Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"You was called, minister," whimpered the excited girl. "I gave the message to the missis myself; and the missis said as how you would come the moment you got back."

For a brief space John stared very hard at the speaker; then, without a word, turned on his heel and went straight upstairs to Ella.

"Is this true, Ella?" he asked, closing the door behind him.

Young Mrs. M'Donnell, in a white morning-gown, was sitting in a low chair with her youngest-born upon her lap, while the six-year-old Albert was pretending to fetter the seven-year-old Julia with the ends of the blue ribbon which floated from the maternal waist. It was as pretty a domestic picture as anyone could wish to see.

"Is what true?" she inquired, with a flush of defiance.

"That I was summoned to Charlie Robson las night while I was out?"

"Yes; it is true."

"And why did you not give me the message?" Ella's underlip went out, but she remained silent. "Why did you not give me the message?" repeated John, not loudly, but much more emphatically.

"How could I give the message?" burst out Ella, visibly quivering. "I had just heard that the Oban doctor had diagnosed smallpox."

"Well?"

"Isn't that enough? Could I let you risk your life and the lives of your children by catching the infection? Would I be a mother if I exposed them to such danger? And Fenella so delicate! The slightest attack would do for her. Oh, John, you can't be so madly imprudent? Just look at the darlings."

John looked as he was bid, and looking, the angry retort which had risen to his lips hovered there for another moment unspoken. As he gazed at these tender, flawless faces, and thought of the fearful ravages he had seen on others, a rush of purely human panic came over him; in the next moment detected already, and resolutely cast aside. The angry retort came all the angrier for coming a moment late.

"So you would have me neglect my duties because of personal considerations?" he asked, in the harshest voice Ella had yet heard from him. "And I sleep soundly in my bed while Charlie Robson goes unassisted to his account? Oh, Ella, this is the end of all the trust I ever had!"

"Where are you going?" asked Ella, starting to her feet, as he turned abruptly to the door.

"To the Robsons' cottage. Minnie Robson is likely to follow her husband, it seems, and I cannot let all my parishioners die without my help."

"If you go to the Robsons' cottage you can't come back here," declared Ella shrilly. "We can have no communication with the village. Surely you might have had enough regard for your own wife and children to think of that, John."

The last words swam in tears already, whereupon Julia began to whimper and the baby to bawl in sympathy.

"Very well, I won't come back," said John, with small trace of his habitual mildness. "I shall stop in the village, and shall have my things fetched."

And hastily he closed the door upon a scene of domestic distress which irritated him in this moment far more than it appealed to him.

As he hurried down the village street, all his pulses still throbbed, and a certain chronic perplexity set numberless bewildering wheels agoing in his head. For there was truth in Ella's complaints, and there was reason on her side. Could she justly be blamed for thinking more of the safety of her children than of the mental peace of Charlie Robson's last hours? Human though these considerations might be, they yet had to be weighed; and so deep was John in the question of how his family's safety could best be assured without detriment to his own duties, that he came near to stumbling over a certain rather disreputable-looking Irish terrier with whom he had a bowing acquaintance, and who at this moment was sitting in the street with one eye upon the dead rat he was worrying and the other upon the door of the cottage which stood next door to that of the Robsons, and which was the very cottage in which, in a less free age, Popish rites were said to have been celebrated. At sight of the mangy terrier, whose boldness was partly due to ill-treatment—not unprovoked—at the hands of the village cats, John somewhat hastened his step, for fear of a meeting with the animal's priestly owner, who was bound to be not far off. This was no longer Father Flinter, but a very different sort of personage—loud-spoken, rubicund, quite as Irish, and not always much more respectable-looking than his inseparable four-footed companion. That Father O'Bream regarded certain classes of liquids as having other uses beyond the more quenching of thrist, would have been an open secret, even had he not himself been the first to pronounce the remorseful Mea culpa. John knew the man as two quite different persons: one a flushed, hazy-eyed, and very common-looking individual, keeping the middle of the road with some difficulty; the other, a devoted and indefatigable worker, whose fever of zeal seemed to scorn such trifles as sleep and food. His time at Ardloch had been chiefly divided between alternate bursts of over-indulgence and of remorse—the emptying of a whisky-bottle and the strewing of ashes upon his head. He was continually falling, or, at any rate, stumbling, and perpetually getting up again; and each time freshly convinced that this was the final resurrection. It was so impossible not to admire his courage, that it became possible to forgive his weakness and to believe in the sincerity of the cry: "My words! my words! Not my deeds!" which he was continually calling into the ears of his small congregation.

