

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)
They felt a little safer when a brougham dashed up to the house and carried off Fraser and his supporter, and safer still when his father appeared with Poppy Tyrell on his arm, blushing sweetly and throwing a glance in their direction, which was like to have led to a quarrel until Tommy created a diversion by stating that it was intended for him.

By the time Flower arrived the road was clear, and the house had lapsed into its accustomed quiet. An old seafaring man, whose interest in weddings had ceased three days after his own, indicated the house with the stem of his pipe. It was an old house with a broad step and a wide-open door, and on the step a man in a top hat and a cap, with her hands clasped together, stood gazing excitedly up the road.

"Cap'n Fraser live here?" inquired Flower, after a cautious glance at the windows.

"Yes, sir," said the small servant; "he's getting married at this very instant."

"You'll be married one of these days if you're a good girl," said Flower, who was in excellent humor.

The small girl forgot her cap and gave her head a toss. Then she regarded him thoughtfully, and after adjusting her cap, smoothed down her apron and said, "she was in no hurry; she never took any notice of them."

Flower looked round and pondered. He was anxious, if possible, to see Fraser, and catch the first train back.

"Cap'n Fraser in good spirits, I suppose?" he said, cautiously.

"Very good spirits," admitted the small servant, "but nervous."

"And Miss Tipping?" suggested Flower.

"Miss who?" inquired the small girl, with a superior smile. "Miss Tyrell, you mean, don't you?"

Flower stared at her in astonishment. "No, Miss Tipping," he said, sharply, "the bride. Is Miss Tyrell here too?"

The small girl was astonished in her turn. "Miss Tyrell is the bride," she said, dwelling fondly on the last word. "Who's Miss Tipping?"

"What's the bride's Christian name?" demanded Flower, catching her fiercely by the hand.

He was certain of the reply before she could find breath enough to utter it, and at the word "Poppy," he turned without a word and ran up the road. Then he stopped, and coming back, hastily called out to her for the whereabouts of the church.

"Straight up here and second turning on the left," cried the small girl, her fear giving place to curiosity.

"What's the matter?"

But Flower was running doggedly up the road, thinking in a confused fashion as he ran. At first he thought that Joe had blundered; then, as he remembered his manner and his apparent haste to get rid of him, amazement and anger jostled each other in his mind.

Out of breath, his pace slackened to a walk, and then broke into a run again as he turned the corner, and the church came into view.

There was a small cluster of people in the porch, which was at once reduced by two, and a couple of carriages drawn up against the kerb. He arrived breathless and reared in. A few spectators were in the seats, but the chance was empty.

"They've gone into the vestry," whispered an aged but frivolous woman, who was grimly waiting with a huge bag of rice.

Flower turned white. No efforts of his could avail now, and he smiled bitterly as he thought of his hardships of the past year. There was a lump in his throat, and a sense of unreality about the proceedings which was almost dreamlike. He looked up the sunny road with its sleepy, old-time houses, and then at the group standing in the porch, wondering dimly that a deformed girl on crutches should be smiling as gaily as though the wed-

ding were her own, and that yellow, wrinkled old women should willfully come to remind themselves of their long-dead youth. His whole world seemed suddenly desolate and unreal, and it was only borne in upon him slowly that there was no need now for his journey to London in search of Poppy, and that henceforth her movements could possess no interest for him. He ranged himself quietly with the bystanders, and, not without a certain dignity, waited.

It seemed a long time. The horses stamped and rattled their harness. The bystanders got restless. Then there was a movement.

He looked in the church again, and saw them coming down the aisle; Fraser smiling and erect, with Poppy's little hand upon his arm. She looked down at first, smiling shyly, but as they drew near the door gave her husband a glance such as Flower had never seen before. He caught his breath then, and stood up erect as the bridegroom himself, and as they reached the door they both saw him at the same instant. Poppy, with a startled cry of joy and surprise, half drew her arm from her husband's; Fraser gazed at him as on one risen from the dead.

For a space they regarded each other without a word, then Fraser, with his wife on his arm, took a step towards him. Flower, still regarding them steadily, drew back a little, and moved by a sudden impulse, and that new sense of dignity, snatched a handful of rice from the old woman's bag and threw it over them.

Then he turned quickly, and with rapid strides made his way back to the station.

