A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"I tell you brothers," the deacon continued, waxing eloquent, "the old devil is pretty smooth and he'll get inside the guard of Christianity every time unless we keep him barred by acts of Christly example. I have been down-right contemptuous of them poor sand folks; I have so! Time and ag'in I've refused 'em even the apples rottin' on the ground in my orchard. Now, I tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to load up my wagon with such fruit an' vegetables as they never get a smell of, an' I'm goin' to drive down there and distribute it among 'em. I ain't suggestin' that you men do likewise—that's between you and your conscience—but," he added, glaring about him, "I'd like to know if any of you has any suggestions to make."

A tall, sad-visaged man rose slowly from his seat and took a few steps up the aisle. Like the others he was full bearded; like them his hands bore the calluses of honest toil.

"Fisherman Shipley wanted to buy a cow from me on time," he said. "I refused him. If you don't mind, Deacon, I'll lead her down behind your wagon to-morrow."

Ringold nodded approval. "All right, Neighbor Wakland. Anybody else got anythin' to say?"

A short, heavy-set man stirred in his seat, and spoke without rising. "I'm only a poor workin'-man, without anythin' to give but the strength of my arm, but I'm willing to go down and help them fishermen build their smoke-houses. I'm a pretty good carpenter, as you men know."

"That you are, Jim," agreed the deacon heartily. "We'll tell 'em that Jim Glover 'll be down to give 'em a hand soon."

One by one others got up and made their little offers. Cobin Keeler, a giant in stature, combed his flowing beard with his fingers and announced he'd bring along a load of green corn-fodder. Gamp Stevens promised three bags of potatoes. Joe Scraff, a little man with a thin voice, said he had some lumber that the fishermen might as well be using for their smoke-houses. Each of the other present offered to do his part, and then the men separated for their several homes.

"Understand, brothers," the deacon admonished as they parted, "we must be careful not to let them poor, ignorant people think we're doin' this little act of Christianity because they've seen fit to fulfill their promise to us regardin' fish. That would spoil the spirit of our givin'. Let not one man among us so much as mention fish. Brotherly kindness, Christian example. That's our motto, brothers, and we'll foller it."

"You're right, Deacon," spoke Cobin Keeler.

"He's always right," commented Scraff, who owed the deacon a couple of hundred dollars. "An'," he added, "while we're hangin' strictly to Bible teachin', might it not be a good idea fer us not to let our left hand know what our right hand's doin'."

"Meanin' outsiders?" questioned Keeler.

"Outsiders and insiders as well; our wives fer instance." Scraff had a mental vision of a certain woman objecting strenuously to the part he hoped personally to play in the giving.

"Humph," said the deacon, "Joe Scraff may be right at that. Maybe it would be just as well if we kept our own counsel in this matter, brothers. To-morrow mornin', early, let each of us prepare his offerin' and depart fer the lake. We'll meet there and make that distribution of our gifts as seems fair to them cheats—I mean them poor misguided fishermen," he corrected hurriedly.

And so they parted with this understanding. And when their footsteps had died away, a small, dusty boy crawled out from under the penitent bench, slipped like a shadow to a window, opened it and dropped outside.

By mid-afternoon Billy Wilson's boon companions had learned from him that a good-will offering was to be made the fishermen of Sandtown by the people of Scotia. It was a terrible disgrace—a dangerous state of affairs. The hated Sand-sharkers merited nothing and should receive nothing, if Billy and his friends could help it. Immediate action was necessary if the plan of the farmers was to be frustrated and the outlaw fishermen kept in their proper place. So Billy and his friends held a little caucus in the beech grove behind the schoolhouse. For two hours they talked together in low tones. Then Billy arose and crept stealthily away through the trees. The others silently separated.

* * *

Sunset was streaking the pine tops with spun gold and edging the gorgeous fabric with crimson ribbons; the big lake lay like an opal set in coral. Fishermen Shipley and Sward, seated on the bow of their old fish-boat, were idly watching the scene when Billy Wilson approached, hands in pockets and gravely surveyed them.

Shipley was a small, wizened man with scant beard and hair. He wheezed a "Hello, Sonny" at Billy, while he packed the tobacco home in his short, black pipe with a claw-like finger.

His companion, a tall, thin man, grinned, but said nothing. His red hair was long and straggly; splashes of coal-tar besmeared him from the neckband of his greasy shirt to the bottoms of his much-patched overalls.

