# Between Cousins;

## OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

Now for the first time she had heard the language of love, and it was a language which strangely disturbed her. If this was the way one ought to feel towards the object of one's choice, then certainly it was high time to try and strike something warmer out of that barely tolerant liking for her declared suitor. It ought really not to be difficult. The idea of not being able to feel anything for so amiable and irreproachable person—and one who evidently felt so much for her—was almost rather absurd. For the first time she now began to wonder what it was exactly that he did feel for her. Could it be anything resembling what Duncan had described? This speculation only made her more anxious to reciprocate adequately.

All, then, seemed well under way, and Fenella herself most hopeful as to results when, almost on the eve of the suitor's reappearance, her mind, which seemed settling down so satisfactorily, received a rude shock from the most unexpected of all quarters,—for who could ever have discerned a danger-signal on all the calmly decorous countenance of Lady Atterton?

Lately, indeed, Fenella had been aware of having become an object of increasing interest to the stately dowager. At moments she would catch her large grey eyes fixed upon her with an approval not easily explained, since appreciation of Ronald's obvious intentions was scarcely to be looked for from any member of the family.

But the solution of the problem was close at hand.

Albert, home for his week-end, had gone over to Balladrochit, taking Fenella with him, presumably in the character of a gooseberry.

The talk having wandered to table decoration, and Albert having exprssed a wish to see the heather and bracken arrangement in which Mabel had been experimenting, with a view to coming festivities, Fenella presently found herself alone with the dowager.

Lady Atterton opened the tete-a-tete with a semi-apologetic sigh.

"You know, do you not, that we are expecting Ronald to-morrow?" she asked, with a significance which sent the blood shooting to Fenella's cheek, making her stumble over her reply.

"Yes, I know."

"Don't be distressed, my dear. There is no cause for confusion, only for rejoicing. You must not think me indiscreet, but I'm an old woman, after all, and I have been wanting for so long to tell you how much I sympathise."

And, almost to Fenella's consternation, she put out her well-cushioned and carefully tended hand, and gave a small, decorous pinch to the girl's fingers.

"But I don't understand," protested Fenella; and really there was a good deal she did not understand about it.

"No; of course you would not. But I will explain, if you care to hear."

Here it was the dowager who, in her turn, displayed the symptoms of a shyness never before observed by Fenella—a heightened color, an averted glance, and a bosom which visibly labored under the faultlessly-cut bodice.

"I have hardly ever spoken of it, but also I have hardly ever forgotten it, though it happened so long ago. But just this summer, with—so much going on around me, it has grown more alive. I think you know that I was once a poor girl without fortune or position, just like yourself, my dear," she added, with a directness which somehow was not offensive. "I made what people call 'a good match.' All my friends nearly died of envy when I made it. I have been pointed at as one of the lucky ones of the earth. Was ever success such as my success? people asked. And yet, do you know"—Lady Atterton leaned a little forward and sunk her voice by a tone—"it has not been success at all, it has been failure."

Fenella, seized with a sudden, acute interest, said nothing, but the questions working within her stood written in her eyes.

Agitated and a little touched, Fenella gazed back at her interlocutor. This discovery of this hidden mine of sentiment stowed away so carefully behind so measured a demeanour was almost overwhelming, while the equally unsuspected kind-heartedness increased her emotion.

"And you think that you would actually have been happier if you had married the—the other man?" she asked inredulously.

"I would, at any rate, have known what happiness is; I would have tasted that young dream of which the poet says—ah, how truly!—that nothing in life is half so sweet. What more can love want than to be put to the test? To care for a man enough to be able, for his sake, to fling everything else aside, is that not in itself an ecstasy, enough to support self-esteem during a lifteime, by giving you fellowship with the nobliest spirits of the world? And I might have tasted that joy, had I so chosen. I was put to the test, and I failed."

On her way back across the loch, Fenella, to her dismay, discovered that chaos had come again into her so carefully tidied-up thoughts. This from the arriviste! It was a blow indeed. And how explain the strange concurrence of her views upon love with those of so different a person as Duncan M'Donnell?

Had Fenella been a little older, or a little calmer, she might perhaps have been less impressed by the confidence just received. She might possibly have suspected that that blossom of sentiment, so carefully tended in the depth of the ex-governess's heart, owed half its luxuriance to this very seclusion, and that, free to spread its leaves in the rough air of everyday life, it might not improbably have fallen a victim to its sharp frosts and rude winds. While darning the socks of the man of her choice, was it so absolutely certain that another sanctuary would not have gradually built itself up in her heart, wherein another regret flourished,—the regret of the brilliant position sacrificed to sentiment? The mere fact that she had been able to sacrifice it seemed to point to the conclusion that, although occasionally the world may be well lost for Love, Lady Atterton was not one of those to whom this loss would have been pure gain.