John, personally, had, even in his manifestly weak moments, always looked at Father O'Bream with more pity than disgust. It was not a noble way of cheering enforced solitude, but apparently it was a way. Often, when hurrying home to his own fireside, which, whatever else it was, was certainly not solitary, the minister would cast a look of curiosity and what he believed to be compassion towards the forlorn light twinkling in the little presbytery beside the glaringly-new chapel. With only a mangy Irish terrier for company, the whisky-botte might be supposed to loom disproportionately big.

But the whisky-bottle was going to have a rest now, no doubt, since it was only in times of peace that it ever became dangerous to Father O'Bream; and if the Oban doctor spoke true, these were not times of peace that were coming. There seemed every prospect of his enjoying what he himself called one of his "grand old flings;" and with no one, of course, to reproach him with endangering lives that hung upon his. Ah, well, no doubt there were compensations to the absence of domestic delights.

(To be continued.)

The Making of a Genius.

O'er the horizon of earth's common souls,
A great man rises;
Some cry, "A genius; favorite of the gods!"
Ah, vain surmises!
They little know the tender truth that lies
'Neath his bright name;
A mother's sacrifice, a father's toil,
Have made his fame.
The lonely homestead and the quiet farm
Have made sublime Love's sacrifice.

A LINE OR TWO.

Send me a line or two,
Telling me how you do—
Send me a line or two,
I long to hear!

You are so far away,
I miss you every day—
You are so far away,
Once you were near!

Tell me the little things,
Nothing of wars or Kings—
Tell me the little things,
Dearest to me.

Do your thoughts ever turn
To the far hearts that yearn?
Do your thoughts ever turn
Over the sea?

I cannot let you go,
Because I love you so—
I cannot let you go,
Out of my life!

My love shall be a shield,
My prayers a blessing yield,
For you upon the field—
All through the strife!

Nina Moore Jamieson.

SIGN "OF MEDICAL GUARD."

St. Andrew's Cross a Sign That a Doctor is on Board.

When warships are in harbor one of them is nearly always seen flying from her yard-arm a flag consisting of a white St. Andrew's Cross on a blue ground. This means that there is a doctor on board, and that she is the ship that is "medical guard" for the time being. If medical assistance is required on any other warship in the harbor whose own doctor happens to be away, it can be obtained from the vessel flying the flag in question. By this arrangement medical officers of the fleet are able to obtain leave in regular rotation, one always being left on duty in case of emergency. Where a number of ships are anchored, it is, of course, very essential that it should be possible for any of them to tell in a moment where the doctor on duty is to be found, so that he may be summoned without delay.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME.

Second Lesson—Water, Its Source and Uses.

Water forms about three-fifths of the total weight of the human body, and on this account it is a necessary constituent of the blood stream.

The solvent properties of water are well known. Water acts as a carrier throughout the body and is an active participant in the process of digestion and elimination.

The temperature of the body is regulated by the presence of water in the blood. The blood flows from the warm interior to the cold exterior of the body, and the water in it acts as a distributor of heat.

The chemical processes of the body are carried on by the aid of water, and for this reason a large amount of it is necessary. Two quarts daily is the least amount that a healthy body can perform its duties on. This amount may be taken either plain or in beverage.

The presence of mineral deposits and gases in water determines its character. Where these substances are of a pronounced nature, we have the so-called mineral water and effervescent waters. These waters have a medicinal value and are very often prescribed by physicians for various derangements of the stomach, kidneys and liver. They are also ordered for use in eliminating the undesirable acids and deposits from the body.

