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, tells 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 and Maurice Keeler plan a search for the lost will. Twin Oaks store is robbed. Scroggie's namesake and apparent heir takes possession. Billy meets Hinter, middle-aged and well-to-do. Harry O'Dule finds the stolen goods in old Scroggie's cabin, known as the haunted house.

CHAPTER XIII.

Erie of the Lighthouse.

Through the summer night, Hinter, astride a rangy roan, rode the ten-mile trail that lay between the foot of Round Eau and the light-house.. On his left the giant pines stood with sharp points clearly defined against the starlight like the bayonet-fixed guns of a sleeping army; to his right swept dwarf cedars and stunted oaks and beyond them the bay marshes, with weaving fire-flies shimmering like star-dust close above them.

It was a lonely trail but Hinter had ridden it often. He knew that in the shadows lurked wild things which resented his intrusion of their retreat; that late, when the night grew old, timber-wolves would voice their protest, and fierce-eyed lynx, tufted ears flat and fangs bared in hatred, would look down upon him from overhanging branch of tree. But behind him stalked protection in the form of two great dogs against no wolf or cat had ever waged successful warfare. Besides, there was the heavy "40-40" revolver in his belt.

"Two Great Danes and a 'bull-dog' should be protection enough for any man," he would laugh at Landon, the light-house keeper, when the latter shook his head doubtfully over Hinter's foolhardiness in riding this lone night trail. And Landon, whose asthma made talking difficult for him, would say no more, realizing that it was useless.

The light-house keeper, who lived with his daughter in a comfortable house on the extreme end of the Point, had always been glad to welcome Hinter to his isolated loneliness. With an invalid's self-centeredness, he believed that it was to relieve the monotony of his existence that this man paid him periodical visits. He did not dream that his daughter, Erie, named after the lake, whose blue lay deep in her eyes and whose moods were of herself a part, was the real attraction which drew Hinter to their home. Indeed it would have taken a much more astute observer than the man who had been keeper of the light for more than thirty years to have observed this. Never by look, word or sign had Hinter shown that in this slender, golden-haired girl, whose laughter was the sweetest note in the world—this girl who could trim a sail in biting gale and swim the wide, deep channel when tempest angered it to clutching undercurrents—was more to him than just a glad, natural product of her world. Always his manner towards her had been one of kindly respect. In time she grew ashamed of the distrust she had on first acquaintance intuitively felt for him. He was good to her father and considerate of her. He talked interestingly of the big outside world and described the cities he had visited. Her father liked him and always looked forward to his visits, and with a sick man's petulance grumbled if Hinter failed to come on his regular nights.

"He's a fine man, Erie," he would say to his daughter, "and well off, too. I'd like to see you married to a man like Hinter before I go. Ever since your Ma died, I've been worried about leavin' you behind."

"But I am going to marry Frank, Daddy," the girl would say softly.

"Hey? Oh, all right, all right. Stanhope's a fine youngster, but poor, poor."

He would lapse into silence, sucking his pipe, and watching Erie putting away the supper-dishes.

"He'll never find the Scroggie will," he would speak again. "He'll always be poor."

"But, Daddy," the girl would laugh, "we love each other. We are happy and real happiness is worth more than money, isn't it, dear?"

"Aye," he would answer. "Your mother and I were happy in that way. But she was taken away and all I had in her place was heart loneliness—but for you." Then she would kiss him softly and, stealing about her household tasks, sing him to fitful sleep as she moved quietly about the room.

To-night as Hinter rode through the pine-scented gloom the light-house keeper sat in his big chair beside the window that looked upon the lake. Spent from a trying fit of coughing, his nerves crying for the rest which was denied him, the sick man had gazed across to where the shuttle of sunset was weaving its fabric of changing colors upon sky and water. But he had not seen those glad lights; had not heard the cries of the haven-seeking gulls or the soft plaintive notes of the night birds from the Point forest. The lights had flashed and departed unseen, the wild calls had been voiced and sunk to silence unheard, because a tenderer light, which had belonged to this, his own hour, had vanished; a sweeter song than even night birds could voice had been stilled—the light in his Erie's eyes and the low notes from her glad heart.

