Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd).

"If it was not from the huge profit I intend to draw from your presence," the heiress was explaining to her cousin, "I should never have waited tea for you. Four-thirty is our hour, you know, because of mamma's tea-pains which come on punctually at four, and make her very difficult to deal with. Believe me or not when I tell you that to come between a lioness and her cubs, would be mere child's play compared to interposing yourself between mamma and her four-thirty tea. Judge, then, what hopes I build upon you for having dared that wait of an hour!"

Lady Atterton shook her stately head in a stately fashion.

"My dear Mabel, what extraordinary exaggeration! What will your cousin think of you?"

"You don't seriously suppose that that question exercises my mind?"

From under her thick lashes a glance of provocative inquiry went towards Ronald, who during the whole of her address had been placidly stowing away bread and butter. He answered the look with one which was very open and friendly, but with nothing excited or exciting in its quality. The person who had answered the appeal of the letter was a large, fair-haired young man of about twenty-six, with no particular features to speak of, but with that share of chiefly animal good looks which are inseparable from health, youth, size, a perpetual use of hot water, and an expression which was at last negatively agreeable, inasmuch as, though perhaps a trifle somnolent, it was neither morose, fatuous, nor ill-natured. There was the merest suggestion of superfluous flesh upon his big, well-set-up frame, and occasionally malicious people might feel tempted to run a pin into it somewhere, just in order to see a less contented expression upon the fair, boyish face, and to ascertain whether the sleepy blue eyes could ever fairly wake up; yet, such as he was, he did no dishonor to a nation which prides itself on producing a greater proportion of well-grown specimens of manhood than any other.

"I'm sorry you waited," was all he now said, with a solid regret which however seemed powerless to affect his appetite.

As once more he stretched his hand towards the dish of bread and butter there was a shriek from Mabel.

"Traitor! And on your own native soil! How dare you eat bread and butter from a dish flanked by oatcakes on one side and scones on the other! Need I tell you that a Scotch cook was the first article I procured? The bread and butter wouldn't be here at all if it wasn't as a concession to mamma. And, by-the-by——"

She put down the tea-pot—at which act the Queen-Mother breathed a sigh of relief—and stared at him with mock-tragical seriousness:

"What on earth do you mean by daring to present yourself without a kilt?"

"A how-much?" asked Ronald, his hand arrested in mid-air from the sheer shock of the astonishment.

"A kilt—the Celtic garb. Is that clear enough?"

"Great Scot! But I don't possess such a thing!"

"Do you mean to tell me"—the sternness in Mabel's tone was increasing—"that you call yourself a Highland gentleman, and that your wardrobe doesn't contain a kilt?"

"I don't call myself anything, but the last kilt I wore was got on my sixth birthday. It's only a gillie here and there that sports one, and even that's giving out. What the blazes should I do with a kilt, if I had one?"

"What would you do with it? Wear it, of course, and pay your mite towards the preservation of the custom of your country."

"I don't see what good I'm doing my country by making a guy of myself."

Mabel sketched another shriek, and sinking against the chair-back, went through a show of feeling momentarily faint.

"Good gracious! Is this what Scotch patriotism has come to! Oh, you degenerate scion of kilted ancestors! You'll have to come out very strong in other ways if I am to forgive you this. If these are your principles, then I suppose you don't speak Gaelic either?"

"Don't know a mortal word of it."

"This is becoming serious. But you can't help knowing some Scotticisms. I've learnt to say 'feckless' and 'frugal,' and I've mastered the difference between a 'bairn' and a 'burn,' but I'm thirsting to enlarge my vocabulary."

"My dear child," interposed the ex-governess, "it is only the lower classes who use these expressions. You cannot possibly employ them in drawing-rooms."

"What's to prevent me, mother dear? I mean to be an innovator in this respect. Great reformers have always got to put up with a certain amount of persecution, I am aware; but I'm quite prepared for my fate. I'll propound my views on the subject further, as soon as I've done putting Ronald through his paces. Let's get along, Ronnie! No hints for either language or dress to be got from you, as I perceive; but perhaps you'll do better in other departments. I've booked you for an interview to-morrow with the head-keeper. He has a list of grievances, partly against poachers, of which they seem to breed a fine lot in these hills. Also, he has something connected with the health of the grouse-broods weighing on his mind, of which I feel powerless to relieve him. You'll be able to bring him peace, I expect?"

"Rather!"

The transformation on Ronald's face was remarkable; even the blue eyes abruptly wakened up.

"Anything in that line is my line, you know. Just send him to me, and I'll settle him all right."

