

CHAPTER IV.

Philip went to College in due course and George departed to learn his business as a lawyer at Roxham, but it will not be necessary for us to enter into the details of their respective careers during this period of their lives.

At college Philip did fairly well, and, being a Caresfoot, did not run into debt. He was, as his great bodily strength gave promise of, a first-class athlete and for two years stroked the Magdalen boat. Nor did he altogether neglect his books, but his reading was of a desultory and out-of-the-way order, and much directed toward the investigation of mystical subjects. Fairly well liked among the men with whom he mixed, he could hardly be called popular; his temperament was too uncertain for that. At times he was the gayest of the gay, and then when the fit took him he would be plunged into a state of gloomy depression that might last for days. His companions, to whom his mystical studies were a favorite jest, were wont to assert that on these occasions he was preparing for a visit from his familiar, but the joke was one that he never could be prevailed upon to appreciate. The fact of the matter was that these fits of gloom were constitutional with him, and very possibly had their origin in the state of his mother's mind before his birth, when her whole thoughts were colored by her morbid and fanciful terror of her husband, and her frantic anxiety to conciliate him.

During the three years that he spent at college Philip saw but little of George, since, when he happened to be down at Bratham, which was not often, for he spent most of his vacations abroad, George avoided coming there as much as possible. Indeed, there was a tacit agreement between the two young men that they would see as little of each other as might be convenient. But, though he did not see much of him himself, Philip was none the less aware that George's influence over his father was, if anything, on the increase. The old squire's letters were full of him, and of the admirable way in which he managed the estate, for it was now practically in his hands. Indeed, to his surprise and somewhat to his disgust, he found that George began to be spoken of indifferently with himself as the "young squire." Long before his college days had come to an end Philip had determined that he would do his best, as soon as opportunity offered, to reduce his cousin to his proper place, not by the violent means to which he had resorted in other days, but rather by showing himself to be equally capable equally assiduous, and equally respectful and affectionate.

At last the day came when he was to bid farewell to Oxford for good, and in due course he found himself in a second-class railway carriage—thinking it useless to waste money, he always went second—and bound for Roxham.

Just before the train left the platform at Paddington, Philip was agreeably surprised out of his meditations by the entry into his carriage of an extremely elegant and stately young lady, a foreigner, as he judged from her strong accent when she addressed the porter. With the innate gallantry of twenty-one he immediately laid himself out to make the acquaintance of one possessed of such proud, yet melting blue eyes, such lovely hair, and a figure that would not have disgraced Diana; and, with this view, set himself to render her such little services as one fellow-traveler can offer to another.

They were accepted reservedly at first, then gratefully, and before long the reserve broke down entirely, and this very handsome pair dropped into a conversation as animated as the lady's broken English would allow. The lady told him that her name was Hilda von Holtzhausen, that she was of a German family, and had come to England to enter a family as companion, in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the English language. She had already been to France and acquired French; when she knew English, then she had been promised a place as school-mistress under government in her own country. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no brothers or sisters, and very few friends.

Where was she going to? She was going to a place called Roxham; here it was written on the ticket. She was going to be companion to a dear young lady, very rich, like all the English, whom she had met when she had traveled with her French family to Jersey, a Miss Lee.

"You don't say so!" said Philip. "Has she come back to Rewtham?"

"What, do you, then, know her?"

"Yes—that is, I used to three years ago. I live in the next parish."

"Ah! then perhaps you are the gentleman of whom I have heard her speak, Mr. Car-es-foot, whom she did seem to appear to love; is not that the word?"

"To be very fond, you know?"

Philip laughed, blushed, and acknowledged his identity with the gentleman whom Miss Lee "did seem to appear to love."

"Oh! I am glad; then we shall be friends, and see each other often—shall we not?"

He declared unreservedly that she should see him very often.

suade her Aunt Chambers to accompany her, but without success, that lady being too much attached to Jersey to leave it. During the course of a long stay on the island, the two girls had become fast friends, and the friendship had culminated in an offer being made by Maria Lee to Fraulein von Holtzhausen, to come and live with her as companion, a proposal that exactly suited the latter.

The mention of Miss Lee's name had awakened pleasant recollections in Philip's mind, recollections that, at any other time might have tended toward the sentimental; but, when under fire from the blue eyes of this stately foreigner, it was impossible for him to feel sentimental about anybody save herself. "The journey is over all too soon," was the secret thought of each, as they stepped on to the Roxham platform. Before they had finally said good-bye, however, a young lady with a dainty figure, in a shady hat, and pink and white dress, came running along the platform.