(The end.)

It is well to realize that disagreement with one's ideas does not always constitute bad taste or bad judgment in another.

"Doctor, my brother stepped into a hole and wrenched his knee, and now he limps. What would you do in a case like that?" "I'm afraid I should limp, too!"



About the House

Preserving Strawberries.

Strawberries are a favorite fruit, but must be given particular care in canning if they keep well. Wash and drain the fruit after hulling. While doing this, have cans and lids both heating in hot water. Measure the drained berries, and for each quart of berries allow one cupful of white sugar. Place the sugar in an aluminum or granite kettle, and add a few spoonfuls of water to keep it from burning until it melts.

When the sugar has boiled long enough to drive all air out of it, add the berries. As these boil up gently, stir them down.

When they have boiled up the second time, lift off the fire and can, taking the cans from the warm water one at a time as you can; put on the lid before filling the next can, tighten the lids, turn the can upside down, and leave in that position four or five days.

The berries then, when turned, will resume their proper position in the cans. I never lose strawberries when I follow this recipe.

For preserving I use only firm berries, and prepare as for canning. I measure the berries, and for each quart of berries allow a full quart of white sugar. I place this sugar in the preserving kettle with enough water to keep it from burning until the sugar melts and boils. I allow the sugar to boil, stirring it until it strings from the spoon. I take the strawberries gently from the vessel they have been drained in, and gently add them to the boiling sugar. This cools the sugar, but they soon boil up again, and I stir them down. When they have thoroughly boiled up again I consider them done and put them in the cans.

You see, I make but little difference between preserving and canning, with the exception that I give more sugar to the preserves and allow it to thicken before adding the berries. It is the surest way of getting them to keep safely that I know of, and to retain their shape and color.

Too many housewives cook the strawberries too long.

Sun preserves of strawberries I make this way: After preparing the berries I measure berries and sugar to equal amounts, placing the dry sugar on the berries, then set them on the back of the stove and let them cook gently until the sugar has slightly thickened. Then I spread on shallow dishes set direct in the sun, and cover with mosquito netting on frames to keep off flies and birds.

One day of hot sun should thicken the syrup, leaving the berries a bright red; but if it doesn't, set them back on the stove and keep merely warm until the sun again shines.

A Little Boy and His "Pal."

Sometimes one wonders if, after all these stories about the child who asks so many questions have not another side.

The other day coming down in the Fifth avenue bus, says a New York

FARMING IN AUSTRIA.

Tillers of the Soil Live in Central Villages, Not in Farm Houses.

In the agrarian districts of Austria, folk do not live in isolated farm houses but in some village central to the farms about. Somewhat, usually an aged matron, is assigned to set the house to rights and prepare the mid-day meal.

The others go out, gather the tools, hitch or yoke the sturdy oxen to some wagon for the day, and then ride out to the field. There, men, women and children till or sow or cultivate or reap, according to the season. At noon they stop long enough to dine; then once more they toil until dark. With nightfall all clamber aboard the open cart, and the oxen, used perhaps to draw the plow, or to do other similar work during the day, are made to draw the laborers back to the village.

Someone walks at the head of the oxen, though they know the way, as with steady, unbroken gait, for which the patient animals are noted, they soon cover the long stretch home.

The Talmud enumerates rue among the kitchen herbs and regards it as free of tithes as being a plant not cultivated in gardens. The name rue occurs only in Luke xi:42.

Major-General J. J. Pershing

Who will lead the first American Expeditionary Force to be sent to France.

Old Shop Disappears.

An interesting trading link between the past and present centuries is passing away in the disappearance of the old pastry-cook's shop in Rupert Street, Piccadilly, London, which has a history covering considerably more than a century.

Over the dismantled shop there may still be seen an ancient signboard bearing the inscription: "Muffin and crumpet baker to Her late Majesty"—presumably the consort of King George III.—"and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Established one hundred years." The history of this ancient house, could it be unravelled in detail, would furnish in all probability one of the romances of nineteenth century London.

People with a garden, and the necessary time, can greatly lessen the food cost by canning their own fruits and vegetables.

Corn, always an important crop, was never so important as it is this year. With a prospective shortage in hay and coarse grains, the maintenance of the live stock industry depends on King Corn.

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TRAWLER DEFIED U-BOATS.

