BOVRIL

PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

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. Scroggie's namesake and apparent heir takes possession. Twin Oaks store is robbed. Harry O'Dule finds the stolen goods in old Scroggie's cabin, known as the haunted house. Hinter, middle-aged and well-to-do, goes wooing Erie Landon, loyal sweetheart of Stanhope, and daughter of the invalid lighthouse keeper. Two strangers make a fruitless search of O'Dule's hut. Billy meets Heir Scroggie and Hinter with the drivers of wagon loads of timbers and pipes. Billy falls in love with Lou Scroggie.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Dread Day Dawns.

It was broad daylight when Anson, in response to an angry call from the bottom of the stairway, sat up in bed. Vaguely he realized that in some dire way this glad morning proclaimed a day of doom, but his drowsy senses were still leaping vast chasms of dreamland—striving to slip from the control of saner reasoning and drift away with a happy abandon of dire results to follow. What boy has not had the same experience, even although he knew that a razor-strop, wielded by a vigorous hand, would in all probability accomplish quickly what his drowsy will had failed to accomplish? Anson was just dropping off into the lulling arms of Morpheus when that extra sense, possessed by all boys in a measure and by certain boys in particular, warned him back to wakefulness and a realization of his danger.

He was out of bed and pulling his braces over his shoulders by the time the heavy footsteps of his mother sounded at the top of the stairs.

"You, Anse!" came Mrs. Wilson's voice. "Have I gotta limber you up with the strap, after all?"

"Comin', Ma," responded Anse, sleepily.

"Well, you'd best come quick, then. You'll be gettin' enough hidin's to-day—if that new teacher's any good—without me havin' to wear my arm out on you 'fore breakfast."

Anson stood still, fumbling the buttons. So that was it! School! He knew it was some awful catastrophe.

Where was Billy? He glanced across at the other bed. Billy was not in it. He went slowly downstairs, washed himself, and went in to breakfast. Billy was not there. His father was just getting up from the table.

"Where's Bill?" Anson asked him.

"Down feedin' his pets, most likely," answered his father as he went out. A moment or two later Billy came in. The boys seated themselves in their places and ate their breakfast in silence.

"Is our dinner up, Ma?" Billy asked, as he pushed back his chair.

Mrs. Wilson nodded. "It is. Two pieces of bread an' butter an' a doughnut an' a tart fer each of you. Is it enough?"

"I guess so," Billy replied indifferently.

Anson eyed him suspiciously, then turned to his other. "I wish't you'd do our dinners up separate, Ma," he whined.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Wilson in surprise.

"Well, 'cause Bill hogs it, that's why," complained Anson. "Last time we had tarts I didn't get none. An' it's the same with pie an' cake."

Mrs. Wilson gazed sternly at Billy. "Willium, do you take Anson's tarts and pie?" she asked ominously.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Billy, promptly.

"There now!" exulted Anson, glancing triumphantly at his mother, who sat staring and incredulous at the unabashed offender.

Billy looked gravely down at his accuser, then apprehensively at his judge. As no immediate sentence seemed forthcoming he turned toward the door.

"Stop!" Mrs. Wilson had risen suddenly from her chair and stood pointing an accusing finger at Billy.

"You'll ketch it fer this, an' don't you ferget it," she stormed, "an' if I ever hear of you gobblin' up Anson's share o' the lunch ag'in, you young glutton, you'll go to school fer a month without any lunch a'tall."

Billy turned. "I didn't say I ate Anson's pie an' cake, Mr." he said gently. "I didn't take it 'cause I wanted it."

"Then why did you take it a'tall, I want'a know?"

"I took it 'cause I thought it was bad fer him. You see, Ma, Anse suffers turrible from indigestion," Billy explained. "'Course maybe you don't notice it same as I do, 'cause you don't sleep in the same room with him. But Ma, he groans an' gasps all night—an' he has the most awful dreams—now don't you Anse?" he asked, turning to his brother.

Anson started to whimper. "I do have bad dreams," he confessed miserably, "but pie an' tarts ain't to blame fer it."