He knew why. She had told him. God, Destiny, Fate, had come between her and the man she loved. The man had lost more than life in playing the part of a man. He was blind! Behind him were only memories that could not be buried. Before him only darkness, bleakness, despair. And he had done an heroic thing in giving her up. Helpless, powerless to support her, what else was there for him to do? So, in his love for her, he had dug a grave and in it buried Hope and all that God in His wise ordinance had allowed him to live and feel. And they had kissed and parted, kneeling beside this grave, cold lips to cold lips, broken heart to broken heart. It was the kiss on the cross which each must carry.

So much had she told him, and the light had gone from her eyes, the song from her lips.

The sick man sank lower in his chair, his face working, his heart crying the same pleading cry as cried the heart of Rachel of old for her children—a cry understood only by the heart in which it was born—and God.

And so Hinter found him there before the window in the gloom, his thin hands clutching the arms of his chair, his white face sunk on his breast. "Landon, old friend, asleep?" he asked softly. No answer. Hinter struck a match and lit the lamp on the table. Then he touched the sleeper's arm; still he did not stir.

Alarmed, Hinter drew the big chair about so that the light would fall on the sick man's face. Slowly Landon opened his eyes. He struggled erect and attempted to speak, but a fit of coughing assailed him and robbed him of breath.

From his pocket Hinter drew a flat bottle and poured a portion of its contents into a glass. Gently raising the emaciated form to a more comfortable position, he held the glass to the blue lips. Under the stimulant of the brandy Landon rallied.

"Thanks," he whispered. Then, hospitality his first thought, he motioned towards a chair. Hinter sat down.

"Worse than usual to-night, isn't it?" he asked in kindly tones.

"Yes, asthma's that way—eases off—then comes back—hits you sudden." He glanced at the bottle. Hinter, understanding, poured him out another portion.

"It seems to be the only thing that helps," gasped Landon as he swallowed the draught.

Hinter nodded. "Not a bad medicine if rightly used," he said. He filled his pipe, lit it, and passed the tobacco-pouch to Landon. He was watching the door leading to the inner room.

"Erie out in her boat?" he asked casually. "I don't hear her voice, or her whistle."

"She's out on the bay," answered the father and lapsed again into brooding silence.

Hinter waited. At length Landon roused from his musings. "My heart's heavy for her," he said, "and heavy for the young man who loves her. You've heard, of course. News of the like spreads quickly."

"Yes, I've heard." Hinter rose abruptly and strode to the window overlooking the bay. A full moon was lifting above the pines. In its silvery track a tiny sail was beating harborward.

After a time he turned and walked back slowly to where the sick man sat. "Mr. Landon," he said, gravely, "I love your daughter. With your permission I would make her my wife. Wait," as the older man attempted to speak. "Hear what I have to say. I have endeavored to be honorable. Never by word or look have I given her to understand what my feelings are toward her. For Stanhope, the man who was brave and strong enough to give her up, I have always had the deepest respect; and now, knowing the price he has paid, I honor him. He was far more worthy of your daughter than I am. But now, as all is over between them, I would do my best to make her happy."

"That I know well," spoke the father eagerly. "Ever since my clutch on life has been weakenin' I've worried at the thought that perhaps I may leave her unprovided for. You have lifted the load, my friend. I will speak to Erie and place your proposal of marriage before her. She's a good girl; she'll be guided by her father in the matter."

Hinter gravely thanked him. "I would advise that you say nothing for a time," he said. "She is high-spirited, loyal to the core. She is suffering. Time will assist us; we will wait. I shall visit you oftener than heretofore, but until I think the moment expedient say nothing to her."

