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. A will made by a wealthy hermit, Scroggie, in Stanhope's favor could not be found. Billy takes Mrs. Keeler's basket to Spencer's store for groceries.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Caleb Spencer had come to Scotia Settlement when it was little more than a bald spot on the pate of the hardwoods. Gypsy-like he had strayed into the settlement and, to use his own vernacular, had pitched his wigwam to stay. One month later a snug log cabin stood on the wooded hillside overlooking the valley, and the sound of Caleb's axe could be heard all day long, as he cleared a garden spot in the forest. That forest ran almost to the white sands of Lake Erie, pausing a quarter of a mile from its shore as though fearing to advance further. On this narrow strip of land the pines and cidars had taken their stand, as if in defiance of the more rugged trees of the upland. They grew close together in thickets so dense that beneath them, even on the brightest day, blue-white twilight rested always. Running westward, these coniferous trees grew bolder and widened so as to almost cover the broad finger-point of land which separated Rond Eau Bay from Lake Erie, and thither many of the wild things crept, as civilization advanced to claim their old roaming grounds. The point, known as Point Aux Pines, was ten miles long, affording abundance of food and perfect shelter.

But on the uplands the forests grew sparser as the axes of rugged homesteaders, who had followed in the footsteps of Caleb Spencer, bit home. Gradually farms were cleared, rough stumpy fields the tilling of which tested the hearts of the strongest, but whose rich soil gladdened even the most weary. A saw mill was erected on the banks of a stream known as Levee Creek. Gradually the rough log cabins of the settlers were torn down to be replaced by more modern houses of lumber.

And then Caleb Spencer had built his store and with far-seeing judgment had stocked it with nearly every variety of goods a growing community needs. Drygoods, Groceries, Hardware & Liquors! These comprehensive words, painted on a huge sign, stared out at all who passed along the road and in still more glaring letters beneath was the announcement, "Caleb Spencer, Proprietor."

Everybody liked Caleb. Even old man Scroggie had been fond of him, which is saying a great deal. It was said the old miser even trusted the gaunt storekeeper to a certain degree. At any rate it was commonly known that shortly before he died Scroggie had given into Spencer's keeping, to be locked away in his rusty old store safe, a certain legal-looking document. Deacon Ringold and Cobin Keeler had witnessed the transaction. Accordingly, after Scroggie was buried and a search for the will faided to disclose it, it was perhaps natural that a delegation of neighbors should wait on Caleb and question him concerning the paper which the deceased man had given him. To everybody's surprise Caleb had flared up and told the delegation that the paper in question was the consummation of a private matter between himself and the dead man, and that he didn't have to show it and didn't intend to show it.

Of course that settled it. The delegation apologized, and Caleb tapped a keg of cider and opened a box of choice biscuits just to show that there were no hard feelings. Now this in itself was surely indisputable proof of the confidence his neighbors reposed in Caleb's veracity and honesty, but considering the fact that Caleb had once quarrelled with the elder Stanhope, later refusing all overtures of friendship from the latter, and had even gone so far as to cherish the same feeling of animosity toward the son, Frank, that trust was little short of sublime. For, providing Caleb disliked Frank Stanhope—and he did and made no attempt to hide it—what would be more natural than that he should keep him from his rightful inheritance if he could?

But nobody mistrusted Caleb, Frank Stanhope least of all; and so, for the time being, the incident of the legal document was forgotten.

To-night, as Caleb sat outside on the bench waiting for the first evening customers to arrive, he reviewed the pleasant years of his life in this restful spot and was satisfied. Suddenly he sat erect. From the edge of a walnut grove on the far side of the road came a low warble, sweet as the song of a wild bird, but with a minor note of sadness in its lilting.

"That's old Harry and his tin whistle," muttered Caleb, "Glory be! but can't he jest make that thing sing?"

Softly the last note died, and then the player emerged from the grove. He was little and bent. He wore a ragged suit of corduroys and a battered felt hat with a red feather stuck jauntily in its band. His face was small, dark, and unshaven. In one grimy hand he carried a small demijohn. Arriving opposite Caleb, he lifted his battered hat and bowed low as a courtier would do.

"Glory be! It's find ye alone I do," he spoke in rich Irish brogue. "It's trill ye a chune I did from the copse, yonder so's to soften the hard heart of ye, Caleb. It's dhry I am as a last-year's chip, an' me little jug do be pinin' fer a refillin'."

Caleb's face grew stern. "I told you, Harry O'Dule, that I'd give you no more liquor," he replied.

