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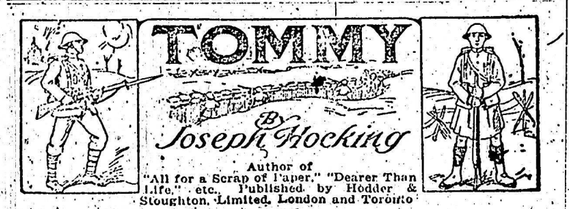

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"AY" laughed another, and the voice was as sweet music to Tom, "I've seen thee worse nor this i' the Brunford Cup Tie match."

"That thee, Nick?" he said, lapsing into the Brunford vernacular, which he had been trying to correct lately.

"Ay, Tom, it's me; tha'st done a good neet's work to-neet."

Tom's brain was clearer now; he knew where he was; knew, too, that he had succeeded. Something was still hammering at his temples, and his head was aching terribly, but he didn't mind; his heart was light.

"You have done well, Pollard." It was Major Blundell who spoke.

"Was what I got any good, sir?"

"Good! I should think it was."

"And Captain Waterman, have you got him?"

"That's all right, Pollard, he's safe enough," replied the Major.

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, "I don't care now."

What happened after that Tom didn't remember. He had a confused idea that he was carried down a long line of trenches, and that he heard cheering words during his journey. But nothing was plain to him, except a burning sensation in his left arm and in his right shoulder; for the rest he was faint, sick, and weary.

"You are feeling better now, are you not, Pollard?" It was the doctor who spoke.

"Yes, sir, I am feeling all right," replied Tom; "there is not much the matter with me, is there?"

"You are simply a miracle," replied the doctor, "only a couple of flesh wounds, that's all. You have lost a great deal of blood, of course, but you will soon be as fit as a fiddle again. I wonder that a hundred bullets did not go through you!"

"They came mighty near," was Tom's reply.

"You must be removed from here at once," said the doctor, "this region's too unhealthy for you."

An hour later Tom found himself away from the screech of shells.

As he reflected afterwards, it seemed to him a miracle that he had not been killed. No sooner had he mastered the German and seized the paper than bullets showered upon him like rain, and yet beyond these two slight flesh wounds he was wholly untouched. It was true he was very stiff and sore, but he knew that he would soon be as well as ever.

On the evening of the same day Colonel Blount came to see him.

"Pollard, my lad," said the colonel, "I felt I must come to see you. You have rendered the British Army and your country a great service, and you will get your reward."

"Thank you, sir, but I not thought about reward," said Tom simply.

"I'm sure you didn't," replied the colonel, "but this job's not at an end yet, my lad."

"No, sir," said Tom, mistaking his meaning, "we have got a stiff job before we lick the Germans."

"I didn't mean that," replied the colonel. "I mean this Waterman business is not at an end yet."

"No, sir," said Tom, "of course you will shoot him."

"He deserves a worse death than that," replied the Colonel grimly, "but you will have to give evidence against him."

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.

"Will you be well enough to come to-morrow night?"

"Yes, sir."

The Colonel knew he was not acting according to strict regimental rules and regulations in speaking to a private in this fashion, but it was no ordinary case, and Colonel Blount was not a man to be tied down to military etiquette. Private though Tom Pollard was, he had rendered, as he had said, a signal service, not only to the Army, but to the British Nation.

The next evening Tom found himself in a large room amongst a number of officers, and standing at one corner, carefully guarded, was Waterman.

CHAPTER IX.

The evidence against Waterman was so clear, so overwhelming that there was not the slightest doubt the verdict which would be passed upon him. He had been caught practically red-handed in his deed of treachery; but this was not all. Tom Pollard's action had led to a number of other facts coming to light. He had by many cunning devices been in communication with the enemy; he had constantly made known the plans which he had learnt at the Divisional Headquarters, and had thus prepared the Germans for many of the attacks which we had made.