But Fenella was not at an age at which such reflections easily accur.

CHAPTER XV.

As he slowly mounted the hill, John M'Donnell's eyes had that peculiar, unseeing look in them which characterised them in momerts of mental abstraction. And a shadow too was there.

Only a few minutes ago he had made a discovery, which, although not so sensational as the one which he and Ella had once mutually fallen upon, had nevertheless considerably disturbed him.

It was Albert who this time had operated upon his mental blindness, and the instrument used in the operation had been a reproachful question.

"Dearest father, what can have possessed you to call away Fenella yesterday when Mr. Macgilvray was here? I had just manoeuvred them so neatly into the garden, and felt pretty sure that when next I saw them again the job would be done. It was like getting a knock on the head to see you leading her off to wait upon some old woman or other, who probably wanted nothing but a gossip."

Upon which John's bewildered reply:

"But, Bertie, dear, it wasn't an old woman, it was Mary M'Laren's little girl who has got to be kept in bed, and Fenella's fairy stories are about the only thing to keep her there. And besides, I don't understand—what job was to be done?"

"What job? Why, Macgilvray's proposal, of course, which, as anyone with half an eye can see, has been hovering on his lips for days. If you had left them undisturbed yesterday for only ten minutes longer you would to-day have been the prospective father-in-law of Mr. Macgilvray of Rockshiel!"

"You mean to say that Mr. Macgilvray wants to marry Fenella?" he asked at last, in a voice which wavered.

"And you mean to say that you aren't aware of a fact which has been patent to the neighborhood for quite two months now?"

Albert was gazing at his father with a sort of affectionate amusement, as at a sort of natural curiosity, rare of its kind.

"And Fenella will accept him?"

"Of course she will accept him, since she doesn't happen to be an idiot."

There was a long pause, after which John said to himself, more than to his son:

"I wonder if she will be happy?"

There followed various minute instructions touching future behaviour on the occasions of Mr. Macgilvray's visits, all listened to meekly and silently by John.

As he mounted the road, which from this, the south end of the village, wound up into the hills, his mind overflowed with the revelation just received. There was a sick parishioner somewhere in this direction; but to-day the sick-call was more of a pretext than an object. The first sharp wrestle with a disappointment is best got over in solitude; and this latest news was to John a most bitter disappointment.

During all this summer, while so many air-castles had been building around him, John too had been at work upon a modest construction of his own, the first stone of which had been laid on the day on which Fenella had volunteered to accompany him to Adam's cottage. He had suffered too long and too bitterly from the invisible barrier between himself and his children, not to rejoice almost immoderately at this new departure. That help in his ministry which he had once looked for in vain in his wife, seemed about to be realised in his daughter. A few more years of common work, and then, no doubt, she would seek another field for those activities which it would have been his delight to develop. What a helpmate she would make to any earnest worker in the great vineyard!

And now, with a few cruelly brief, cruelly clear words Albert had destroyed the dream. The child in whom he had seen a disciple was in reality a traitor. She too, like the others, had gone over to the enemy's side, had deserted into the camp of that "world" against which his whole life had been one long struggle. Even granted that her decision was actually uncolored by secular ambition, what chances were there of the seed he had sown not being choked by the deceitfulness of riches? To any poor curate with the requisite qualities he could have surrendered her almost without a pang—but to Mr. Macgilvray of Rockshiel! To John it was almost as hard as surrendering her to the Power of Evil.

(To be continued.)

Nature's food for the very young and the very old is milk.

£300,000,000 is the amount believed to be hoarded in India. This refers to gold alone, and does not include silver rupees and silver ornaments.

The smoke of London in certain states of the wind is found condensed on the sea as far away as Devonshire, blackening the water for miles.

## THE TOWER OF BABEL.

### Description of This Most Interesting of Old-Time Structures.

The successful translation, within the last few years, of ancient Assyrian inscriptions (including writings on burnt-clay tablets) has made it possible to give a fair description of that most interesting of all the structures of antiquity, the Tower of Babel.

The Tower was a temple, only 140 feet high, but elevated upon an artificial terrace. It looked much higher than it was because the city of Babylon (of which it was a principal architectural ornament) was built in the midst of a great plain, so that there was nothing more lofty with which to compare it.

The first of the "skyscrapers" was built of sun-dried brick, with only an outer facing of burned brick. All of the buildings of Babylon, not excepting the royal palaces, were constructed in this way, for the reason that there was no stone in the region Naturally, they were impermanent, and the best of them tumbled down within a century or less.

The Tower had seven stories, the lowest one being 272 feet square. In all likelihood it was crowned by an observatory, for astronomical purposes. The priests of ancient Babylonia had quite a smattering of knowledge of astronomy; but, from their point of view, the most important use of the science was for the prediction of future events. They were astrologists, and such alleged information as they could obtain from the heavens was utilizable in their business.

