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DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Tenth Lesson.—Vegetables

Vegetables are classifield into two distinct groups, as green vegetables, composed of stems and leaves, and starchy vegetables, consisting of roots and tubers, such as white and sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, radishes, parsnips and onions. Vegetables are also classified into the carbohydrate group. They contain starch, sugar, cellulose and mineral salts.

Peas, beans and lentils are classed as legumes, because they contain valuable protein, which may take the place of meat. Green vegetables are valuable for their salts and acids, and also for the cellulose, which is very necessary to the body, as it furnishes material for bulk, diluting the highly concentrated foods.

The starch is inclosed within the tiny cellulose wall, which, when cooked, softens, permitting the grains of starch to expand, and therefore be easier to digest.

All vegetables contain a large percentage of water, and with the exception of the legumes and corn little protein and fat.

Classification of Vegetables

Beets are valuable for their carbohydrates, which is in the form of sugar. Carrots, turnips and parsnips contain large amounts of cellulose, and are difficult to digest. Onions are rich in an aromatic oil which contains a large amount of sulphur. The onion is also valuable for its diuretic qualities. Radishes contain large amounts of cellulose, and are very valuable for bulk.

Asparagus is easy to digest, and is of diuretic nature. Cauliflower, cabbage and brussels sprouts are of the same family. Cucumber contain mineral salts and cellulose. Spinach has well known aperient qualities.

Endive, celery, lettuce, romaine, corn salad and cress and chickery are easily digested and are cooling, also purifying the blood stream. Potatoes are rich in starch and mineral salts. Tomatoes are of a diuretic nature and are especially valuable for their flavor and the variety that they furnish to the menu. They contain various mineral salts, and are easily digested.

Method of Cooking

Proper cleansing and preparation of vegetables are as necessary as the cooking. Wilted vegetables may be restored by placing them in cold water. All stale or decayed vegetables should be discarded, as they contain bacteria and molds that may cause trouble.

Be particular. Thoroughly wash and rinse the vegetables to remove all sand and dirt. A small brush should be kept for this purpose, scrubbing them quickly removes all dirt, saving both your hands and your time.

Cooking

Place all vegetables in boiling water to cook, and keep the water boiling gently until the vegetables are tender. They should then be taken at once from the water, seasoned and placed in hot dishes.

Overcooking or too rapid boiling spoils the color, shape and appearance as well as the flavor. Do not cover green vegetables while cooking. Spinach, beet tops and squash should be steamed or cooked in a small amount of water.

Timetable for Cooking

Potatoes. From 20 to 30 minutes, according to size.

Turnips. From 30 to 50 minutes, according to size and age.

Beets. From 45 minutes to 2 hours, according to size and age.

Carrots. From 15 to 40 minutes, according to size and age.

Cabbage. From 15 to 50 minutes, according to method of cutting.

Spinach. For 15 minutes

Peas. For 20 minutes.

Beans. From 20 to 30 minutes, according to size.

Asparagus. From 20 to 30 minutes, according to size.

Boiling potatoes in the skins and peeling them afterward, then rolling them in melted butter and parsley, gives old potatoes the appearance of new ones. Boil the potatoes for ten minutes, then grease the skin and bake After draining the water from boiled potatoes, cover them with a napkin or towel. This absorbs the water and makes the potato mealy.

Preserving the Autumn Fruits

Apple Butter.—One-quarter bushel of windfall apples, two gallons of water. Wash the apples and remove all blemishes. Cut in quarters and do not peel or core. Place in a preserving kettle. Start cooking. Use a wire potato masher to mash and stir the pulp. Cook gently for forty minutes or until the mixture is a very soft mass. Cool and then rub through a fine sieve. Return to the kettle and add one quart of vinegar, two pounds of sugar. Stir to dissolve the sugar. Now tie the following spices in a piece of cheesecloth and add to the apple mixture: one cupful of cinnamon, four tablespoonfuls of nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, one tablespoonful of ginger. Cook slowly until thick like apple butter, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. When thick pour into pots or crock. Seal with paraffin in the usual manner for jellies.

Apple butter that contains large amounts of sugar is liable to ferment. Use in tarts, pies and cakes. Spread it on bread and save the butter.