"Faith, maybe ye did. But last night it's the skies thimselves said 'rain,' an' begorry! there's been not a sign av a shower t'day. What matters ut fer the fallin' av an idle wurrud now and thin? It's meself knows you're too tinder hearted t' refuse a small favor to a body that feels only love an' respect fer yourself an' the swate ones who wait ye in the flower-covered cottage, beyont."

"Stop your blarney, Harry. I tell you I'll give you no more whiskey, and by ding! that goes!"

"Thin I'll be trudgin' back along the way," said O'Dule, hopelessly. "But afore I go, I'll be liltin' ye a small chune that'll mebbe make ye understand somethin' av a sadness yer generosity could lessen. Listen thin!"

He set the jug down, and from his bosom drew forth a tin whistle. For a minute or two he played softly, his eyes on Caleb's. Then, gradually, his eyes closed and a rapt expression settled upon his grimy face as he led his listener down strange by-paths of fancy.

Suddenly, Caleb jumped from the bench. "Stop, Harry O'Dule!" he entreated. "That whistle of yours would soften the heart of old Nick himself. Do you want to set me crazy, man? Come, give me your jug, I'll fill it this time. But remember, never ag'in. I mean that, by ding!"

He snatched up the demijohn and went into the store. Old Harry sat down on the bench and waited until he returned.

"It's a good fri'end ye've been t' me, Caleb," he said gratefully, as he lifted the jug and held it between his knees. "It's do widout me drink I cannot. Ut an' me whistle are me only gleams of sunlight in the gloom. I'll be after taking a little flash of the light now, if ut's no objection we have, for it's long dhry I've been." He lifted the jug and took a long draught of its fiery contents.

"I'll be movin' now," he said, as he wiped his mouth on a tattered sleeve. "God kape you safe, Caleb Spencer, an' may yer whiskey-barrel niver run dhry."

And placing his batttered hat jauntily on his scanty locks, Harry picked up his jug and was lost amid the shadows.

Presently Billy Wilson emerged from the cottage, received his basket from Caleb, and trotted off toward the Keeler place.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ruse That Failed.

Out behind the wood-shed Maurice Keeler, by the dim light of a smoky lantern, was splitting kindling for the morning's fire when something clammy and twisting dropped across the back of his neck.

"Holy Smoke! Bill, take it away!" he yelled, as his chum's laugh fell on his ears.

"Gosh! you ain't got no nerve a'tall, Maurice! It's only a milk-snake. I picked it up on my way home from the store. I'm goin' to put it in the menagerie."

Maurice sat down weakly on a block and wiped his face on his sleeve.

"Hang it all, Bill!" he complained, "what do you see in snakes to make you want'a handle 'em so? I'm scared to death of 'em; I own it."

"I s'pose this feller an' ol' Spotba 'll fight to a finish," said Billy, "but I aim to keep one snake of each kind, so let 'em scrap it out. It won't hurt that old womper to get a good drubbin' anyway."

He held the newly captured snake along his arm, its head resting in the palm of his hand. The dim light was sufficiently strong for Maurice to note the cold gleam in its eyes, and he shuddered. "Some day you'll try your monkey-shines on a puff-adder or a black-snake," he prophesied "an' then you'll wish you hadn't gone clean crazy."

Billy grinned and dropped the snake into his jacket pocket. "I brought your Ma's groceries," he said. "Is she in the house?"

"Yep; she's cannin' thimble-berries. Jest wait till I get an armful of kindlin', an' I'll go in with you."

Billy put the basket down again. "Say, what did she want with all that hoarhound candy?" he asked curiously.

Maurice chuckled. "Why, Missis Spencer told her what great stuff it was to use in doin' up thimble-berries; sorta takes the flat taste off 'em. So Ma, she's goin' to try it."

Billy whistled. "But fifty sticks, Maurice! It's almost more'n she'll need, don't you think?"

"'Course it's a lot too much. S'pose we try an' get hold of some of it, Bill?"

"Suits me," agreed Billy, "but jest how? That's the question."

Maurice stooped and filled his arms with a load of kindling. "I dunno how," he replied, "but you usually find out a way fer everythin'. What's the matter with you lettin' on you lost part of that candy?"

Billy shook his head. "No good, she'd be onto us bigger'n a barn. Tell you what we might do. We might take bad colds an' sorta work on her sympathies."

"Humph! an' be kept close in the house fer a week er so, an' have to take physic an' stuff. No good, Bill!"

"No, ours won't be them kind of colds," Billy explained. "They'll be the dry-cough, consumption kind, that either cure up quick er slow. All we gotta do is dig up an Injun turnip out o' the bush an' nibble it. It'll pucker our throats up so tight we'll be hoarse enough to sing bass in the choir."