Two Submarines Reported Sunk After Encounters.

Stories not hitherto published of lively encounters between British trawlers and German submarines in the North Sea were told by Robert Lowry and others at the recent meeting of the Mission to National Seamen. One trawler, Sir Robert said, became such a terror to U-boats that four of them lay in wait and eventually destroyed it. On one occasion, this trawler armed with two light guns was attacked by a submarine. One shot went through the deck house, another smashed the wheel, "but the skipper went on steering with broken spokes." Another shot carried away the cook's galley, but the trawler's gunner hit the submarine, which then had enough of it and went under.

Another unarmed trawler saw a submarine on the North Sea and made a dash for it with the result that the U-boat quickly submerged. "It went underneath," said Sir Robert, "because

it could not imagine it possible that a trawler would have the courage to attack if it were not armed."

Sir Robert related how they learned of the sinking of two submarines by the bodies of the crew floating to the surface, although five or six days later a report was circulated from Germany that the boat had returned to port.

BIRDS WARN SOLDIERS.

They Are First to Distinguish Odor of Gas in the Trenches.

One of the favorite characters in the folk-lore of all nations is the kindly-disposed fish, or bird or frog, or rabbit, who heeps benefits upon the hero, coming to his rescue in moments of peril at the very nick of time.

This pretty fairy-tale is coming true at present for the heroes of the battle-front in places where trenches have been dug near a forest or orchard. For the birds overhead give warning of the approach of the noxious fumes of asphyxiating gas before

it is perceptible to the senses of the soldiers.

Dr. Cabanes, writing in *La Chronique Medicale*, says that the birds are aroused from their slumbers before the odor of the gas has been detected in the trenches, and at once begin to make a confused clamor as they hastily take their flight to the rear, thus warning the men behind the guns to don their gas-masks and be ready for the deadly unseen foe. This circumstance is in accord with the well-known use of a canary to detect foul air in mines, and it seems probable that the superior sensitiveness of birds in this respect is due to the highly oxygenated condition of their blood, causing them to suffer from the slightest lack of oxygen.

Wood can be preserved from the ravages of insects by the injection of turpentine.

Plenty of water should be supplied for the calf from its birth, but water should never be mixed with the milk.



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THE LIQUID-FIRE BOMBS

WEAPON OF "FRIGHTFULNESS" IN MODERN WARFARE.

No Instrument of Present Day More Horrible Than the Destructive Incendiary Bomb.

The wonders of chemistry have lent descriptive inspiration to the pen of many a writer. But mankind, to get a notion of the horrors of chemistry, has had to wait for the present war.

The conflict now in progress is mainly, as one might say, a warfare of the chemists. Without their diabolical products, ranging all the way from high explosives to poison gases, it would have few of the characteristics of ultra-frightfulness that render it unique in the history of international struggles.

But of all the instruments of destruction used in this war, there is none more horrifying than the so-called "incendiary bomb," which sets instant fire to whatever it touches and which spreads flame in a manner so terrific that three or four such gravity-projectiles dropped the other day from an aeroplane (undoubtedly German) burned up the whole of a peaceful Dutch village in a few minutes.

Now, what is this fearsome stuff with which such bombs are loaded? A new chemical compound? Not at all. What they contain is simply a mixture of two of the most harmless things in the world—oxide of iron (which is simply iron rust) and powdered aluminum.

An Infernal Compound.

When these two innocent substances are mixed together the result is a compound truly infernal in its potentialities for mischief. It is not an explosive, but if set on fire, it burns with an intensity that is positively appalling. Nothing will put it out; no quantity of water has any effect upon the raging flames it engenders.

This is the material used for loading incendiary bombs. It is ignited in such projectiles by a mercury-fulminate cap that sets off a fuse containing powdered magnesium—the stuff photographers employ for flashlights.

These bombs are thin shells of steel or iron—mere containers for the mixture before described. They are so contrived that the fuse is instantly ignited when they strike. Whereupon the shell is melted by the heat generated within it and a flood of fiercely burning metal is scattered in all directions.

All of this seems rather extraordinary, and it is worth explaining. Oxygen has an affinity for iron, readily combining with the latter—which is the reason why iron is liable to rust. This rust is a chemical compound of iron and oxygen; in other words, oxide of iron.

