Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I saw all the doings that happen under the sun; and, behold, all is vain, and a grasping at the wind."

In the same plain pulpit in which a quarter of a century ago John had introduced himself to his flock, he stood once more, not so upright indeed as on that long distant Sunday,—with narrow shoulders stooping, and bleached hair tossed back from his high forehead,—but with a light upon his face which had not been there even then. This was the spot on which his natural shyness always dropped from him as drops a cloak. But to-day there was more than a mere absence of self-consciousness: a strange new aggressiveness of demeanour. The mild brown eyes were no longer the eyes of a dove, but rather of some fierce bird of prey, poising to sweep upon its victim.

"And nothing of what my eyes desired did I deny them, and refused no pleasure to my heart."

The words of the preacher-king rang through the crowded space with that penetrating note which nervous exaltation alone can give.

"And as I gazed upon all the works of my hands, and upon the doings which I have accomplished, behold it was all vain and grasping at the wind, and there was no gain under the sun."

His body a little drawn back from pulpit-wall, upon which his thin hand rested, he paused, measuring the congregation with an eye which seemed to challenge contradiction.

"You have heard the words before, all of you—for they are not mine, as you know well; they are those of the man who perhaps of all men on earth, either before or since, had taken the fill of all the goods of the earth,—who had fed his greed with gold, his appetite with delicate meats, his lust with the beauty of women, his fancy with every device that could amuse it. Nothing which his eyes desired did he deny them; it is he who says it. And the end? Behold all is vain, and a grasping at the wind! It is the sentence of the Pride of Life, spoken by one who had tasted it to its dregs, and found but bitterness in the cup;—by one who had plucked the fruit, and in whose mouth it turned to ashes. And this man accounted the wisest man of the old world.

"And we, my breathren, into whose ears these words of wisdom have been called ever since we were children, how do we follow their lesson? Are we wise enough to learn by another's experience? Oh, foolish and blind! We will not believe in the bitterness of the cup until we have tasted it ourselves; we grasp at it, we pursue it, breathless, on bleeding feet, over all obstacles. And when we have reached it—we find that we have grasped the wind. Rich or poor, high or low, that deadly thing, the Pride of Life, has us all in his clutches. For what is the poor man's envy of the rich but Pride of Life?

"And some of us dream only of gold, and of the ease it brings, and of the luxury in which it will enable us to revel—forgetting the while that ease without work is no ease but weariness, and that the grosser luxury swells, the more quickly it palls;—and that there must come a day—and be it the day of his death,—on which the rich man who has been only a rich man, blushes to find himself no higher than the animals.

"This also is grasping at the wind!

"And some of us again dream only of hearing our names in the mouths of men, of seeing their backs bend before us, of revelling in the pomp and circumstance of fashion. But if we sit down to think we shall here blush again; for who would be honored because of his gold-bags, or because of the chance of his birth?

"This also is grasping at the wind!

"All, all is a grasping at the wind which has only this life in view,—this atom of time lost in Eternity. It is not here that our satisfaction is to be found. How should it be, since it is not for these things that we are made? Our soul-hunger demands other food. And what holds back the hand that proffers it? The Pride of Life—only the Pride of Life."

In the chapel not a head moved, and scarcely an eyelid blinked. What had come over their minister to-day?—for that something had come over him seemed patent to the least observant. Never had they seen the flame within him leap so high as this. For minute after minute they listened, a little bewildered, for in truth the Pride of Life had as small a place in the hard-working community as it can have in any but that of monks. What had they done to deserve this severe moral scourging? they asked themselves, even while carried away by the current of ardent words, and a trifle awed by the fierceness which contrasted so strangely with their pastor's usual mild benevolence of utterance. He was speaking like a man moved by personal hatred, almost vindictiveness. That Pride of Life to which he shot his arrows might have been an enemy with whom he had a deadly score to settle.

Yet not one among the congregation guessed that, for the moment, that imaginary antagonist was clothed in the flesh of Ronald Macgilvray. John himself scarcely guessed it. He was not preaching at anybody, nor acting upon any reasoned motive, but purely upon one of those impulses that will not be denied,—tearing open his soul, in order to save it from suffocating under the burden of the disappointment which had fallen upon it.

Between the chapel and the Rectory one of those very small incidents occurred which gain their true importance only by retrospection.