"What dye you want, boy?" Shipley's pipe was alight now and he peered down at Billy through the pungent smoke-wreaths.

"I was sent down here to give you a message, Mr. Shipley," said Billy.

"Well, what is it, then? Who sent you? Come now, out with it quick, or I'll take a tarred rope-end to you."

"It was Deacon Ringold sent me," Billy answered. "He told me to tell you that he's got to turn his pigs into the orchard to-morrow an' that you an' the other people here might as well come an' gather up the apples on the ground if you want 'em."

"What!" Shipley and Sward started so forcibly that their heads came together with a bump. "So the old skinflint is goin' to give us his down apples, is he?" wheezed Shipley. "Well, he ain't givin' much, but we'll come over to-night and get 'em. It's a wonder the old hypocrite would let us gather 'em on Sunday night, ain't it, Benjamin?" he addressed his companion.

"He's afeered they'll make his hogs sick, most like," sneered Sward.

"He says, if you don't mind, to come about ten or 'leven o'clock," said Bill.

Shipley threw back his head and chuckled a wheezing laugh. "Lor-amity! Benjamin," he choked, "can't you get his reason fer that? He wants to make sure that all the prayer-meetin' folks will be gone home. It wouldn't do fer 'em to see us helpin' keep the deacon's pigs from cholery. Ain't that like the smooth old weasel, though?"

"What'll I tell Mr. Ringold?" asked Billy as he turned to go.

"You might tell him that he's an angel if you wanter lie to him," returned Shipley, "or that he's a canny old skin-flint, if you wanter tell him the truth. I reckon, though, sonny, you best tell him that we'll be along 'tween ten and 'leven."

"That's a nice lookin' youngster," remarked Sward, as Billy was lost among the pines. "Notice the big eyes of him, Jack?"

"Yes. Oh, I daresay the boy's all right, Benjamin, but he belongs to them Scotians and they're no friends of ourn. I reckon I scared him some when I threatened to give him the rope, eh?"

"Well, he wasn't givin' no signs that you did," Sward returned. "he seemed to me to be tryin' his best to keep from laughin' in your face."

"By thunder! did he now?"

"Fact, Jack. Seems to me them young Scotians don't scare very easy. However," sliding off the boat, "that ain't getting' ready for the apple gatherin'. Let's go and mosey up some sacks and get the others in line."

Shipley laid a claw-like hand on his friend's arm and turned his rheumy eyes on Sward's blinking blue ones. "Benjamin, we're goin' after the deacon's apples, but we ain't goin' to take no windfalls."

"You mean we'll strip the trees, Jack?" exulted Sward.

"Exactly. And, Benjamin, kin you imagine the old deacon's face in the mornin' when he sees what we've done?" And the two cronies went off laughing over their prospective raid.

* * *

Sunday-night prayer meeting was just over. The worshippers had gone from the church in two and threes. Deacon Ringold had remained behind to extinguish the church lights and lock up. As he stepped from the porch into the shadows along the path, a small hand gripped his arm.

"Hello!" exclaimed the startled deacon. "Why, bless us, it's a boy! Who are you, and what do you want?"

Apparently the boy did not hear the first question. "Mr. Ringold," he whispered, "I waited here to see you. The Sandtown fishermen are comin' to rob your orchard to-night."

"What?" The deacon gripped the boy's arm and shook him. "What's that you say?" he questioned eagerly.

"I was down to the lake this evenin'," said the boy, "an' I heard Shipley and Sward talkin' together. They was plannin' a raid on your orchard to-night."

Mr. Ringold fairly gasped. "Oh, the thankless, misguided wretches!" he exclaimed. "And to think that we were foolish enough to feel that we hadn't treated 'em with Christian kindness. Did you hear 'em say what time they was comin,' boy?"

"Yes, sir. They said 'bout half-past ten."

"Well, I'll be on hand to receive 'em," the deacon promised, "and if I don't teach them thieves and rogues a lesson it'll be a joke on me. Now I must run on and catch up with Cobin Keeler and the rest o' the neighbors. They've got to know about this, so, if you'll jest tell me your name—why, bless me, the boy's gone!"

The deacon stood perplexedly scratching his head. Then he started forward on a run to tell those who had planned with him a little surprise gift for the fishermen of the perfidy of human nature.

