Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two days had passed since the musical evening at Balladrochit, without the bubble of Fenella's unlooked-for action having yet burst. She was employing the interval in bracing herself against the shock which must needs come. Her decision could not but take her family by surprise, seeing how much it had taken herself by surprise.

It was when Ronald had spread his arms to her that she knew she could never marry him; and before she slept that night she knew also why she could not marry him. She had at last been startled into looking her own soul in the face.

So this was what people called be-in love? She remembered the strange trepidation which had come over her on the day of her first visit to Adam's cottage, while she waited outside for her father's summons. She had thought then that her heart was beating because of the fear of the sight of death; but now she knew that it had been the dawn of love that had been near, and whose thrill her unconscious soul felt. Also she knew why she had been so assiduously encouraging the unfortunate Ronald,—it had been to protect herself against the thought of Duncan; and for this he had had to suffer. All this she admitted, without reserve, yet without joy. She could not fight against her love, which had confronted her full-grown, something in the way that a royal scion brought up secretly in the shadow of the temple might confront the usurper of his father's throne. In its cradle she might have strangled it, had she been aware of its existence, but at the first meeting already she knew that it had outgrown her own strength. To kill it she could not hope, but neither did she mean to surrender to it.

Of course, she could never marry another man—she had learned that in that moonlight night—but that simply meant that she would never marry at all, since at the bare idea of becoming Duncan M'Donnell's wife, social prejudice, so carefully fostered, leaped to arms. Besides, even supposing herself sunk so low as this, there was her family to consider. The mere thought of Albert was enough to put an extinguisher upon audacity. For between applauding the action of a Lilian Larrington and feeling capable of imitating it, there lies a gulf. It was as a misfortune that her attachment chiefly struck Fenella as yet, partly also as a disgrace. She was even a little angry with the cause of it all. Why had he needed to cross her path at so critical a juncture? Why, especially, had he, by revealing to her his own secret, troubled her with glimpses of such a passion as she had read of only in story-books? A shade of irritation had never quite left their intercourse. In spite of the punctilious "Miss Fennella," there had been a want of obsequiousness about his demeanour, under which her vainty smarted. He had so many ways of giving her to understand that only an accident separated their stations in life. Arrived at this point in her reflections, Fenella used occasionally to branch off into surmises as to what would have happened if her father, instead of taking orders, had remained in the quarry, and she and Duncan had met on the same social level. But these visions, being recognised as disturbing, were quickly put aside.

One other thing would be more disturbing still: a meeting,—which was why, when called upon by her father to visit Bessie Stuart, the forester's wife, whose precious baby was ailing, Fenella had set out in some trepidation. The chances of meeting Duncan at his sister's house were not great, but they existed. That danger was over now, and Fenella's face set homewards. But there would be Adam's cottage to pass a second time. Even in going, she had cast a quick glance in that direction, hoping she was not observed, though at this early afternoon hour there was little fear of Duncan being back from the quarry.

As she pursued the thought her step faltered; for at that very moment the road appeared to her to be not quite solitary after all. She had caught sight of a man's figure sitting on a stone by the wayside, immovable and apparently waiting for something. And by that stone she would have to pass. There were no side-paths in the desert, and not a scrap of an ambush behind which she could hope to escape his eyes. Not that at this distance she could see his face, and yet never for a moment did she doubt his identity.

After a brief pause of flurry she resolutely mended her pace, having summoned all her latent indignation to her aid. What right had he to waylay her in this fashion? What had they to say to each other? With stiffened neck and tightly compressed lips she stepped bravely forwards, determined quickly to get over whatever might be coming.

When from a little distance she saw him rise and again remain immovable, the determination of the gesture made her courage waver somewhat; and when, nearer still, she could distinguish his features, a sort of mental dizziness began to blur the outline of the plan of action just laid ready. To pass him by with just a friendly salutation had been the foremost item of that plan, instead of which, at the very first sound of his voice, she found herself standing still.