"Hilda, Hilda, here I am! How do you do, dear? Welcome home," and she was about to seal her welcome with a kiss, when her eye fell upon Philip standing by.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, with a blush, "don't you know me? Have I changed much? I should have known you anywhere; and I am glad to see you, awfully glad, excuse the slang, but it is such a relief to be able to say 'awful' without being pulled up by Aunt Chambers. Just think it is three years since we met. Do you remember Grumps? How do I look? Do you think you will like me as much as you used to?"

"I think that you are looking the same dear girl that you always used to look, only you have grown very pretty, and it is not possible that I shall like you more than I used to."

"I think they must teach you to pay compliments at Oxford, Philip," she answered, flushing with pleasure, "but it is all rubbish for you to say that I am pretty, because I know I am not," and then, confidentially glancing round to see that there was nobody within hearing, Hilda was engaged with a porter in looking after her things: "Just look at my nose and you will soon change your mind. It's broader, and flatter, and snubbier than ever. I consider that I have got a bone to pick with Providence about that nose. Ah! here comes Hilda. Isn't she lovely! There's beauty for you, if you like. She hasn't got a nose. Come and show us to the carriage. You will come and lunch with us to-morrow, won't you? I am so glad to get back to the old house again; and I mean to have such a garden! Life is short and joys are fleeting," as Aunt Chambers always says, so I mean to make the best of it, while it lasts. I saw your father yesterday. He is a dear old man, though he has such awful eyes. I never felt so happy in my life as I do now. Good-bye. One o'clock." And she was gone, leaving Philip with something to think about.

Philip's reception at home was cordial and reassuring. He found his father considerably aged in appearance, but as handsome and upright as ever, and to all appearance heartily glad to see him.

"I am glad to see you back, my boy," he said. "You come to take your proper place. If you look at me you will see that you won't have long to wait before you take mine. I can't last much longer, Philip, I feel that. Eighty-two is a good age to have reached. I have had my time, and put the property in order, and now I suppose I must make room. I went with the clerk, old Jakes, and marked out my grave yesterday. There's a nice little spot the other side of the stone that they say marks where old yeoman Caresfoot, who planted Caresfoot's Staff, laid his bones, and that's where I wish to be put, in his good company. Don't forget that when the time comes, Philip, there's room for another, if you care to keep it for yourself, but perhaps you will prefer the vault."

"You must not talk of dying yet, father. You will live many years yet."

"No, Philip; perhaps one, perhaps two, not more than two; perhaps a month, perhaps not a day. My life hangs on a thread now." And he pointed to his heart. "It may snap any day, if it gets a strain. By the way, Philip, you see that cupboard? Open it! Now, you see that stoppered bottle with the red label? Good. Well, now, if ever you see me taken with an attack of the heart, I have had one since you were away, you know, and it nearly carried me off, you run for that as hard as you can go, and give it me to drink, half at a time. It is a tremendous restorative of some sort, and old Caley says that, if I do not take it when the next attack comes, there'll be an end of Devil Caresfoot," and he rapped his cane energetically on the oak floor.

"And so, Philip, I want you to go about and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the property, so that you may be able to take things over when I die, without any hitch. I hope that you will be careful and do well by the land. Remember that a big property like this is a sacred trust."

"And now there are two more things that I will take this opportunity to say a word to you about. First, I see that you and your cousin George don't get on well, and it grieves me. You have always had a false idea of George, always, and thought that he was underhand. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a notion. George is a most estimable young man, and my dear brother's only son. I wish you would try to remember that, Philip,—blood is thicker than water, you know—and you will be the only two Caresfoots' left when I am gone. Now, perhaps, you may think that I intend enriching George at your expense, but that is not so. Take this key and open the top drawer of that secretaire, and give me that bundle. This is my will. If you care to look over it, and can understand it—which is more than I can—you will see that everything is left to you, with the exception of that outlying farm at Holston, those three Essex farms that I bought two years ago, and twelve thousand pounds in cash. Of course, as you know, the Abbey House, and the lands immediately round, are entailed—it has always been the custom to entail them for many generations. There, put it back. And now the last thing is, I want you to get married, Philip. I should like to see a grandchild in the house before I die. I want you to marry Maria Lee. I like the girl. She comes of a good old Mar-

shire stock—our family married into hers in the year 1703. Besides, her property would put yours into a ring-fence. She is a sharp girl, too, and quite pretty enough for a wife. I hope you will think it over, Philip."

"Yes, father; but perhaps she will not have me. I am going to lunch there to-morrow."

