A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Billy Wilson, who lives with his father and stepmother and her son Anson, is the leader among the boys of Scotia, a pioneer settlement near Lake Erie. Cobin Keeler, one of the trustees, is telling the new teacher, Mr. Johnston, about his predecessor, Frank Stanhope, who was blinded while trying to save horses from a burning stable.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"Concerning the purported will of the eccentric Mr. Scroggie?" Mr. Johnston ventured at length, his host having lapsed into silence.

Keeler roused himself from his abstraction and resumed: "Right next to the Stanhope farm there stood about a thousand acres of the purtiest hardwoods you ever clap't an eye on, sir. An ol' hermit of a drunken Scotchman, Scroggie by name, owned that land. He lived in a dirty little cabin an' was so mean even the mice was scared to eat the food he scrimped himself on. He had money, too, lots an' lots of gold money. I've seen it myself. He kept it hid somewhere.

"When the Stanhopes built their home on the farm, which was then mostly woods, old Scroggie behaved somethin' awful. He threatened to shoot Stanhope. But Stanhope only laughed an' went on with his cuttin' an' stump-pullin'. Scroggie used to swear he'd murder both of 'em, an' he was always sayin' that if he died his ghost would come back an' ha'nt the Stanhopes. Yes, he said that once in my own hearin'.

"One night, two years after Roger Stanhope died, old Scroggie got drunk an' would have froze to death if Frank hadn't found him an' carried him into his own home. Scroggie cursed Frank fer it when he came round but Frank paid no attention to him. After that, Scroggie—who was too sick to be moved—got to takin' long spells of quiet. He would jest set still an' watch Frank nights when the two was alone together.

"After a while the old man got strong enough to go home. Soon after that he disappeared an' stayed away fer nearly three weeks. Then, all at once, he turned up at home ag'in. He came over to Stanhope's house every now an' ag'in to visit with him. One night he says to Frank after they had had supper: 'Frank,' says he, 'I've been over to Cleveland an' I've made my will. I've left you everythin' I own. You're the only decent person I've known since I lost my ol' mother. I want that thousand acre woods to stand jest as God made it as long as I'm alive; when I die you kin do what you like with it.' Then afore Frank could even thank him the old man got up an' hobbled out.

"Next mornin'," continued Cobin, "Frank went over to see old Scroggie. He wanted to hear him say what he told him the night afore, ag'in. It was gettin' along towards spring; the day was warm an' smelled of maple sap. Scroggie's cabin door was standin' ajar, Frank says. The ol' man was sittin' in his chair, a Bible upside down on his knees. He was dead!

"Frank told Mr. Reddick, the preacher who came to bury old Scroggie, all that had passed between him an' the dead man but although they hunted high an' low fer the will, they never found it. Nor did they find any of the money the ol' miser must have left behind—not a solitary cent. That was over a year ago, an' they haven't found money or will yet. But this goes to show what a real feller Frank Stanhope is. He put a fine grave stone up for ol' Scroggie an' had his name engraved on it. Yes, he done that, an' all he ever got from the dead man was his curses.

"Well, soon after they put old Scroggie under the sod, along comes a nephew of the dead man. No doubt in the world he was Scroggie's nephew. He looked like him, an' besides he had the papers to prove his claim that he was the dead man's only livin' relative. An' as Scroggie hadn't left no will, this man was rightful heir to what he had left behin', 'cordin' to law. He spent a week er two prowlin' round, huntin' fer the dead man's buried money. At last he got disgusted huntin' an' findin' nuthin' an' went away."

"And he left no address behind?" questioned Mr. Johnston.

"He surely did not," answered Cobin. "Nobody knows where he went—nor cares. But nobody can do anythin' with that timber without his sayso. It's a year or more since ol' Scroggie died. People do say that his ghost floats about the old cabin, at nights, but of course that can't be, sir."

"Superstitious nonsense," scoffed the teacher. "And so the will was never found?"

"No, er the buried money," sighed Cobin.

Mr. Johnston pushed his chair back from the table. "Thank you exceedingly, Mr. Keeler. I have enjoyed your breakfast and your conversation very much indeed. Madam," he said, rising and turning to Mrs. Keeler, "permit me to extend to you my heartfelt gratitude for your share in the splendid hospitality that has been accorded me. I hope to see you again, some day."

"Certainly," returned Mrs. Keeler, "Cobin! Maurice! kneel down beside your chairs. The teacher wants to pray."

Mr. Johnston frowned, then observing his host and hostess fall to their knees, he too got stiffly down beside his chair. He prayed long and fervently and ended by asking God to help him lead these people from the shadow into enlightenment.

