Until You Try "SALADA"

H467

GREEN TEA

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE LADY OF THE MANTILLA.

Since that first night I had never clapped eyes on Sandy. He had gone clean out of the world, and Blenkiron and I waited anxiously for a word of news. Our own business was in good trim, for we were presently going east towards Mesopotamia, but unless we learned more about Greenmantle our journey would be a grotesque failure. And learn about Greenmantle we could not, for nobody by word or deed suggested his existence, and it was impossible of course for us to ask questions. Our only hope was Sandy, for what we wanted to know was the prophet's whereabouts and his plans. I suggested to Blenkiron that we might do more to cultivate Frau von Einem, but he shut his jaw like a rat-trap. "There's nothing doing for us in that quarter," he said. "That's the most dangerous woman on earth; and if she got any kind of notion that we were wise about her pet schemes I reckon you and I would very soon be in the Bosporus."

This was all very well; but what was going to happen if the two of us were bundled off to Bagdad with instructions to wash away the British? Our time was getting pretty short and I doubted if we could spin out more than three days more in Constantinople. I felt just as I had felt with Stumm that last night when I was about to be packed off to Cairo and saw no way of avoiding it. Even Blenkiron was getting anxious. He played Patience incessantly, and was disinclined to talk. I tried to find out something from the servants, but they either knew nothing or wouldn't speak—the former, I think. I kept my eyes lifting, too, as I walked about the streets, but there was no sign anywhere of the skin coats or the weird stringed instruments. The whole Company of the Rosy Hours seemed to have melted into the air, and I began to wonder if they had ever existed.

Anxiety made me restless, and restlessness made me want exercise. It was no good walking about the city. The weather had become foul again, and I was sick of the smells and the squalor and the flea-bitten crowds. So Blenkiron and I got horses, Turkish cavalry mounts with heads like trees, and went out through the suburbs into the open country.

It was a grey drizzling afternoon, with the beginnings of a sea fog which hid the Asiatic shores of the straits. It wasn't easy to find open ground for a gallop, for there were endless small patches of cultivation and the gardens of country houses. We kept on the high land above the sea, and when we reached a bit of downland came on squads of Turkish soldiers digging trenches. Whenever we let the horses go we had to pull up sharp for a digging party or a stretch of barbed wire. Coils of the beastly thing were lying loose everywhere, and Blenkiron nearly took a nasty toss over one. Then we were always being stopped by sentries and having to show our passes. Still the ride did us good and shook up our livers, and by the time we turned for home I was feeling more like a white man.

We jogged back in the short winter twilight, past the wooded grounds of white villas, held up every few minutes by transport wagons and companies of soldiers. The rain had come on in real earnest, and it was two very bedraggled horsemen that crawled along the muddy lanes. As we passed one villa, shut in by a high white wall, a pleasant smell of wood smoke was wafted towards us, which made me sick for the burning veld. My ear, too, caught the twanging of a zither, which somehow reminded me of the afternoon in Kuprasso's garden-house.

I pulled up and proposed to investigate, but Blenkiron very testily declined.

"Zithers are as common here as fleas," he said. "You don't want to be fossicking around somebody's stables and find a horse-boy entertaining his friends. They don't like visitors in this country; and you'll be asking for trouble if you go inside those walls. I guess it's some old Buzzard's harem." Buzzard was his own private peculiar name for the Turk, for he said he had had as a boy a natural history book with a picture of a bird called a turkey-buzzard, and couldn't get out of the habit of applying it to the Ottoman people.

I wasn't convinced, so I tried to mark down the place. It seemed to be about three miles out from the city, at the end of a steep lane on the inland side of the hill coming from the Bosporus. I fancied somebody of distinction lived there, for a little farther on we met a big empty motor-car snorting its way up, and I had a notion that the car belonged to the walled villa.

Next day Blenkiron was in grievous trouble with his dyspepsia. About midday he was compelled to lie down, and having nothing better to do I had out the horses again and took Peter with me. It was funny to see Peter in a Turkish army-saddle, riding with the long Boer stirrup and the slouch of the backveld.