Maurice let his kindling fall. "Gee!" he exclaimed, "I've got a piece of Injun turnip in my pocket right now. Ain't that lucky!"

"How'd you come to have it?"

"Dug it up to fool Fatty Watland with. Was goin' to tell him it was a ground-nut. I've had it in fer him ever since he shoved me off the bridge into the creek."

"Let's have it."

Billy took the Indian turnip from his chum and with his knife scraped off a portion of white, pungent pulp. "Now then, put this on the back of your tongue, an' leave it there," he directed.

Maurice grimaced as he licked the bit of pulp from the knife blade. "'Course we both know this danged thing is pisin," he said, uncertainly. "Maybe we're fools, Bill?"

"There's no maybe about it, far's you're concerned. Do as I tell you; slide it 'way back so's it'll tighten your throat. That's right," as Maurice heroically obeyed. "Now let's get up to the house."

"But you haven't took yourn!" cried Maurice.

"Don't need to take mine," Billy informed him. "What's the use of me takin' any; ain't one bad cough enough?"

Maurice squirmed in torture. Already the burning wild turnip was getting in its work. His throat felt as though it were filled with porcupine quills. He tried to voice a protest against the injustice Billy had done him but it ended in a wheeze.

"Fine," commended Billy. "A cold like that oughta be good fer half the hoarhound, anyway. Let's go in afore the thing wears off. You take the basket, I'll carry the kindlin' fer you."

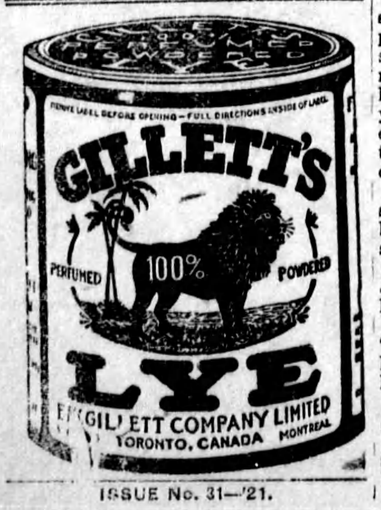
He led the way to the house, Maurice following meekly with the market-basket, eyes running tears and throat burning.

Mrs. Keeler was bending over a kettle on the stove, from which the aroma of wild thimble-berries come in fragrant puffs.

"So you're back at last, are you?" she addressed Billy, crossly. "Thought you'd never come. I've been waitin' on that sugar an' stuff fer two hours er more. Now, you go into the pantry and get something to eat, while I unpack this basket. I know you must be nigh starved."

"Had my supper," shouted Billy. He threw the kindling into the wood box and grinned encouragement at Maurice, who had sunk miserably down on a stool.

(To be continued.)



NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Five Dead Men.

First Soul

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plow because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul

I saw a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my live for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main.
Until the Fatherland begird by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks and died.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

A Strange Bit of Natural History.

From a Nile station in the Sudan a British officer reports a remarkable bit of superstition or natural history, he does not pretend to say which. Being out on a hunting expedition with a party of Sudanese, he came upon the body of a giraffe that had been killed some thirty-six or forty-eight hours before, and, as the wounds showed, by a lion. Upon asking his servants why, if a lion had killed it, he had not eaten it, they smiled as if to say that he was evidently new to the Sudan and pointed out that the giraffe had fallen and still lay on its left side. They then explained that if, when a lion strikes his game, it falls on its right sde he eats it, but if on its left side he leaves it untouched. Other Sudanese with whom he discussed the matter told him the same thing. The Englishman admits that the natives may have been "spoofing" him and the belief may be only a superstition; but he is inclined to think otherwise and to believe that the natives have hit upon a fact of natural history that white men had not discovered.

Enduring Peace.

Upton—"We were told that after the war we should have an enduring peace."

Uupton—"Well, it has endured a lot, don't you think?"

There is no word for strawberry in classical Greek, that fruit being practically unknown to them.

The Romance of Rubber

An English chemist named Priestley christened caoutchouc rubber because he found it would rub out pencil marks, a Scotchman discovered a method of making waterproof fabric from Priestley's rubber and named it for himself Mackintosh, and Charles Goodyear stumbled on the process which gave us the automobile tire.

The discovery of rubber, or caoutchouc, is attributed to Columbus, who reported that he had found the natives of Haiti playing with balls that bounced. Priestley, the great English chemist, found, while experimenting with the substance, that it would erase lead pencil marks. For want of a better name he dubbed it rubber, and the name has stuck and is used almost exclusively in English-speaking countries.