They were close to the Rectory gate when, upon the other side of the road, Duncan M'Donnell passed them; with one of his brief salutes, and barely turning his head.

"By the way, Fenella," said Albert, "that reminds me—I haven't congratulated you yet upon your success in taming the bear. Duncan has actually withdrawn his suit, and all is smoothed over."

The deep-red blood rushed to Fenella's face.

"Oh, has he really?" she breathlessly asked. "I am so glad! Oh, how generous he is! I scarcely expected—I did not know what to hope——"

The disturbance in her voice was so evident that Albert, glancing at her in surprise, and reading the same disturbance in her glowing face, was for a moment just a trifle taken aback. By an association of ideas, which was more instinctive than reasoned, his eyes sought the broad-shouldered figure fast diminishing upon the road. A fine specimen of manhood, certainly—even in his Sunday clothes. He remembered having heard that half the girls in the village were secretly languishing for Duncan's favors. Perhaps it might be as well to put a stop to those visits to Adam's cottage. But even as he formed the thought, Albert smiled at the grotesqueness of his own fancy. The ghost of an idea which for a moment had startled him, was not to be taken more seriously than any other sort of ghost.

That afternoon Fenella sat for a long while upon the shore.

Was this, then, really the whole value of those goods which she had been taught to prize above everything, whose praises had sounded in her ears ever since she could remember anything? An empty grasping at the wind! Consternation was born of that thought, and yet the consternation itself was not all surprise. Almost it seemed to her that she must partly have expected this. Had not Lady Atterton said something very like it when she asked: "Was ever success such as my success?" and had answered herself: "It was not success at all—it was failure?"

How strange that her father should preach such a sermon just now! She had heard of people the course of whose lives had been changed by such things as a sermon or a book; but whether this was to be for her one of those decisive turning-points she was still unable to discern. She had heard, too, of earthquakes which, by levelling the walls of prisons, had set captives free. Was it possible that she had been living in a prison until now, and that the words heard that morning had been words of liberation? Almost it seemed to her that some sort of chain had fallen from her. And now she peered about her, blinking her eyes in the new daylight, and wondering which road to take.

She went home at last, dazed, having drawn no practical conclusions from her reflections, and seeing no clearer into the future than she had seen that morning when she had sat in the chapel, quivering as though under a lash.

Had proof been wanting for her nerves being off their balance, it would have been supplied by her very strange behaviour that evening after the cold supper which, on Sundays alone, replaced the orthodox meal.

They were alone in the bow-windowed drawing-room—the three young people—and after the somewhat severe ecclesiastical discipline of the day, secular interests were enjoying their rights, which they could all the more safely do as the minister was spending the evening with Adam.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed Albert, lifting his face from the latest Scotsman. "Just listen to this:

"'Elopement in high life.—It is confidently affirmed that the Honorable Miss Lilian Larrington'—("That's that pretty girl who was staying with her mother, Lady Calder, at the Bishop's last year," interpolated Albert)—'left her home on Wednesday night, accompanied by Mr. George Butt, under whose tuition her younger brother, the Honorable Edward Larrington, had been recently placed, and has since been clandestinely married to him. Lady Calder has fallen ill in consequence of the shock received.'"

"Good gracious!" was all Julia could say, having emerged from her novel, in order to listen. After a moment's earnest reflection she added: "I suppose she's mad."

"Either mad or bad; for she can't seriously mean to remain Mrs. Butt all her life."

"Why shouldn't she mean it?" asked Fenella suddenly.

"My dear child, because people brought up as Miss Larrington has been brought up don't shake down into the sort of life which the Mr. Butts lead."

"But if she cares for him enough?"

"The more she cares for him—that is, the more passion there is in the matter—the quicker it will fizzle out, and the stronger will the reaction be," explained the youthful philosopher, with as much assurance as though half a century of experience stood behind him. "When the poor girl awakes from her intoxication she will find herself caught in her own toils, and the natural result will follow. Really, I'm quite sorry for her; and she was such a good hand at tennis too."

"I'm not sorry for her at all!" burst out Fenella, with that kind of vehemence which betrays a tension seeking relief, and with dangerously shining eyes. "I think she is to be envied, not pitied. It must be a glorious thing to care for anyone as much as that!—beter than anything else in the world, and to have the courage to give it all up for his sake. What more can love want than to be put to the test?"