Water can carry many infectious diseases, and for this reason, when the character and source are unknown, all water used for drinking purposes should be boiled.

To alleviate the flat and insipid taste of boiled water, it may be beaten with an egg-beater or filled into bottles and a space left for air at the top and then shaken. This will incorporate air into the water.

Distilled water has the valuable mineral elements removed, and because of this it should not be given to children. Do not use water from wells or springs unless you know that it is free from contamination. If there is an epidemic of any diseases in your locality, play safe: boil all your drinking water.

Drinking a glass of water before meal time stimulates the digestive juices and prepares the stomach to receive food Drinking water with the meal depends entirely upon the individual; if the individual is stout, it will cause an increase in weight.

Drinking a glass of water after meals will help the process of digestion, as it is well known that all foods must be reduced to a liquid state before digestion is complete. The temperature of water should be from 45 to 55 degrees Fahrenheit. A glass of hot water acts as a tonic if taken upon arising in the morning.

Tested Recipes.

Strawberry Jam.—Hull and wash berries, then drain and cover with sugar. Stand over night. In the morning put in a saucepan and cook until thick. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Fill into glasses and, when cool, cover with paraffin. Store in a cool, dry place. Use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit.

Cherry Custard.—Line a pie tin with good pastry. Fill with stoned and cooked cherries, well sweetened. Pour over them a custard made of one cup of milk, pinch of salt, one egg and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake in moderate oven until the custard is well set.

Rhubarb Cheese.—Cut one pound of rhubarb in one-inch pieces. Place in saucepan with one-half cupful of water and steam until tender. Dissolve one-quarter ounce of gelatin in just enough water to cover, mix with the hot rhubarb and one pound of sugar, then bring to a boil. Cook for fifteen minutes. Stir frequently. Pour into molds that have been rinsed in cold water and set aside to mold. Fil center with custard made of yolk of two eggs, one cupful of milk, one-quarter cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook until custard thickens, then set aside to cool. When ready to use unmold the rhubarb, pour the custard around it and serve.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Two quarts of gooseberries, two pints of water. Prepare the gooseberries and add the water. Then place in a preserving kettle and bring to a boil. Cook until very soft, then drain, using a jelly bag. Measure the juice and allow an equal measure of sugar. Now return to the kettle and boil for five minutes. Add the sugar and boil for five minutes until 221 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Pour into sterilized glasses and store in the usual manner.

When Food Is Wasted.

When anything edible is allowed to go to the garbage pail or allowed to spoil for lack of proper handling.

When too much is served at a meal. Uneaten portions are left on the plate and later thrown into the garbage pail. Learn to know the needs of your family and serve each no more than you think each will want.

When too much is prepared for a meal. Unserved portions are likely to be thrown into the garbage pail or allowed to spoil. Many housekeepers do not know how to use leftover foods to make appetizing dishes.

When burned or spoiled in cooking. Improperly prepared or poorly seasoned food will be left on the table and probably wasted. Buy food wisely and then prepare it carefully.

When handled carelessly. Buy clean food, keep it clean until used, and be neat in all details of cooking and serving. This lessens waste, and is a valuable health measure as well.

PURE MILK SUPPLY OF DENMARK

CLEANLINESS OF THE DANISH DAIRY IS AN ART.

A Description of the System in Vogue in the Co-operative Dairies of Copenhagen.

Denmark has attained a distinction of which any nation might be proud—she ensures to her young children the daily, yearly supply of pure milk, says Marion Jameson in The World's Work. Since more than half of the farms of Denmark are associated with the co-operative dairies, it follows that ideal conditions for milking must obtain practically throughout the country.

Milk is the one essential human food. And yet no other factor contributes so heavily to mortality as tainted milk. Unfortunately this universal food is one of the best breeding-grounds for good as well as for dangerous bacteria. Introduced into the purest milk, bacteria increase enormously—uncovered milk is always liable to infection.