"Silence, you!" Mrs. Wilson reached for the dinner-pail and proceeded to extract from it one tart, one doughnut. "I guess maybe your brother's right," she said grimly. "If that's the way you carry on nights we'll hold you off pastry fer a while. Now then grab that pail and off to school with both o' you!"

Billy was outside first and waiting for Anson at the road gate when he came down the path, dejectedly wiping his eyes and vowing inaudible threats at the agent of his new woe.

"Now, then," said Billy as he came up, "maybe you'll begin to see that it don't pay to blab so danged much."

"It was dirty mean of you," sniffled Anson. "You know how much I like pie an' tarts; an' here I am havin' to lug yourn an' gettin' none fer myself. Fer two cents I'd chuck this dinner-pail in the crick."

"An' fer two cents I'd punch that crooked eye of yourn straight," cried Billy, his temper rising. "You'd best close your mouth while the closin's good, an' if anythin' happens to that pail you're goin' to hear from me."

They passed on in silence until the hardwood grove came in sight. Here Billy paused. "You go on, Anse," he said. "I'm goin' over to the menagerie fer a look over things. An' see here." He grabbed his brother's shoulder and swung him about. "I'm goin' to tell you somethin', an' if you so much as peep it to Ma I'm goin' to pass the word to Ringdo an' Croaker that they're free to do what they like to you; see?"

Anson shuddered. "Aw, who's goin' to peep?" he returned.

"All right then. Now listen. This mornin' I tied my Sunday clothes up an' throwed 'em out our winder. Then I got up an' sneaked them over to the menagerie. I'm goin' to wear 'em to school. Never you mind why, it's none of your business. When I blow into school this mornin dressed to kill I don't want you to look too darned surprised, that's all. Now if you'll keep your mouth shut tight about that I promise not to let my witch-coon an' witch-crow eat you while you sleep; an' I'll tell you what else I'll do, I'll give you my tart an' my doughnut. Is it a bargain?"

Anson nodded eagerly.

"All hunky. Now you move along, an' if you happen to meet Fatty Watland, er Maurice, er any other boys, don't you let on a word about this."

"I won't," promised Anson. "Cross my heart, Bill."

Billy ducked into the path through the grove and Anson resumed his reluctant pace toward the Valley School. On the bridge across Levee creek he came up with Elgin Scraff. Elgin was standing with his arms on the bridge rail, looking dejectedly into the water.

"Hello," Anson accosted. "Goin' to school?"

Elgin lifted his head slowly. "Yep, you?"

Anson nodded and set the dinner-pail down on the bridge.

"Where's Bill?"

"He'll be along soon. Here he comes now; no 'taint neither, it's Fatty Watland. Wonder where he's been up that way?"

Watland came puffing up, his round face red and perspiring. "C'ee!" he panted, "I've been all the way to the store. Had to get some sulphur fer Ma. She found a wood-tick that old Sport scratched off him on the floor, an' she swears it's a bed-bug; an' now she's goin' to burn this sulphur in all the rooms."

A grin rippled across his face and grew into a chuckle. "I bet I sleep in the barn fer a week. I sure hate the smell of sulphur."

"Come on," said Elgin, "let's move down to the schoolhouse." Side by side the three passed on up the hill and down into the valley.

The schoolhouse stood with a wide sloping green before it and a tangle of second growth forest behind it. It was not an old building, but had the appearance of senile old age. Its coat of cheap terra-cotta paint had cracked into many wrinkles; its windows looked dully out like the lustreless eyes of an old, old man. The ante-room roof had been blown off by a winter's gale and replaced inaccurately, so that it set awry, jaunty and defiant, challenging the world. Its door hung on one hinge, leaning sleepily against a knife-scarred wall. A rail fence ran about the yard which was filled to choking with a rank growth of smartweed. In one corner of the yard was a well with a faded blue pump holding the faded red arm of a handle toward the skies, as though evoking high heaven to bear witness that it was never intended to lead such a lonely and useless existence.