It was during that prayer that Maurice, chancing to glance at the window, saw Billy Wilson's pet crow, Croaker, peering in at him with black eyes. Now, as Croaker often acted as carrier between the boys, his presence meant only one thing—Billy had sent him some message. Cautiously Maurice got down on all fours and crept toward the door.

"Now, teacher," said Keeler, the prayer over, "you jest set still, an' I'll send Maurice out after your horse."

He glanced around in search of the boy. "Why, bless my soul, he's gone!" he exclaimed. "There's a youngster you'll need to watch close, teacher," he said grimly.

"Well, sir, you jest rest easy an' I'll get your horse myself."

CHAPTER IV.

The Message Croaker Brought.

"Missus Wilson, where's Billy?"

Mrs. Wilson turned to the door, wiped her red face on her apron, and finished emptying a pan of hot cookies into the stone crock, before answering, sternly:

"He's down to the far medder, watchin' the gap, Maurice. Don't you go near him."

"No, ma'am, I won't. Jest wondered where he was, that's all."

"I 'low you're tryin' to coax him away fishin' er somethin'."

"Oh, no ma'am. I gotta get right back home to Ma. She's not very well, an' she'll be needin' me."

"Fer land sakes! you don't say so, Maurice. Is she very bad?" The tones were sympathetic now. Maurice nodded, and glanced longingly at the fresh batch of brown cookies.

"She was carryin' the big meat-platter on her arm an' she fell with her arm under her—an' broke it."

"Lord love us!" Mrs. Wilson started to undo her apron. "Why didn't you tell me before, you freckle-faced jackass, you! Lord knows what use you boys are anyways! Think of you, hangin' 'round here askin' fer Billy and your poor Ma at home groanin' in pain an' needin' help. Ain't you 'shamed of yourself?"

"Yes ma'am," admitted Maurice cheerfully. "I guess I should'a told you first off but Ma she said if you was busy not to say anythin' 'bout her breakin' it."

"Well, we'll see about that. No neighbor in this here settlement is ever goin' to say that Mary Wilson ever turned her back on a feller-bein's distress. I'll go right over to your place with you now, Maurice. Come along."

Mrs. Wilson was outside, by this time, and tying on her sun-bonnet. Maurice held back. She grasped his arm and hustled him down the walk.

"Is it broke bad, Maurice?" she asked anxiously.

Maurice, peering about among the trees, answered absently.

"Yes, ma'am. I guess she'll never be able to use it ag'in.

"Oh pity sake! Let's hurry."

Maurice was compelled to quicken his steps in order to keep up to the long strides of the anxious woman. Suddenly he halted. "Missus Wilson," he said, "you fergot to take that last pan o' cookies out'a the oven."

The woman raised her hands in consternation.

"So I did," she exclaimed. "You stay right here an' I'll go back and take it out now."

"Let me go," said Maurice quickly. "I know jest how to do it an' kin get through in less'n half the time it'll take you."

"Well, run along them. I best keep right on. Your poor Ma 'll be needin' me."

Maurice was off like a shot. As he rounded the house on a lope he ran into Billy, coming from the opposite direction. Billy's cotton blouse was bulging. In one hand he carried the smoking bake-pan, in the other a fat cookie deeply scalloped on one side.

"Where you goin' so fast, Maurice?" he accosted, his mouth full.

Maurice glanced fearfully over his shoulder. "Hush, Bill. If your Ma happens to come back here it'll go bad with me."

Billy held out the pan to his chum and waited until Maurice had filled his pockets. Then he asked: "Where's she gone?"

"Over to our place. I told her about Ma fallin' an' breakin' the meat-platter, an' I guess she misunderstood. She tried to take me along with her. I had an awful time to get 'way from her."

Billy laughed. "Gee! Ma's like that. Nobody gets 'way from her very easy. Here, fill your shirt with the rest o' these cookies, an' I'll take the pan back; then we'll be goin'."

"Fish ought'a bite fine to-day," said Maurice as he stowed the cookies away in his bosom.

"You bet. The wind's south. Have you got the worms dug?"

"Yep. They're in a can in my pocket. Did Croaker come back?" he inquired, as the two made their way down the path.

"Sure he came back. He's a wise crow, that Croaker, an', Oh gosh! don't he hate Ma, though! He gets up in a tree out o' reach of her broom, an' jest don't he call her names in crow talk? Ma says she'll kill him if ever she gets close enough to him an' she will, too."

