corn from which cornstarch is made. In composition fats contain carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Fats in the body furnish a greater amount of heat than starches. They are used also for building tissue. A large amount of fat must be used during cold weather than in hot weather, for the heat radiating over the surface evaporates more quickly in the cold, or, in other words, the cold oxidizes this body fuel.

Mineral Salts.—The source of inorganic salts is principally in green vegetables, grains, milk, meats, eggs and fish. The salts found in foods are calcium, iron, chlorine, phosphorus, magnesium, sodium, sulphur and potassium. Salts are used to regulate the body; they are also needed for the formation of bone and teeth structure and appear in tissue building.

Water.—Water is the most necessary of all foods; it forms a part of all tissues and is the important factor in the blood stream. It is pre- It carries nourishment to the blood and regulates the bodily process of elimination.

Canning Gooseberries.

To can gooseberries, stem and remove the tails, then wash in plenty of cold water and drain. Pack in jars and fill with boiling water or a heavy syrup. Place the rubber and lid in position and process in a water bath for thirty minutes. Remove, and test for leaks, then store in a cool, dry place. Label and date.

Canned Gooseberries for Pies.—Prepare the gooseberries by stemming and tailing. Place in a preserving kettle and add one cupful of sugar for every pound of prepared fruit. Add one-half cupful of water to a cupful of sugar. Place the kettle on the fire and bring slowly to a boil, stirring all the time the berries are cooking, Boil for five minutes, then pour in sterilized jars. Place the rubber and lid in position and process for ten minutes in hot water bath after the boiling starts. Remove and cool and then test for leaks.

Gooseberry Jam.—Use two quarts of gooseberries. Stem and tail them and place in a preserving kettle, adding one and one-fourth pounds of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Cook until very thick and pour into sterilized glasses. Cool and cover with paraffin. Store in the usual manner for jellies.

Gooseberries may be combined with other fruits when making jams, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries or currants.

English Gooseberry Jam. — Two quarts of gooseberries, two cupfuls of water. Place in a small preserving kettle and boil until very soft, usually about one-half hour. Rub through a fine sieve and allow a measure of sugar to each measure of fruit pulp. Return to fire, cook slowly until thick. Pour into glasses or pots and cool. Cover with paraffin.

Floor Fillers.

Cracks and crevices in old floors may be filled with the time-honored paper pulp, made by boiling newspapers to jelly, draining, and mixing with glue. The substance is jammed in with a knife, then painted over.

But sawdust, mixed also with glue, is more satisfactory, and saves time. Cornstarch, moistened with turpentine or linseed oil, makes an excellent filler for porous-grain wood, to be applied before paint, stain, or wax. If desirable, tint with ocher, burnt umber, or lamp black.

Commercial fillers ready to apply may be bought at any paint store and, of course, save time and trouble.

THE PHYSICIAN IN THE WAR ZONE

WAR TAKES HEAVY DEATH TOLL OF MILITARY SURGEONS.

In Their Efforts to Save Life They Expose Themselves on the Actual Firing Line.

The military surgeon, according to that revised art of war which began to be on a fateful August day three years ago, is no longer the neutral ministrant to the wounded. He is a leader of men, for he sustains the morale of troops, he restores the slightly injured as speedily as he may to the fighting line, and he fits his fellow soldiers for their trade.

Therefore he is marked for death by a savage foe just as though his scalpel were sword and his tourniquet were trigger. The military necessity of Kaiserism demands the torpedoing of the hospital ship, the shelling of the ambulance unit, the bombing of the dugout where the maimed are in refuge. Hence it is that in this tragedy of Europe the casualties in the medical profession have been much greater than in any other war, for they are relatively equal to the mortality among officers of the line and greatly exceed that of the staff.

The army surgeon, whether he be with troops in the charge or far back from the front, is exposed to peril, for in these days of long range weapons safety is not assured by distance nor by the dictates of humanity. The surgeon volunteers who are going from this country to fill the depleted ranks of their brethren abroad are therefore Knights of the Great Adventure whose chivalry is a rally of self-sacrifice.

The Army Surgeon of To-day.

The army surgeon of the new order was revealed recently in a lecture delivered by Col. T. H. Goodwin, D.S.O., an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps of Great Britain, who has been on the western front ever since the war began.

