REMEMBER the Great Economy of
BOVRIL

Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XIII.

"How shall I do it?" was the question which, on Sunday afternoon, followed Fenella up the glen. She had chosen Sunday, as a likely day for finding Duncan at home. But here her difficulties did not end; for firstly, the management of a tete-a-tete was imperative; and secondly, she had not yet made up her mind as to what exactly she would say. Beside the financial renunciation entailed, she was conscious of asking a great sacrifice from Duncan's pride ,and she wondered whether she had the right to do so. Altogether she felt nervous as to the mission undertaken, and yet determined to undertake it. The dark hints dropped by Albert had quickened her courage, for the prospect of seeing Duncan hunted out of the country was not one to please her, by any means.

It was a warm, though "covered" day, and the door of the cottage stood open. Even before reaching it she caught the sound of a monotonously-speaking voice. On the threshold she stood still. Adam, his discolored face attentively composed beneath the shade covering his sick eyes, sat upright in the padded arm-chair; opposite to him Duncan in his Sunday clothes, with an open book before him, from which he was reading aloud with all the ease which an obviously stiff and dazzling white collar permitted him. Loath to interrupt, Fenella hesitated beside the door.

"'You have heard that it hath been said: An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to himalso the other; they cheek, turn to him also the other; and if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile—'"

"Sure there's someone in the doorway," interrupted Adam, with the quickly-developed observation of the blind.

Duncan turned and started to his feet.

"Go on, please," said Fenella, genuinely embarrassed. "There's no hurry for me."

"Miss Fenella. No, no—shut up the Book, Duncan. There's always a hurry for me when it's Miss Fenella. Seems to me as that's about as much Scripture as I can carry for once. Beautiful sayings, of course, but hard ones. Miss Fenella, hard ones. Maybe you could make it a bit clearer to me by talking it out."

"What Duncan says is that it's not meant to be taken literal, but sort of allegorical. We're given a point to aim at which it's well known we can't hit, just to prevent us shooting too low. Maybe he's right."

"Yes, perhaps that is it," agreed Fenella, relieved to see a clue out of the ethical dilemma into which she found herself plunged unawares. "But, of course," she added, in a mixture of confusion and resolution—for it had flashed upon her that this was an opportunity not to be lost—"the general lesson remains—that about bearing no grudge to our enemies."

She was just gathering courage to elaborate her remark when Duncan decisively observed that it was time for his father to get his tea, and that if Miss Fenella did not mind moving a bit he would put the kettle on the fire. It was clear that the subject of Christian forbearance did not, for the time being, appeal to him.

Her comparative silence had aroused Adam's attention, for presently he began to complain a little querulously, as was growing his habit.

"What's become o' your voice the day, Miss Fenella? It's all I've got of you, mind, and you so sparin' with it! You're no feelin' tired, are you, or maybe ill? which God forbid."

"I'm perfectly well," assured Fenella, rousing herself. "I'm only busy looking at those flowers on the mantelpiece. How smart they make the room!

Talkin' o' flowers, Duncan, how would it be if you asked Miss Fenella to throw an eye upon that climber that you can't coax up the south mall? Maybe she can tell you what ails it, such a hand at gardening as she is."

"Oh, yes, show it me," said Fenella eagerly, seeing her opportunity at last.

Just a minute ago she had been thinking that there would be nothing for it but to ask Duncan to accompany her down the glen. But this was much better.

She rose at once, leaving the flowers she had begun to arrange lying scattered on the table, and looking expectantly towards Duncan.

Outside, somewhat shamefacedly, he showed her a badly-mildewed climbing rose, which had evidently been both pruned and watered to within an inch of its life.

"I planted it in spring," he explained, and added, as though in self-justification: "A climber would make the cottage look gayer, even on the grey days."

After a few instructions, vaguely given but piously listened to, Fenella having looked about her, hesitatingly moved again towards the cottage, but instead of re-entering, sat down upon the slab of slate-stone beside the door, which she had had the presence of mind to close as she came out behind Duncan.

"Duncan," began Fenella nervously, staring hard at the dahlias, "you know, don't you, that I think you are right in your quarrel with Mr. Berrell?"

"I have no quarrel with Mr. Berrell," he replied, after a pause of surprise. "I want my right from him, that is all."

"But one's right is a thing so few people get, and sometimes it costs so much bitterness and anger to get it; and we are told to avoid bitterness and anger, you know, and to be good to our enemies. You have heard it again to-day. Mr. Berrell is your enemy, I know; but would it not be nobler to forgive him than to demand from him the last farthing?"

"I see," said Duncan, after another pause, and in a harder voice already; "you are wanting to apply the lesson of to-day; you are expecting me to turn the other cheek. But it's no good, Miss Fenella, I'm not made that way."

"But, Duncan—"

"You've heard what I think of the precepts. They were not meant to be taken by the letter, nor calculated for practical life, and I don't mean to take them so."

There was so sharp a decision in his tone that Fenella sat discomfited—evidently the religious motive would not work here. She must try another.