Tom could not help being impressed by the fact that even although Waterman's guilt was as clear as daylight, it was the evident desire of those who tried him to act fairly, and even generously, towards him. Everything that could be said in his favor was carefully listened to, and noted; and on the faces of more than one present was a look of concern almost amounting to pain. This, however, did not hide the truth that every man regarded him with horror, almost amounting to loathing. They respected an enemy who fought openly and fairly, but for a man who was a staff officer in the British Army and who consequently learnt many of the plans of that Army; for a man who had taken the oath to be faithful to his King and Country, and yet to act as he had acted, was ignominy too vile for expression.

But Waterman seemed to have no shame, no sense of guilt; he uttered no word of regret, but stood erect and almost motionless. His face was hard set, in his eyes was a steely glitter; it seemed as though he defied his judges to do their worst, and to mock at their evident disgust.

Tom gave his evidence clearly, and without any waste of words.

"You knew him before you went into the Army, then?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.

"Tell us where."

Whereupon Tom told of Waterman's association with him in Brunford, and of the conversations he had had with the prisoner.

"I didn't quite understand at the time," said Tom, "why he seemed so sure of the Germans getting the best of it. He seemed to be glad when he told me of the tremendous strength of the German army, and the preparations they had made. He said he had been in Germany to school, and had lived there a long time; that was how he came to know so much about it. I could never quite make it out how an Englishman who loved his country could be so sure that the Germans would win. Besides, he didn't talk about it as though it would be a calamity, but something he would be proud of; but I don't know that I thought much of it at the time, especially when he told me he was going to receive a commission in our Army; but later on, when I found out the Germans knew what we were going to do, I wondered how they'd found out, and that led me to put one thing to another."

This was not strict evidence, and the officers knew it, but they allowed Tom to tell his story his own way.

"That was why I determined to watch him," went on Tom, "and—well, sir, that was how things turned out as they did."

When Tom's evidence came to an end he was told to retire. The lad was sorely grieved at this, because he would like to remain to the end; but after all, he was only a private, and he was there simply to give his evidence.

"Shooting's too good for him," thought Tom as he left the room.

"What a look he did give me! If a look could murder a man I should not be alive now!"

"Now then," said the President to Waterman, when Tom had gone, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Waterman. He was no longer respectful or polite. His every word suggested insolence.

"You admit, then, that you are guilty of the charges that have been brought against you?"

"You admit that you, an officer in the British Army, have given away your country's secrets and become an ally to the enemy?"

Waterman laughed. "I have simply tried to serve my own country," was his reply, "the country which will soon conquer yours."

Every eye was fixed upon him; the man's brazen confession almost staggered them.

"Then you are a German!"

"Yes," replied Waterman proudly.

The President looked at him keenly, and then turned towards some papers.

"I see that you claim English birth, that you were educated at an English public school, and that you went to an English house of business."

"That doesn't make me cease to be a German," replied Waterman.

"I find, too, that you boasted of being an Englishman."

"That helped me to do my work," was the jeering answer.

For some seconds there was a deathly silence save for the rustle of the papers which the President read. Each man who sat in the room listened almost breathlessly; each was so intensely interested that no one broke the silence.

"My father and my mother German," went on Waterman; "when they lived in Germany they spelt the name German fashion, and there were two n's, not one, at the end of my name; but when they were in England they thought it would serve them best to spell it English fashion. But they never ceased being Germans. When I was a boy I was taught to love my country above all things; that was my religion, and I was always faithful to it. When I went to your British school I was always a German at heart; the other boys used to say that I was not a sportsman, and that I could not play the game."

"Evidently they spoke the truth."

Waterman shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Then you mean to say that you, born in England, educated in England, and receiving all the benefits of our country, were all the time a German at heart, and sought to act in Germany's interests."

"Certainly."

"And you didn't feel that you were acting meanly, ungratefully?"

"I thought only of my own country," was the reply. "I knew that this war was coming, knew too that I could best serve my country by professing to be an Englishman, and by entering the British Army. I proved myself in the right too," he added significantly.