A light step sounded on the gravel; the door opened and Erie entered. She was dressed in white. The damp bay-breeze had kissed the golden hair to shimmering life but there were shadows beneath the violet eyes, a dreary pathos about the unsmiling mouth.

She placed a cold little hand in the eager one which Hinter extended to her and her fleeting glance left him to fasten on the sick man in the arm chair.

"Daddy," she cried, running over to kneel beside him. "It was selfish of me to leave you alone."

"I've had our good friend Hinter for company, girlie," said her father, stroking the damp curls.

Erie flashed their visitor a look of gratitude. "It is good of you to come to him," she said. "He always looks forward to your visits, and grows quite fretful if you are late." She smiled and patted the father's hand. "The east wind's bad for the cough but to-morrow you'll be as good as ever, won't you, Daddy?"

Landon did not reply. He simply pressed the girl's cold hand. Hinter caught the look of suffering in her eyes as she arose and passed into the outer room. When she returned she carried a heavy, wicker-bound can.

"My lamps need filling," she explained. "No, please don't come," as Hinter made to take the can from her, "I would rather you stayed with him."

He bowed and his eyes followed her from the room.

"What a wonderful creature she is," he thought.

"Hinter," Landon's weak voice broke in on his thoughts, "you haven't given me the neighborhood news. Have they found out who robbed the store yet?"

"No," answered Hinter, resuming his seat, "I believe not. Some were disposed to believe that the shoremen had a hand in the robbery but I don't think so."

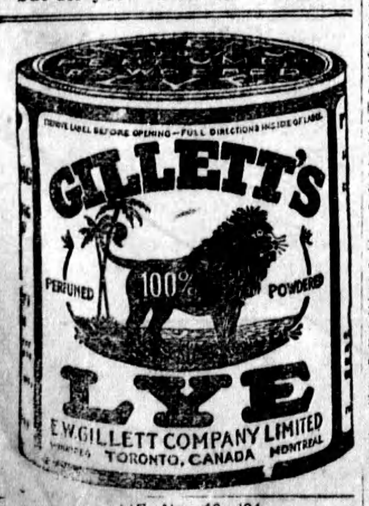
"Why don't you? The Sand-sharkers aren't above doin' it, are they?"

"Well, I don't say that they are. That job was not done by any amateurs, though. The men who broke into Spencer's store were old hands at the game. I was at the store and had a look over it. I've seen the work of professional burglars before. These fellows made a clean sweep and left not a single clew. Still, I made my own deductions. I can't tell you more until I have proved my suspicions correct. Hush!" he warned, "she's coming. I must be hitting the trail for the Settlement."

As Hinter picked up his hat Erie entered and the light words he was about to speak died on his lips at sight of the girl's stricken face. "You are tired," he said, in deep concern. "The work of tending the lights alone is too much for you. Why not let me send someone from the Settlement to help you, at least until your father is strong enough to take up his end of the work again?"

She shook her head. "The work is not hard and I love it," she answered. "After the lights are lit I have nothing to do. Daddy's asthma will not let him sleep, so he sits in his big chair all night and keeps his eye on the light while I sleep. Then when the sun sucks up the mists from bay and lake he is able to get his sleep. So, you see," smiling bravely, "we get along splendidly."

(To be continued.)



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Baby's First Wardrobe.

As baby is very susceptible to both heat and cold, the little precious must be protected against all trying weather conditions. Several thicknesses of light-weight garments will do this more easily than a few heavier garments.

Baby should be so dressed as to prevent perspiration, so his clothes must be of loosely woven material which will allow proper ventilation of the skin and will absorb perspiration should it occur.

As exercise is an absolute essential to his vigorous growth, Baby's natural exercises, breathing, crying and kicking, must not be restricted.

The following list of articles covers all of the essentials of an infant's wardrobe and the number suggested is sufficient to ward against an accident while one set is being washed. Additions may be made if one wishes, but these are adequate for baby's comfort.