The large balls or loaves of raw rubber imported to America are made not from the sap, as is ordinarily supposed, but from the milk of the rubber trees. The hydrocarbonous substance when it first comes from the trees reminds one of the juice that comes from the everyday milkweed.

The Para rubber, one of the best of the grades of raw rubber, which got its name from the port of Brazil from which so much of it is shipped, is obtained from trees that thrive in the hot damp forests of the Amazon. Many of the trees measure from eight to ten feet in girth and sixty feet in height. The leaves are three-lobed and the flowers small and inconspicuous.

Natives of Africa frequently covered their bodies with the latex and scraped the rubber off, after there had been sufficient evaporation, and molded it into cubes, but at the present time excellent machines for congulating the product have been put into use.

Though its properties have long been known, rubber has just within the last century come into everyday practical use. Mackintosh in 1823 dissolved some rubber in naphtha and spread the solution on a marble slab to dry. He then fastened his rubber sheet between two pieces of fabric and introduced the world to the raincoat.

But it was left for Goodyear, an ardent enthusiast over the possibilities of rubber, who plunged his fortune into the game and died discredited, to make possible the overshoe and the automobile tire. He had mixed some rubber and sulphur and while dissertating on the wonderful qualities of the substance, he let some of the mixture fall upon the door of the red-hot stove near which he was standing. Casually looking down on what he had spilled, he noted with amazement that it had hardened without melting.

Frantically grabbing a knife he scraped the residue from the stove. His friends thought that they had seen him suddenly become insane, particularly as they already regarded him more or less unbalanced on the subject, but he had discovered that it was possible to vulcanize rubber—a process which makes it no longer sensitive to the changes of the seasons and increases its strength and elacticity.

Woman's Sphere

A Huckleberry Lawn Social.

Almost every man likes huckleberry pie or, if he doesn't, steamed huckleberry pudding with lots of sauce. And every girl likes surprises! So, with this as a basis, you can understand the why and wherefore of the posters that a certain young people's club displayed on the telegraph poles and sign posts in the vicinity, as well as in the village post office and stores. Each poster bore the annexed nonsense jingle of childhood.

H-u huckle
B-u Buckle
C-u cuckle y
H-u Huckle
B-u Buckle
Huckleberry Pie!
Come to the Huckleberry Social!
Huckleberries there to eat!
Huckleberry Finn you'll meet!

At the bottom of the placard was a big splashy hand print of blue-black ink that looked as if Huck Finn or some other scamp had signed with huckleberry juice, "The huckleberry hand."

The affair was held on a lawn, lighted with bobbing blue paper lanterns and set with small tables. Each table was presided over by a pretty girl with a round blue paper cap and an apron to match worn over a white dress.

Each customer was asked if he or she would have huckleberry pie, pudding, or surprise.

The pie was the well-known juicy variety, the pudding was steamed fruit pudding with liquid sauce. But the surprise—it turned out to be ice cream with crushed huckleberries poured over it in sundae fashion.

Huckleberry Finn was much in evidence, ranging about from table to table, dragging a brown gunny sack along carelessly. Somehow the rumor spread that Huck had grabs in that gunny sack, and everybody was willing and anxious to invest ten cents. The grabs were well wrapped in bright squares of calico and gingham, presenting a most variegated appearance. The materials, of course, had been furnished from many a mother's scrapbag.

The Huckleberry Twins also peregrinated among the tables. They were dressed similarly in blue calico and sunbonnet, and each carried a shining ten-quart pail filled with giant huckleberries, which were really quarter-pound portions of home-made candy tied up bag-fashion in blue tissue paper.

Simple Simon and the Pieman were another pair of characters who wandered about the grounds, the Pieman bearing a tray of little huckleberry saucer pies, and Simple Simon taking in the quarters for which they were sold.

A few amusing contests made up part of the diversions of the evening.

One, indulged in by boys only, was the huckleberry race. A number of boys stood in line, each with a bowl of huckleberries, and vied with each other as to which one's mouth could hold the largest number of huckleberries at once, each huckleberry being put in place singly.

That was followed by a pie-eating contest, the object being to see which chap would get his piece of juicy pie eaten first and most neatly.

A third jolly competition was on this order. A big pan of huckleberries was provided, as well as a dozen penny hatpins. The contestants gathered around the pan and tried spearing berries. The hatpin first filled to the hilt was the prize-winning one.

A jolly game played by some of the young people was on the order of Bird, Beast, or Fish—calling for mental agility.

