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The Young Idea

By James Barrington

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"Oh, it's simply preposterous!" expostulated Blake. "And on 'the first' too! I regard 'the first' as a day sacred to serious shooting—not an outing for babies!"

He sent a glance full of irritation at the young Hedleys, who, with their backs to the hedge, stood waiting in the next field.

"It's too bad of Hedley," agreed Coulson. "This is one of his practical jokes, I suppose. Why, the girl's only 13, and the boy not much more!"

"Children with guns—I never heard of anything so idiotic!"

"Toys, I call them. They'll frighten everything for miles!"

Blake edged with his safety-bolt. "What the deuce can I do?" he reflected dolefully. Presently he went through the gate and approached the boy.

"You'll be very careful, won't you, George?" he said in a troubled voice.

"Oh, yes," said the boy cheerfully.

"And you, Kathleen—you don't think it will tire you to carry a gun?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Blake; not at all."

Blake shrugged his shoulders helplessly. He felt he could do no more, and he left them muttering unkind things about their inconsiderate father.

"What charge are you using, Kit?" asked the boy when Blake was out of hearing.

"Twenty-six grains of S—and three-quarters of an ounce of No. 7 chilled," was the girl's matter-of-fact answer as



They Flushed a Single Partridge Straight Ahead of Them.

she slipped a couple of cartridges into her 28 bore. "Field loading; nice and tight," she added.

"Bet you my bag beats yours."

"So it ought—with a 20 bore!"

"Give you five birds then."

"Make it six, and I'm on."

"All right—for a box of candy," agreed the boy.

"Come along!" called Blake, and the youngsters, with their guns tucked well under their shoulders and eyes alert, went up the stubble a good two paces ahead of their elders.

Half way across the field a single brace of old birds got up with a whirr.

"My bird!" sang out the boy and girl in a breath. Bang went their guns and the birds fell, clean shot, to their right barrels.

Coulson, next to the girl, saw them drop while he was getting his gun to his shoulder; and before he had explained his slowness to himself Kit had stopped a hare ten yards in front of him.

He turned and stared at her. She had already reloaded and was carrying a spare cartridge between her teeth.

"You won't do that again, my young friend," he glared, but to himself.

"Mark time!" cautioned George as the keeper wheeled. The girl's brown legs responded. Then, as they went on again, a big covey rose. Coulson, who was not going to be caught napping this time, got the leader, but, because of his hurry, missed another strong bird with his left. Blake, for similar reasons, wasted two cartridges on one bird. But the children waited until the young ones rose and then each got in a deadly right and left.

Blake gave Coulson a look of astonishment. Coulson's look in response said, "Don't understand it" as plainly as looks can speak. The boy and girl, with a box of candy in the balance, kept their eyes fixed right ahead.

In the next field a small covey, going fast down the wind, crossed the line from Blake's end. Both he and Coulson shot behind the same bird. Kit knocked some feathers out of it and George brought it down at 40 yards. The rest flew wide.

"Wiped our eyes, by gad!" exclaimed Blake. Coulson couldn't say anything; he was staring open-mouthed.

Through gaps in a low quickset they passed into wurzel. George and Kit, as usual, a bit ahead, got all four barrels into some birds before the men had time to swing on.

"My bird!" one or the other would yell out each time anything got up, and the constant repetition of the

words had the effect of flurrying the men.

The two small guns seemed at times to be keeping up a fusillade. It was not that game was more plentiful than usual, but because nothing escaped the youngsters' keen eyes. They 'got on' at lightning speed. Even when a bird rose right under the muzzle of Blake's own gun one of them would rob him of his shot before he could pull trigger.

"Nineteen for me," nodded George to his sister as they paused to let the dogs work a patch.

"Seventeen—only two behind," returned the girl evenly, as she bowed over the first rabbit that bolted.

"Mind the dog," she admonished Blake, who, seeing a movement in the patch, had raised his gun.

"Awfully sorry," he stammered, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"Never saw anything like it in my life," admitted Coulson, in an awestruck tone to his host when, a little later on, Kit took a snapshot across a reed-bed at a woodcock and bagged it.

"And to think I asked them to be careful!" confessed Blake in dismay.

As the morning wore on the two men became completely demoralized. They shot disgracefully, missing birds and holding yards behind rabbits.

They began to be glad of the stray shots that the youngsters had, perforce, occasionally to leave them.

And all the while the boy's 20 bore kept going, as though it had but a single trigger, and the crack of the girl's 28 almost emulated it.

But George was five birds ahead of his sister when they turned into the last field, and Kit, as they walked it up, felt her candy slipping away. In the further angle they flushed a single partridge, right ahead of them. Bang went the small bores, and, as the bird fell, Kit, for the first time, ran in.

"My bird!" she screamed.

"Bosh! I simply smothered him!" objected George.

"Prove it!" was the challenge.

Down the youngsters plumped with the bird between them, while Blake and Coulson came and stood over them in wonder. Kit extracted the pin that held her Tam o' Shanter, and began probing the bird with it. George, with a penknife, became similarly engaged.

"There you are!" he cried, presently, exhibiting a black speck. "No. 6—knew I'd got him!"

But his exultation was short-lived. The next moment the girl held up gory fingers with a pellet between them.

"No. 7—my bird!" she exclaimed in triumph.

"A double hit, by Jove!" cried Blake. "I say—do you"—looking from one to the other—"do you shoot—much?"

"Oh, yes," piped Kit. "Didn't father tell you? We perform in public. We're 'The Two Little Sure-Shots.' Didn't you know?"

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Care must be taken not to sew into the muslin.

If the edge is destroyed entirely or in part, the lace may be basted upon white letter paper, and stitched several times to form a new edge and cross-threads stitched to hold this edge in place, then the paper pulled away and the remaining stitches put in on the machine or by hand.

Hamburg edgings and insertions can be darned in the same way. They should preferably be free of starch and smoothly ironed to facilitate perfect work.

White mosquito netting that has been washed will be found to give a good foundation for darning coarsely woven underwear on the machine, and soft black mosquito netting should be basted under the holes in the knees of boys' stockings.

It should be basted directly across the hole and the machine darning be done directly upon it. The rough edges and threads can afterward be trimmed away.

When you are through darning upon the machine, do not forget to replace the pressure on the pressure foot and the stitch action to the feed, otherwise you may be much puzzled the next time you go to the machine and wonder why it "won't make a stitch."

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Parisian Charlotte is one of the novelties of the season. For it is a quarter of a box of gelatin in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water. Scald in a double boiler one-half pint of thin cream or rich milk. Pour it over four eggs beaten well with a half cupful of sugar and stir over the fire until it thickens. Add the gelatin, stir until dissolved, then strain and set aside until chilled.

When it begins to thicken add one-quarter of a pound each of stale macaroons and lady fingers broken or cut in pieces, one cupful of freshly grated coconut, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and one cupful of heavy cream which has been whipped to a solid froth. Fold and mix lightly, turn into a wetted mold and stand aside where it will stiffen. Turn out carefully (this may be done early in the evening) and garnish with a little whipped cream, tinted pale pink, and half a dozen quartered candied cherries.—What-to-Eat.

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