"That's good," said Mabel, looking at him from under half-closed lids. "You can talk it out in the morning, and in the afternoon, as a reward, you may row me over to the Burial Island. I'm just expiring to get to closer quarters with that ruined chapel."

Here signs of animation became observable in Lady Atterton.

"Yes, Mabel, that is a very good idea; almost the first sensible thing you have said to-day. If the water is smooth enough I shall be of the of duty. I am not going to do, and party. I am told the island contains the grave-stone of a Scotchman who fought in the battle of Prestonpans, under George the Second, you know, Mabel, in the year seventeen hundred and——"

"No; I know nothing at all," said Mabel, who delighted in stiffening herself against the too ample information exhaled by her mother. From long practice she had developed a habit of excluding either direct or indirect instruction almost as automatically as the valves of a submarine boat close at the contact with water. "I never could remember a date in my life, you know, and I don't believe I ever heard of the battle of Prestonpans."

"My dear Mabel, what will your cousin——"

"Ronald knows less about it than I—if possible," calmly assured Mabel; and the blank look on Ronald's face seemed to confirm her estimate of his historical knowledge.

* * * *

When, a couple of hours later, the cousins met again in the same room respectively attired in black cloth and in pink satin, the gaze with which Mabel measured her guest was plainly one of disapproval.

(To be continued.)

What Men Have Said of the War.

"My term of office is for the duration of the war, or for three years."—Lord Kitchener.

"We are in for victory, which must be won together."—Choate.

"The future of mankind is ours to maintain and defend."—Lloyd George.

"If we fail, all fail; if we break, all break; our dangers are great, but our opportunity is incomparable."—Winston Churchill.

"We must fight and conquer."—Bethmann-Hollweg.

"The burning question in our hearts, however, is how much longer the war is to last."—Michaelis.

"The desire of our enemies to annihilate us has not yet been broken."—Count von Westarp.

"We stand unbroken, far in the enemy's land, and in the defence we are invincible."—Herr Scheidemann.

"We will make English-speaking nations one."—Lord Northcliffe.

"We shall prove that we are ready to fight and capable of achieving victory."—Herr Fehrenbach.

"For God's sake, hurry up."—Ribot.

"We must make the world safe for democracy."—President Wilson.

An Indian turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Ninth Lesson—The Process of Digestion

The growth of the human body is likened to that of a tree. In order that we may know just what foods are necessary for us, we will begin a study of digestion.

Chewing or mastication of food is the first act in the process of digestion; for this operation one should have good teeth. If the teeth are decayed or gone the food will not be thoroughly chewed; if this is the case, then a large portion of saliva which the mouth secretes will be lost. The adult with good teeth will secrete about one quart of saliva a day.

The purpose of the saliva is twofold: first, it lubricates and softens the food so that it may easily be swallowed. Second, the saliva brings about a chemical change in the starch contained in the food, which, when thoroughly chewed or broken up, is transformed into a convert sugar called glucose. The food is then swallowed, and, on entering the stomach, this process continues from twenty to thirty minutes. If the food is carelessly chewed or hastily swallowed, this action ceases as soon as the food reaches the stomach. Starchy indigestion is the result.

When starchy foods are chewed well, the starches have been partly acted upon by the saliva in the mouth, and then, when they are transformed into the glucose state, the action is continued by acid fluids in the stomach.

The remainder of the food is converted into a thick fluid, consisting of solids and undigested particles, suspended in a yellowish liquid called chyme. This is the food now prepared by the saliva and stomach ferments for further digestion in the intestinal canal.

In the intestines this liquid food becomes mixed with the bile, pancreatic fluid and the ferments from the various intestinal glands. Each of these fluids has a part to perform. The bile emulcifies the fats and prevents decomposition. The pancreatic fluids complete the digestion of fats.

The intestinal fluids finish the process of digestion for the albumens and sugars.

Digestion is a complex process, where any interference from wrong or improperly cooked foods, combined with careless mastication, is very liable to produce serious results.

Food Adjuncts

Food adjuncts cannot be termed foods because they do not furnish nutrition, but rather act as a stimulant to the digestive organs and thus become an aid to the digestion of true food.

Food adjuncts are classified as beverages and condiments.

Beverages.—The primary service of beverages is to quench the thirst. Thirst is nature's call for water. Water constitutes the fifth class of food principles. It does not produce heat, and is therefore incombustible, but because it has a great many uses in the body it is an absolute necessity Water is the best known of all solvents. It acts as a carrier to all parts of the body and assists in regulating the temperature of the body.