"Well, sir, I nigh died when I seen him settin on our winder-sill," laughed Maurice. "We was havin' mornin' prayer; the new teacher was at our place an' he was pravin'. Croaker strutted up an' down the sill, peerin' in an' openin' an' shuttin' his mouth like he was callin' that old hawk-faced teacher every name he could think of. I saw he had a paper tied 'round his neck so I crawled on my hands an' knees past Ma, an' slipped out. If Ma hadn't been so deef, she'd have heard me an' nabbed me sure."

Billy chuckled. "Then you got my message off of Croaker. Maurice?"

"Yep; but by jinks! I had a awful time guessin' what you meant by them marks you made on the paper. Darn it all, Bill, why can't you write what you want 'a say, instead of makin' marks that nobody kin understan'?"

"There you go ag'in," cried Billy. "How many times have I gotta tell you, Maurice, that Trigger Finger Tim never used writin'. He used symbols—that's what he used. Do you know what a symbol is, you poor blockhead?"

"I should say I do. It's a brass cap that women use to keep the needle from runnin' under their finger-nail."

"Naw, Maurice. A symbol is a mark what means somethin'. Have you got that message I sent you? Well, give it here an' I'll show you. Now then, you see them two marks standin' up 'longside each other?"

"Yeo."

"Well, what do you think they stand fer?"

"I thought maybe you meant 'em fer a couple of trees, Bill."

"Well, I didn't. Them two marks are symbols, signifyin' a gap."

"A gap? Hully Gee!"

"Yep, an' this here animal settin' in that gap, what you think it is?"

Maurice shook his head. "It's maybe a cow?" he guessed hopefully.

"Nope, it's a dog. Now then, you see these two boys runnin' away from the gap?"

"Gosh, is that what they be, Bill? Yep, I see 'em."

"Well, that's me an' you. Now then, what you s'pose I meant by them symbols? I meant this. I've gotta watch gap. Fetch your dog over an' we'll set him to watch it, an' we'll skin out an' go fishin'."

Maurice whistled. "Well I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "I wish't I'd knowed that. Say, tell you what I'll do. I'll sneak up through the woods and whistle Joe over here now."

"No, never mind. I bribed Anse to watch that gap fer me."

"What did you have t' give him?"

"Nuthin'. Promised I wouldn't tell him no ghost stories fer a week if he'd help me out."

(To be continued.)

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"Beyond the Pale."

The expresson "Beyond the pale"—meaning "outside the law" or "beyond jurisdiction"—owes its origin to the fact that the word "pale" is used in history to denote a circumscribed limit of authority, a definition which dates back to the time of King John.

This monarch divided that part of Ireland which was subject to English rule into twelve counties, and the entire district was known as the "Pale." Inside the "Pale" English law was acknowledged and obeyed, while the land outside was in an almost constant state of uproar and dissension.

For this reason there sprang up a reference to matters being "within the pale"—or managed according to law and order—as contrary to those which were "beyond the pale," or in a disordered condition.

Nobel, the founder of the Nobel prizes, owed his vast fortune to his discovery of dynamite.

He fails who wants the privileges of success but not the duties, the pleasures but not the pains, the fruits but not the labors.

Commercial automobiles are displacing the ox-cart and the coolie in transportation of products in British Malaysia.

Woman's Sphere

What Interests Farm Women?

"What one subject is of the greatest interest to the farm women of your community?" The writer recently addressed this inquiry to a number of women prominent in rural affairs and calculated to know the mind of the average farm woman.

"We are interested chiefly in helping our husbands make a good living on the farm in order that we can have more of the comforts and luxuries that are now denied the farm family." In nearly every instance, this was the reply to our inquiry. While education, recreation, health and many other topics are of the greatest interest to the farm women, the most absorbing problem in her mind at all times is apparently the problem of helping her husband to make more money so that the farm may be made a better place to live.

We have frequently observed that the farm woman knows more about her husband's business than is the case of the wife of a man in any other occupation. While the city man's wife usually knows but little about her husband's store or factory or office, the country wife knows and understands all the ins and out of the tasks on the farm, not infrequently helping her husband with these tasks. One of the great compensations in farm life is found in this close fellowship that exists between the farmer and his dependable helpmate. Because this fellowship is not always found in the city home explains in many cases the steady grind of the divorce courts. The proper relationship between man and wife is always possible in the country while in the city, in most instances, the wife is only remotely interested in the business life that holds her husband during each day. A well-managed home, a healthy family, comfortable and clean living conditions—these are the things that help the husband successfully solve his own problem of making the farm produce the maximum results.

Hot Weather Recipes.

Lemonade—Ream out the juice of one-half dozen lemons and remove the seeds. Do not disturb the pulp that was reamed out with the juice. Turn this juice and pulp into a pitcher and add one cup of sugar. Stir to dissolve and then add three pints of water, one cup of finely crushed ice, one-half cup of finely chopped mint leaves stripped from stems. Stir well and serve.