"Miss Fenella!" Was it really those same two words which Ronald had spoken two evenings ago? "I have waited for you here, just to say one word—about father," he added quickly, as though in answer to her outspoken fears.

"Well?" she said, as naturally as her fast-beating heart would allow.

"He is pining sorely after you; your visits have become so rare. But I do not blame you, I blame myself for those mad words I said to you that Sunday, before the cottage. I can guess that it is the fear of hearing them again that keeps you away, and that makes you hurry off so early, before the quarry hours are up. I want you to put that fear away from you, Miss Fenella. I saw you pass now on your way to Bessie—for father has been ailing worse than usual, and I stayed away from the quarry—and I followed you here to tell you this. It breaks my heart to think that you should be afraid of me. But you need not be. I shall never speak such words to you again."

He stopped and looked at her across the road which separated them, gravely, calmly, obviously master of each one of his words and movements, yet with a new stamp of pain upon his face.

Fenella nodded vaguely, aware of a convulsive contraction in her throat, such as usually comes before tears.

"You believe me, Miss Fenella?"

"Yes," she uttered very low.

"And you will come again to the cottage, without fear? You will come in and out, as in the summer days? I would not have father suffer through my fault."

"Yes, I will come."

"Thank you, Miss Fenella. And thank you too for believing me. I would rather cut out my tongue than let it say a word that could disturb you."

"That is all, I suppose," said Fenella, with a very faint smile, and making an uncertain step onward as though to close the interview, while an immense sense of desolation began to wrap her round.

"There is another thing as well. I wanted to explain to you how I came to be in the Balladrochit garden the other night, when the music was going on. It would make me mad to think that you could believe I was spying upon you and upon Mr. Macgilvray."

With a glow that was almost a pain the blood rushed to Fenella's face.

"That was you?" she exclaimed, standing abruptly still. "I thought it was a gardener."

"It was I; but I had no more thought of spying than of robbing the house. I had rowed over with a message of father's to Alick M'Laren, the head gardener;—his first wife was our cousin; the minister's sister, you know," added Duncan, with a trifle of emphasis, "and father was keen about seeing him, because of some money matters concerning the children. I meant to come straight home again, but the music seemed to take hold of me, and I couldn't get away—I've always been foolish about the music. I thought the garden was empty, but as I came round a turn I saw you and Mr. Macgilvray. I did not hear a word, I swear to you; but I couldn't help seeing that your hands were held out to him, and I knew what that meant. But I went away in that same instant, Miss Fenella."

Had she dared to brave his eyes just then she would have seen the expectancy upon his face pass into signs of hesitation, the brief struggle being ended by some words spoken with a sort of artificial steadiness, evidently calculated to soothe all possible alarm.

"God knows that I want to wish you happiness, Miss Fenella; but there is just one more word I need to hear from you before I can do it; just that word which I asked you for once before, when Bessie came between. Tell me with your own lips that your heart is in it, and I shall rest content."

"I don't understand you," said Fenella, in a flurry, understanding the while perfectly, and even in the midst of the flurry wondering how she would have stood the searching tone of that deep, judicial voice if indeed she had been guilty before the bar of her own heart.

"Mr. Macgilvray has gone away," said Fenella, and even in saying it wondered why she was giving this unnecessary piece of information.

"And when may he be returning?"

"I don't know—perhaps never."

Again the speaking of the words seemed to be quite unconnected with any operation of her will.

A moment of tense silence followed before Duncan said, in forcibly calm tones:

"But I believed—"

"So did I; but it was a mistake. I have sent him away. I am, after all, not so base as perhaps you thought I was, Duncan."

Her head went up as she said it. This time the triumph of meeting his eyes with rescued self-esteem written broad in her own had overborne every other consideration. That something else besides triumph might be written there had not occurred to her, and yet it must have been so, for Duncan, meeting that gaze, shivered suddenly, as though at the approach of fever. When, after a moment, he trusted himself to speak, it was with that extreme and rather ponderous slowness which is the most elementary way of governing a growing excitement.

