Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

For another long moment Albert stared, almost gaped at his sister, as though at an utter stranger. Was this indeed the Fenella he had known for eighteen years—so sweetly reasonable, so amenable to guidance? He was experiencing the unpleasant surprise of a person who, putting his teeth confidently into a soft and delicate-looking peach, finds himself biting against a hard stone. What had come over her?

"Look here, Fenella," he said, making an attempt at a smile, "we are both a little excited, it seems, but excitement won't do here. Let us try and talk this over quietly. I understand from you that Duncan M'Donnell has presumed to make you a proposal of marriage, and that you have allowed yourself to be persuaded into acquiescence. You also imagine yourself to care for him, and I am sure you are sincere in your belief. Probably your fancy has been excited by the circumstances under which you met him, perhaps by the unusual sort of acquaintance, and, of course, also you are sorry for him in his love-plight; for though it is cheeky of him to be in love with you, it isn't at all incredible. I don't blame you for having let your fancy be caught, but I do blame you for having given him an assurance which you know you will never be able to fulfil, for you cannot seriously see yourself as a workman's wife. It is an awkward business, certainly, but I have no doubt I can arrange it. Leave Duncan to me; he will listen to reason, and the more readily the more he cares for you."

"He will not listen to your reasons, Bertie," said Fenella, with a curiously confident smile upon her lips, a remark which Albert preferred not to hear.

"He will not want to spoil your future, and such a future as it might have been—as it might still be—for I am certain that it would only require a note to bring back Mr. Macgilvray. Let me write that note, Fenella—let me write it. I will arrange everything. I will get you out of the scrape into which you have got yourself. See if I don't!"

"I don't want to be got out of it, Bertie."

The very steadiness of her tone was beginning to unsteady him once more. He went on talking more quickly, and with an eagerness which betrayed the anxiety behind the show of assurance. He appealed to her head,—it had apparently abdicated in favor of her heart; to her ambition,—it had died a sudden and mysterious death; to her family affection,—it had been crowded out to the first place by a new and mightier; to the memory of her dead mother,—it could not stand against the living presence. He even descended to taunts.

"I see what it is," he openly sneered. "Duncan is bigger and better-looking than Ronald Macgilvray; I grant you that. His eyes are very black, and his shoulders very broad—a fine piece of humanity, no doubt—but I never for a moment imagined that you were the sort of girl to succumb to such allurements."

There was insult in his glance now, but his thought lay too many miles away from Fenella's comprehension to let offence be possible. The serenity of her reply told him that his shot had missed fire.

"I don't think I understand that, Bertie. Of course I love Duncan's black eyes, since I love himself; but it is not those sort of things I love him for most,—I am sure it is not," she repeated musingly, as though striving to puzzle out the question. "It is not so much because he is big that I love him, as because, with all his bigness, he is so kind to things that are small and weak,—to Bessie's baby, for instance; he will hold it for hours, she told me, and he is so patient with his father, and so sturdy and so strong, and lives the life of a——"

"—of a workmen," threw in Albert sharply.

"Of a man, I was going to say; a man who relies upon himself and not upon—mere accidents."

"Thank you in Mr. Macgilvray's name!" said Albert, with the fury struggling back into his voice.

"I can't help it, Bertie; I can't help comparing the two. I believe I have been doing it all summer—and the one life seems to empty beside the other."

"Empty—with all that money!" echoed Albert, with a naivete of accent and expression which lay nowhere within his intention. During five minutes he raged and threatened after the fashion of ordinary mortals, at a pitch of voice which cast prudence to the winds, and with a countenance so inflamed that Fenella instinctively retreated before him, as though in fear of physical violence. It was almost a relief when the door-handle turned, and Julia's alarmed face appeared in the chink, even though this meant only the advent of a fresh antagonist.

"What is the matter, Bertie? Why are you so angry with Fenella?"

Striding to the door, Albert pulled the new ally into the room.

"There—look at her!" he hoarsely jeered, taking Julia by the shoulders, so as to make her face the now trembling Fenella, "do you know who that is? You think it's the future Mrs. Macgilvray of Rockshiels, perhaps? Not a bit of it! It's the future Mrs. Duncan M'Donnell of Ardloch Quarry, ha, ha!"

The bitter laugh jarred even upon Julia's nerves.

"What—what—I don't understand——" she stammered, her full lips drooping apart.

In a torrent of scathing words she was enlightened, and, being enlightened, her first action was to look about her for a seat, her second to pull out a capacious handkerchief, and burst into tears into it. Julia was accustomed to do even her crying comfortably.