"But didn't you realize that such conduct as yours must inevitably end in disgrace and death?"

"Disgrace?" cried the other. "No, it is glory. As for death, what does that matter? My death is of no importance; the victory of my country is everything."

(To be continued.)

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Twenty-First Lesson—Milk and Its Derivatives.

Milk may be called a perfect food, containing as it does the five necessary food elements required by the body to maintain life. It is the first food for infants; it forms also a perfect food for small children, the protein being in the form of casein, which is readily digested. The adult requires additional food, owing to the activities. Milk will not supply all the needed elements. The carbohydrates are in the form of milk sugar and fat; the fat is suspended in the milk in the form of tiny globules, thus giving to the milk its clear, white color. The proportions of fat in the milk vary from 2.8 to 8 per cent. This variation is due to age, condition and feeding of the cows.

Cream.

When milk taken directly from the cow is placed in suitable containers and permitted to stand for a period of time, the fat globules, which are lighter than the water of the milk, will rise to the top and form a coating over the entire surface of the milk. This is called cream. Cream is a wholesome, palatable form of fat. Modern methods now use a machine for separating cream by gravity from the milk; this eliminates the period of time for standing to permit cream to rise to the top of the vessel. The derivations or by-products of milk are butter and cheese.

Butter.

Cream is permitted to stand a certain length of time to develop an acid ferment. The object of this is to give the butter a desirable flavor and aroma, or this ferment may be added to the cream in the form of lactic acid.

The cream is then churned, the butter-milk drained off and the butter worked with pure, cold water. Salt is added to the butter to preserve and improve the flavor. Butter contains about 83 per cent. fat and is a valuable food for energy.

Sweet butter is made from fresh cream and is usually sold unsalted. It will not keep any length of time, usually turning cheesy.

Cheese.

Cheese is made from milk by special process of fermenting milk with a lactic acid ferment and then coagulated with rennet. This cheese when used fresh is called cream and cottage cheese.

Many other varieties are made by special processes which, together with the location, curing and manner of storing, give many varieties. Cheese is a valuable food, containing a large amount of protein in the form of casein. It is a concentrated food, and when properly combined with other foods furnishes an economical nutritive diet.

The by-product of butter is buttermilk, which is greatly esteemed in Europe. Many of the foreign race contend that the use of buttermilk prolongs life by neutralizing the bacteria of the intestines. Buttermilk is also strained, the curd salted and beaten with a wooden spoon, then worked into a smooth mass. This is called buttermilk cheese and was greatly esteemed by our grandmothers.

To Make Butter at Home.

Collect left-over portions of cream in a clean bowl. Permit it to stand for three or four days to turn. Now place one cupful of this cream in a one-quart Mason fruit jar. Add one cupful of warm water, testing the cream and water with a thermometer. It should be sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Place rubber lid on jar. Shake continuously for a few moments, and you will feel the contents of the jar become lumpy.

Drain off the buttermilk and place the butter in a bowl of clear, cold water. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and work, changing the water until it shows no trace of milk. For the butter in pats and place in refrigerator to cool. Care must be taken not to scald the cream by using water that is too hot. A few drops of carrot juice may be added to give the butter a color. Grate a small carrot and place in cheese cloth and wring to obtain the juice. This butter may be given to small children or to invalids.

Let the buttermilk stand a few hours and drain off the water that has risen to the top. Then place a piece of cheese cloth in strainer, turn in the buttermilk and let drain for two hours. Now place the curd in a bowl and add:

One-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Work well with wooden spoon to a smooth mass.

One-half green or red pepper, chopped very fine.

Mold into balls, and place a piece of nut on the top and serve on lettuce.

Sour milk may be used in place of buttermilk.

USING THE CHEAPER CUTS OF MEAT.

Cheap cuts of meat—that is to say, the tougher or less choice cuts—can be made acceptable to fastidious palates by thorough and careful cooking. Here are suggestions that lend variety to the ways in which beef, ham and chicken may be served at the one meal a day to which we have patriotically reduced our meat-eating.