(To be continued.)

Large quantities of milk and meat should not be served at the same meal except where there are children to be fed, because both these foods are rich in muscle-building elements and one provides enough of this without the other. Milk, however, is essential to the good health of children.

This is the season when gardeners are making plans for spring planting and there is always a search for plants with sweet scented flowers. A packet of mignonette seed will produce a bed of sweet scented flowering plants. Roses are favorites and the most fragrant are Gen. Jacqueminot, Caroline Testout and Irish Fireflame. The carnations, lilies, tuberroses, jessamine, honeysuckles and the fragrant foliage plants, such as the rose geranium, lemon verbena, musk, lavender, etc., may be added to this list of most popular fragrant flowers and plants.

SOMERSAULTS IN THE CLOUDS

SENSATION OF LOOPING THE LOOP 5,000 FEET UP.

Herbert Sykes, the Well-Known British Air Pilot, Recounts Some Experiences.

Why do I like looping the loop? Well, because I like it, that's the reason, and because a fellow must have something to amuse himself with up in the clouds, where it's pretty lonely if you are content to set on an even keel, with nothing but the noise of the engine to keep you company, says Herbert Sykes, whose duty it is to test aeroplanes before they are delivered to the fighting forces.

Looping is the joy of my existence, and it is my intention to keep on doing it until I have created a record which will take a lot of beating. What I want to do is to climb upstairs to about five thousand feet and do somersaults all the way home. My record stands at thirty in one circle, and before I achieved it I did about twenty-five, and finished up the evening by looping the loop on quite a different machine to any I have ever seen in the air. Like to hear the story? It is rather amusing.

A Fly's-Eye View.

One night, when I was on my way home with my 'bus, I thought I would turn over, just by way of relieving the motonony, and so I jammed her nose down and got her over comfortably on her back.

Almost simultaneously I heard a crack behind, and, jumping to the conclusion that there had been an accident to the rudder, I turned my head round to look.

It was a thing I had never done before, and what I saw was one of the greatest revelations of my life. My range of vision was amazing, and everything I saw had such a weird effect that I realized I had made a wonderful discovery. What I had heard was merely a bit of mud, which had dropped down and struck the tail, and as the latter seemed to be coming up towards me, and everything below taking on a new look, the excitement of the new experience got such a hold on me that I went on looping and looping, and finding out for myself the exact sensations of a fly on the ceiling, until I realized it was time to flatten out.

Still Going Strong.

By this time it was getting dark, and as I could not see my hangar, I was forced to fly on and on for miles until I could make out a safe place in which to land.

In the meantime there was the greatest consternation at the aerodrome. All my friends, who had been watching me coming down in somersaults, were hurriedly throwing stretchers into motor-cars and dashing off to find anything that might be left of poor Sykes.

Hither and thither they went scouring the country, and, to make matters all the worse, it took me about an hour to find a 'phone, and another to get a connection when I found it. I met part of the lamenting crowd on my way home, convinced them that all was well, and after supper I decided to go back to Shepperton, where I had left my aeroplane, and put a cover over it for the night, as it had commenced to rain.

An Unexpected Loop.

We set out on a light car, and as the roads were muddy and full of holes, I made the journey on the radiator. Everything went all serene until the journey back, when, with your humble servant still sitting on the radiator, the car dived into a particularly deep pocket in the road, and before it stopped dead turned over three times. I was still sitting on it when it settled down peacefully, so I think I can lay claim to being the only aviator who has looped the loop on a motor car.

There is really nothing except exhilaration and excitement in looping. I know it is difficult to convince landsmen that this is so. But come up with me, and I assure you that you won't want to go home without doing one or two stunts to finish up the trip.