Punch—Six lemons, five oranges, Ream out juice and then place in a large bowl and add two quarts of crushed ice, three quarts of water, two and one-half cups of powdered sugar, one small can of crushed pineapple. Stir with a wooden spoon to blend and then add one small bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in tiny bits.

Cherry Ice Cream—This recipe makes one gallon. Wash one and one-half pounds of cherries and remove the stones. Place in a saucepan and add one and one-half pounds of sugar. Cook very slowly until the cherries are soft. Cool and then rub through a coarse sieve.

Place three pints of milk in a saucepan and add one-half cup of cornstarch. Dissolve the starch and bring to a boil. Add yolks of three eggs and one-half cup of sugar. Beat to blend and then beat in very slowly the prepared cherry pulp. Turn into the freezing can and place in the freezer. When frozen to a soft mush, add stiffly beaten whites of eggs and one cup of whipped cream. Give a few turns to blend and then remove the dasher and pack. Allow to stand for two hours to ripen. Use three parts of ice to one part of salt for freezing.

The Reason.

Madge rushed upstairs as if she were storming an enemy—upstairs, across the hall and straight into Aunt Kate's room. "Aunt Kate?" she cried.

"Yes, child?"

"Why don't people like me? I've come to you because I know you'll tell me the truth. Don't try to let me down easy. It's bound to hurt, and I want it over. They don't like me, and you and I both know it. There must be some reason."

"Perhaps it isn't Madge Fowler that they don't like—"

Madge made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she cried. "I've been left out of three things in two weeks. That's a proof. I want the reason."

"I was going to say that it wasn't Madge Fowler, but one little trait of Madge Fowler's that they dread."

Madge lifted her head.

"Well?" she said sharply.

"Do you remember the photographs that Marie Henson took of you last summer?"

"The one with my hair tumbling down and my stockings torn by that brier and the other one where I am jumping the brook and look all feet? I'm not likely to forget them. Marie gave me the films after I went up in the air over them, but she wouldn't give me her own prints. So there they are in her book, shown to anybody she takes a notion to show them to. It makes me boil to think of them even now."

"Why?"

"Why?" Madge turned astonished eyes upon her aunt. "Because they aren't fair. I don't pretend to be a beauty, but I don't look disheveled and ridiculous all the time. Nobody'd know, just seeing those snapshots!"

Aunt Kate's steady eyes met the girl's angry ones.

"And now I'm going to say it, dear. Madge Fowler is big and fine and plucky and can love unselfishly, but she makes people uncomfortable because her mind is like Marie Henson's prints. She likes to tell jokes upon people constantly; and to some people the jokes seem no more fair than Marie's snapshot of you coming feet foremost across the brook."

For a moment Madge stood in stunned silence. Then she spoke: "It may be hard to digest, but I've swallowed your dose. You're a brick, Aunt Kate."

A Home Motto.

What better verse could we frame and hang on our walls, as a motto of our home, than this, by Max Ehrmann:

Whoe'er thou art that entereth here,
Forget the struggling world
And every trembling fear.
Take from thy heart each evil thought,
And all that selfishness
Within thy life hath wrought.
For once within this place thou'lt find
No barter, servant's fear
Nor Master's voice unkind.
Here all are kin of God above—
Thou, too, dear heart; and here
The rule of life is love.

Taking the Poison Out of Printer's Ink.

The United States Bureau of Standards has been helping the Public Health Service, by making analysis of inks, to find out the cause of skin trouble which commonly afflicts the workers in printing and engraving plants. It affects those parts of the arms and hands which are constantly in contact with colored inks.

The trouble in some cases is a mere rash on the forearms and hands; in others the skin assumes locally a scaly appearance, followed by blisters with itching and burning. Occasionally ulcers develop.

It is a serious matter, and has long been a puzzle to physicians. The printers have been inclined to attribute it to the introduction of substitutes for oil of turpentine. Persons who have a dry skin suffer most; those whose skin is oily are least afflicted.

A thorough experimental inquiry has now led to the conclusion that the mischief is due to absorption of the oil and pigments in the ink, and to the methods commonly adopted for removing the ink from the hands and arms.

A dry skin is comparable to a blotter, which readily absorbs the oil in the inks and the pigments carried with the oil. On the other hand, the pigments are less easily removed from a dry skin than from a skin that is already oily. Therefore, in the case of a dry skin more scrubbing is required, whereby the skin is irritated.

Removal of the ink from hands and arms at the end of the work period is usually accomplished in rather brutal fashion, washing with mineral oil being followed with soap and hot water—perhaps sandsoap or pumice soap helped with a stiff brush.