She broke off, grasping her forehead with her hand. Were those her own words, or had she not heard them lately upon other lips? The blank astonishment in the two pairs of eyes fixed upon her scarcely confused her, since she was only half aware of it.

"Fenella, you have been reading too many novels," said Julia severely, after a long and ominous pause. "I shall have in future—"

"Leave her alone," interrupted Albert, in a voice almost as measured as usual. "She's a little overdone, that is all. It's been rather a hard day's work, what with that long session in chapel this morning, and everything. She wants a night's rest. Don't bother her, Julia, and don't take away the novels from her. She isn't a baby, after all."

He finished with carelessly smiling lips, but eyes which had narrowed watchfully in their sockets.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT HEBRON.

Most Venerable of Earth's Cities and Rich in Historic Interest.

Hebron, recently captured by the British forces in Palestine, is a very ancient city, figuring, in fact, as one of the oldest in the history of Canaan. Its modern Mohammedan name is El Khalil, or Khalil Allah, "Friend of God," said to have been so named from its association with Abraham, for the Moslems regard it as one of four sacred cities, the others being Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem. It lies only twenty-one miles south-west of Jerusalem.

The city of Hebron is referred to in the Old Testament in Numbers xiii., 22; Genesis xxiii., 2; Joshua xiv., 15. As a sanctuary it was the most famous of the south, and the three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—are reported to have sojourned at Hebron (Genesis xiii., 18; xxxv., 27; xxxvii., 14.) A legend has it that they were all buried there, with Rebecca and Sarah, while even to-day an old oak is pointed out at Mamre, near by, as that of Abraham.

The spies sent out to visit the Promised Land ventured to Hebron, and Joshua was said to have destroyed the city before giving it as a heritage to Caleb, and made it a city of refuge. Then the place figures prominently in the history of David, for it was here that he was anointed King, first over Judah, and then over the whole of Israel. (II. Samuel ii., 1-4; v., 1-3.) Absalom also made his attempt to capture the Throne from Hebron, but soon after that time it disappears from marked prominence in Bible story. In the Apocrypha it is mentioned, however, as being the place that Judas Maccabeus took from the Edomites.

Control of Insect Pests in Canada.

The annual report of the Dominion Entomologist for the year ending March 31st, 1917, has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and in its twenty-four pages a brief record is given of the activities of the officers of the Entomological Branch. The necessity of protecting all our crops from insect pests with a view to increasing crop production is more urgent than ever at this present time. The establishment of regional entomological stations, of which there are now ten in different provinces, has greatly enlarged the scope of the work and the usefulness of the officers concerned. Concise statements are given of the progress of the following lines of work; investigations on insects affecting grain and field crops, garden and greenhouse, fruit crops, forest and shade trees, stored grain and other products, insects affecting domestic and other animals, the household and public health; the introduction and colonization of parasitic insects and studies of natural control; field work against the brown-tail moth in the Maritime Provinces; and the inspection of imported nursery stock. A brief statement of the work undertaken with a view to conservation of wild life, particularly birds, is also given.

The publication does not contain any recommendations respecting the control of insect pests, such information is published in the bulletins and circulars of the Entomological Branch. It comprises a brief account of the year's work and will be of interest to all who desire to learn what progress is being made in this line of scientific research as applied to agriculture. Copies may be obtained on application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. All enquiries respecting insect pests should be addressed to the Dominion Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa; such requests and enquiries may be mailed free of postage.

There are 1,381 publications of all kinds now being issued in Canada, including 138 dailies, 4 tri-weeklies, 40 semi-weeklies, 921 weeklies, 222 monthlies, 1 bi-monthly, and 16 quarterlies.

THE MESSAGE OF THE COWS

UNIQUE METHOD EMPLOYED IN CONVEYING SIGNALS.

Many Clever Expedients Used by Spies to Impart Information to Retreating Huns.

Prosaic activities of small farmers must take place, in northern France, in the shadow of the great guns. Accordingly the French artillery officers did not think it at all remarkable when a farmer with two red cows and one white one drove them down the road every day to the pasture, while the German and French shells shrieked overhead. But after the three cows, strung out in single file, had gone by the German artillery flamed forth in renewed activity.