I have taken three girls up who had never seen an aeroplane in their lives before, and each one of them finished up with my machine tying a lover's knot in the air. Fact, I assure you! The first girl I took upstairs was enjoying herself immensely till I gave my machine a dip and looked round, with a glance which could easily be interpreted to mean "Shall we reverse?" Her face went very pale, she looked worried, and shook her head frantically.

Away we flew, and when I thought she had settled down a bit I jammed the nose down again and shot round my head. Her reply was even more emphatic, so on we flew until I thought I would make a third attempt to win her consent.

This time there was a sparkle of anticipation in her eyes, and though her face was still pale, it looked determined. At a nod of approval from her I began to loop, and before we reached the aerodrome that little lady had made three somersaults. She told me she liked the sensation immensely, and would not have missed it for worlds.

A Mild Flirtation.

"That is what they all say," said I. I suppose I must have the knack of inspiring confidence, for people who have vowed that nothing will ever persuade them to fly express the desire for me to take them upstairs after I have talked to them for a minute or two.

Once I took two girls up at the same time, and the trip was one of the most enjoyable I have made, although I was tickled to death most of the time. The girls weighed about ten stone each, and as one would not go up without the other, I was at a loss what to do at first. There was no room in the machine for them to sit side by side, but, as usual, I found a way out of the difficulty!

Nature having compressed what what there is of me into small bulk, I am forced to use cushions to enable me to see over the front. So I simply removed the three of them, put one lady in the pilot seat and sat on her lap. Her friend sat behind us. Everything went well when we were climbing, but when we were in the air I found my cushion a bit nervy. She was trembling in every limb, and every time the machine rocked she put her arms round my waist and hugged me tight.

The Tale That Failed.

Oh, yes, it was nice and all that, and as I had never been hugged in the air by a girl before I took my hand off the control, and, slipping it into the hand of the lady, I squeezed it in the fashion most approved by readers of Aunt Ermyntrude's penny novels, and thus assured the maiden that she was safe in the air with Sykes.

It's a pity there isn't a sequel to this story, but although I'm a daring enough chap in the clouds with a lady, I'm not a bit of good at love-making on dry land.

COMBAT CHILD MURDERERS.

Safeguarding School Children of England During Air Raids.

A bell rings sharply in the schoolroom. Fifty chubby, childish faces are turned toward their teacher. Somewhere overhead drone the motors of airplanes, British and German. The children at a signal slide from their desks and lie prone in the aisles. Their little faces are preternaturally solemn, save where here and there an irrepressible youngster persists in giggling. For the half a hundred children are lying face downward to save themselves from the splinters that will ensue upon a German airman's bomb alighting upon the school.

When the Huns are abroad in England—and air raids are a frequent occurrence—every precaution is taken to safeguard the school children, says Popular Science. The whole nation shrinks from the consequences of a bomb alighting in any of the coast town grammar schools. Yet every step that British ingenuity can suggest has been taken to safeguard the tiny youngsters from the darts, bombs and shrapnel of the Hunnish airmen.

The desks themselves afford considerable protection from flying splinters or falling beams. Each child is coached, accordingly, to lie prone upon the floor in the shelter of his or her desk as soon as the police signal is flashed to the schoolroom. In the back yards—where they run if the danger is not too imminent—are huge concrete dugouts, well sheltered with sand bags.

"I know of no other spectacle," says a British army officer, "that better epitomizes the brutality of these slaughterers of children than a roly-poly British youngster in an unfortified town, lying prone upon the floor to protect its body from Hun bombs, and a little child in Belgium trying with terrified and inexperienced fingers to adjust its own gas mask as the hell-spumed green gas rolls nearer."

A SPECIALIZED "TOMMY."

Why the British Army is a Highly Efficient Fighting Force.

The British Army of to-day is strong for individuality. The enlisted man, as well as the officer, is encouraged to develop himself. Whenever he shows aptitude in any particular line he is given opportunity to let his talents have full swing. This keeps him interested in his work. British soldiers mostly talk shop. They take only casual notice of things outside the big business in which they are engaged.