"I don't think you need be afraid, Philip; but I won't keep you any longer. Shake hands, my boy. You'll perhaps think of your old father kindly when you come to stand in his shoes. I hope you will, Philip. We have had many a quarrel, and sometimes I have been wrong; but I have always wished to do my duty by you, my boy. Don't forget to make the best of your time at lunch to-morrow."

Philip went out of his father's study considerably touched by the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated, and not a little relieved to find his position with reference to his succession to the estate so much better than he had anticipated, and his cousin George's so much worse.

"That red-haired fox has plotted in vain," he thought with secret exultation. And then he set himself to consider the desirability of falling in with his father's wishes as regards marriage. Of Maria he was, as the reader is aware, very fond; indeed, a few years before he had been in love with her, or something very like it; he knew too that she would make him a very good wife, and the match was one that in every way commended itself to his common sense and his interests. Yes, he would certainly take his father's advice. But every time he said this to himself—and he said it pretty often that evening—there would arise before his mind's eye a vision of the sweet blue eyes of Miss Lee's stately companion. What eyes they were, to be sure! It made Philip's blood run warm and quick, merely to think of them; indeed, he could almost find it in his heart to wish that Hilda was Maria and Maria was in Hilda's shoes.

What between thoughts of the young lady he had set himself to marry, and of the young lady he did not mean to marry, but whose eyes he admired, Philip did not sleep so well as usual that night.

(To be Continued.)

FIRING A TORPEDO.

How This Terrible Engine of War Is Sent Against an Enemy.

As our readers are doubtless aware the Whitehead torpedo is nothing more nor less than an air-propelled cigar-shaped little ship, carrying its own air chambers amidships, its propelling engines in the stern and the deadly charge of gun-cotton in the bow. When a warship goes into action she carries several of these torpedos ready charged with gun-cotton and compressed air. When she is within striking distance of the enemy, one of them is placed in the launching tube, a long cylinder of metal of approximately the same internal diameter as the external diameter of the torpedo, and when the object is within range a small charge of powder or compressed air serves to eject the torpedo in just the same way as a shell is fired from a gun. The discharge of the torpedo starts the propeller engines, which continue to drive the torpedo after it has entered the water.

Before it is fired provision is made for causing the torpedo to travel at a certain depth below the surface of the water. This is done by means of a beautiful piece of automatic and delicate machinery, acting upon small vanes or rudders. This is so set that after it has made its preliminary dive the torpedo will rise, and, after a few oscillations, settle down upon the fixed horizontal course for which it is set. The full speed is about 30 knots an hour, though it is desired, the engines may be set to carry the torpedo a greater distance at a slower speed. Great as this speed it is not sufficient to insure their keeping ahead of the modern torpedo destroyers, and for this reason the bow launching tubes are no longer built into the fastest boats.

THE CAKE WALK.

It Was Formerly a Marriage Ceremony Among Plantation Negroes.

The cake walk proper had its origin among the French negroes of Louisiana more than a century ago. There is little doubt that it is an offshoot of some of the old French country dances; it resembles several of them in form. From New Orleans it spread over the entire south and thence to the north. It was found of convenience to the plantation negroes. They were not wedded by license, and it was seldom that the services of a preacher was called in. At a cake walk a man might legitimately show his preference for a woman and thus publicly claim her for wife. In effect the cake walk was not different from the old Scotch marriage, which required only public acknowledgment from the contracting parties. So this festival became in some sense a wooing, an acceptance or rejection and a ceremony. This explains its popularity with the blacks, outside of its beauties, with the accompaniment of music, which is competent at all times to command negro support. Cake walking has improved as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old significance in the south. Negroes now get married, when they marry at all, in white folks fashion. It has become however, a pantomimic dance. Properly performed, it is a beautiful one. The cake is not much of a prize, though the negro has a sweet tooth.

AN EXCUSE.

Wife, at 7 a.m.—Now, deny your condition! last evening! Here you are with your hat and shoes on. Don't tell me you didn't come home the worse for drink!

Husband—Not 't hit, m' dear. You know I have lately taken to walking in my sleep, and I thought I'd go to bed prepared.

THE HOME.

PICKLES OF ALL KINDS.