Sawdust mixed with liquid green soap will be found much more effective for the purpose, used with warm water; and, if lanolin (wool-fat) be rubbed over the arms and hands before beginning work it will make much easier the subsequent removal of the ink.

The upshot of the experiments is a recommendation that a mixture of lanolin and olive oil, half and half, be kept in the washroom where printers change their street clothes for work clothes. Before entering the pressrooms each worker should be required to rub the stuff well into the pores of hands and arms. At the end of each shift he should remove the ink with a mixture of soap and sawdust, which will accomplish the object readily and without injury to the skin.

Did You Ever See a Deal Tree?

Canadians whose country owes so much to wood, should pride themselves on knowing what the different timber terms mean. Sometimes persons speak of a certain article as made of deal. When they are asked what kind of tree deal is they are at a loss. As a matter of fact deal is not a kind of tree but a piece of wood. Aboard is one inch thick; a plank, two inches thick; and a deal, three inches thick. The word is not used in the lumber trade in the States, and in Canada it is chiefly used in connection with the shipment of timber to Great Britain. It is shipped in this form because it is a convenient size for certain British woodworking industries. Since deals are chiefly made from spruce, balsam fir, pine, and sometimes hemlock, a secondary use of the word in England is to indicate some kind of "soft" wood or wood from a cone-bearing tree. In Canada, however, the word is not used in this sense and "deal" always means a piece of wood of a certain thickness.

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The Debt of Honor.

Our nation's debts are piling up, the
war debt is immense,
But one great debt we have to pay regardless of expense,
It is the debt we owe the men who
fought for us and bled,
And who for healthy living limbs wear
wooden ones instead.

It is the debt we owe the men who
come with broken lives,
To struggle once again to keep their
children and their wives;
Among the darkened homes of these
the famine-spectre stalks,
And daily in the streets and squares
we pass them in our walks.

Is Canada so deaf and blind she cannot hear and see
The mute appeal of proud, brave men
and children at the knee,
And suffering women pinched and
starved in houses cold and bare,
While wealth and ease go rolling by
without a thought or care?

Across the sodden plains of death
thess men have charged and
fought,
They bore the agony and strain and
our salvation wrought;
They did not swerve, they did not
flinch, but on and on they
pressed
Till in the rain of splintering shells
came one that gave them rest.

Shall we, then, now forget the past in
selfishness and ease
And say they have no claim on us,
such glorious men as these?
If on a nation's throne to-day our country takes her seat,
It is the work of broken men that pass
us in the street.

Bestow not on the dead your praise,
they heed it not above,
The men that live and suffer still are
they who need your love;
The very stones cry out to us, too long
have ws delayed,
The debt of honor faces us and that
debt must be paid.

Quebec, June 21, 1921. Canon Scott

Catching a Bear Cub.

Some time ago a surveyor in western Pennsylvania captured a bear cub after a lively and amusing chase. He was walking quietly along when he saw the little bear not a dozen yards away. It seemed not the least afraid, and he started toward it, expecting an easy capture, but when he was within a few feet of it the cub turned tail and scrambled up a chestnut tree, from the crotch of which it gazed down upon the man as if challenging him to continue the pursuit.

The surveyor threw off his coat and shinned the tree. The bear waited until he was close upon it, then walked out upon a limb. The man crawled cautiously after it, again thinking of an easy capture. But he was mistaken, for the cub, seeing him too near, doubled itself into a ball and droped to the ground. The man got to the ground in slower fashion. Meanwhile the baby bear had climbed another tree.

The surveyor, then assuming that the cub would repeat its tactics, took his pocket tape line, made a slip noose in one end, and placed it beneath the limb from which, as nearly as he could calculate, the bear would drop, if it tumbled from the second tree as from the first. Keeping the box end of the line in his hand the surveyor climbed the tree.

The cub waited until its pursuer was almost upon it and then walked out on a limb, as it had before. The man cautiously followed, and the bear walked nearly to the end then dropped to the ground. As luck would have it, the cub dropped outside the noose, but when he turned stepped inside with his fore feet. The man instantly drew the line, and there was baby bear caught by its fore legs. It struggled and snarled, but only drew the slipknot tighter.

The man descended to the ground, holding the line taut. He had quite a fight with the cub, but finally conquered, and the little fellow submitted to be led home, where it soon became tame.

Friends.

Friends, in every human heart
That beats beneath a breast,
There is still a secret part
Where truth and goodness rest,
Jewels of surpassing worth
Lie waiting you to bring
Them to the light of men and earth
If you but touch the spring.

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