That afternoon was unfortunate from the start. It was not the mist and drizzle of the day before, but a stiff northern gale which blew sheets of rain in our faces and numbed our bridle hands. We took the same road, but pushed west of the trench-digging parties and got to a shallow valley with a white village among cypresses. Beyond that there was a very respectable road which brought us to the top of a crest that in clear weather must have given a fine prospect. Then we turned our horses, and I shaped our course so as to strike the top of the long lane that abutted on the town. I wanted to investigate the white villa.

But we hadn't gone far on our road back before we got into trouble. It arose out of a sheep-dog, a yellow mongrel brute that came at us like a thunderbolt. It took a special fancy to Peter, and bit savagely at his horse's heels and sent it capering off the road. I should have warned him, but I did not realize what was happening till too late. For Peter, being accustomed to mongrels in Kaffir kraals, took a summary way with the pest. Since it despised his whip, he out with his pistol and put a bullet through its head.

The echoes of the shot had scarcely died away when the row began. A big fellow appeared running towards us, shouting wildly. I guessed he was the dog's owner, and proposed to pay no attention. But his cries summoned two other fellows—soldiers by the look of them—who closed in on us, unslinging their rifles as they ran. My first idea was to show them our heels, but I had no desire to be shot in the back, and they looked like men who wouldn't stop short of shooting. So we slowed down and faced them.

They made as savage-looking a trio as you would want to avoid. The shepherd looked as if he had been dug up, a dirty ruffian with matted hair and a beard like a bird's nest. The two soldiers stood staring with sullen faces, fingering their guns, while the other chap raved and stormed and kept pointing at Peter, whose mild eyes stared unwinkingly at his assailant.

The mischief was that neither of us had a word of Turkish. I tried German, but it had no effect. We sat looking at them, and they stood storming at us, and it was fast getting dark. Once I turned my horse round as if to proceed, and the two soldiers jumped in front of me.

They jabbered among themselves, and then one said very slowly: "He . . . want . . . pounds," and he held up five fingers. They evidently saw by the cut of our jib that we weren't Germans.

"I'll be hanged if he gets a penny," I said angrily, and the conversation languished.

The situation was getting serious, so I spoke a word to Peter. The soldiers had their rifles loose in their hands, and before they could lift them we had the pair covered with our pistols.

"If you move," I said, "you are dead." They understood that all right and stood stock still, while the shepherd stopped his raving and took to muttering like a gramophone when the record is finished.

"Drop your guns," I said sharply. "Quick, or we shoot."

The tone, if not the words, conveyed my meaning. Still staring at us, they let the rifles slide to the ground. The next second we had forced our horses on the top of them, and the three were off like rabbits. I sent a shot over their heads to encourage them. Peter dismounted and tossed the guns into a bit of scrub where they would take some finding.

This hold-up had wasted time. By now it was getting very dark, and we hadn't ridden a mile before it was black night. It was an annoying predicament, for I had completely lost my bearings and at the best I had only a foggy notion of the lie of the land. The best plan seemed to be to try and get to the top of a rise in the hope of seeing the lights of the city, but all the countryside was so pockety that it was hard to strike the right kind of rise.

We had to trust to Peter's instinct. I asked him where our line lay, and he sat very still for a minute sniffing the air. Then he pointed the direction. It wasn't what I would have taken myself, but on a point like that he was pretty near infallible.

Presently we came to a long slope which cheered me. But at the top there was no light visible anywhere—only a black void like the inside of a shell. As I stared into the gloom it seemed to me that there were patches of deeper darkness that might be woods.

"There is a house half-left in front of us," said Peter.

I peered till my eyes ached and saw nothing.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, guide me to it," I said, and with Peter in front we set off down the hill.

It was a wild journey, for darkness clung as close to us as a vest. Twice we stepped into patches of bog, and once my horse saved himself by a hair from going head forward into a gravel pit. We got tangled up in strands of wire, and often found ourselves rubbing our noses against tree trunks. Several times I had to get down and make a gap in barricades of loose stones. But after a ridiculous amount of slipping and stumbling we finally struck what seemed the level of a road, and a piece of special darkness in front which turned out to be a high wall.

I argued that all mortal walls had doors, so we set to groping along it, and presently found a gap. There was an old iron gate on broken hinges, which we easily pushed open, and found ourselves on a back path to some house. It was clearly disused, for masses of rotting leaves covered it, and by the feel of it underfoot it was grass-grown.