It is very necessary when making pickles to use good vinegar. The best cider vinegar is probably the most satisfactory. Metal kettles should not be used, unless they are porcelain lined. A small piece of alum the size of a nutmeg, to a gallon of cucumbers, dissolved and added to the vinegar when scalding the pickles the first time, will make them crisp and tender. The pickles should never be allowed to freeze. They should be kept in a dry, cool place, and unless bottled and sealed air-tight, they need frequent looking after. When put in jars and white specks appear in the vinegar drain it off and scald, adding a handful of sugar to each gallon, and pour again over the pickles. When the pickles are put away in large jars a saucer should be inverted over the pickles and pressed well down to keep them well under the vinegar. Pickles should not be put away in anything which has held grease. An oaken tub or cask is best for pickles in brine. The brine for pickles should be strong enough to bear an egg. Make it in the proportion of a heaping pint of coarse salt to a gallon of water. When the cucumbers have been in this brine long enough they should be of a pleasant saltiness. If not salt enough add more salt to the brine; if too salty cover the pickles with weak vinegar and allow them to stand a few days, drain, adding strong vinegar, either hot or cold, according to recipe.

Green cucumber pickle, is generally relished, especially if the cucumbers are small and of a uniform size. If the cucumber cannot all be pickled in one day they should be put into strong brine when picked, and each day new ones put in until the required amount is reached. They should be pickled with a little of the stem and washed before being put in the brine. Fold a cloth and lay over them, tucking it inside; then put a light board on them to keep them under the brine. Watch them and remove the scum which rises, washing the cloth and board daily. When they are salt enough wash them through several waters. Let them stand all night in clear water, then in a mixture of hot water, vinegar and a little alum, which should be poured on hot. Allow them to stand in a porcelain kettle on the back of the stove, but not to boil. If they need to be made greener place a number of grape leaves in this mixture. When sufficiently green and crisp wash off this mixture and they are ready for the vinegar. Put on the vinegar to become hot, and add spice, cloves, red pepper and mustard seed, tied in a bag. Allow the cucumbers to simmer in this for an hour. Some housewives prefer the cucumbers uncooked and pour the boiling hot vinegar over them. They keep very nicely if put in air-tight bottles or cans.

Some people prefer the small, sweet cucumber pickles. To make them soak in brine until sufficiently salt, and then in fresh water for a day or two or until quite fresh. Boil together three quarts of vinegar, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one of ground cloves and two red peppers. Pour this over one gallon of pickles. Keep in an air-tight jar.

Another sweet cucumber pickle is made of large ripe cucumbers, pared, quartered and the pulp removed. Lay in a strong brine for nine days, stirring every day. Take out and put in clear water for one day and then lay in alum water over night. A very small piece of alum for a gallon of water. Make a syrup of a pint of good cider vinegar, one and one-half pints of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of broken cinnamon bark, mace, and pepper grains. Lay the cucumbers in the syrup thus made and cook until tender.

A mixed pickle can be made with very small cucumbers, or else larger ones cut up. Equal quantities of cucumber, string beans, cauliflower or cabbage, the cauliflower is far nicer than cabbage, and half as much of small onions, together with a few small red peppers. Green tomatoes are sometimes added. Each ingredient should be boiled separately in weak vinegar and salt until tender, except the peppers. Drain and mix together. Boil enough vinegar to cover the pickle, adding brown sugar, cinnamon, the peppers, mustard seed and other spices, if liked, to taste. Pour this over the pickles hot, and seal.

Mustard pickle, or chow-chow, is made with the same ingredients. They are salted heavily and covered with boiling water over night. The brine is then poured off and the pickle is covered with the following mixture: One quart vinegar, one quart water, eight tablespoonfuls ground mustard, two of flour, and one each of celery seed, spice, cinnamon and white pepper. Add one cupful sugar and a little salt. Allow it to boil up and mix with the vegetables while hot.

The small white onion makes a nice pickle. Peel them under water, and then soak in a strong brine for twenty-four hours. Take out and wash. Place in jars and pour boiling vinegar over them. Add a little white mustard for flavoring. Seal and put in a cool, dry place.

Pickled walnuts are delicious. Pick the nuts when quite green so they may easily be pierced with a needle. Place in strong brine for three days. Pour off the brine and put on new, allowing it to stand for three days more. Rinse and keep in the sun till they turn black, turning often so they will blacken evenly. Pack in glass jars and pour over them cider vinegar boiled with plenty of ginger, black pepper, cayenne, mace, mustard, horseradish, celery seed, coriander and allspice.

Watermelon pickle is also very good for winter use. Select melons with plenty of white rind, and peel off all the green skin. Cut away every bit of the pink flesh in order to have a firm pickle. Cut into strips an inch wide and two or three inches long; place in a bowl and sprinkle lightly with salt. Cover the

dish and let it stand over night. In the morning drain off the water, and rinse the rinds with cold water. Cook them in a steamer until tender. Cook them in a crock. Make a pickle of a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon, broken, a half teaspoonful each of whole cloves and blades of mace. Boil this together for an hour, skimming off the froth and pour it boiling hot over the rinds. Press the rinds under the pickle and cover well.