"But that's impossible—impossible!" she sobbed, with a tremendous heaving of her agitated bosom. "Fenella, you can't be so mad, and so—so heartless! Good gracious, it will spoil everything! And what will George"—George was Mr. Berrell's Christian name—"say? As likely as not he will throw me over; he will never stand having Duncan as brother-in-law. Oh, Fenella, Fenella? No, you can't! you can't!"

In the shrilly ascending voice an hysterical note was beginning to pierce.

Fenella, standing now with her back against the wall, as though repelling a material attack, and with tears of mortification gathering in her eyes, held out as long as she was able; then abruptly, in the middle of a double stream of reproaches, gathering herself together, darted across the room and out by the door. It looked like an ignominious flight, but it was in reality more of a rescue excursion than a flight,—an abrupt calling in of reserves. In the thick of this universal disapproval the desire of sympathy had iddesistibly seized her. She thought she knew where she would find it.

Left together, Albert and Julia began by staring at the door through which their victim had fled, and then at each other.

"Surely she is mad!" gasped Julia. "Oh, Bertie, you will never allow it, will you?"

"No, I will never allow it!" he said with sharp, almost venomous decision.

He had flung himself into a chair, as though exhausted by the excitement of the last half-hour, and now abruptly sank into a moody silence. It was not clear whether the stream of incoherent lamentations, surmises and prognostications which for several minutes flowed over Julia's lips, even reached his consciousness.

Suddenly he got up. "Is father at home?"

"Yes, I believe he is in his room."

He was already striding towards the door. A word of Fenella's had started up like a warning in his memory. That danger must be forestalled. It was the first time in his life that Albert found it necessary seriously to reckon with the actual head of the family. Writhe as he would under the consciousness, the young man could not but acknowledge that the final decision did not rest with himself. Forlorn hope though an appeal to common sense in that quarter must be, yet the hope must be attempted. Thinking to know his father so well, he still knew him so little as to find it inconceivable that worldly blindness could be pushed to the point of accepting Duncan M'Donnell as son-in-law.

In the moment that he opened the door he, knew that he was forestalled. The minister had pushed back the worn, leather-covered armchair from the writing-table, and upon one of the broad arms sat Fenella. The two right hands were clasped, the young face and the old face turned towards each other.

With an oath upon his lips, Albert stood still in the doorway.

Fenella looked across at her brother, her eyes swimming in tears, which were not tears of grief.

"Come in, Bertie," she said, trying to keep the triumph out of her voice. "I have been speaking to father—he will tell you——"

John turned calmly towards his son. His brown eyes were soft and happy, yet with a haze, which seemed like the remnant of a great bewilderment floating mistily over their clearness.

"Yes—Fenella has been telling me—about Duncan. It was a great surprise."

Albert shut the door, and with a deliberately aggressive movement walked up to the very edge of the table.

"Surprise is far too weak a word, father. It is a scandal—a disgrace. You cannot mean by this surely that you intend to give your consent to this piece of insanity?"

"I have given it already," said John gently, still keeping Fenella's hand between his own.

"It is social suicide," said Albert, his face turning of that livid pallor peculiar to red-haired men.

John smiled his vaguely abstracted smile. "Do we need Society?"

"But think what you are doing, father—think!" urged Albert, clutching the old man by his thin shoulder as though in the desperate hope of shaking reason into him. "Fenella's husband a workman! A laborer!"

"Her husband will be what her father was."

Albert ground his teeth upon each other. "But he is nothing,—he has got nothing!"

"That makes it all the more certain, does it not, that her affection is genuine?"

(To be continued.)

White cabbage crisped and mixed with French salad dressing is always wholesome and easy to make.

A bushel of seed wheat out in the ground is worth fifty shut up in the bin to mold and spoil waiting for a better market.

If you haven't cobs, green hickory wood is the next best thing for smoking hams. Gives them a really good flavor.

Let the boys and hired men try out their ways of doing things occasionally. Farm work is monotonous where all individuality is denied the worker.

Coal-dust should never be wasted. Have a special scuttle and mix sufficient water with it to make it quite moist. When a fire is nice and clear, bank it up with this coal-dust and it will last for hours.

THE KAISER IN BELGIUM.

Closely Guarded When He Travels Through Captured Country.

How closely the German Emperor is guarded when he travels through Belgium is told as follows by a correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, who several times has witnessed the Kaiser's arrival.

"Whenever the passage of the imperial train is to take place the fact is not known to the chief railway official until the same day and to his subordinates not until a quarter of an hour before the arrival. In the station the lines are all kept free.