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 37—'23.

Woman's Sphere

HAPPY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Dear mother, when the busy day is done,
And sleeping lies each tired little one,
Then fold your own hands on a heart at rest,
And sleep with them upon God's loving breast.

The love that gave you such a sacred charge
Is passing tender and exceeding large!
Oh, trust it utterly, and it will pour
Into each crevice of your life its store.

Then things unworthy shall no more find room,
And like a sweet contagion in your home
Your life shall be. A life that's hid in God
Tells its great secret without spoken word.

—Henrietta R. Eliot.

TOMATOES IN SWEET COMBINATIONS.

Honey—One pound tomatoes and rind of lemon and orange cooked and strained. Cook with each pint 1 pound sugar and juice of lemon and orange until like honey.

Butter—Ten pounds tomatoes, 4 pounds sugar, 3 pounds tart apples, 1 quart mild vinegar, spice bag of ½ ounce each cinnamon and ginger, ¼ ounce each mace and cloves. Cook until thick.

Green Preserve—Ten pounds sliced tomatoes, 6 sliced lemons (do not peel), 1 cup apple juice or water, ½ pound candied ginger. Stand overnight. Simmer ½ hour, add 8 pounds sugar and boil until thick. Use green or partly ripe tomatoes.

Marmalade—Two pounds tomatoes, 1 pound tart apples, 2½ pounds sugar, ½ lemon (juice and rind). Boil one hour. Add another half lemon juice and rind. Cook until thickens.

Conserve—One pound cut tomatoes, ¾ pound sugar, juice 2 lemons and 2 oranges. Stand overnight. Cook until thick with spice bag of 1½ teaspoons stick cinnamon, 6 cloves, bit of ginger root and nutmeg. When nearly done add 1 cup raisins, ¼ pound walnuts and ¼ pound candied orange peel (or preserved ginger).

THE USE OF TOMATOES.

Canning—Use only firm fruit. Blanch in boiling water 1 to 2 minutes. Cold dip, core and peel. Pack close in jars, add 1 teaspoon salt to a quart (2 teaspoons of sugar if desired). Fill jar with boiling tomato juice or water. Process in hot water bath for 30 minutes or under 5 pounds pressure for 15 minutes.

Puree—Cook tomatoes (may be peeled or not) until tender, and put through sieve. Add salt, sugar if desired in proportions as above. Boil until reduced one-half. Fill jars and process in water bath for 25 minutes, or at 5 pounds pressure for 15 minutes. Puree may be seasoned ready for soup or sauce as follows: For 1 gallon add 1 onion, 1 cup chopped green pepper, celery leaves, 1 bay leaf.

Chili Sauce—Chop 2 dozen ripe tomatoes, 5 onions, 5 green peppers. Boil 1½ hours with 4 cups vinegar, 1-3 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 1 tablespoon celery seed. Can and seal.

Catsup—Cook ½ bushel tomatoes, 6 large onions, 4 red peppers, 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup salt, 1½ quarts vinegar, 1 grated nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon whole cloves, 2 teaspoons stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole allspice. Cook until thick and strain. Bottle. One pint grape juice can be substituted for 1 pint of vinegar.

Uncooked Pickle—Chop 3 pints tomatoes, 1 cup celery, 4 tablespoons each onions and red peppers. Add 4 tablespoons salt, 6 tablespoons each of sugar and mustard seed, ½ teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon allspice, 2 cups vinegar (tarragon, if possible). Mix thoroughly in stone crock and cover. This must stand a week before using, and will keep six months.

A POPULAR HOUSE DRESS MODEL (WITH INSERTED POCKETS).

4426. The slenderizing features of this style, will appeal to the stout woman, while the practical points will make the style attractive to all figures. Figured percale with trimming of mercerized poplin is here shown. Gingham, with an edging of rick rack would be good—or, damask, with organdy for collar and cuffs.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires ⅝ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

CLEAN IT WITH JAVELLE WATER.

In every house there should be an emergency closet carefully furnished and promptly replenished when supplies begin to lower.

In it should be kept a cleaning fluid, turpentine, gasoline or benzine, javelle water, oxalic acid, prepared chalk, chloride of lime, ammonia, absorbent paper, alcohol and the thousand and one things which, if not used daily, are indispensable when they are wanted.