Broiled Flank Steak

1 flank steak, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful butter. Buy a flank steak the size required for your family needs. Ask the butcher to score it on each side or, if you do this yourself, use a sharp knife and score diagonally across the meat, in lines one inch apart; turn meat and score in opposite direction, making small diamonds. Score both sides. The scoring cuts across the tough fibres and makes the meat tender like sirloin. Heat a frying pan red hot, drop in the steak, turn quickly back and forth to sear the whole surface and then reduce the heat and cook more slowly. Turn steak frequently to cook evenly. A flank steak will cook in ten to twelve minutes. Season with salt and pepper, remove to a hot platter, spread with butter and serve.

Round Steak in Casserole

1 round steak cut 1½ inches thick, 1 cupful flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, pepper, 1 tablespoonful butter. Pound the flour, a little at a time, into both sides of the steak, using a meat hammer for the purpose or a potato masher or even a large heavy spoon. Heat a frying pan and brown the meat on both sides, then put into a baking pan. Rinse the frying pan with boiling water so as to save all the browned meat juice and pour this water over the steak, using enough to come up halfway. Add seasoning and cover. Bake until tender. This is a very economical dish and there is no waste.

Baked Meat Hash

Medium white sauce, hot mashed potato, left overs of meat. Put meat through a food chopper, first removing all gristle and bone. Season highly with salt and pepper. Butter an earthenware baking dish. Add enough medium white sauce to the ground meat to moisten and bind it together. Turn into the baking dish, spread over in a layer, the hot well-seasoned, mashed potato. Bake in a hot oven until brown.

Jellied Ham

2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful chicken stock, 4 tablespoonfuls cream, 1 teaspoonful granulated gelatine ¼ cupful cold water, 1½ cupfuls cold boiled ham. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and stock. Add the salt and pepper. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and add to the white sauce, add the cream and the finely chopped ham. Turn into a shallow pan, pack solid and let chill.

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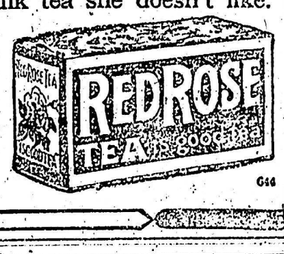

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MUSIC IN THE HOME

Music A Profession For The Blind.

In the animal kingdom it is observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift, and every defect. That is a truth expounded in his Essay on Compensation in which Emerson puts it down for a fact that for everything one has missed he has gained something else. When Nature deprives a person of the sense of sight, it is an immeasurable loss, yet that same Nature, once thought cruel, now beneficent, makes up the deficiency by an extraordinary endowment along some other line.

So often it is that finest of compensations, the talent for music. There is no doubt that music is one of the most suitable professions for the blind. In a Government report recently issued in Britain on the welfare of the blind it is stated that there are almost 1000—947 to be exact—persons in the United Kingdom thus afflicted who are following the professions of music, making of musical instruments, piano tuning, etc. There are at least one hundred blind organists in Britain, many of whom are choir masters as well. It is expected that these numbers will be materially increased owing to the fact that a greater amount of attention is now being given to music in the institutions for the blind.

The aforesaid report shows from an investigation among several hundred persons that 86 per cent. of the men and 31 per cent. of the women are known to have been successful in their musical occupations. This report suggests the desirability for a blind person to combine the position of organist, or music teacher, or professional singer as the case may be, that of pianoforte tuning, so that in the event of a falling off in his professional work he can resort to the more practical occupation, or the other way around, as circumstances dictate.

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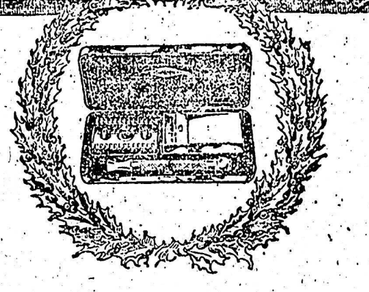
A Very Merry Christmas



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