Ripe tomatoes may also be pickled. Pare and weigh ripe tomatoes and put them into jars, just covering with vinegar. After standing three days pour off the vinegar and add five pounds of white sugar to every seven pounds of tomato. Spice to taste and pour over the tomatoes, cooking all day on the back of the stove. Any preferred spices may be used.

Pickled peaches are delicious. It is much nicer to peel the peaches, but many housewives just wipe the fruit carefully. Freestones are the best for this purpose. Stick a couple of cloves into each peach. Place the fruit in a stone jar and pour over them boiling hot syrup made in the proportion of one quart cider vinegar to three pints of sugar. Boil and skim. Next day drain it off the fruit and reboil, pouring again over the fruit. Repeat this until the fruit is dark colored to the stone. Boil cinnamon and cloves in a little bag the last time, and fill cans with the peaches, pouring the vinegar over.

Pears may also be pickled, but they can be boiled in the syrup until tender. They are spiced like the peaches. They should be pared, cored and quartered if very large.

TWO GOOD DESSERTS.

Chocolate Custard—Heat one quart of milk, beat smooth the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of flour and four of grated chocolate, and pour into the boiling milk. Stir until it thickens. Flavor with vanilla and pour into a deep dish. Beat whites of eggs with one cupful of sugar, pour over the hot custard take from the fire and cover so as to steam the whites.

Quaking Pudding—Beat yolks of six eggs and two cupfuls of sugar together; beat in one cupful of some variety of fruit or fruit jam. Soften two cupfuls of bread crumbs in one quart of milk, and stir into beaten eggs and jam. Bake slightly in a deep pudding dish. Cover the top with a layer of the jam or fruit, and with a meringue made of the whites of eggs and one cupful of sugar. Flavor with lemon. Brown lightly in a very slow oven. Serve with or without sauce.

RHUBARB VINEGAR.

For ten gallons take twenty-five ordinary sized stalks of rhubarb. Pound or crush with a piece of wood in the bottom of a strong tub, and add ten gallons of water. Let it stand twenty-four hours, strain off the rhubarb and add eighteen pounds of sugar free from molasses, and a teacup of best brewer's yeast. Raise the temperature to 65 or 68 degrees and put the compound into a twelve-gallon cask. Place it in a position where the temperature will not fall below 60 degrees. In a month strain it and return it to the cask again. Allow it to stand until it turns to vinegar.

ANTS AND INSECTS.

Red ants may be driven away by keeping a small bag of sulphur in the drawer or cupboard they infest. Another remedy for driving away ants and insects is to dissolve two pounds of alum in three quarts of water. Apply with a brush while hot to every crevice where vermin harbor.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Mixed Pickles—Four quarts of sliced green tomatoes, two quarts of sliced onions, four quarts of cucumbers pared and sliced, four quarts of cauliflower broken apart, one-half cup of salt. Let all stand over night, then drain, boil the cauliflower twenty-five minutes, and drain again. Scald in one gallon of vinegar one-half cup celery seed, one-half ounce allspice, one tablespoonful whole black pepper, two tablespoonfuls mustard seed, and one pound of brown sugar. While hot pour over the vegetables. When cold cover with horseradish leaves and no mold will appear.

Sweet Pickles—Take half a bushel of watermelon rinds; pare and slice, soak over night in salt water, steam until tender. Make a syrup with three pints of pure cider vinegar, five pounds of sugar, three ounces of stick cinnamon, and one ounce of whole cloves. Boil one hour. Skim out the spices, put in the melon and boil another hour.

Scalloped Tomatoes—Put in a buttered baking-dish a layer of bread or cracker crumbs seasoned with bits of butter, then a layer of sliced tomatoes seasoned with pepper, salt and sugar if desired, then a layer of crumbs, and so on till dish is full, finishing with the crumbs. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Boiled Cauliflower—Pick off the outer leaves and cut stock off flat at the bottom; wash the head well in cold water, then soak, the top downward, in salt and water one hour. Place in a kettle of boiling salt water and boil thirty minutes, or until the cauliflower is tender. When done, lift carefully from the water and stand it in a round shallow dish, stems downward. If two heads are cooked place them in a platter, stems to the center of the platter; serve with a cream dressing.

PRODUCTION OF PINS.

The largest pin factory in the world is at Birmingham where 37,000,000 pins are manufactured every working day. All the other pin factories together turn out about 19,000,000 pins every day. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every fourth person must lose a pin every day to use up the production of pins per day.