Javelle water is one of the most useful of the family supplies, especially at this season. Handkerchiefs never get so hopelessly yellow as during the summer, when they are used to wipe perspiring faces and hands, but a bath for ten or fifteen minutes in a weak solution of javelle water will restore them to a clear complexion.

Javelle water, too, will remove obstinate stains of ink and iron rust. The stained portion should be rubbed in the fluid and then washed thoroughly.

Javelle water is the trusted friend of one housekeeper at least who has employed it for years in her laundering. Pillow cases that show a yellow tinge and table linen from which fruit stains have not been removed before washing, and which have contraband markings and spots, all come out from the rinsing water

WHAT I TEACH MY CHILDREN AT HOME.

By being with his father the most of the time when not in school, our son learned by observation something of the different kinds of work done on the farm. Many times his father showed him just how a thing was done and explained why. In this way he learned much that has been a help to him in school, even in high school. Often points have come in the nature study and the sciences that have been review rather than new material.

When we got our first "flivver," the boy was with his father when he learned to drive and also when repairs had to be made. When he was old enough to have a driver's license, he knew how to drive, and also a good deal about caring for a machine.

We live a few miles from a small city where we do our marketing; when it was convenient, son accompanied his father and became acquainted at the stores. When he was quite young he occasionally made the trip alone, and we never had any reason to think any grocer ever took an unfair advantage of him because he was just a boy.

Last year he took sole charge of selling the berries—a crop that brought several hundred dollars. He was very successful in this.

Two years ago we were quarantined by diphtheria, and the boy had to do all the kitchen work. He also took care of a little six-year-old cousin. This was work for which he was wholly untrained, but he got along fine, and the food prepared for the patient and his father, who acted as nurse, was surprisingly good. He was a happy boy, however, when Mother was able to take charge once more, and as we could then obtain help he had an honorable discharge.

I feel that he had learned a good deal, because we have not always kept him at the drudgery of chores, but have given him work that required some care and responsibility. We have told him about our business, and have made him feel that he has an interest in it.

We believed experience was the best teacher, and he has learned by *doing*. I think the way he managed when we were in quarantine showed that he had an ability to take responsibility, and the disposition to make the best of a bad situation.

And with the teaching of other things we have tried to teach him that "honesty is the best policy."—Mrs. H. N. M.

Boiling Pins in Beer.

It was not until 1840 that solid-headed pins came into general use. About that time an American named Wright patented a machine which could turn out 160 pins a minute.

In the manufacture of modern pins brass wire is used. It is drawn to the required length and pointed by means of a revolving cutter, while the heads are shaped by a die. At this stage the pins are boiled in weak beer to remove grease and other matter. Then they are given a bright silvery appearance by coating them with tin, or "coloring," as it is called.

The most costly pins are those made of very fine hair-like wire; these are used by insect collectors.

In the middle ages pins were made by a very slow and tedious method, each pin passing through sixteen different hands before it was finished! The head, which consisted of a small piece of wire, was made separately and secured to the shank by compression.

The Saxons made their pins chiefly of bronze and bone; they were curiously fashioned, some being in the form of a horse-shoe, while others resembled a cross.

Specimens of these ancient pins have been unearthed from the prehistoric cave dwellings of Switzerland. In length some of them compare favorably with our modern hat-pins! They are wonderfully carved with ornamental heads, some resembling animals, while others, with round amber heads, look like modern scarf-pins.

During recent excavations at Pompeii, safety-pins were discovered resembling those in use at the present time.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Plan Miscarried.

Voice at the other end—"Is that you, darling?"

Gouty Pater—"Er—yes."

Voice—"Oh, good! How's the old boy's gout, my pet? I mean to say, if he still has it, I'll come round to-night, but if he hasn't, we'll go out to some show!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The increased cost of fine teas has tempted some to try cheap, inferior teas to their sorrow. It is real economy to use "SALADA" since it yields to the pound more cups of a satisfying infusion and besides has such a fresh, delicious flavor.

Following Directions.

A doctor brought a dyspeptic farmer a big brown pill.

"I want you to try this pill at bedtime," he said. "It's a new treatment, and if you can retain it on your stomach it ought to cure you."