That night the fishermen of Sandtown were caught red-handed, stealing Deacon Ringold's harvest apples. Like hungry ants scenting sugar they descended upon that orchard, en masse, at exactly ten-thirty o'clock. By ten-forty they had done more damage to the hanging fruit than a wind storm could do in an hour, and at ten-forty-five they were pounced upon by the angry deacon and his neighbors and given the lecture of their lives. In vain they pleaded that it was all a mistake, that they had been sent an invitation via a small boy, from the deacon himself.

Ringold simply growled "lying ingrates," and bade them begone and never again to so much as dare lay a boot-sole on his or his neighbors' property. And so they went, and with them went all hope of a possible drawing together in Christian brotherhood of the two factions.

"Brothers," spoke the deacon sadly, as he and his neighbors were about to separate, "I doubt if we have displayed the proper Christian spirit, but even a Christian must protect his property. Oh, why didn't some small voice whisper to them poor misguided people and warn 'em to be patient and all would be well."

"It means, o' course, that we'll get no more fish," spoke up the practical Scraff.

"Oh yes you will," spoke a voice, seemingly above their heads.

"Oh yes you will," echoed another voice on the left, and on the right still another voice chanted. "You will, you will."

"Mercies on us!" cried the amazed deacon, clutching the fence for support. "Whose voice was that? You heard it, men. Whose was it?"

The others stood, awed, frightened.

"There was three voices," whispered Scraff. "They seemed to be scattered among the trees. It's black magic, that's what it is—or old Scroggie's ghost," he finished with a shudder.

"Joe, I'm ashamed of you," chided the white-faced deacon. "Come along to my house, all of you, and I'll have wife make us a strong cup of tea."

They passed on, and then from the sable-hued cedars bordering the orchard four small figures stole and moved softly away.

Once safely out on the road they paused to look back.

"Boys," whispered Billy, "she worked fine. Them Sand-sharkers are goin' to stay where they belong. An', fellers, seein' as we've promised fish, fish it's gotta be." And so was formed the Scotia Fish Supply Company.

Four shadowy forms drifted apart and were lost in deeper shadows. The golden moon rode peacefully in the summer sky.

(To be continued.)

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Victory.

An eminent physician was trying to bring back to consciousness a woman who had a stroke. For a long time the efforts seemed to be in vain, for her utterances were only the ravings of delirium, but all at once she sat up in bed and looking straight at the doctor she cried out:

"Oh, you funny old man!"

"Ah," said the doctor, cheerfully, "now she's beginning to talk sense."

To Transfer Feathers.

To transfer feathers from one ticking to another, rip along one edge of the old "tick" and leave an opening of corresponding size on the new covering. Join the edges of the two coverings and hang them out of doors on a windy day. The feathers will gradually work down into the lower portion, and the transfer can be helped along by an occasional beating. When all the feathers have been transferred, rip the "ticks" apart carefully, pinning together the edges of the part containing the feathers so that none escape, then overseam the opening with strong, waxed thread.

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Woman's Sphere

The Tragedy of Age.

We read much of the tragedy of old age, but isn't it rather the tragedy of youth? After all, isn't the tragedy simply the crop which youth sowed back there in the spring of life, and which middle age carefully tended and brought to harvest time? Can old age be anything different from the crop of habits sown? Can we expect the miracle to happen at the last, and all the things which should have been pruned off years ago to be made right, just because the person has grown old? We reap what we sow as truly in human life as in seed life.

The tragedy of old age is not poverty, but loneliness. And harsh as it may sound, most old people are lonely because they are unlovely. And they are unlovely because they have never taken pains to make themselves beloved. Who does try to make himself agreeable and loved by all, in the days of youth and strength? We should worry whether folks like our ways or not; the world is wide and if one doesn't like us what does it matter? Someone else will. We may not deliberately try to be disagreeable, but we take little pain's, in life's morning and noon, to be really thoughtful of others. Indeed it is so seldom that a person does conscientiously try to be considerate, that when we meet such a one it gives cause for remark.

Our thoughtlessness, really our selfishness, doesn't make much difference to us while we are strong and able to hit back. But in the days of helpless old age, when we can't pack up and leave the things we don't like, the reaction is different. The ill-tempers in which we occasionally indulged earlier in life has become cantankerousness. Our firmness of purpose has degenerated into pigheadedness. Having never learned how to adjust ourselves to fit into the lives of others, we find it too hard to learn now. We think the whole world is hard and unfeeling towards the aged, when really it is only the natural outcome of the life we have lived. No one can expect the entire family to dance attendance on his whims, just because he has grown old. And no one would expect it in old age if he had not demanded it in youth.