The boys approached the building slowly and as they neared its sombre portals silence fell upon them. They opened the creaking gate and entered the building much after the manner of heroes who must stand blindfolded against a wall and wait the word "Fire!" They had to go through with it, that was all.

The building held all the unmistakable odors of a school room. The smell of chalk dust, mouldy bread crust, mice, dirty slates and musty books rose up to smite the arrivals. Four rows of pine seats, blackened with ink-daubs and deeply scarred by pocket-knives, ran the entire length of the building. A big box stove stood in the centre of the room, its wavering pipe supported by wires from the ceiling.

Walter Watland looked about for a good place in which to conceal his package of sulphur and decided that in the empty stove he had discovered the place of all places. So, while Anson and Elgin were investigating the teacher's desk and picking out their seats, he proceeded to hide his sulphur in the stove's black depths. Then he went outside with his companions to await the coming of the new teacher.

Scarcely had the three seated themselves on the top rail of the yard fence than from all directions other pupils of the Settlement began to arrive. Sand Sharkers, sullen and defiant, holding themselves apart, came in one big group.

Jim Scroggie entered the school yard with his sister by his side. He paused a moment to let his eyes stray to the faces of the three hopefuls on the fence, conjecturing with a boy's intuition that in this trio he saw some of the ringleaders of the school. Jim wore a smart tweed coat and knickerbockers, and a shirt of grey flannel with a soft silk tie. His sister, Lou, was dressed daintily in white, with soft blue collar that matched the glorious depths of her eyes. She smiled now, and the three on the fence immediately underwent a change of heart. Elgin Scraff was the first to slide down and approach the new boy in a spirit of fellowship.

"Hello," he said genially. "I've got a crackin' good seat. You kin set with me if you like."

Jim shook his head. "Promised Billy Wilson I'd sit with him," he said. "Kin you tell me where he's goin' to sit?"

Elgin was about to answer when he caught a gasp from the watchers on the road. "Teacher's comin'!" went forth the cry.

Down the hill came a thin, rangy bay horse, astride which, an open book in his hand, sat Mr. G. G. Johnston. As he drew up in front of the gate he closed the book and turned his frowning eyes on the building. Utterly ignoring the awed, watching faces, he shook his head grimly and, looking to neither right nor left, rode in through the open gate. Not until he had unbridled his horse and turned him loose to seek a breakfast as best he knew how, while he investigated the school's interior, did the boys and girls outside give way to their feelings.

Then Maurice Keeler whistled. "Whew! Ain't he the old human icicle?" he asked.

"You bet!" came the spontaneous answer.

"Gosh," cried Elgin Scraff, "there goes the bell! Come on everybody; let's get our medicine."

Just as the boys and girls were settling down in their seats and Jim Scroggie was glancing anxiously doorward Billy strode in. He was resplendent in his Sunday best and wore a wild thorn blossom in his button hole. He glanced quickly about the room and caught the glint and sunlight for which he hungered—a smile from the lips of Lou Scroggie. Then he seized Jack LaRose by the scruff of the neck, jerked him from the seat near the door and motioned Jim Scroggie over. "We'll set here," he whispered. "It's close to the outside in case we have to make a quick get-away."

(To be continued.)

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Health and Beauty Hints.

Superfluous hair is one of the most annoying facial blemishes and one which requires careful handling, for so often the destruction of one root (or follicle) stimulates the growth of others, thereby increasing the trouble. There is no occasion to be concerned over a soft, downy growth of hair. It is rather softening in its effect, as a rule, like the down on a peach, and is not nearly so noticeable as its owner supposes it to be. The use of a depilatory on such a growth will increase the number of hairs and coarsen them so that the condition becomes worse instead of better. Isolated, coarse, dark hairs such as sometimes appear on the chin or on a mole are really disfiguring and should be cut off, close to the skin, or pulled out by means of tweezers as often as may be necessary. They will grow in again, perhaps increased in number, but this does not always occur. The hairs which appear on the lips can be similarly treated. Sometimes it is only necessary to cut out one or two of the darkest or longest hairs; in cases showing a more vigorous growth, applications of peroxide of hydrogen will bleach the hairs and make them brittle, so that they will rub off.