"All workmen on this occasion, whether Belgian or German, were despatched outside, and access to the station was forbidden. This applied to all passengers as well. The military guards occupying parts of the station and the environs were ordered to leave their posts and pile their arms. The only persons allowed on the platform were the station master, his employes appointed to work the signals and the military chief. There was no guard of honor, no manifestation whatever.

"This clearing of the station takes place at every station through which the train passes, which it does at the maximum regulation speed. At Brussels the detraining took place opposite the Place Rogier, which is a military post since the occupation.

"During the presence of the Kaiser the officials always display the utmost nervousness, in fear of anything taking place, and they always breathe a sigh of relief when their master has gone. The fact that even the military are obliged to retire and pile their arms seems to suggest a distrust of his own army."

Providence has given us a goodly heritage. Let us worthily care for it.

ADVENTURES OF A SKY PILOT

BRITISH AVIATOR TELLS OF RAID ON SUB. BASE.

Travelling a Lane of Light From Rockets Suspended in the Air, Makes His Escape.

"Well," yawned the blond pilot, "as I remarked before, I got over the Mohl. That's the pier thing at Zeebrugge, you know. It showed up black—yes, black—and the water looked like darkened quicksilver. It was a pretty good wind and I must have been up 2,500 feet, dodging and ducking, so to speak, waiting for a good chance to drop an egg or two, but hoping not to waste any. I thought it would be a fine sight to see a red glare to tell me that the German air base below was blazing. What had delayed their reception of me and my little 'bus I don't know, but soon, very soon, they were right there with the "How do y' do?' business.

"From the illuminations below it was plain that while I remained there a hot time was in store for me. First the blighters sent up the searchlights and the heavens around me were punctured with shafts of whitish blue or bluish white, and I dropped a bomb, showing that I was there all right, and I realized that they knew something was wrong.

Through a Fiery Lane.

"Flames and flashes came from below, and the Boche appeared to be extremely industrious. I casually dropped an egg or two more on the sore spots, and apparently my efforts were not as bad as they might have been, for below, as I looked over the machine, I saw quite a lot of substantial glare, blood red, in the temporary darkness. They must have thought there was a squadron of me, for soon they did a dirty trick. They shot up two rows of rockets, lights that rested at a certain distance in the air and made a lane of light. The infernal things parachuted, you see, when they reached a certain height, and the fire hung from them stationary in a devilish sort of way. And the worst part of it was that they sent them up so that I was practically imprisoned in a lane of fire up in the heavens except for one exit.

"If I had run the machine into the rockets it would have been ablaze in no time, for these fireworks stay awake for two minutes, which seems like a day and a half when you are up there. And at the end of the avenue you are not neglected, for it is on that spot that the Hun focussed to-night, a number of his 'Archies.' But what could I do? Just plunge on ahead and trust to luck in getting out of the said lights, showed up perhaps even more distinctly than I would have in the daytime.

"My machine was struck several times by the shrapnel, and, as ill-luck would have it, the patent point of my magneto fell out just when I reached the spot where the fire was thickest.

On a Scouting Expedition.

"The chances of getting home then seemed pretty slim—engines out of whack—lighted up by fireworks—twenty-five hundred feet in the air—a target as plain as a pikestaff! It seems easy to keep out of the way of the guns, but of course there's no denying that they have a demoralizing effect on a man in the air, but not so much at night as in the day. I managed to slide in the direction of the ship, gratified with the glare below caused by the bombs I had left. The shrapnel followed, and I turned and slid, and now here I am, glad to get back."

"Tell us about what happened to you yesterday," said one of the listeners. The seaplane artist picked up his log from a desk and read:—

"Had a run-in with two German machines, wind blowing about thirty knots. I was merely out scouting and therefore did not carry a gun. The two hostile planes were joined by a third, and then they courageously came close to me. They shot away my aileron control, and we were in a very bad way. For twenty minutes we were continually under fire, and below there was a heavy swell. It was really only through knowing what a funk the enemy flier was in that I dared go for them. I let the enemy planes come nearer and nearer, and by the time they were ready for firing I dived at one of them. This so upset the poise of the three machines that they at first turned tail and then swung around to come at me, making huge circles to get on my flanks again.

"Prussian Politeness."