The Tower was filled with golden statues and other treasures. It was a religious museum. So marvelous it was that the tongues of men were confused in trying to describe it.

The Babylon of those days was the most populous city in the world; it had 2,000,000 inhabitants. It covered an area twice that of London to-day—the Euphrates running through its middle—and was surrounded by a wall fifty-five miles in length.

## SEASHELLS FOR WINDOWS.

### Used Instead of Glass in Humble Philippine Dwellings.

One curious thing noted in the Philippines is the use by natives of seashells in lieu of windowglass.

There is a bivalve mollusk, native to the waters of that part of the world, which has a shell seven or eight inches in diameter, so thin as to be translucent. It is plentiful and costs nothing. Glass is expensive.

Accordingly, the poorer Filipinos use the shells for window panes in their humble dwellings. Windows made of them admit as much light as is needed, and if a pane is broken it can be replaced offhand without a penny's worth of expense.

In 1914 200,000 pounds of wool were graded and sold co-operatively in Canada. In the present year the amount will be 2,400,000 pounds.

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

### Twenty-Second Lesson—Canning Fruits.

Wild fruits formed an important part of primitive man's diet. The fruits were easily obtainable then, but civilization has destroyed many of these wild fruits, except in the forest and mountain regions, so that at present the only fruits known to us are all cultivated with the exception of huckleberries.

Of late years modern methods have eliminated from the house much of the drudgery and work that were formerly considered most necessary for the success of the home. Men, quick to know the value of canning, preserving, pickling and jellymaking, have absorbed this work and made it into a massive business. They handle the foods directly from the farms, so that the housewife has gradually let this most important art slip from her.

The constant advancing prices of food supplies have caused the prudent housewife to view the market with alarm. She may decrease the expenses materially, if she is willing to take the time and trouble of canning her fruits and vegetables.

Economy and thrift are not merely a matter of money, but rather prudently conserving materials within our reach. Economy in the home means not only carefulness and watchfulness, but also planning and buying; also using labor-saving devices combined with skillful handling of foods; using up-to-date methods and reliable tools and the judgment to avail one's self quickly of opportunities.

**Learn New and Better Methods**

Gone are the old antiquated methods of our grandmothers' days. Using the open kettle is as surely out of date as would be a car drawn by horses.

Large proportions of sugar are also relegated to the past. This method produces an oversweet article, which destroys the delicate natural flavor of the fruits. This is not only unnecessary, but also it has prevented many persons from enjoying preserved fruit.

The canners realized this, and have for years met this objection by using less sugar. Sugar is not necessary for the successful keeping of fruits, but it is used to make them palatable.

The intelligent use of sugar adds to the appearance and taste of all canned fruits. The many grades on the market make it necessary for the housewife to be sure to obtain a pure grade of sugar. It is needless to say that it must be cane sugar. Beet sugar contains a larger percentage of acid and does not give the same perfect results. It must be remembered that one cupful of absolutely pure sugar will accomplish the work more successfully than one and a half cupfuls of sugar of a lower grade.

**How to Start Canning**

When planning to can, get the jars ready and see that the lids are in perfect condition. By this, I mean that they should fit securely, and have everything absolutely clean. Provide plenty of cloths for wiping the jars; a funnel to fill with, and a tray large enough to hold jars intended to be filled.

There is an appliance sold in stores that costs twenty-five cents, for lifting jars; and will save fingers from being burnt and many times its cost in preserving hot jars from slipping or droping.

Before starting on the fruits or vegetables have a vessel large enough to hold jars intended to be used. Put the jars and the tops into the receptacle and cover with cold water. Bring to the boiling point and then remove as wanted, drain and fill with the article to be canned.

Pour boiling water over the jars rubbers just before using. This not only sterilizes them, but also makes them pliable and easy to slip on the jars.

**The Actual Method**

Sort the fruit in separate dishes. Put all bruised and soft berries in one. Grade the berries by keeping all large and small ones in separate dishes. This is not only necessary for the succes of the fruit itelf, but also for the appearance of the fruit.

Small clips can be bought for five cents to hull berries with, saving both the appearance of the hands and of the berries. Put the hulled fruit in a wire basket or colander and pour over it gently plenty of cold water to remove the sand.

Drain well and then pack in jars, shaking the jar so that you can fill in as many berries as possible without crushing. Fill the jar with hot syrup, put on the rubber and lid, tighten partly then put in hot water bath and process for eighteen minutes after boiling has started. Remove and tighten the lids as tight as possible. Invert and permit the jar to cool. Be sure there are no leaks, and then store in a dark, cool place.

**To Make the Syrup**

One cupful of sugar to every two and one-half cupfuls of water. Put in saucepan and stir until dissolved. Then bring to boil and cook for five minutes. If the sugar is pure you will have no brown scum to remove. Use as directed.