Pear Marmalade.—Use four pounds of pears, peeled and cored and then cut into slices. Place in a preserving kettle with one pint of cold water. Cook very slowly until the pears are soft, adding the following spices tied in a bag: one tablespoonful of allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of mace. Remove the spice bag when the pears are soft. Now add two and one-quarter pounds of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Cook slowly until thick. Store in sterilized glasses, sealing in the usual manner for jellies.

Canned Pears.—Peel and cut the pears in half. Place in an enamel preserving kettle. Cover with cold water and add the juice of one lemon to each six quarts of water. This will prevent discoloration. Place on the fire and cook until the pears are tender. Drain and pack into sterilized jars. Measure the liquid and add one cupful of sugar to each two and one-half cupfuls of liquid. Boil the syrup for five minutes and then pour it over the pears. Add a small stick of cinnamon and two cloves to each jar. Place the rubber and lid in position and then partially tighten. Process for thirty minutes after the water starts boiling in a hot water bath. Remove and fasten the lids as securely as possible. Test for leaks and then store in a cool, dry place.

Crushed Peach Pulp.—Peel and cut into very thin slices over-ripe peaches. To six quarts of prepared peaches add a syrup made of: three pounds of sugar, one pint of water. Place in a saucepan and boil for five minutes. Pour over the peaches. Stir with a spoon to mix thoroughly and then fill into sterilized jars, taking care to fill to overflowing. Press the peaches down well. Place the rubber and lid in position. Partially tighten them. Place in a hot-water bath and process for forty minutes after the water starts boiling. Remove and fasten the lids as securely as possible. Test for leaks and then store in a cool, dry place.

Grape Jelly.—Pick grapes from the stems and wash them. Measure them and add two cupfuls of water to each quart. Mash well with a potato masher and place on the fire. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until the grapes are soft, mashing frequently. Strain through a jelly bag and measure the juice and allow an equal amount of sugar. Place the juice in a kettle and bring to a boil. Cook for ten minutes and add the sugar. Continue cooking after the boiling point is reached. Boil juice just eight minutes. Remove from the fire and pour into sterilized glasses, and when cool cover with paraffine. Stir well until the sugar is dissolved and then no longer. If you have a candy thermometer cook to 222 degrees. Remove from the fire and pour into the prepared glasses.

Telephone lines are to be extended to Tromsoe, Norway, 200 miles north of the Arctic circle.

It is said that moths will not attack green fabrics. Arsenic is used in dyeing green, and the moths are wise enough to shun that deadly drug.

When brushing stair carpets have a basin of warm water handy and dip the brush into it occasionally. This prevents the dust from rising, and makes the colors look clear and bright.

Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"Tell me, Ronald, is there anything in the world that would induce you to make a guy of yourself by putting on a kilt?"

"It would need to be a pretty big inducement?"

"Would it be big enough if I asked you to do it?"

Ronald looked taken aback, and consequently rather foolish.

"Oh, well, if you ask me, of course, that would be a different thing altogether."

"Answer me!" she said, with an imperious tap of her fan upon the chimney-piece. "Yes or no: would it be enough?"

"Well, you know, I couldn't say 'No' to you, could I Mab?" he stammered, with frankly admiring eyes, but an obvious want of enthusiasm for the subject.

The words were drowned by the sound of the dinner-gong; yet, to judge from the gracious softening of the glance which rewarded him, Mabel had heard. It was all the reward he got for the moment, Lady Atterton being already in the room, with the butler at her heels.

"He's a nice boy, really, and wouldn't be difficult to manage," Mabel reflected as she dodged the black velvet train of her mother, whose plump white hand rested upon Ronald's arm, while in truly regal fashion she accomplished the progress to the dining-room.

Ronald too was making comments, which ran somewhat in this fashion: "She's awfully good-looking, and an awfully good sort; but I do wish she wasn't so awfully quick and clever. Never know exactly when she's joking, and when she's serious. Makes a fellow feel so awfully foolish."

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, that was one, wasn't it?" asked Mabel, projecting the upper part of her person over the boat-edge at a somewhat perilous angle, in order to keep in view the spot from which a black, shiny head had just sunk out of sight.

"I believe it was. By Jove! there's another! I say, what a pity I haven't my rifle with me."