"But all that took time, and meanwhile I was nearing my base. Sometimes the enemy machines were like too many cooks and the broth, nearly crashing into one another, which, of course, upset their nerves. Only one of us seemed to be moving, for a layman should understand that when you are in the air only the other machine appears to be moving, while you seem still. I was glad, I tell you, when I saw one of our fighting planes. A German does not like them, and when they saw this fighting Briton they took to their heels. They probably knew, too, who was the flyer, as a man's style in the air is characteristic and this happened to be a chap who had been very successful at air fighting. When a German trio turns tail at the sight of one British plane we call it 'the Prussian code of politeness.' We admire the respect they show for our fighting machines, which, you can imagine, does not detract from the confidence we have in our own superiority.

"I have had a string of luck in the last week, for it was only four days ago that I sighted a Boche submarine and dropped a bomb on or near it. Can't say whether the U-boat was done in or not, though. After that I was lonely, but I saw a torpedo boat near Zeebrugge and heaved a little something at her, raced back and let our fellows know about the German warship sneaking out."

Have dry, well ventilated poultry houses with plenty of sunlight. Use clean, dry litter and clean feed. Scrub the houses with hot water and soap and spray with a good coal tar disinfectant.

Food Control Corner

An Order-in-Council has been passed upon the recommendation of the Food Controller to prevent unnecessary delay in the reloading or re-shipment of food or food products in freight cars. It provides that no freight car containing such products shall be allowed to remain under load at its destination for more than four days after notice of its arrival has been given by the Railway Company to the consignee. When any such car is detained for a longer period the Railway Company is required to notify the Food Controller.

Similarly the Food Controller must be notified if any freight car containing food is held at any railway point for a furtherance order for more than one day after the arrival of the car.

If a car remains under load at its destination for more than four days or has been held more than one day for a furtherance order, the Food Controller is authorized to give written notice requiring the unloading or issuance of a furtherance order within two days. At the expiration of this period the food, if not unloaded or reshipped, will be sold by the Food Controller.

The Food Controller is also authorized to forbid the acceptance by the Railway Companies, without his written permission, of food from any shipper whose goods have been seized and sold. For failure to comply with the provisions of the order a penalty is provided of a fine of up to $500 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or both fine and imprisonment.

The Food Controller, through the Fish Committee of his office, is starting a campaign to increase the use in Canada of frozen fish. This effort will be part of the larger campaign to increase consumption of all kinds of fish in order to release beef, bacon and other meats for export to the Allies.

A member of the Fish Committee is of the opinion that an increased demand for frozen fish should result in the decrease in market price as an abundant supply was available. Many people have a prejudice against frozen fish simply because they do not understand the proper method of handling it. Whatever have been the practice in the past, the present method of freezing fish shortly after they are caught prevents deterioration and the fish is delivered to the consumer in ideal condition.

To prepare frozen fish for cooking it should be put in cold water and left there for several hours in order that frost may be entirely thawed from it. It will then be in practically the same condition as before it was frozen. Many people make the mistake of pouring hot, or even boiling water, on frozen fish in order to thaw it. This has the result of breaking down the tissues and leaving the fish in a flabby condition which makes it undesirable for cooking. This practice is responsible in a large measure for the prejudice among Canadian housewives against frozen fish of any kind.

A million pounds of Canadian frozen fish from the Pacific and Atlantic are being consumed in England weekly.

Be very careful not to scorch the lard when rendering it; but if you do, throw into it while melted a heaped tablespoonful of baking-soda for each gallon of lard. Let it cook a while, then cool.

MAKING THE MOST OF MEAT.

Spreading the meat flavor by combining it with other food, the intelligent use of leftovers, care in cooking inferior cuts and the study of variety, are important steps in the great effort to conserve food. Try the new recipes or revive the old, if they meet present-day requirements, and you will scarcely realize that we, like all the rest of the world, are on rations.

Hungarian goulash will provide a good dish for a large family. It requires two pounds of chuck steak, three onions, three large tomatoes or one-quarter of a can, two green peppers or a red pepper-pod, one-half pound or more of spaghetti, salt and pepper to taste. Cut the meat into small pieces and brown in a pan. Add three pints of boiling water. Cut all vegetables into small pieces, add them to the meat and cook slowly until the meat is tender—four hours, perhaps.

Baked lamb with barley is a wholesome dish. To make it use one cupful of barley cooked slowly in just as much water or gravy as it will take up. When tender add butter and salt and two or more cupfuls of chopped meat. (The mixture should be moist but not too wet.) Put in a casserole or baking dish, cover with buttered breadcrumbs and bake until brown. Beef can be used instead of lamb.

To be at its best, meat for Hamburg steak should be ground at home. While it is made of inferior cuts of beef, it is delicious if properly prepared. Work the seasoning in thoroughly so that it is equally distributed, and form the meat into little cakes, or one large flat one. The latter can be broiled over clear fire and, when done, transferred to a hot platter, brushed over with melted butter, and served at once Leftover Hamburg steak may be sliced cold; or it may be broken up, warmed over in gravy and served on toast.