But oxygen has a much greater affinity for aluminum. And so, when the two metals are powdered and mixed together and heat is applied the oxygen flies out of the iron rust and combines with the aluminum.

"Fiery Dragon" of Middle Ages.

The process is started in the bomb by the burning magnesium. And then the oxygen passes out of the iron and into the aluminum so rapidly that an enormously high temperature is developed. It runs up to 3,500 or 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit—which means, of course, a tremendous combustion. The mixture of aluminum and iron burns like so much tinder—though such a way of putting it is absurdly feeble.

The present war has been conspicuously marked by reversions to ancient methods of fighting. In this line the incendiary bomb offers an excellent illustration. It is in effect merely an adaptation of an idea utilized by the Saracens—we should call them Turks nowadays—in their warfare with the Crusaders of the Middle Ages.

The instrument of war most dreaded by the Crusaders, as they found it in the hands of the Turks, was the incendiary bomb—a projectile that flew through the air "like a fiery dragon" as they described it and set fire to whatever it touched. Sometimes it was provided with iron barbs, by which it clung to buildings.

This was one of the ways in which the Saracens employed the celebrated "Greek fire"—an inflammable compound that is understood to have been a mixture of petroleum, saltpeter and pitch. The chief horror of it, from the Crusaders' point of view, was that it was unquenchable. Mere water had no effect upon it. Hence they were sure that it must be of diabolical origin.

It is easily seen that the up-to-date incendiary bomb is a great improvement on its original of the Middle Ages. The modern contrivance is thoroughly scientific, and it does its destructive business with certainty and dispatch.

A point that is said to be both fire and water proof is made from the oil of a bean grown in Manchuria.

One of the great dykes of Holland is 40 miles long, striking far up in the country, near the Yssel River, and continuing across the Hook of Holland to the sea. It was built in sections, and for seven centuries has held back the waters from the low-lying fields. It is forty feet broad at the base, 35 feet broad at the top, and its height varies from 25 to 35 feet.



Henry G. Bell.

Question—C. H. —red clay land on a tried either corn or and it always fails to the stock in the region. What is the seed? Which kind I sow? The land is most always in so hard to cultivate it. It has little on it.

Answer—Evidently unfortunate in working at the wrong time. worked while it is to break down and circulation of both of the soil. When you of clay in your hand, with your finger, it breaks, the land is sticky, however, it is sticky, not work it will become dry, it will break into bricks, which means. Some farmers, after leave the furrows to dry or two. This is a practice. If the clay condition, just enough ed so that it can be dried the same day. It will apply about 1,000 pot air-slaked burnt lime on the soil and harrow. The lime will correct the soil and will make the seed-bed better. clover should do well. When you have produced bed, I would advise or oats at the rate of and a half per acre at time seeding the ground.

Market Cattle

The culling of non-flock should be continued July. The season of it is over and at the high it does not pay to keep ers throughout the summer.

Sell in July old hens, ducks and old ducks.

Heat is the great enemy of these simple rules, which but time and thought, add dollars to the post-urns:

Keep the nests clean nest for every four hen. Gather the eggs twice. Keep the eggs in a cooler.

Market the eggs at a week.

Sell, kill or confine all soon as the hatching is done.

With poultry costs so keep an accurate account receipts and expenditures way to keep track of the

Bedtime Stories

A Woodland

Reddy Squirrel was the moon ray in his cosy in the heart of an old chestnut Squirrel was an old chestnut and had left Reddy to m while she was gone.

lows were sleeping so there seemed no good Reddy should not have a sleep had been badly by one of the babies that trouble with its teeth, up in a fat red ball and it was sound asleep.

Rat-tat-tat-tr-r-r-r-r-r-r That was the noise that Squirrel wake up with a He raised his head and What could it have been later he heard it again.

Then Reddy Squirrel he what the noise was. He many times in the fore Downy Woodpecker drill the bark of the old chestnut Squirrel was very cross w ed out of bed and ran to his house.

"Go away from here!" as he pushed his head on do you mean by such a trunk of my tree?"

Rat-tat-tat-tr-r-r-r-r-r-r Downy Woodpecker, as long, barber tongue into the bark and pulled out a chunk

"Go away, I say!" chattered Squirrel, louder than he will wake up so far!" Reddy Woodpecker, and his

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