"Barbarian! As if I would suffer you to harm a hair of their heads, before my eyes. Don't you now that they're enchanted princes? I found that out the other day, in Scott."

"It wouldn't harm them to shoot them dead—at least, it wouldn't hurt them, I mean; unless you make a clean job of a seal he dives to the bottom, and clutches hold of the seaweed, and you never see an inch of him again."

"That's romantic, and also poetically just. If I was a seal I would much rather rot away entangled in seaweed, my claws stiffening over their slimy stalks, than gratify my murderer by the possession of my skin."

The cousins were en tete-a-tete, the swell on the loch having proved too much for Lady Atterton's interest even in the historical grave.

Grey and breezy, with more than a touch of Scotch mist in the air, the April day might almost have been an October one. Behind the veils of the rolling vapours the shores of the loch seemed indefinitely to recede. All was grey and moist and unbrokenly uniform.

"How about a landing-place?" asked Mabel, as slowly they drew near to the island, which, with a tail of smaller ones, broke the surface of the loch. "It's rather a bore having no one to tell one the right spot. Perhaps we ought to have brought a native with us. Oh, Ronald, this is wild!"

About its being wild there could not well be two opinions. Hard indeed to imagine any more weirdly suggestive burial-spot than this morsel of earth girdled with dripping seaweed, tufted with coarse rushes, haunted by the never-resting gulls—where the wind sung desolately in the tops of the weather-beaten firs, and the waves beat eternally upon the rocky sides with the moan of a wild beast that hungers after the prey which the earth has swallowed, but of which it would fain have its share. Upon one or two of the smaller islands a few bleached tree-stumps gave an illusive impression of grave-stones; but that was a mere freak of Nature, a playing at the grave-yard game—for the big island alone held human bones. As, very neatly, Ronald ran up to a flat ledge of rock a feathered cloud rose into the air—black birds and white birds, rooks and gulls, circled shrieking above the tree-tops.

"Mind you made the boat fast," said Mabel, as Ronald helped her on to the slippery rock. "I've known cheerfuller places for spending the night in. And look here, Ronald, I believe you'll have to give me your hand."

He gave it without demur, having first gone through some scientific-looking manoeuvre with the boat-chain and some stones.

"It's as exciting as walking upon crackers," declared Mabel, as the last year's pods snapped underfoot. "And what are those funny squares cut in the turf for, I wonder? Oh, I do wish we had a native here?"

No trace of a path guided the visitors' steps among the wilderness of grave-stones, of which the most ancient, with yellow lichen picking out what remained of an inscription or of an obviously Celtic ornament, were not always distinguishable from the natural rock rearing its head above the uncared-for grass. The slate-stone which, in a more practical age, had taken the place of the granite, affected the perpendicular rather than the horizontal, forming as dreary and unbeautiful a forest as mind of man could conceive. The summit of the rising ground was crowned by some fragments of masonry, thick with ivy, and in a sheltered dip last years' iris leaves still waved disconsolately, like broken banners, or trailed on the ground, as limp as soaked ribbons, with here and there an upright stalk to which the seed-pods had clung all winter, while alongside the new green spears were already piercing victoriously.

Mabel, with her cousin at her heels, had been examining, exclaiming, and lamenting the absence of an intelligent native for quite ten minutes, when, on rounding a hillock, astonishment brought her to an abrupt standstill. The discovery that they were not the only visitors to the island was indeed, from a practical point of view, not at all surprising, but all the more so from an artistic one. So palpably did the spot breathe death that every evidence of life was bound to come with something of a shock. The encounter of an orthodox ghost, even by broad daylight, would have appeared far more appropriate than the revelation of two persons—a young man and a young girl, busy apparently beside one of the modern head-stones. At the foot of the dark-grey slab, and apparently freshly deposited, lay one of those monstrosities in white beads and wire which, on this side of the Channel, are apparently considered a tribute to the dead. The girl, handkerchief in hand, was bending low, wiping the glass shade which was to preserve its beauties from the ravages of wind and wet.

"Ronald," said Mabel, beneath her breath, "I do believe here are the very aborigines we want. Just look at their hair."

"By Jove, yes!" murmured Ronald, becoming aware of two dark-red heads bending in close proximity over the grave. "What are you going to do?" he added, in some apprehension, as Mabel moved resolutely forward.