For any heavy growth, where a decided mustache or beard is in evidence, a depilatory should be used, but it must be remembered that a depilatory is a makeshift, as the hair returns and the depilatory must be used again and again. It does remove the hair, however, without scarring the skin. Depilatories are on sale in drug stores and wherever toilet goods are sold.

Superfluous hair is also removed by means of an electric needle, but the needle should be applied by an expert dermatologist. The needle is inserted in the direction in which the hair is growing, and the current is turned on so that the root is destroyed; but as the destruction of one root usually stimulates the growth of others, the needle must be applied again and again, until complete destruction is accomplished. The process is both painful and expensive.

The brown spots often referred to as "liver spots" are usually due to a sluggish liver and can sometimes be prevented by drinking water in large quantities. Indeed, there is no better cosmetic than water, taken internally. We would appreciate it more if it were not so free. The color of the brown spots can be greatly lightened and sometimes eradicated by means of peroxide of hydrogen, applied with a medicine dropper or a bit of absorbent cotton. Use the peroxide as often as possible during the day and the last thing at night.

The so-called "fever sores" which appear on the lips and nostrils are both painful and disfiguring. These eruptions are somewhat allied to "shingles," especially when they are an expression of a nervous condition. The eruptions are also caused by constipation, and in that case can be avoided by cultivating regular habits. A patient of nervous temperament will obtain relief by using sumbul compound, a nerve tonic which is mildly laxative. One tablet every night is usually sufficient. Spirits of camphor applied to the eruption, especially in its first stages, has a drying effect and gives some relief, but with fever sores, as in many other ills, "prevention is better than cure."

Candies for the Party.

Bittersweets—An attractive variety of candies may be made by dipping sweet fruits in bitter chocolate. Use for this purpose dates, citron, candied orange peel, or crystallized fruit. Melt unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler. Keep the chocolate just warm enough to prevent solidifying. With a silver fork drop pieces of fruit into the chocolate. See that each piece is completely coated, then remove to waxed paper to harden.

Walnut Brittle—Boil one cup corn syrup until it crackles in cold water. Pour over one-half cup broken walnut meats placed in a greased tin. When cold break into pieces.

Honey Pecan Rolls—1 cup strained honey, ½ cup butter, ½ cup boiling water, ⅛ teaspoon soda, ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup chopped pecans.

Boil the honey, butter, water, soda, and cream of tartar till it forms a ball when dropped in cold water. Boil the mixture ten minutes before testing for the ball. Add the pecan meats, and pour on a buttered platter. When cool, roll up tight; then slice across with a sharp knife.

Dishes for Cool Days.

Delicia Squash—2 cups cooked mashed squash, 1½ cups boiled rice, 1¼ cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 6 tablespoons crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper.

Mix the squash, milk, rice, egg, and seasonings together. Place in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle bread crumbs over the top, and bake in a medium oven forty minutes.

Potato and Onion Escallop.—6 medium sized potatoes, 3 small onions, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ cups hot milk, 6 thin slices bacon.

Butter a casserole, put in a layer of thinly sliced potatoes, then add a thin layer of sliced onions, and season with salt and pepper. Add another layer of potatoes and onions with seasonings, and repeat until all are used. Then pour on milk, and cover the top with the slices of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven at least one hour. Remove cover a few minutes to brown.

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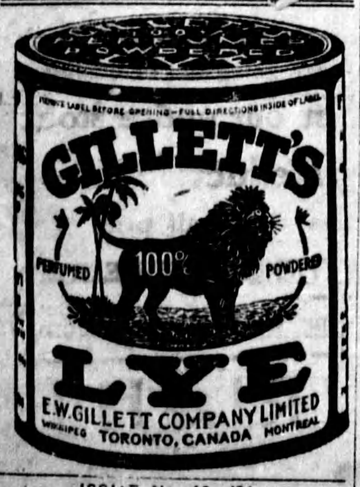

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