"When the battalion is ordered to attack," said Col. Goodwin, "the regimental medical officer should, as far as possible, keep near the commanding officer and move forward with him. If the attack is successful there will be a certain number of wounded in No Man's Land.

"The medical officer should direct each of these who are able to walk to go back, taking shelter as much as possible, until they meet the stretcher bearers of the field ambulance division who are coming up behind. Those wounded who are unable to move should be placed in shelter, in shell craters or trenches, and first aid performed as rapidly as possible.

"The medical officer should not delay here. He must at all cost keep in touch with his battalion and move forward with it. His presence in the newly won trenches will be of immense moral value. He can forthwith set about improvising a regimental aid post, improving shelters for the wounded and attending to casualties as they occur. He should take every opportunity to get in communication either by telephone or messenger with the field ambulance bearer division, which will now, under a pretty heavy shell fire, be clearing the wounded from the area through which he has just come."

Some one asked Col. Goodwin how it would be possible for a regimental officer advancing with a battalion to attend to so many wounded.

Death in No Man's Land.

"He can do first aid," was the answer, "but he should endeavor to move forward with his battalion. He can, as a rule, place wounded men in fairly good shelter, and if he can do that with every man he should congratulate himself.

"If he had fifty cases, twenty-five would probably be more serious. He cannot manage twenty-five cases without taking at least twenty minutes. He cannot delay long, however, as the battalion is probably going into the next trench, and he must at all costs endeavor to be with them.

"I grant that it is difficult indeed, but we have to do our best. There has been the suggestion to abolish the post of medical officer with the battalion, but I am personally very much opposed to that."

"What about the barrage, Colonel?" asked one of the listeners.

"You get quite a certain number of men killed by this barrage fire in No Man's Land," replied Dr. Goodwin. "It is going on the whole time, of course, but it is astonishing the number of men that you can get safely back through the communicating trenches.

"Out of a total of 6,000 casualties you will probably get back 4,000 to 5,000 right away to the clearing station. Sometimes the wounded have to stay in the front area all day in the dugouts and then when the fire decreases at night you get them back. Sometimes it seems impossible, but you can manage to do it."

Speaking of the field ambulance, Col. Goodwin said that it was largely composed of newly commissioned officers with men under them who are little more than boys.

"They go cheerfully and quietly forward," he added, "into positions which can only be described as unmitigated hell."

Dr. Goodwin then tersely laid down some general axioms for the guidance of the surgeon in the field and put especial stress upon this:

"Keep cheery. Your mental attitude will have a considerable effect upon the men."

Medical Corps Heroes.

"Although as the organization of the war hospitals proceeds there may be comparative safety for the surgeons at the bases, the ranks of the profession are being constantly depleted by the demand for first aid on the firing line. This is the duty of the regimental medical officers, to whom Dr. Goodwin refers, and among these there has been the greatest loss of life.

When the war began many of the best surgeons of both England and France were sent to the furthest front. So many of the profession have lost their lives that in these days when a skilled and experienced surgeon is worth as much to an army as a Colonel, every effort is being made to protect the surgeons.

Bolivia, South America, the country of Andean heights, torrid valleys and freezing plateaus—a South American Switzerland that perhaps never will be liberally provided with hotels for tourists—has a total of 153 automobiles.

HISTORIC FLAGS CREMATED.

Or Buried With Military Honors to Prevent Ignoble Uses.

Britain is the only country which allows its historical flags to go into the pawnshop or auction room. One such flag, after having waved over the 39th Foot for three years during the siege of Gibraltar, was actually found covering the sofa cushions of a tradesman's sitting-room!

In 1886 the 1st Battalion Gloucester Regiment recovered from a pawnbroker at York four flags, which it had borne from 1795 to 1810 through the Egyptian and Peninsular campaigns. There may be seen to-day in the Kendal Parish Church a pair of the old colors of the 2nd Battalion Border Regiment. They were rescued in 1888 by Lord Archibald Campbell from a London upholsterer, who had advertised them for sale as though they were mere window curtains.

To prevent old colors meeting with such fates many have been cremated, with great ceremony, and the ashes preserved carefully in a box. Others have been buried with full military honors, among them being sets belonging to the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the 2nd Battalion Worcester Regiment.

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