3 Flannel bands (6"x18") to be worn first 4 to 6 weeks only.

3 Knit bands with shoulder straps. These replace the above and also serve as summer shirts.

3 Knit shirts.
3 Pair stockings.
3—6 Dozen diapers.
3 Flannel petticoats.
3 Cotton petticoats.
4 Slips or dresses.
4 Nightgowns.
2 Front opening wrappers or sacques.
2 Pair bootees (knit, crocheted, felt, duck or pique).
1 Wrap.
1 Hood or bonnet.
1 Pair thumbless mittens.
1 Veil.
2 Small blankets. (A square yard of flannel or eiderdown.)

Crib, carriage and bath accessories I shall not have space to discuss.

All new garments should be laundered before being placed on Baby.

The bands should be of part wool, flannel or stockinette.

Considering the knit garments, bands, shirts and hose, we know that wool is the poorest heat conductor, but all-wool is too warm and also requires very careful handling in washing in order that it is not ruined. Therefore a mixture of silk with wool, or cotton with wool is preferable. The double-breasted shirt is perhaps a greater protection to the little abdomen than the single, but this is a point of preference each mother must decide. The number of times the baby must be turned in dressing is a point of convenience to be thought of in considering styles. As the normal baby doubles its weight in six months and trebles it in twelve, it is advisable to purchase the second size. The stockings should cover the knees. Little supporters can be purchased which pin the diaper at the side and hold the hose in place with less wear upon the hose than direct pinning. Frames for drying both shirts and hose are a safeguard against shrinking.

If the cost of these tiny garments seems exorbitant, it is possible to substitute vests made from flannel or the good portions of partially-worn, part-wool underwear. In this case the seams should be flat-felled on the right side, placing the smooth side next to baby's skin. The edges may be crocheted after first stitching with a loose tension to prevent the cut stitches from running.

Either birdseye or outing flannel may be used for the diapers. They should be cut by the thread. Use the machine attachment for the narrow hems. A medium size is 22" x 44". Some prefer to have part of the diapers 18" x 36" to use at first and later to have them 25" x 50". The use of squares is preferred by many as being easier to handle in laundering. Folding the diaper in an oblong and pinning on both sides is fast gaining favor over the older method of folding diagonally. For protection when visiting, better than the rubber panties which stop ventilation, are crocheted or knitted woolen slip-ons that absorb moisture very slowly, thereby protecting the holder of the baby but also keeping baby comfortable when it is impossible to make the change in diapers immediately. Old muslin may be torn into squares, folded diagonally and placed inside the diaper to be discarded when soiled, thereby saving much labor in washing.

The flannel for the under petticoat should be a mixture of wool with silk or cotton. If one's budget cannot afford the woolen mixture, outing flannel is the best substitute.

The most desirable materials for the nightgowns are outing flannel or stockinette.

For the cotton petticoat, longcloth, cambric or nainsook may be used. Longcloth, however, has a tendency to yellow. The slips and dresses may be made from cambric, nainsook, batiste, dimity, flaxon or voile. The fine crepes prove a saving in ironing, but having a rough surface, they soil more quickly than do the smoothly finished materials.

French and viella flannel, henrietta and cashmere are nice for wrappers and sacque. Avoid silk linings. Face all edges with a shaped facing on the right side or finish with scallops or crocheting.

In dressing baby, the woolen petticoat is placed inside the cotton one and both placed inside the dress and all three drawn over the feet in one operation, easy for mother and less disconcerting to the little one than the older method of pulling each garment over the head. If one chooses to use a straight-edged piece for the skirt, it may be attached to a shaped upper piece with the fulness taken out either in box-plaits under the arm or in fulness evenly distributed. Dividing the pattern may be much preferred by some for the plain woolen petticoat, for with the woolen band and shirt, it is not essential that the waist section be so warm and a cotton upper combined with the woolen lower reduces considerably the amount of the more expensive material required and yet protects the little limbs.