"Well, but, Duncan, there is another consideration which has to do with practical life—your own interest. Mr. Berrell is furious against you—everybody says so; and even if you win the suit he will do you some harm. I am sure he will—either force you to leave the country, or something of that sort."

"Let him try to," said Duncan very quietly, as with a gesture far beyond the words he folded his arms upon his chest and squared his mighty shoulders.

Not even his terrible Sunday coat—so far less appropriate to his personality than the oldest of his work-day garments—could weaken the language of that movement. Fenella, gazing up at him with reluctant admiration, seemed to see in the towering figure, in the proudly poised head, in that gaze which sternly swept the distance, the very impersonation of resistance, and felt her hopelessness growing with her alarm.

"But you will gain nothing, Duncan," she said, less calmly this time; "and your father will suffer too."

"I am strong enough to stand by my father."

The appeal to self-interest had failed as ignominiously as that to conscience. There remained but one card to play.

"But if you were asked, Duncan—asked as a favor to waive your rights, to withdraw your claim—would that not move you?"

"If I was asked? By whom?"

"By me, Duncan."

She said it almost humbly, in deep agitation, her eyes raised deprecatingly to his face.

For one instant only they met his, coming back from the distance with a flash of surprise.

"By you?" he said; and then, without another word, turned and took a step away from her, and there stood still, his face averted, but his whole immovable figure betraying that every fibre within waited for her next words.

"If I ask you, Duncan, as a favor to myself—just to please me, you know—to drop the prosecution, would you do it then? I should be so sorry if you had to leave the country,—we have become such friends, have we not?"

Still there came no reply; and she, thinking herself repulsed, since from his averted face she could take no warning—continued to plead more urgently, and even with a point of reproach, suggested by wounded vanity.

"Really, Duncan, I did not think that you would have been so obstinate. It is the first thing I have ever asked of you,—and for your own good—"

She stopped short, for he had turned his face towards her, and what she saw there struck her into silence.

"What's the use of all those words?" he was saying, in a deep breathless voice, and with a gesture as of impatience. "Don't you know thatnone would be enough? Don't you know that if you asked me for my right hand—or for my head, for the matter of that, I would have nothing to give you because they belong to you already? You begging favors of me, indeed! your little finger, Miss Fenella, that's all you would have to raise, to do with me what you would want."

(To be continued).

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Twentieth Lesson—Sauteing Meats.

Sueteing of meat is cooking meat in a small amount of fat. It is virtually impossible, when cooking meat in this manner, to prevent the meat from absorbing the fat, thus making it difficult to disgest. This is particularly true during the warm weather and therefore this method should be eliminated then.

Butter should not be used for cooking meat. By this method, owing to its low-burning point, the fat particles burn and decompose, when subjected to high temperature. Sueteing meat has nothing to recommend it to the housewife. Pan broiling will produce a better tasting food and eliminate the digestive disturbances.

Pan broiling is also a much easier method of cooking. You simply heat frying pan and place in the meat, turn and sear the other side. Repeat this every two minutes until meat is cooked, using same test as in broiling. It is also necessary that all fat melting from meat during process of pan broiling be drained off. When necessary to cook meat in a fat, it should be protected by a coating such as egg and breadcrumbs, or by dipping in flour and then placed in very hot fat to brown. The meat can afterward be cooked at a lower temperature to finish it. This method prevents the meat from absorbing the grease.

Do not use a fork to turn the meat during process of cooking; the prongs of the fork puncture it, allowing the juices to escape, thus lessening its food value. The escaping juices do not remain in the pan; the heat causes them to evaporate.

Follow these points when buying meat:

Shortly after the meat is cut, it should be a bright red color.

It should be firm when touched and have a pleasant meaty odor. Do not purchase meat with a strong disagreeable smell.

A layer of fat should cover the overlaying muscles. The fat should be creamy white and of firm texture.

VALUE OF SOUP IN THE DAILY DIET.

Methods of cooking in the early history of mankind were by stone boiling, a process which occupied nearly a day to complete.

Meat juices or an addition of water and the animal flesh was the basis of soups. Soupmaking is an art permanently belonging to the French people. In Europe soup enters largely into the daily life of the people; from peasant to king the daily portion of soup is taken. The exquisite French fashionable take their morning cup of bouillon abed.

The addition of a plate of soup to the menu stimulates the stomach's action, causes the digestive juices to flow and is readily absorbed, giving the body immediate nourishment without distress to the digestive organs.

For the school child, tired business men and women it is an ideal stimulant, nourishes and refreshes, and with bread or crackers makes a substantial lunch.

Soups are divided into three classes—first, stock; second, cream; third, fruit soups. Soups made from meat and bone are called stock; those without stock as cream, vegetables, clam and oyster soups, and, lastly, those made from fruits. Stock or soup made from meat and bones, cooked by long and slow boiling, which dissolves the soluble elements of the meat and bones into water, thereby enriching it.