Coffee is the berry or seed of a tropical tree that bears fruit similar to our common cherry. It acts as a stimulant to the nerves, relieves fatigue. The flavor is extracted from the berry after it has been roasted and ground; then it is boiled, percolated or steamed as in drip coffee.

Tea is valued for its theine, which is a pleasant stimulating constituent of tea. It also contains tannin, which, if allowed to develop by premitting the tea to stand considerable time after brewing, is injurious to the stomach. The use of fresh boiling water when making tea is a necessity. Do not boil tea.

Chocolate and cocoa have a recognized food value, whether they are eaten or made into a drink. Cocoa is insoluble, but when added to boiling water the starch thickens sufficiently to hold the particles in solution.

Condiments.—Flavoring extracts, seeds, herbs, spices and sauces are called condiments. They are used to give food a pleasing flavor and should be partaken of moderately. Salt is classed as a condiment as well as a food. Persons living in hot climates soon learn to like pungent hot spices, which become necessary articles of diet. They act directly upon the liver. Vinegar is the fermented juice of apples, fruit or sour wine.

Catsup and Pickles

Great care must be taken if you wish to avoid muddy, soggy pickles, watery catsup, etc. Do not use aluminum, copper or tinware in making catsup or pickling, owing to the action of the acid in the vinegar.

Cucumber Catsup.—Six cucumbers, four large onions, one cupful of salt. Peel the onions and cucumbers and then cut in thin slices. Cover with salt and then stand aside for twenty-four hours. Chop fine and place in a porcelain preserving kettle. Add one pint of good cider vinegar and then boil for thirty minutes. Rub through a fine sieve and then add: one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Boil gently for ten minutes, then fill into sterilized bottles and cork. Seal by dipping in parowax. Store in a cool, dry place.

Sweet Pickles.—Peaches, pears and plums may be used. Peel and remove all the blemishes and then cut into small picees. To three pounds of mixed and prepared fruit, weighed after cutting, add: three cupfuls of brown sugar, two cupfuls of best cider vinegar, one cupful of seeded raisins. Bring to a boil and then stand aside for twenty-four hours. Repeat this and then on the third day, add: one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of allspice, one-half tablespoonful of cloves, one-half tablespoonful of ginger one-half tablespoonful of mace. Tie the spices in a piece of cheesecloth and cook until thick. Then store in glasses and jars. Seal in the usual manner.

Cabbage Catsup.—One large head of cabbage, three large onions, four green peppers, four large cucumbers. Chop very fine and cover well with salt. Stand aside over night. In the morning drain well and add enough good cider vinegar to cover. Place in a porcelain preserving kettle and cook until soft enough to rub through a fine sieve, then add: One-fourth pound of mustard, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of mace, one tablespoonful of celery seed, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one cupful of brown sugar. Stir well and then cook gently for one-half hour. Bottle into sterilized bottles and cork. Seal by dipping the tops of the bottles in melted parowax. Store in a cool dry place.

A BATTLE OF 100 AEROPLANES

TURNING THE HEAVENS INTO A VERITABLE HELL.

Hairbreadth Escapes in the Aerial Service Are Matters of Every-day Occurrence.

An officer of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps tells the following story:—

There were one hundred of us—fifty on a side—but we turned the heavens into a hell, up in the air there, more terrible than ten thousand devils could have made running rampant in the pit.

The sky blazed and crackled with bursting time bombs, and the machine guns spitted out their steel venom, while underneath us hung what seemed like a net of fire, where shells from the Archies, vainly trying to reach us, were bursting.

We had gone out early in the morning, fifty of us, from the Royal Canadian Flying Corps barracks, back of the lines, when the sun was low and my courage lower, to bomb the Prussian trenches before the infantry should attack.

Our machines were stretched out across a flat tableland. Here and there in little groups the pilots were receiving instructions from their commander and consulting maps and photographs.

At last we all climbed into our machines. All along the line engines began to roar and sputter. Here was a 300 h.p. Rolls-Royce, with a mighty, throbbing voice; over there a $10,000 Larone rotary engine vying with the others in making a noise. Then there were the little fellows, humming and spitting, the "vipers" or "maggots," as they are known in the service.

At last the squadron commander took his place in his machine and rose with a whirr. The rest of us rose and circled round, getting our formation.

Over No Man's Land.

Crack! At the signal from the commander's pistol we darted forward, going ever higher and higher, while the cheers of the mechanicians and riggers grew fainter.

Across our own trenches we sailed and out over No Man's Land, like a huge, eyeless, pock-scarred earth face staring up at us.