The only way to escape the tragedy of old age is to begin to fight it off in childhood, and keep up the fight right on through. One family shelters the two sorts of old folks, an old lady of eighty and a man of seventy-eight. The woman is the widow of a minister and has been in training for old age ever since she was a girl. Now, far be it from me to say that all clergymen's wives make it a practice to make themselves fit their circumstances, and to try to live with others. But this one always has been the one to compromise. Very early in life she learned that someone has to give up first if there is friction, and being anxious to help make her husband a success, she formed the habit of being official giver-up for the family. She learned that hardest of all lessons, how to get along with folks; all sorts of folks, pleasant and cranky, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. She knew that she couldn't move on every time she found a neighborhood where the folks weren't just to her liking. She moved when the bishop said she might. And being a wise woman, she didn't spend her time in fault-finding; she looked for the best in everyone.

The old man in this family didn't see life that way. When he didn't like things he told the world, and most of the time he didn't like anyone or anything. When things got too bad in one neighborhood for him he moved on to another, and he has lived in a good many places.

Now, by a freak of fate these two folks are thrown under the same roof, though they are the most remote of in-laws. The contrast between them is so marked, that every chance caller remarks on it. There is no tragedy of old age about the woman. She is the bright spot in the family life, always busy, always considerate, always thinking of others, full of bright little anecdotes of folks she has known, and never asking a thing for herself. But the man fairly oozes old age tragedy. He glowers in his corner, only speaking to find fault or make an inconsiderate demand for attention. He feels that he is neglected and abused, because folks don't swarm about him as they do the old lady. It never once occurs to him that it is his own unlovely nature which drives would-be friends away.

Of course, old age has its hardships even for the bright and cheerful. There is sickness, pain, sorrow, all too often poverty. But none of these spell tragedy if one has friends. And friends can only be had by the making.

> The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and can not serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—Emerson.

Ice Cream and Water Ices.

Mock bisque ice cream: One quart medium thick cream, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, one teaspoonful of almond extract, one cupful of brown bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar.

Scald half the cream, add the sugar, allow to cool, then add remaining cream and flavorings. Chill and freeze; when the mixture reaches a thick, mushy consistency, open the freezer and stir in the bread-crumbs. Continue the freezing to insure thorough mixing, remove the dasher and pack.

Almond macaroons are used for the genuine bisque ice cream, but crumbed brown bread makes a satisfactory substitute. When several flavors are used in ice cream, as in the above recipe, allow more time for the ripening or blending.

Peach ice cream is made with five cupfuls of milk, or half milk and half cream, three cupfuls of sugar, six peaches and the juice of one lemon. Pare the peaches, mash and mix with the sugar and lemon-juice. Scald one-half the quantity of milk, cool and mix with the other ingredients, then freeze. Three cupfuls of strawberries or red raspberries can be substituted for the peaches, or a can of crushed pineapple can be used. Fruit must be thoroughly mashed or crushed, or it will freeze into pellets.

Water-ices are delicious but lack the food value found in ice cream, therefore are less desirable for children. In making water-ices, boil the sugar and water together for just five minutes by the clock, and remove the scum while hot, strain the syrup through a fine cloth and cool before adding the fruit juice. Pack the freezer as for ice cream. Turn the crank slowly for a few minutes, then rest five minutes, turn slowly again, and rest, etc., until the mixture is frozen hard. It takes much longer to freeze water-ices than ice cream. When you can turn no longer take out the dasher, and beat the water-ice well with a paddle. Then repack as with ice cream.

Orange water-ice: Add to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water, the juice of six oranges and one lemon. Boil a few strips of the yellow orange rind with the syrup.

Grape water-ice is excellent and is made with one pint of grape-juice and the juice of one lemon added to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water.

Frozen strawberries: One quart of berries mashed with three cupfuls of sugar, the juice of one large lemon, six cupfuls of water. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, add the fruit, mix and freeze.

Frozen cherries require three pints of cherries to a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Pit and mash the cherries, crack a dozen of the pits and rub the kernels to a paste, then add the paste to the cherries. Let this mixture stand one hour. Make a syrup with the sugar and water, strain the fruit and add the juice to the syrup. Place the mixture in the freezer and partially freeze before adding the cherries.

Black raspberry sherbet: One quart of black raspberries, six cupfuls of water, the juice of one large lemon and three cupfuls of sugar. Let the berries come to a boil in half the water, mash through a fine sieve, add the sugar, cool, then add remaining water and lemon-juice, and freeze.