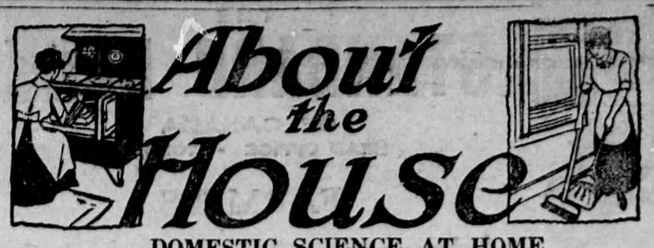
Tommy is now a scientific, specialized fighting man. He has learned—and is learning every day—tricks of warfare never dreamed of by Kitchener's men. Many of these he invented himself. Others he has acquired from the Germans—but he never halts to improve on the latter, as for example in the fine arts of sniping, gassing, liquid-firing, grenading, and camouflage.

Tommy is cheerful because he is confident. He knows he is a better man than the Boche. He hasn't the slightest doubt about the outcome.

These are some of the reasons why the British fighting machine has reached its present pinnacle of efficiency.

Planes and Kerchiefs.

The principal effect of the recent announcement that the British government had placed orders for 36,000,000 yards of linen for airplane sails has been to indicate a scarcity of handkerchief linens for some time to come. Inasmuch as the fabric weighs about eight ounces to the square yard, the order will cause the consumption of upward of 18,000,000 pounds of linen yarn, or much more than the total of the annual yield of Irish flax.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Twenty-Fifth Lesson—Children's Foods (Continued.)

The child between the ages of six and fourteen years needs plenty of nourishing food. The body at this time forms new teeth and makes additional demands for bone and muscle structure.

Well-cooked cereals, plenty of milk, home-made bread, well-cooked green vegetables and soups, together with fruit, should form the largest part of the child's diet.

When children reach this age they oftentimes form a dislike for certain foods. Do not seek to convince the child of the goodness or the necessity of eating the food in question; rather try new ways of serving it.

Fried foods should not appear in the child's menu. Large quantities of fat retard digestion. Meat or its equivalent should be served at least once a day, preferably at the noon meal. The average child will demand sweetmeats; therefore it would be well for the mother to have the children help her in making these delectable goodies. Have old-fashioned gingerbread, oatmeal and crumb cookies once in a while.

Do not get into the habit of giving the children a few pennies to buy cheap candies of unknown make and origin.

The boy or girl more than fourteen years of age will require entirely different food. The boy, owing to strenuous exercise, wants plenty of the coarser foods. He will care little or nothing for soups, salads or dainty desserts. He craves meats, potatoes and the plainer and more substantial desserts. It will take care and forethought to arrange the menu of this period of childhood.

The boy will enjoy, for breakfast, hot cakes, cereals, eggs, hash and other homemade dishes. For lunch he likes soups, meats, vegetables and some home-made goodies. For supper he may care to eat macaroni and cheese dishes, vegetables, whole-wheat and rye bread and fruits. Have the children drink plenty of milk, which is a cheap but nutritious food.

The growing girl will require a light, dainty, yet nutritious diet. For breakfast try fruit, cereals, omelet and toast. For lunch she may like soups, salads, whole-wheat or rye bread and dessert. For dinner she should eat meat or its equivalent, vegetables, salad and dessert. Cocoa and chocolate may be given to children in place of tea and coffee.

Use the recipes for Oatmeal Goodies and Crumb Crackers given in the Twelfth Lesson. They are especially suitable for children.