The next day the doctor called again. "Did you manage to retain the pill on your stomach?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well, the pill was all right so long as I kept awake," said the farmer, "but every time I fell asleep it rolled off."

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Solitary.

Maisie—'And did they go into the Ark two by two?"

Mother—"Yes, darling."

Maisie—"Oh, mummie, who went with Auntie?"

Time to Leave.

Lecturer—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Hayseed (to wife) — "Landsakes," Maria, let's git out o' here. He's agoin' ter start in on the dictionary."

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Mix Mustard this way
Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.
but it must be Keen's
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THE PUZZLE OF MARRIED LIFE

By Dorothy Dix

No complaint is more common among married people than: "My wife does not understand me," "My husband does not understand me."

Not one man in a thousand has the key to the human enigma to which he is married. Not one woman in five hundred would recognize her husband's soul if she met it walking down the street. Husbands and wives live together for years without finding out what makes each other do certain things, or even being able to make a good guess at which way the cat will jump in any particular circumstance.

The Root of the Trouble.

The real source of almost all matrimonial discord arises from the fact that men marry women instead of marrying men. If a man married another man, he would know how to get along with him.

But marrying a woman is quite different. He has not the slightest idea of how to deal with a person whose ideals are alien to his own, and who does not look at a single subject from his standpoint.

The woman is equally unable to cope with the situation because she married a man instead of another woman. She, also, could have dealt astutely and wisely with one of her own sex whose psychology was an open book to her, but when it came to getting along with a he-man she was all at sea.

What makes marriage a failure to both men and women is lack of sympathy between husbands and wives, yet this is nearly always the result of a lack of understanding. A man's idea of proving his love for his wife is working hard to earn enough money to keep her in comfort. So he toils night and day, buys her expensive clothes, and his wife feels that she is a poor, neglected creature because her husband doesn't sit up and hold her hand and tell her how much he loves her.

A man hates to be nagged, and to be told every time he leaves the house to hurry home. His idea of a good wife is a woman who makes a man comfortable, who never asks questions, and who takes it for granted that an honorable man can be trusted to act in an honorable manner when he is out of his wife's sight.

A woman believes that being a good wife is simply a mental state, and that if she loves her husband enough she can poison him on bad cooking and torment him with her suspicions and admonitions. With her, nagging is a full expression of her devotion and anxiety, and when she grants her husband the boon of personal liberty she has ceased to care for him.

A Different Attitude.

Women understand men far better than men understand women. This is because women have been forced to study men. Their livelihood and their perquisites depend upon the proficiency they obtain in the subject. Another reason is because a woman is always reticent with a man. She never really opens her heart to him. She never tells him the truth about herself.

Men want a woman to be good-looking and agreeable and interested in them, and that's all. And because of this, and because a woman is always afraid of a man's criticism, she tells him about herself only what he wants to know.

On the other hand, a man tells a woman things he would never tell any man. He will babble like a child to her. He will boast like a schoolboy. She has only to listen and he will tell her everything he knows.

But even with man's self-revelation, it is little that the cleverest woman knows about a man. The two sexes must always be an undiscovered country, and that is the simple reason why men and women remain always interesting to each other.

Men Veiled in Sahara Plateau.

Well within the great Sahara is the mountainous plateau of Air, inhabited by the Tuareg or People of the Veil, commonly supposed to be of the Berger race, who were the inhabitants of North Africa before the Arab. They are a wandering, hardy, warlike people with whom the French found it necessary to compromise after a thirty years' struggle.

The Tuareg are notable because of the fact that the men go about heavily veiled, a strip of dark blue or white cloth called a tagilmus wrapped about the head, leaving only a narrow slit through which the wearer sees sufficiently well but remains a mystery within his hood. For a man to unveil his face is considered an act of indecency, but the women go about with their faces exposed without criticism. It is also a custom of the People of the Veil that the women enjoy great freedom in their love affairs; however, their conduct generally is irreproachable.

Air was virtually an unknown country until the visit of Barth, Richardson and Overeg, in 1850, from which Barth alone returned alive and recorded his experiences in his "Travels and Discoveries in Central Africa."

Getting angry interferes with kindness. When we are angry we say many disagreeable things. Being sorry afterwards helps, but it doesn't unsay the hard words.

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