The nightgowns and slips are best made kimono style as these launder easily. The neck and sleeves should be finished flat with casings, beading or eyelets, to be drawn up the desired amount with a tiny tape. Bobbin tape, which comes in twenty yard bolts, is especially nice for this purpose. Avoid the close-weave tapes as they become harsh with washing and hurt the rose-leaf skin. Stitch the middle point of all drawstrings to prevent them pulling out at exactly the wrong minute.

Mothers must also carefully consider the outside garments, for baby needs much fresh air. For the summer wrap of the tiny babe, cashmere, henrietta, nun's veiling and albatros are the most suitable materials. For the baby who has seen a winter, bedford cord, golfine, corduroy and pique will be found satisfactory materials. It should be made large enough to be used two summers. For a winter wrap suitable materials are eiderdown and bunting cloth. This should be made large at first; later, for the walking child, the lap may be cut away and the bottom hemmed.

Hoods may be made from wrap materials or may be knitted or crocheted. Batiste and organdy are dainty for summer bonnets.

The old habit of such long trailing garments for the wee baby has been abandoned. The majority of infant patterns are now cut for garments 27 inches long; but even these must either be discarded in six months time or made over for the first short clothes. To be sure, the pieces cut off may sometimes make short petticoats but really is not this a waste of time and energy, if not of materials? The average baby is 20 to 21 inches at birth and grows about five inches during the first six months, and three or four during the next six. It sleeps from 18 to 20 hours daily during the first few months and, for its own best good, should be handled little during its waking hours. If its feet are properly clothed in stockings and bootees and the skirts are just long enough to nicely cover the feet at first, the baby will be comfortable and will grow into them as short clothes, thereby removing the necessity of remodeling them. Therefore, 21 inches long is quite satisfactory.

The nightgowns, however, should be 30 to 33 inches, with a drawstring in the hem, for these will be used until worn out and the older baby must have freedom to kick without baring its feet.

If the shorter length is to be used, all patterns should be so adjusted and the difference deducted from the originally required amount of material, which is printed on every pattern. This amount has been estimated by the pattern maker for one garment only. When more than one garment is to be made from the same material the pattern may be shifted to better advantage and less material is often sufficient, so it pays to do some computing before buying. For instance, three petticoats may be cut from just four lengths if these instructions are observed. As a tiny French or felled seam down the back of the skirt is not objectionable, cut the front and one-half the back from one width of 36-inch material by inverting the back pattern. Cutting three fronts gives us three half-backs. The fourth length gives us the fourth half-back and a full back, completing the three garments. Oftentimes a raglan sleeve garment can be cut from less material than a kimona pattern and it may be better economy to make extra seams and same material rather than energy as this style can also be ironed flat.

In making, keep the garments dainty. Make narrow flat-felled or French seams. Make facings narrow. Daintiness can be entirely destroyed by heavy wide facings, bands and bindings. The eighth-inch and quarter-inch bias tape, sold at all notion counters, can be used to great advantage for bindings and facings. These can be nicely used as casings through which the tiny tape is run, if the ends are folded under three-eighth of an inch in opposite directions.

It is a foolish notion that baby clothes should all be made by hand. If the machine is properly cared for, always well cleaned and oiled, it should not be difficult to run, and if correctly regulated, machine stitching may be beautiful. Use fine thread, a correspondingly fine, sharp needle and adjust the tension and length of stitch so that the stitching will be perfect.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Wonders the World Has Lost

One of the many lessons taught by museums is that clever craftsmanship is not a modern monopoly. Much of the work done thousands of years ago is unapproachable to-day, and many of the processes which were comparatively common then are now practically unknown.