"I'm going to scrape acquaintance with them. They will be able to tell us about things."

"But, look here, how do you know who they are?" objected Ronald, whose views concerning the conventionalities of life were much narrower than those of his headstrong cousin. "Do you think that Aunt Caroline—"

"I don't care who they are. I need them, and I'm going to appropriate them—that's all! You needn't come on if you're afraid."

Albert M'Donnell, looking up quickly at the sound of footsteps on the turf, was scarcely less surprised than Mabel had been—fashionably-clad young ladies, out of the tourist season, being at least as rare as white grouse on the moors; but even before she had reached the spot he had made a correct guess at her identity. There was scarcely time to repress the movement of pleasure whose display would have been all too naive, and no time to warn Fenella, before the apparition was upon them.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Atterton began, in a tone which obviously begged nothing at all, but smilingly, breezily commanded: "We are strangers here, and anxious to find the whereabouts of an old grave we have been told of. Somebody who was killed in some battle or other—no, I mean who killed somebody else. Wasn't that it, Donald? This is my cousin, Mr. Macgilvray. We're come over from Balladrochit, you know."

"Oh," said Fenela, with very wide eyes; "then you are the——"

A cutting glance from Albert checked the word "heiress," which had all but reached to her lips. She had raised herself from the grave-mound barely in time to become aware of the strangers, close already, and the flurry of the astonishment was still upon her, painting her cheeks a delicious rose-color.

"My sister and I will be very pleased to show you the way," Albert was saying, with an aplomb which did much credit to his self-confidence, even though at that very moment he was wondering whether the angle at which he was raising his hat did or did not come up to the requirements of fashion "The grave you mean is our show-grave here. It is up there in the old chapel."

"That's nice. And there are lots of other things we're dying to know—at least, I'm dying to know them. Please tell me first: what's all that black stuff opposite, and what makes it rattle so?"

She pointed to the nearest shore, where strange, dusky-looking promontories ran out into the water, looming indistinctly through the low-hanging mist. From behind the moist curtain a continual clatter sounded, as though vast masses of crockery were being perpetually moved.

"Slate-refuse, and the slate workers on the banks. If the mist lifted, you would see the sheds under which they are working, shaping the slates as they come from the quarry."

"What fun! I must have a look at the quarries one of these days. Just listen, Ronald!"

But Ronald seemed just then to be busier with his eyes than with his ears, as a mere turn of the head would have betrayed to Mabel; and the object he was using them on, shyly but persistently, was the face which had revealed itself in the moment that the "native" girl had stood up from the grave.

In obedience to a half-commanding gesture of Mabel's hand a moment's silence had produced itself, filled only with that suggestive clatter—the voice of Life speaking to this spot of Death, more loudly, but surely not more irresistibly, than Death, day by day, spoke back to those men, who from morning to night labored with their place of final rest ever before their eyes.

"And now for the chapel!" decided Mabel, after that brief pause.

In the act of turning she threw a curious glance at the slab of slate-stone alongside.

"My mother's grave," murmured Fenella. "It is two years to-day since she died."

Mabel put out her hand with a gesture which looked more impulsive than it really was,—a gesture often being less trouble than a word.

As they made their way over the uneven ground, it was Mabel's tongue that continued busiest. She wanted to know "everything about everything," as she explained to Albert—the quartette having almost unavoidably resolved itself into couples—with a cheerful volubility which accorded but indifferently with the surroundings. The explanation of the squares cut in the turf vastly tickled her fancy. The rock making it a regular puzzle to find a spot on which a decently deep grave could be dug, as Albert expounded the matter, was generally settled by scraping a shallow hole and heaping turf upon the coffin. The whole island was scarred with the signs of these unsuccessful graves, and of the spots from which the turf—cut to the shape required, and capable of being rolled up like a mat—had been taken.

"What excellent consciences you all must have!" declared Mabel. "Fancy being able to sleep quiet under a turf mat! But perhaps you don't always sleep quiet? Do you know that when I caught sight of you and your sister just now my first impression was that you must be ghosts."

"Do ghosts wear tweed suits?" asked Albert, glancing down discontentedly at the cheap material of his attire.