It seemed imbued with a startling prescience regarding columns of troops, files of supply trains and locations of new guns. A French officer became interested in that procession of cows. It never seemed the same on two successive occasions. Sometimes the white cow would lead. Sometimes the white one was between the two others. Sometimes the farmer would whip one or the other of the creatures ahead of the line. Frequently the formation altered several times in the half-mile journey.

Every change in formation seemed utterly needless to the purpose of driving three cows to pasture. The officer apprehended the man on the way back. "You will not see the sun so high in the heavens to-morrow," he remarked casually. "You have not done well—for France!" The peasant's face paled. He tried to pretend astonishment, but his fear and confusion were too obvious. He told his story to the drumhead court that convened to listen. The Germans, in falling back, had arranged a "three cow" method of signalling. The three animals were capable of half a dozen different formations that spelled a half dozen different truths concerning troop movements and artillery accuracy. He was paid well by the Huns and coached for a couple of days in the tactics to be pursued before they fell back.

The French officer was right. The peasant saw only one more sunrise. And for him there was no sunset.

"Shirt Signals."

Another clever expedient for signaling was that employed by the "woman of the shirts." She seemed always washing them. Up on a little knoll where her little house stood they flapped and danced on the clothesline in the fresh morning sunlight. Back of and beyond that knoll the guns loomed sullenly, their smoke plumes lifting lazily like blossoms of white against the green hills. The shirts flapped—red and blue and white and red again—some very close together, some widely spaced. After a few days they arrested that woman. Terror-stricken, she babbled her confession of the "shirt signals." She had sold her country for silver and followed the instructions of the retreating Huns.

Sheep have been used to signal. Chimneys smoked on alternate mornings; stopped suddenly and smoked again. Peasants who would sell their country for gain have stood against stone walls. Signalling is an interesting thing—Pizarro raised his hand for the famous massacre of the Incas—and history is replete with incidents where things were indeed "not what they seemed."

Stranger, weirder signalling than that done by spies in the present war, however, has never previously been achieved.

Calls You As Coffee Boils.

A gas stove which arises at dawn, boils the coffee and wakes you up when it is ready has been invented by Gemaro Rosa of Brooklyn, N.Y. The gas burner has a pilot light to which is attached a clock mechanism. A dial over the clockworks serves to tell the time. A smaller dial is used to set the alarm, igniting and extinguishing devices. When set the burner under the coffee pot will automatically ignite at a predetermined hour and boil the coffee for four or five minutes. The flame will then lower of its own accord to slow boiling for another five minutes, after which it will shut itself off entirely. The coffee is now ready for you and an alarm is sounded.

THE LOOK OF HATE.

Little Girl—Mummy, Bobby keeps on looking at me in German!

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Twenty-Third Lesson—Canning Vegetables.

It is absolutely necessary that we include vegetables in our daily diet. The purchasing of cheap or low-grade canned goods for home consumption is poor economy. Aside from the danger of sickness, an inferior article makes it impossible to have good results when cooking.

Vegetables, particularly the succulent ones, are reasonable priced during the warm weather, and owing to their well-known perishable qualities they do not keep for any length of time in their natural state.

An assortment of home-canned vegetables will prove a most welcome addition to the pantry during the winter season, besides saving many times their original cost.

Bacteria cells cover all vegetables, and unless they are completely sterilized this bacteria will cause fermenting action to take place in the jar, and then the contents will be a total loss.

To Can Asparagus

Select perfectly fresh and young asparagus. Wash it carefully to remove the sand. Peel the stalks carefully and trim away all the hard and pithy portions. Let it lay in cold water until all the asparagus is prepared. Then tie it in convenient bundles for easy handling while blanching and cold dipping.

Blanching—Have a large pot of water boiling. Place the asparagus in this water when it starts boiling and boil for ten minutes. Remove and cold dip by dropping into a pan of very cold water.

Pack into the jars, the tip end down, as closely as possible. Put a silver knife in the jar to prevent cracking while filling with boiling water. Remove the knife and put the rubber and lid in position. Partially tighten and then process in hot-water bath for two hours after the boiling has started. Remove and tighten the lid securely as possible then invert to cool. When cold, store the jars in a cool dry place.