Lemon milk sherbet is made with two quarts of milk, three cupfuls of sugar and the juice of four lemons. Scald one quart of milk, cool, mix the lemon-juice with the sugar, add to the milk and freeze at once. No harm is done if the milk curdles, for the mixture always results in a smooth sherbet.

Standardized.

The committee of the Women's Auxiliary of the Elm Valley Church had met in the Sunday-school room to pack their annual missionary box. A strained silence hung over the room, and as bundle after bundle was opened the silence grew more eloquent.

"There's Mrs. Wade's to come," said Mrs. Purdue hopefully. "She always sends something good."

"I suppose it's the way everybody's been sending to Europe and all," Miss Compton remarked.

"I feel ashamed of what I brought myself," Mrs. Elslie put in, "but it's been so hard these four years—"

"There's Mrs. Wade's car now," a watcher announced eagerly.

Mrs. Purdue hurried to the door, and the chauffeur handed her a large package.

Back in the Sunday-school room the women crowded about while Mrs. Purdue cut the cord. The bundle contained a miscellaneous assortment of shabby evening gowns and slippers, a couple of vases, an elaborate subscription book and a yellow pincushion.

"Well!" Mrs. Purdue exploded.

The door opened again, and a small shy woman stood there timidly offering a package. "I—I wish I could do more," she said.

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"I'm sure we're very much obliged, Miss Howe," Mrs. Purdue replied perfunctorily.

The little woman slipped out silently. It was half an hour before Miss Compton thought to open her bundle. Her exclamation brought the others round her.

"Will you look?" she cried. "They're new flannel, every one of them. And look at that brier stitching!"

"And let me tell you something," Mrs. Elslie said suddenly. "Emily Howe must have drawn that out of her six hundred, all she has in the world. My nephew's in the bank, you know, and he happened to say that Miss Emily had drawn ten dollars."

"Ladies," Miss Purdue exclaimed, "I move that we standardize this box. Not a thing shall go into it that does not measure up at least halfway to Miss Howe's gift. I thought that I couldn't afford more, but I can do it ten times as well as she can."

"I'll buy the material for dresses for the little girls," Mrs. Elslie put in quickly. The others followed no less promptly.

"But what shall we do with these things?" Miss Compton asked.

"Rummage sale. Anything you please," Mrs. Purdue responded. "Meanwhile, I move that this committee adjourn for one week. To think of little Emily Howe's clearing the situation like that!"

The Tree's Dream.

Little green tree, so slim and small,
Standing under the school house wall.
Planted there upon Arbor Day,
Tell me, what are you doing, say?
So quiet you stand, and so still you keep,
I really believe you have gone to sleep.

"Oh, I'm dreaming now," said the little tree,
Of the pleasant days that are to be,
Of the robins and bluebirds that every spring
Will come and sit in my boughs and sing,
Oh, plenty of company I shall see
In my gay green tent," said the little tree.

"I am dreaming of all the little girls,
In gingham aprons and yellow curls,
That under the shade of my leafy boughs,
Will make for themselves a wee playhouse,
With nice burr-baskets, the dear little souls,
And pepper-pod teapots and sugar bowls.

"I am dreaming of all the barefoot boys,
That will fill my branches with merry noise,
And climb my limbs like an easy stair,
And shake down my nuts till the boughs are bare,
Oh, a jolly good comrade I shall be
When I grow up," said the little tree.

—Elizabeth H. Thomas.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Down a Potash Mine.

The French are actively engaged in reviving the potash industry of Alsace, which languished when that fair province was under the iron heel of Germany.

A visit to one of these potash mines is very interesting. Some of them are 2,600 feet underneath the ground, and the visitor who makes the subterranean trip is equipped with blue overalls, a sou'-wester, and a pair of hobnailed boots. The carrier which conveys him down to the bowels of the earth travels often at the rate of 35 feet a second—that is, at over 21 miles an hour.

The atmosphere at the bottom is rather salty, and walking along spacious corridors, climbing gradients, descending perpendicular ladders, together with the great heat at this depth, produce a perspiration reminiscent of a Turkish bath. For exploring a potash mine the ideal attire would seem to be a bathing-costume.

All round one sees walls of glistening rocksalt of red, pink, and grey. These are worked with explosives, and then brought to the surface, where they are crushed and purified in order that farmers all over the world may give medicine to their plants and crops.

It is well known that countries which use most chemical fertilizers secure the best crops, and up-to-date farmers are getting alive to the fact.

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