**The Water Bath**

A boiler for this purpose can be purchased which has a removable tray. This boiler will last many years if it is used carefully and kept for this purpose alone. Use only the best grade of jar rubbers. Do not try to do up large lots. You will find that two or three hours' work at one time will be as much as you can successfully accomplish. A few jars done carefully two or three times a week will prove a far greater success than canning a crate of berries, unless there is plenty of help. This method will can strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, curants, cherries and rhubarb.

Remember that bacteria and wild yeast cells exist in the air and soil, and therefore in all animal and vegetable substances. The cells are so small that it is impossible to see them with the naked eye. They multiply very rapidly and thus set up a decomposition which spoils the article of food.

To successfully conserve food for future use it is most necessary to completely destroy these germ cells. This can only be done by the application of heat in the form of a water bath or boiling. So be positive that the water is actually boiling before counting the time. When once the boiling starts it must be continuous for the length of time given.

Do not plunge the jars into the boiling water, but rather have the water hot, say at a temperature of 125 or 140 degrees Fahrenheit, then bring rapidly to a boil.

**Label and Date**

For future knowledge label and date your jars and also on each put a number so that you will know just how many jars, the amount of fruit and sugar that is in each lot. This will also give you a way to figure the cost. Keep a book to record all your work, the number of jars, the cost, etc.

**How to Make the Label**

STRAWBERRIES
June 10 No. 4—Lot 3

**To Make a Fruit Juice**

To each quart of fruit add one cupful of water and one cupful of sugar, then put in a kettle and mix well. Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Mash well and then strain. When cool fill into sterilized bottles. Put the bottles in a water bath and bring to boil. Process for ten minutes. Remove from bath and cork, and when cold cover the top by dipping in melted paraffin.

Finally, the success of all canning and preserving depends alone upon absolute sterilization. Work with care, doing only what can be done without hurry in a clean and cool kitchen, with a supply of good materials and utensils. Many jars are lost each year by the false economy of using defective jars and lids or old rubbers. Always examine each jar before starting to store to see that it is in perfect condition. Fruits canned by this method will cost one-quarter of the price of canned goods purchased during the winter.

Note—Water in boiler should reach two-thirds of depth of jars.


**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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## MUSIC IN THE HOME

**Related By Harry Lauder.**

"When I was across in France seeing the boys," said Harry Lauder, "I often thanked the inventor of the talking machine for not having lived in vain. A record out yonder, where the mud is much deeper than even in the streets of dear auld Glasca on the worst winter day, a record brings back the sniff o' the hills, the wee ingle neuk, and days o' auld lang syne. It's graun, I'm tellin' ye! What an invention! Voices o' loved ones always wi' you; sangs o' the hameland, the mountain and glen to inspire you, to fill your heart and strengthen your am. Aye, the talking machine is a thinking machine, and the thoughts that it inspires are pleasant thoughts,—thoughts o' hame and the dear ones left behind."

Such is Harry Lauder's description of music among the men at the front in an interview with the London Phono-Record shortly after his return from his recent visit to the western front. "I'll tell you a wee story," he proceeded in his own pawky and inimitable way, "an' it's no' a made-up yin, min' I'm telling ye! This is a story of how a gramophone backed up the gallant soldiers o' a gallant Scottish regiment. The day's duties had been long and arduous, and for hours and hours the Jocks had been under a fierce bombardment—withoot a rest and withoot a halt. Then day gave way to night. Shells were continually bursting; Lazy Lizzies, Whistling Willies and a' the rest o' the devil's messengers. Now the rain came on. Sheets and sheets o' it; rain that looked as if it never would stop, and made one wonder where it all came from. Even the trenches were flooded. That night passed, and at dawn the Germans were scattered and new positions were taken. But still it rained."

Harry at this stage quietly chuckled, puffed away at his pipe, and went on. "Several hours later the boys were relieved, and tramped miles back to their rest camp—amid mud to the knees all the road, and with the water streaming down their necks and squelching in their boots. It was evening before they arrived at the place where warm tea, warm clothing, and a good dry bed awaited them, but, man, even before a helmet was doffed one o' the Jocks made for the company gramophone. He slipped on a record, wound up the machine, and started it a-going. And the discomforts of the past thirty-six hours were sent into oblivion when the machine calmly churned out, 'When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day.'"

**Her Gift.**

Her eyes, her mouth, her chin, so strangely small,
Her very hands, in such frail likeness made,
That one caress it seems might crush them all,
And so I gaze and wonder, half afraid.
So wee a gift—yet wealth of many lands
Could never buy it in the richest marts!
So frail a gift—and yet those baby hands
Take mighty hold upon two human hearts!

—Burges Johnson.

A good fruit garden makes a home wonderfully attractive.


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