"Why not? They're up to anything nowadays. The old style of ghost in a sheet and with fiery eyes has quite gone out, you know. That sort never used to do anything but groan and rattle chains, while the ambition of a real, up-to-date ghost is evidently to look as unlike a ghost as possible. I should say it affects daylight more than darkness; and if it goes in for chains at all, it's the latest thing in muff or bag chains. I beg your pardon for chattering; I see you want to say something."

They had stood still before a more imposing-looking monument; but when her over-eager guide, having explained that it was the grave of the chief of the M'Donnell clan, murdered in the Massacre, showed signs of wanting to enter into the details of the event, Mabel stopped him firmly.

"No history, please. Mamma supplies that. Ah! you don't know mamma. I once was weak enough to visit Westminster Abbey in her company, with the result that the mere sight of its tower gives me a moral nausea. You can tell me the story another time," she added, seeing a look of disappointement upon her new acquaintance's face, "from your own point of view—not from that of the history books. But to-day I'm hungering only for local color. Talk to me about second sight and 'corpse lights,' and those sort of things, if you please."

The smile that went with the words was well calculated to heal wounded vanity.

And Albert, rising to the occasion, as was his habit of doing, talked well, even brilliantly, of the customs and beliefs of his country. Already he had grasped his role, and was playing it to perfection. If Miss Atterton wanted folk-lore, she should have it by the ton. Whether he fed her with facts or with fancies was quite indifferent to himself. To hear his ready narrative was to suppose that he had made a special study of a subject which, on principle, he contemptuously neglected.

By the time they reached the chapel, whose stony carcase bulged with century-old ivy, Mabel was looking with open approval upon the cicerone whom Providence had put in her way.

"If I might venture to mention history," he laughed, "this would be the moment for referring to the battle of Prestonpans."

(To be continued).

Worth Protecting

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good.

A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk.

Red Rose is always sold in the sealed package which keeps it good.

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ONLY FIVE SENSES?

Present-Day Science Says That We Have a Dozen or More.

Who was it that first declared the number of our senses to be five?

Some prehistoric person doubtless. But he was mistaken. If we had only five senses, we should be deprived of the use of many of our most important faculties.

Science tells us to-day that we have at least a dozen senses. Touch alone includes three of them.

First of the three is the tactile sense, by which one determines whether an object felt is rough or smooth. Supplementing it are the two senses of heat and cold. Perceptions of cold and heat are registered by wholly distinct nerve organs.

Look at the end of your finger. You will notice little ridges running over it symmetrically. In these lie the extermities of the heat-sense nerves and cold-sense nerves. The latter can feel only cold, the former only heat.

The ear has three senses—hearing, direction and equilibrium. The last two depend on a liquid in the semicircular canals of the inner ear, and on numerous tiny pebbles of lime, called "otoliths," which lie in the canals.

RULES OF HEALTH FOR DYSPEPTICS

DIETING UNNECESSARY

There are two ways by which people who suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, flatulence, etc., can overcome the trouble. First, as practically all cases of the above are directly or indirectly traceable to acidity and fermentation, they can eliminate from their diet all foods which ferment and form acid, such as all starches and sugar and foods containing them, thus prohibiting bread, potatoes, fruits and most meats. About the only safe foods are gluten breads, spinach and small quantities of white meat of chicken or turkey. This diet is almost a starvation one, but it is sometimes quite effective. The second way, which appeals especially to those who like to eat hearty meals of good foods, is to eat whatever is reasonably digestable, neutralize the acid and stop fermentation by the use of a good antacid such as bisurated magnesia, a teaspoonful of which in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, instantly neutralizes the acid, stops the fermentation and permits the stomach to do its work without pain or hindrance. Owing to its simplicity, convenience and effectiveness this latter plan is now being adopted, instead of the old fashioned, expensive, weakening starvation process. In this connection it is interesting to note that since the widespread use of bisurated magnesia was established, many druggists have arranged to supply it in 5 gr. tablets. 2 or 3 of which are equivalent to a teaspoonful of the powder form and are much more convenient to carry.

Nurses in Australia are responding splendidly to the call for their services. A further large contingent is ready to sail overseas.

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures our successes.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Liquid manure applied frequently about the plants will increase the tomato crop. Stable or poultry manure is equally good.

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2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

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