Gingerbread

Here is a two-in-one recipe for making a ginger cake and also some cookies: One cupful molasses, one-half cupful sour milk, five tablespoonfuls shortening, one egg. Put the ingredients in a large bowl and mix thoroughly, then add one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of water, two teaspoonfuls ginger, one-half teaspoonfuls allspice, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful cinnamon, two cupfuls flour. Mix thoroughly. Place two-thirds of the mixture in a bread or cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. To the remainder of the dough add enough flour to roll. Roll one-eighth of an inch thick, then cut with a three-inch cookie cutter and bake on the bottom of an up-turned dripping pan for ten minutes in a hot oven.

Whole-wheat flour may be used in place of the white flour.

War-Time Menus.

Breakfast
Cornmeal Porridge
Toast Marmalade
Tea or Coffee
Dinner
Fried Cod
Baked Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes and Onions
Tapioca Pudding
Supper
Turkish Rice Brown Bread
Butter Oatmeal Cakes Apple Sauce
Tea

Turkish Rice.—Wash and drain one-half cup rice; cook in one tablespoon dripping until brown; add one cup boiling water, and steam until water is absorbed. Add one and three-fourths cups hot stewed tomatoes, cook until rice is soft, and season with salt and pepper.

Breakfast
Oatmeal Porridge Toast
Stewed Prunes Tea or Coffee
Dinner
Baked Haddock
Stewed Tomatoes Mashed Potatoes
Lemon Snow
Supper
Succotash
Bran Bread and Butter Baked Apples
Tea

Succotash.—1 can of corn, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, pepper and salt to taste. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Add an equal amount of cooked beans. Serve hot.

Breakfast
Oatmeal Porridge Toast
Tea or Coffee
Dinner
Oriental Stew Carrots Potatoes
Baked Apples
Supper
Corn, Tomato and Cheese
Stewed Prunes Toast Tea

Corn, Tomato and Cheese.—¾ cup corn, 1 slice onion grated, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup strained tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, 3 level tablespoons of sweet dripping. Melt the dripping, add the corn, tomato, salt, pepper and onion. Cook for a few minutes. Toast slices of bread and when ready to serve add the cheese to the mixture and as soon as it is ready remove from the fire, and pour over the toast.

Oriental Stew.—2 cups cold mutton, cut in cubes, 1 cup of water, 2 tablespoons dripping, 1 chopped onion, 2 small cold potatoes sliced, 1 cup cooked peas, ½ cup rice. Season with salt, pepper and a very little curry powder, if liked. While stew is heating boil one-half cup of rice. When tender, put into hot vegetable dish, hollow out the centre, and fill with the stew. Serve at once.

The Useful Cranberry.

Winter is the season of cranberries and they are very valuable in the diet when other kinds of fresh fruit are not plentiful. They contain iron and acid and can be used in so many ways that they ought not to be passed over even when sugar is scarce. They can be canned either cooked or uncooked although few housewives are aware of this.

To can them uncooked wash and pick over the berries. Then put them in jars and let cold water run over them for about ten minutes. Fill with cold water and seal.

In Scandinavia cranberries are dried by being stringed. They are used first for Christmas decorations on the tree. Then they are hung up to dry.

Cranberries make a good filling for pies and tarts. They combine well with other kinds of fruit in preserves and jams. In sauce for a pudding, in a jelly, added to apple snow or plain snow pudding or frozen into a sherbet, cranberries are excellent.

To make cranberry pudding allow two eggs, a little salt and 4 tablespoons of flour to a pint of cold milk. beat smooth and add a cup of chopped, uncooked cranberries. Steam two hours and serve with sauce or syrup.

The King of Space

An albatross in a storm is a wonderful sight. No matter how furious the gale, no matter how fierce the hurricane squalls of Cape Horn, the great bird soars up against the blast grim and serene. Then wheeling, he comes sweeping down on the wings of the gale at a speed so tremendous that it cannot be less than 80 or 90 miles an hour, when, describing a low but immense circle, with the tip of his lee-wing just brushing the top of the giant waves, he again takes his flight upward against the storm. No living creature conveys the idea of boundless freedom so perfectly as the King of Space, the Wandering Albatross.

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