Points to remember for successful results:

The asparagus must be young and fresh.

Wash carefully to remove any sand. Peel and remove the pithy parts.

Blanch and cold dip.

Place a silver knife in the jar when pouring in the boiling water.

Be positive that the jars, rubbers and lids are sterilized and in good condition before using.

To successfully can vegetables, and in fact all food products, these foods must be completely sterilized. All accessories, such as jars, lids and rubber, must also come under this rule.

Vegetable Structure

The cellulose structure of vegetables is tough and fibrous in character, and because of this the vegetables require a long time—from three to five hours—to be completely sterilized. Many successful canners use the old sectioned time method, that is, to heat it to the boiling point and cook for one hour, then seal. Repeat this process for three successive days. This is a troublesome method which requires considerable time for handling and cooking. Newer and more modern methods have eliminated all this.

The Cold-Pack Method

This method is now in general use in all the large canneries, and is much preferred because it gives a beautiful appearance to the vegetables. It can be successfully accomplished with the same results in less time than by other methods.

In using this method, the vegetables are blanched, cold dipped and then packed in sterilized jars, the rubbers adjusted and the lids partially tightened and then processed.

Cold Dip

Cold dipping of blanched vegetables is necessary to make them firm enough to handle after being partially cooked and also to set the coloring matter so that it will not easily dissolve during the rest of the process.

Be positive that the water is boiling rapidly after the jars have been placed in the water bath before counting the time for the process.

Remember that no food will spoil that is absolutely sterilized, that bacteria, spores and germs are exceedingly hard to kill and that only long and careful cooking will accomplish this.

HOW SHALL I USE THE LEFT-OVER TURKEY?

Turkey Emince.—One cupful of small pieces of turkey, one onion, one green pepper, one-half cupful of gravy. Mince the onion and pepper fine, then parboil and add to the minced turkey. Moisten with gravy and heat until very hot. Serve on toast.

Turkey Terrapin.—One cupful of cold turkey, cut in one-inch blocks, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk. Season with one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Blend the flour and milk and then cook for five minutes. Add the cold turkey meat. Shake or toss until very hot. Add the yolk of egg and a dash of nutmeg. Serve.

The old question is here answered in a few palatable receipes.

Turkey Fritters.—One cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. one cupful of milk, one egg. Mix the dry ingredients together and milk and beaten egg. Mix to a smooth batter and then fold in one cupful of finely chopped cold turkey, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Mix well, then fry in hot fat and serve with Chili sauce.

Turkey Club Sandwiches.—Use two slices of toast cut in triangles. Cover the toast with a leaf of lettuce, then lay on two thin slices of turkey, then one thin slice of ham or bacon and then another leaf of lettuce. Cover with a second slice of toast. Garnish with olive, pickle and then serve with one tablespoonful of mayonnaise on leaf of lettuce.

To Use the Filling.—Cut the cold boiled potatoes in thin slices, use about two cupfuls; put in a frying pan in which four tablespoonfuls of shortening has been made very hot. Turn the potatoes in and add one and one-half to two cupfuls of turkey filling. Heat thoroughly and add one cupful of gravy or stock; cook until moisture evaporates and a brown crust forms. Mold into shape by pushing to the side of pan. Turn out on a hot platter in an omelet shape and then serve.

Turkey Broth.—Crack the bones and then cover with cold water. Cook slowly for one and one-half hours. Strain and cook until reduced to one-half. Blend two talespoonfuls of corn-starch with five cupfuls of the prepared broth, then bring to a boil. Add ane teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and then serve. If there is not a sumcient amount of broth add milk. Try this; it is delicious.

COTTONSEED FROM U. S.

Republic Will Supply Canada With Necessaries for Home Consumption.

The United States Food Administration has completed arrangements with the Food Controller of Canada whereby cottonseed oil and its products may move into Canada for local Canadian consumption. There will be no re-export of these products.

As Canada raises sufficient hogs for its own uses, export licenses for hogs will not be granted for an indefinite period. The policy of the Food Administration is to see that Canada is supplied with certain necessaries, from the United States, required for feeding their own people; but no more.

Regular licenses will be required on all shipments as heretofore, but no licenses will be issued without the approval of the Food Controller of Canada.

The average depth of the English Channel is 110 feet.

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