All the players sat in a circle, and the one who was "It" pointed his finger quickly at someone, shouted either the word "Pie" or "Pudding," at the same time counting to ten. Before ten was reached the person singled out was expected to answer with the name of a kind of pie (that is, apple, peach, custard) or pudding (floating island, bread and butter, etc.) according to the demand specified.

The girls found the game easier than the boys, though the latter did fairly well on pies. If anyone failed to respond before the fatal "ten" was reached, that person was "It." No duplicate names were accepted.

A short and appropriate program was given during the evening, with the verandah as a stage.

Looking Your Best.

When the thermometer goes a-soaring, can you still look your best? Or does your face flush into an unbecoming red? Perhaps you are one of those unfortunates who tan and burn and freckle while your coiffure wilts into wet wisps. Let's see if we can't change some of that this summer.

When you are young it doesn't matter so much if you do get a severe case of sunburn or tan. Your supple skin adjusts itself easily. After your complexion has matured it becomes a more serious matter. You find the sunburn lasting long into the winter, and the tan doesn't look at all well during the indoor season. For the older woman, prevention is always better than cure. But it's such a nuisance to be always bothering with a hat, gloves, and a veil, especially for a short trip. Do you know that witch hazel, applied liberally just before you go out, prevents the sun from doing his worst? Don't forget to put some on your neck. Sunburn always seems to hurt worse there than in any other place, and it lasts longer, too.

But witch hazel won't keep the tan away. You'll have to resort to stronger measures against that. Some of these are special creams made of special ingredients. They are most effective for a long hot, dusty motor ride or a sunny day out of doors. But for less strenuous ocasions try a simple coating of glycerine and rose water.

Of course, you never want to do unwashed when you know your skin needs it. But, really, it's the wisest thing to do after a long exposure to the weather. For about an hour let your skin stay untouched. Then, when it is cool and relaxed, you can go about getting all the dust out of it. A cleansing cream is excellent for this purpose. You may use soap and water if you wish, but cool milk is the very best of all. In fact, if you simply must clean up the very minute you come in, milk is the safest thing to use. Just put it on as you would water. Omit the soap, and let it dry on.

Cook in a Cool Kitchen.

These hot days let the kerosene stove and the fireless cooker take the place of the hot kitchen range. The hot dishes for dinner may be started in fifteen minutes on the oil stove, then put away in the fireless cooker until ready to serve. Cereals, vegetables, tough cuts of meat and casserole dishes are more palatable and wholesome if cooked for a long time.

The fireless cooker offers the advantages of enabling the housewife to serve a hot supper in a cool kitchen, serve a hot lunch to the men in the field, or on a long country trip, economy of her time, as well as economy of fuel. Besides this the cooker may be used as a bread sponge box to keep the sponge at the proper temperature, and as a refrigerator with a very small amount of ice.

A Rest from the Separator.

I'm sure that, in spite of the welcome cream cheque, all farmers' wives get tired of washing the separator. It is, perhaps, not nearly so disagreeable a task as many others that we have to do, but I, for one, enjoy a respite from this rather burdensome duty.

For some time we have been milking but one cow, and it didn't seem to pay to dirty the separator for so small an amount of milk, yet I never feel that by hand-skimming I save all the cream. Then I discovered a splendid scheme. I have a rest from washing the separator, and still I save almost all of the rich yellow cream.

We strain the milk, as usual, into the separator pan, then set in a cool place. The pan is covered with a clean towel, to allow the escape of animal heat and protect the milk from dust. By evening or morning, as the case may be, the cream is risen, and the skim milk may be easily drained off through the spout. It is very easy to turn off the spout at the right moment when the milk is all out, and there you have almost every bit of your cream.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Monument Marks Spot Where Zeppelin Fell.

The spot where the first Zeppelin was brought down in England (Cuffley Station, Hertfordshire), is now marked with a granite monument to the late Captain William Leefe Robinson, V.C., who was responsible for the destruction of the raider. The monument was unveiled on July 7.

The London Gazette, in announcing the award of the Victoria Cross to Captain Robinson, stated that "he attacked an enemy airship under circumstances of great difficulty and danger and sent it crashing to the ground as a flaming wreck. He had been in the air for more than two hours and had previously attacked another airship during his flight."

Shortly after this exploit Captain Robinson was captured in a flight over the German lines in France and held a prisoner in Germany until the end of the war. He died a few days after being repatriated.

"Don't marry," "There shall be light," "Thou shalt not hit thy father or mother," and "Don't swindle" were recently given among the Ten Commandments by a number of New York school children.

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