There is in the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum an exhibit which baffles the most skilled of modern embalmers, says a London despatch. It consists of a number of human heads from Ecuador reduced by some undiscovered process to about the size of a small orange Notwithstanding the great shrinkage, each is perfect, and is rendered additionally interesting by the sealing of the lips, which are sewn up, so that the "spirit" of the dead should not escape and do harm to the owner!

The museum in the Royal College of Surgeons contains another remarkable specimen of ancient workmanship It is part of the wrapping from a mummy more than six thousand years old.

So gauze-like is this material that for a time its precise nature was a mystery; but ultimately it was found to be linen of exquisite fineness. Compared with it, the finest that Belfast can produce is positively coarse.

Equally wonderful is the Portland Vase in the British Museum. Though it is two thousand years old no man living can reproduce it. The art it represents has long been dead.

It is made, this vase, of two layers of glass, white on top and blue below: and the exquisite design is shown in white This was effected by carving away all the glass where it was not wanted—a feat of well-nigh incredible difficulty owing to the brittleness of the material No other example of such workmanship is known to exist.

Just as immitable is another British Museum treasure—a bronze Mercury, found in 1792 at Paramythia, in Epirus. It is as remarkable for wealth of detail as for fineness of craftsmanship. The marking of the veins is distinct and prominent, every lock of hair seems as if it could be blown about by the wind, and the lines of the lips, brows, eyelids, etc., are perfectly finished. Yet the surface is so regular that even with a magnifying glass no tool-mark can be detected.

Graphic representations of the Pyramids, as well as fragments of those great sepulchral monuments, further illustrate the wonderful skill of ancient craftemen. One of the problems of ages is how the ancient Egyptians moved the great blocks embodied in the Pyramids. The cubic contents of the greatest weigh nearly 7,000,000 tons, and would build a city of 22,000 houses of ordinary size. Basement stones in the Pyramid, moreover, are 30 ft. long, 5 ft. high, and 5 ft. wide. The method by which the components, and particularly those huge blocks, were transported and put into place has never been discovered

But there are other mysteries no less bewildering connected with the Pyramids. For instance, the jointing is a perpetual marvel to experts, since it is equal to that in the finest modern cabinet-work. It is amazing even to those who know that 100,000 men were employed for twenty years on the Great Pyramid alone.

Little less curious are much more commonplace objects, such as Roman bronze bowls found in this country. The puzzle here is this: How did the ancients reduce metals from their ores? At that period there was no other fuel than wood, which was converted by slow burning into charcoal; and though in comparatively modern times iron was reduced by charcoal in Kent and Sussex, scientists do not know by what method the Romans produced the enormous heat required to smelt iron and copper. Apparently their process has been lost for ever.

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92

Japan's New Battleships.

According to reports which have reached London the Japanese naval authorities are preparing to "go the limit" in their new warships as regards size and fighting power. It is known that the first Japanese 18-inch gun has been produced and tried out, and this tremendous weapon will probably represent the main battery of the Owari class of battleships, which were authorized last year, but have not yet been laid down.

The gun took twelve months to build, and has been under trial since April. It weighs 170 tons, and can throw a 3,400-pound shell up to a range of 45,000 yards. At rather less than half this distance the shell, it is declared, will penetrate the stoutest armor carried by any battleship now afloat. The Owari is designed to carry eight of these monster weapons, and will therefore hurl twelve tons of steel at each broadside salvo.

Guns of the same calibre will probably be adopted for the four later battle cruisers of the "eight-eight" program, which are to follow the four ships of the Amagi class, but in this case the number of guns will be reduced to six a ship. Japanese naval opinion has always favored the heaviest guns that can be obtained, and the decision to build an 18-inch type was taken late in 1918, after Japanese officers in Europe had inspected the experimental British gun of this calibre. Special plants were set up at Muroran and Kure for the purpose. Confidence is felt in Japan that the Owari will eclipse all other battleships in fighting power.

The sea-horse carries its eggs in a sort of pocket until they are hatched.

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