Cleanly milking from the Danish point of view does not begin and end with a clean cow; it is a far cry from the cow to the child's mouth. The milkers, the pails, the sheds in which the cows are milked, even the walls and the floors; the transit of the milk from the farm to the retailer, and thence to the consumer, are all included in the Danish programme for pure milk.

The Life History of the Milk-Can.

The life history of the milk-can in Copenhagen is interesting. To start with, the cows are kept in bright, airy sheds all day; only in the summer months are they allowed open-air pasture, for the effects of cold and rain on the milk yield are well known. There are no fences in Denmark; the cattle are pegged down and moved systematically over certain restricted areas.

The beasts are examined by veterinary surgeons twice a month; twice a year they are tested with tuberculin, as in many cases tuberculosis of the udder is very rapid and its early detection imperative. These veterinary surgeons not only examine the animals, they also inspect the conditions of the cow-sheds, the food, the milk-pails, and report on the yield and quality of the milk of each cow.

The cows are never milked in the sheds; in the summer they are milked in the fields, where carts are stationed to carry the milk immediately to the refrigerators; in the winter they are milked in scrupulously clean rooms set apart entirely for the purpose. Even the milk-pails are specially constructed; they rest in an outer receptacle filled with crushed ice and salt, and in this way the milk loses its cow-heat, micro-organisms do not develop, and the milk keeps sweet longer than three days.

Refrigeration and Analysis.

The milk is conveyed at once to the refrigerators, where, by the unlimited supply of ice it is cooled to 50 deg. Celsius.

The milk begins to arrive at the premises of the company at Frederiksberg, a suburb of Copenhagen, at about 9 p.m. Upon its arrival it is sampled for subsequent analysis, tasted, and its temperature noted. The milk is analysed both on the premises and in the chemical laboratory of the university, the director of which publishes monthly the result of this daily analysis.

The skimmed milk and ordinary sweet milk are then placed in the cans (as they are) in large ice tanks, after being sampled and tested, there to remain till early next morning, when they are run through a filter, and tapped off into the vessels in which they are to be taken round the town.

The cream, after being weighed and sampled, is filtered, and then bottled in clear glass bottles, which are laid away in ice until delivery next morning. The "children's milk," so called on account of special precautions having been taken to secure its absolute purity and wholesomeness, is likewise put through another filter, and bottled.

The Filters.

The filter consists of two enamelled iron tanks placed at different levels; in the bottom tank are three layers of gravel, that in the lowest layer about half the size of a pea, in the middle layer somewhat smaller, and in the third or top layer a little larger than a pin's head. The layers are separated from each other by perforated tin trays, and on the top of the uppermost layer of gravel are six layers of fine cloth.

The Cans.

The cans, after being filled and weighed, are labelled, tied up with a thread, sealed with a leaden stamp, and taken off to the milk carts for distribution.

In the bottling room the milk is led by a pipe into a machine similar to that used for bottling beer, at just such a rate that it will keep six small taps going. From these taps a skilled bottler fills clear glass bottles, each of which holds an imperial pint; as these are filled, they are passed on to a woman, who corks them on to the sealers, who first tie threads across the cork, and then put on a leaden seal, and the bottles are then placed in racks—in boxes put there by different vanmen, each one of whom knows the number he requires.

It is interesting to note the difference between the "sealed" milk bottle of Denmark and that of England, where the milk is "sealed" with a small cardboard disc placed in the mouth of the bottle, which a dishonest dairyman can easily detach and replace. That dreadful, grey, greasy zinc can of the ordinary English dairy is unknown in Denmark.

The company's vans which carry the milk to the consumer are so constructed that the milk-cans are locked in the van, and can only be drawn through dust-proof taps. The men in charge of the vans cannot tamper with the milk at all. The sealed bottles of cream and children's milk are kept in another part of the vehicle in trays containing crushed ice.

Where Cleanliness Is An Art.

