

## FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM THE BANKS AND BRAES.

What's Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

## The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.).

"Do me a favor, old man," he said heartily.

"Wot d'ye want?" asked the other suspiciously.

"Tell that tall chap in there that a friend of his is waiting outside," said Flower, pointing to Joe.

He walked off a little way as the man re-entered the bar. A second or two later the carman came out alone.

"E ses come inside e ses if you want to see 'im."

"I can't," said Flower.

"Wot not?" asked the other as a horrible suspicion dawned upon him.

"Strength, you ain't a teetotaler, are you?"

"No," replied the skipper, "but I can't go in."

"Well, we won't come out," said the other; "he seems to be a short-tempered sort o' man."

"I must see him," said the skipper, pondering.

Then a happy thought struck him, and he smiled at his cleverness.

"Tell him a little flower wants to see him," he said briskly.

"A little wot?" demanded the carman blankly.

"A little flower," repeated the other.

"Where is she?" inquired the carman, casting eyes about him.

"You just say that," said the skipper, hurriedly.

"You shall have a pint if you do. He'll understand."

It was unfortunate for the other that the skipper had set too high an

estimation on Joe's intelligence, for in the audible tones of his voice the first gave his mug to Mr. William Green to hold, and then knocked the ambassador down. The loud laugh consequent on the delivery of the message ceased abruptly, and in the midst of a terrific hubbub Joe and his victim, together with two or three innocent persons loudly complaining that they hadn't finished their beer, were swept into the street.

"He'll be all right in a minute," said a bystander to Joe, anxiously.

"Wot not?" asked the other as a terrible suspicion dawned upon him.

"Strength, you ain't a teetotaler, are you?"

"No," replied the skipper, "but I can't go in."

"Well, we won't come out," said the other; "he seems to be a short-tempered sort o' man."

"I must see him," said the skipper, pondering.

Then a happy thought struck him, and he smiled at his cleverness.

"Tell him a little flower wants to see him," he said briskly.

"A little wot?" demanded the carman pointing to Flower, who was lurking in the background.

The tall seaman turned fiercely and strode up to him, and then, to the scandal of the bystanders and the dismay of Mr. William Green, gave a loud yell and fled full speed up the road. Flower followed in hot pursuit, and owing, perhaps, to the feeling of lightness before mentioned, ran

him down nearly a mile farther on, Mr. Green coming in a good second. "Keep off!" panted the seaman, breaking into a doorway. "Keep off!"

"Don't be a fool, Joe," said the skipper.

"Keep off," repeated the trembling seaman.

His fear was so great that Mr. Green, who had regarded him as a tower of strength and courage, and had warmed himself into the tall seaman's good graces by his open admiration of these qualities, stood appalled at his idol's sudden lack of spirit.

"Don't be a fool, Joe," said the skipper, sharply; "can't you see it's me?"

"I thought that you was drowned," said the trembling seaman, still regarding him suspiciously. "I thought you was a ghost."

"Feel that," said Flower, and gave him a blow in the ribs which almost made him regret that his first impression was not the correct one.

"I'm satisfied," he said, hastily.

"I will pack up and carried off to Riga, but for certain reasons I must always be remembered the fat is paid for at the same price as the lean.

Much of the fat paid for dries out of the meat in the cooking and is not sent with the meat to the table. Much of the fat of the meat sent to the table is not eaten. What becomes of it?

Much of it never reaches the table again. Too frequently it is fed to a useless dog, dumped into the soap grease, scraped into the garbage pail, or even thrown into the fire and burned.

The thrifty housewife saves every ounce of sweet fat for future cooking, and seldom has to buy special lard or oil for cooking. When any fat cannot be used for cooking, it is converted into soap.

One housewife reports her experience of saving and keeping the different kinds separate for different purposes, as follows:

Beef dripping for potatoes.

Pork dripping for sweet potatoes, gingerbread and ringer cookies; mixed with beef dripping for meat pastry.

Ham, bacon, and sausage fats for soups, vegetables, and things too numerous to mention.

Lamb fat for warming over beans. Veal fat for omelets.

Chicken, duck, and goose fat for cookies, gingerbread, and spiced cakes. Chicken fat with little bacon provided delectable for cooking oysters in.

There is no doubt that a careful saving and use of meat fats lessens the butter bill to a considerable extent.

To Renovate Shine Serge.

For dark colored clothing wet a piece of new black crinoline and lay over the worn spot. This should be covered with a dry cloth and pressed with a very hot iron.

Then a hearty meeting took place between the two men. The famished skipper was provided with meat and drink, while the two A.B.'s whetted their thirst in an adjoining bar.

"You've had a rough time," said Frasier, as the skipper concluded a dramatic recital of his adventures.

Flower smiled broadly. "I've come out of it all side uppermost," he said, taking a hearty pull at his tankard; "the worst part was losing my money. Still, it's all in the day's work." Joe tells me that Elizabeth is walking out with Gibson, so you see it has all happened as I bargained for."

"I've heard so," said Fraser.

"It's rather soon after my death," said Flower, thoughtfully; "she's been driven into it by her mother, I expect. How is Poppy?"

Fraser told him.

"I couldn't wish her in better hands, Jack," said the other heartily; when he had finished; "one of these days when she knows everything—least as much as I shall tell her—she'll be as grateful to you as what I am."

"You've come back just in time," said Fraser, slowly; "another week and you'd have lost her."

"Lost her?" repeated Flower, startingly.

She's going to New Zealand," he replied the other; "she's got some relations there. She met an old friend of her father's the other day, Captain Martin, master of the Golden Cloud, and he has offered her a passage. They sail on Saturday from the Albert Dock."

Flower pushed the tankard from him and regarded him in consternation.

"She mustn't go," he said, decisively.

Fraser shrugged his shoulders. "I tried to persuade her not to, but it was no use. She said there was nothing to stay in England for; she's quite alone, and there is nobody to miss her."

"Poor girl," said Flower, softly, and sat crumpling his bread and gazing reflectively at a soda-water advertisement on the wall. He sat so long in this attitude that his companion also turned and studied it.

"She mustn't go," said Flower, at length. "I'll go down and see her to-morrow night. You go first and break the news to her, and I'll follow on. Do it gently, Jack. It's quite safe—there's nobody she can talk to now she's left the Wheelers. And I'm simply longing to see her. You know what it is to be in love, Jack."

"What am I to tell her?" inquired the other, hastily.

"Tell her I was saved," was the reply. "I'll do the rest." By Jove, I've got it!"

He banged the table so hard that his plate jumped and the glasses in the bar rattled in protest.

(To be continued.)

The Clock He Needed.

A customer had overhauled a number of clocks of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions, but nothing seemed to exactly suit his taste.

At length the jeweler, in despair, fetched out a massive timepiece of complicated design.

"Here, sir, is a clock which will I think suit your aesthetic taste. At precisely 10 o'clock every morning the tiny bells chime and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure," the jeweler said.

"I have a daughter," went on the customer, "and I want the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at 11 o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and shout 'morning papers!'

When you digestion is faulty, indigestion and diarrhoea are common and distressing symptoms.

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