Another appetizing way of serving Hamburg steak is to season, then broil or fry it; meanwhile have some freshly boiled and mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, pepper, a little onion juice, cream and butter. Pile this in a baking dish, make a hollow in the middle, fill with the steak and reheat in the oven.

Instead of fried meat cakes, serve leftover and unsightly pieces in a pie. They go further, are more wholesome and reduce the use of fat. Fury pie is made as follows: Arrange in a baking dish a layer of mashed and seasoned potatoes, then a layer of cold chopped meat; repeat until the dish is full, with a layer of potatoes on top. Pour over this a cupful of milk, stock, or gravy, dot with butter and bake until brown.

Shepherd's pie is just as good. For this, fill a baking dish with chopped meat, well seasoned. Moisten with gravy, cover with mashed potatoes, dot with butter and brown in the oven.

A small meat loaf is made as follows: Three-quarters of a cupful of cold minced meat, one-half cupful of white sauce, one-half cupful of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of grated onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, seasoning, a little gravy. Season the chopped meat; add the breadcrumbs, the white sauce and the other ingredients. Mix well and put in a greased mold; brush the top with gravy and sprinkle with bread-crumbs. Cover with buttered paper and bake for twenty minutes; take off paper and bake ten minutes longer; turn out and serve either hot or cold. White sauce, requires two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, a cupful of milk, and salt to taste.

DISHES FOR MEATLESS DAYS.

Macaroni Salmon.—Mash one-half can of salmon with a fork. To one-half cupful of rich milk add four tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, heat hot, and add one tablespoonful of butter, two beaten eggs, a dash of pepper, and a little salt. Mix well. Have cups well buttered, and lined with cooked macaroni, and fill them with the salmon. Set cups in a pan of hot water, and bake twenty minutes. Serve.

Farina With Milk.—Have one pint of boiling milk in a small enameled pan on the fire. Gradually add two gills of farina, sharply mixing with the milk while adding it. Add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Mix well, and let cook fifteen minutes, stirring once in a while. Stir in one raw egg yolk and serve with cold milk.

Vegetable Sausages.—Three carrots, four onions, two parsnips, one-half pint of split red lentils, two eggs, one-half pound of stale bread crumbs, sago, parsley, garlic, salt, and pepper. Boil the vegetables, and mash fine; cook the lentils until soft, pound them well; add to the mashed vegetables, together with a little boiled sago, chopped parsley, a small portion of finely chopped garlic, salt, and pepper. Mix the eggs and bread crumbs, add a portion to the other ingredients. Make up into pieces about the size of ordinary sausages, roll in egg and bread crumbs. Fry in boiling oil until brown.

Stewed Fish.—Cut a fish across in slices one and a half inches thick and sprinkle with salt. Boil two sliced onions until done. Pour off the water, season with pepper, add two cupfuls of hot water, and a little parsley; in this simmer the fish until done. Thicken the liquid left in the pan with a little flour and pour over fish.

Scalloped Macaroni. — Put some plain boiled macaroni in a dish and season with pepper, salt, and a little catsup. Fill a deep dish half full, add a very little finely chopped onion and a layer of sliced tomatoes, having previously covered the macaroni with some melted butter. Make a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake in a not too hot oven until brown.

Salted Codfish, Epicurean Style—Let the fish simmer over the fire till tender, and then strip it up very finely. Mince three medium-sized onions, and fry them slowly in four ounces of butter until they are done and quite brown. Then add to them the stripped fish. Toss it all to get well heated, and add at last minute a few drops of lemon juice. Put the fish in the center of a hot dish and surround it with very small potato balls.

Macaroni Favorite.—Break one-fourth package of macaroni, and boil with salt to taste, one-half hour. Put a layer of macaroni in earthen dish, then layer of soft bread crumbs, layer of grated cheese and butter. Repeat, and pour over top one egg well beaten and mixed with a cupful of milk. Bake slowly until a nice brown. This is a popular supper dish.

I wish there was a Walker House in every little town

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE
In every little town;
Then I could travel merrily,
And always sit me down
At night in peace and comfort,
Happier than king with crown,
If there was just one Walker House
In every little town.

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE
In each place where I go.
The comforts of my dear old home
While on the road I'd know.
The meals—the Cheerful Service, too,
Would leave no cause to frown,
If there was just one Walker House
In every little town.

The Walker House

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