There was another signal from the commander. Down we swooped. The bomb racks rattled as hundreds of bombs were let loose, and a second later came the crackle of their explosions over the heads of the Boches in their trenches.

Lower and lower we flew. We skimmed the trenches and sprayed bullets from our machine guns. The crashing of the weapons drowned the roar of the engines.

I saw ahead of me a column of flame shoot up from one of our machines, and I caught a momentary glance at the pilot's face. It was greenish-ash color. His petrol tank had been hit. I hope the fall killed him and that he did not burn to death.

Away in the distance a number of specks had risen, like vultures scenting the carrion that had already been made. It was a German squadron. The Archies had not bothered us much while we were spraying the Prussian trenches, but now we had that other squadron to take care of. Our orders were to bomb the trenches. We could not spare a bomb or a cartridge from the task of putting the fear of Britain into the hearts of the infantry below before our own "Tommies" should start over the top.

A Parting Message.

I don't know what it was, but suddenly, just after my partner had let go a rack of bombs, there was a terrific explosion just beneath us. My machine leaped upward, twisted, then dropped suddenly. Death himself was trying to wrench the control levers from my grip, but I clung to them madly and we righted. A few more inches and I couldn't have told you about this.

There was no longer any chance to worry about flying position. There were too many things occupying my attention—that line of gray down there that we were trying to erase and the Boche squadron thrumming down on us.

One drum of our ammunition was already used up. My partner whirled around on his stool—a sort of piano stool, which always made me think of the tuneless, tin-panny instrument back in quarters—grabbed another drum and slammed it into the machine gun. It was to be a parting message for the Prussians, for the commander was just signalling to retire.

My partner lurched forward. He was hit. A thin red stream trickled down his face.

I raced westward, the air whistling through the bullet holes in the wings of the machine and my partner leaning against the empty bomb rack, silent.

As we sailed over the foremost Prussian trench some Scotch were just leaping into it. The "ladies from hell" the Germans call them because of their kilts.

A Race With Death.

Several machines had landed before I took the ground. Ambulances were dashing back and forth across the flying field.

They lifted my partner out of the aeroplane, but they did not put him into an ambulance. He had answered another recall. I walked to quarters ill—ill at heart, at stomach, at mind. I'll never know a better pal than was Tom.

On the way I managed to help with a machine that had just landed. A big Rolls-Royce it was, and the radiator had been hit by a bit of shrapnel. The pilot and observer were both terribly scalded.

Just by the aerodrome another biplane fluttered down. The observer was dead. The pilot was hit in a dozen places. Somehow he brought the machine in, switched off his engine and slopped forward in his seat, stone dead.

Ten minutes later I was sound asleep. The next day we were at it again.

In battles of this kind it is more or less a matter of good fortune if you escape with your life. Flying ability and trickiness can play but little part. It is in the lone adventure that stunt flying helps.

An Englishman has invented a grass trimmer, operated with both hands, which greatly resembles horse clippers.

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RAMSAY'S READY MIXED PAINTS

IF ALL THE SKIES.

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

—Henry Van Dyke.

For Acid Stomachs Use Magnesia

Quickly Stops Sour Burning Feeling and Makes Digestion Painless.

The almost universal use of magnesia by physicians and specialists in the treatment of stomach troubles, is due to the fact that it stops food fermentation and neutralizes the acid—the direct cause of nearly all stomach troubles. Of the many forms of magnesia such as oxides, citrates, carbonates, sulphates, etc., the most suitable and efficient, and the one prescribed by leading specialists is bisurated magnesia, a teaspoonful of which in a little warm water immediately after eating will instantly neutralize the acid, stop fermentation, and thus ensure painless normal digestion. Care should be taken to get bisurated magnesia, as its action is infinitely more effective. It is also, by the way, usually stocked by druggists in convenient compressed tablets as well as in the ordinary powder form. Stomach sufferers and dyspeptics who follow this plan and avoid the use of pepsin, charcoal, soda mints, drugs and medicines are invariably astonished to find that the stomach, relieved of the irritating acid and gas, soon regains its normal tone, and can do its work alone without the doubtful aid of artificial digestants.

See that the climbing roses and other creepers are properly tied up.

Experiments in putting alfalfa and other leguminous crops in the silo have not always been satisfactory. There seems to be no crop that is so universally satisfactory for silage as corn.

The breeding of flies in manure heaps is easily prevented. Use carbosul and water; one part carbo-sul and twenty parts water. Sprinkle the heap well and as fresh material is plied up sprinkle it, and the flies will be prevented from breeding.

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