The Stock Pot

This should be a deep pot or kettle with a tight-fitting lid; this is important so that none of the steam may be lost by evaporation; the steam contains the aroma or fine volatile oils and essentials which all pass into the air. In a fairly large family little meat need be purchased for the stock pot, if the housewife insists that all the portions of bone and trimmings be sent with the purchases of meat. The French women look with horror on the women leaving all this scrap and trimming to the butcher.

To Make the Stock

A soup bone from the shin of beef, which is full of nutriment, costing about ten cents, will have nearly two ounces of meat attached; one pound of the scrap end of neck of veal, four quarts of water. Wash bones and add cold water and bring slowly to boil, skim and then cover closely and cook four hours. By this time the meat will have fallen from the bones. Strain and set aside to get cold. To let stand overnight is best.

Then remove all the fat from the top. This is the basis of all soup sauces and gravies, rich in protein and in mineral matter and in gelatin. The meat can be taken from the bone, run through a meat chopper and used for meat loaf, croquettes and meat biscuits oh sausage, and it will make a tasty hash when combined with potatoes and onions for breakfast.

You now have a delicious and nutritious broth, without seasoning of any kind, which will keep in cold weather two or three days. In warm weather it must be returned to the pot, brought to a boil and skimmed, left to cool aff and put in an icebox.

Small portions of meat, ham, any trimming and bones that have been accumulated may be added. Chicken feet, scalded with boiling water to loosen the outer skin, which must be peeled off, together with the giblets of fowl, may be added to the stock pot. Seasoning and the addition of vegetables in warm weather cause it to sour. Many varieties of soup are possible with the use of this, stock.

Celery Puree

One pint of diced celery, cook in one cup of water until tender, put through a sieve and add one cupful of stock, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with a little milk, seasoning, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Bring to boil, cook three minutes and serve.

To clear soup may be added macaroni, noodles or any vegetables. This is a good way to use left-over portions of vegetables that are too small to serve alone.

How Music is Used on the Italian Front.

At various points along the Italian front not far from the firing line, there is being given concerts to the soldiers and we are told that the idea originated with the supreme military command. So much good has been accomplished by these concerts that an organization has been effected to extend the concert arrangements. It is said that already six wooden theatres have been erected, all in conquered territory, and that the task of securing talent is being made easy by the ready assistance of Italy's foremost musicians and actors. At one of the first concerts General Capello himself was present.

The first programme took place in one of these soldiers' theatres right opposite the Carso; the ruins of bombarded houses all round, in view of Austrian entrenchments in all their complicated system. A variety artist was singing a favorite song when an enemy aeroplane was sighted. She continued unperturbed while the Italian aircraft chased away the untimely intruder.

An account of these concerts has reached the English press from Italy and the following is an extract sent home by a Canadian soldier: To these concerts soldiers who are enjoying the customary rest after a trying time in the trenches come in thousands to find that relaxation and recreation from nervous tension which are a vital necessity for the preservation of the health of the combatants. Not much drama or light comedy is given. Soldiers who have just come out of the jaws of hell do not want to see the petty nothings of every-day life. They want, and get, light entertainment in the form of farcical plays: something to laugh at, and forget the misery of the past and present. Operatic arias are of course the order of the day, seeing that they form part and parcel of the Italian organism. Then certain elements in the audiences crave for, and get, the latest music-hall songs. Famous actors recite in the divers dialects so dear to the natives of the different departments of the country. In their special instance a hearty laugh, unbridled and unrestrained, refreshes their tired, racked nerves, better perhaps than a night's rest.

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Kept Good by the Sealed Package

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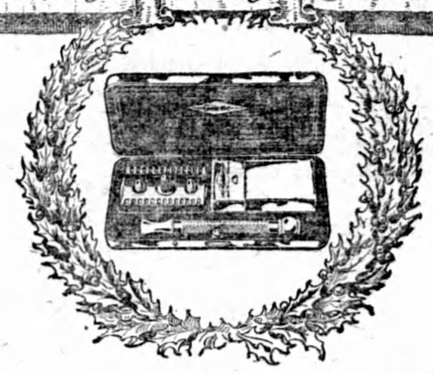
Tommy Atkins Appraised.

"It is philosophic trust, coupled with absolute lack of imagination, which makes the British soldier the most invincible person in the world," says Major Ian Hay Beith, in "All In It." "The Frenchman is inspired to glorious deeds by his great spirit and passionate love of his own sacred soil; the German fights as he thinks, like a machine. But the British Tommy wins through owing to his entire indifference to the pros and cons of the tactical situation. He settles down to war like any other trade, and, as in time of peace, he is chiefly concerned with his holidays and his creature comforts. A battle is a mere incident between one set of billets and another. Consequently, he does not allow the grim realities of war to obsess his mind when off duty. One might almost ascribe his success as a soldier to the fact that his domestic instincts are stronger than his military instincts."

Bread taken from the oven should not be wrapped in cloths. It spoils the flavor of the bread.

A Very Merry Christmas



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