The cleanliness of the Danish dairy is an art. There is no superficial swilling of cans and pails. Floors and walls, cans, bottles, and pails all receive the most scrupulous attention.

The cans are cleansed in the following manner. They are first rinsed inside with a powerful jet of cold water, then they are washed with hot water and soda with a brush both inside and outside; after that they are forced through some strong lime and water, on a wheel, and finally they are placed over a jet of boiling water, which is injected upwards into each one.

The bottles as they come in are most carefully washed with hot water and soda; the inside is then scrubbed with a revolving brush and boiling water, and the outside is treated in the same manner with a small hard brush, after which they are carefully rinsed with clean cold water.

The gravel used in the filters is cleaned by boiling and stirring it about in hot water and soda till the water comes off quite clean. It is then steamed at a temperature of about 302 deg. Fahrenheit. The filth that comes from the gravel is astonishing and disgusting; yet more care and cleanliness than that shown upon the farms supplying the company could not possibly be observed.

Cleanliness of the Workers.

The personal cleanliness of the workers is no less insisted on; shower baths are provided, and the employes are expected to use them every morning; their clothes are constantly changed, and if any infectious disease occurs in any of the workers it is at once reported. Very wisely the workers are paid full wages while they are on the sick-list, and thus there is no fear of detection or attempted concealment of the complaint. Half washed pails, the breath of a consumptive milkman, or the dirty hands of a dairyman are not permitted in Denmark to carry death to hundreds of little children.

To walk through the airy and spacious rooms, to see the wet and shining floors and walls, and the lustre of glittering bottles and pails is to realize the beauty of cleanliness; and the fresh smell of the place, the white clean clothes of the workers and their well-scrubbed clogs, give one an idea of the purity of the milk that goes to Danish nurseries.

Cuban deposits are estimated to contain all the way from 2,000,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 tons of iron ore.

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THE COAL SHORTAGE

The anticipated shortage in hard coal affecting thousands of Canadian homes may become a reality next winter if consumers delay their orders to the dealers till fall.

This is the opinion of railway men who say that while they are doing everything possible to assist Mr. C. A. Magrath, Controller of Canadian Fuel Supply, the co-operation of the consumer also is necessary to mee an undoubtedly serious situation.

The hard coal used in the east for the average furnace is imported from the United States, and the problem of supply is largely a problem of transportation. Owing to the shortage of labor and a very hard winter, the Canadian Railways last year faced a severe congestion of traffic, which was accentuated during the winter months by the demand for furnace coal.

In order to prevent if possible a similar condition next season, the railways are concentrating every effort on the supply of coal-carrying equipment. The Canadian Pacific, for instance, has decided to adapt at once and concentrate a considerable portion of additional freight equipment for coal haulage, increasing its capacity during the next six months by cars capable of hauling over a million additional tons during that period. It is withdrawing a large number of cars from other services, is adapting other types of cars, and has just put into force a new rule under which every foreign coal car is at once returned empty to the mines for fresh coal instead of being delayed by loading with return freight, although this move means added expense.

Within a few days the coal merchants will thus have prospect of rapid deliveries, but unless consumers co-operate by giving their orders to the merchants now for their winter supplies, then unloading cars quickly, the congestion experienced last winter will be accentuated and prices may rise to unheard of heights. Consumers are also recommended to be exceptionally careful in the use of coal, avoiding waste and burning wood where possible. The merchants themselves are also being asked to co-operate by having cars loaded to the maximum capacity and by promptly unloading the cars as soon as received, thus releasing them for further service.

The situation apparently is more serious in the East then in the West, owing to the accepted use of box cars in the latter territory. The supply of the open cars required in the east is, however, limited, and unless deliveries are spread more than they have been over the summer months by the recommended co-operation of consumers, the approaching winter will come with tragic force upon the Canadians in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces.

The coal, according to Mr. Magrath, is available. The cars, according to the railways, are coming—but will carry the coal only if the orders are known before winter puts on the brakes.

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