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. The new teacher is unpopular. Billy questions his brother about Hinter's boring outfit.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

He turned once more to the door but Anson jumped up and caught him by the arm. "Bill," he gasped. "I don't know why Hinter built that fence, cross my heart, I don't. But I'll tell you all I know about the men who're runnin' the rig. I been workin' fer the tool-dresser after school, fer a quarter a night. I've heard quite a lot o' talk among them fellers. Blamed if I could make head er tail of most of it but they mentioned a feller by the name of Jacobs an' they seem plumb scared to death of him. Funny, too, 'cause he's never been 'round there a'tall. Nobody ever comes there but Hinter."

"How do you mean they seem scared of Jacobs?"

"I kin tell by what they say. One night I heard the big feller, named Tom, say to Jack, the other man: 'If we don't strike the stuff Jacobs is done fer, an' both of us'll go with him.' An' the one named Jack he swore at him an' says: 'Shut your trap, Tom. One of these days Jacobs is goin' to hear you blattin'; then you're goin to take a trip sooner than you expected.'"

Billy stood frowning. "Say, maybe Jacobs is the feller that fires the boilers that runs the windlass," he hazarded.

"Nope, that man's name's Sanderson. He don't have anythin' to do with the drillers. Nope, Bill, Jacobs hain't never been seen, but I'm dead sure he's the boss of the outfit."

"All right, Anse. You kin learn a lot more by keepin' your ears an' eyes open. Whatever you see an' hear, you're to tell me, see?"

Anson nodded.

"All hunky. Now, I'll jest peel off these duds, an' get inter my own. Ma'll be gettin' uneasy."

But when Billy dressed in his own suit, descended the stairs to peer cautiously out, it was to find the room deserted. Mrs. Wilson's voice high-pitched and excited, came from the back yard.

"Willium! oh Willium!" she was calling.

With a bound he was outside and over beside her. She sat on the block beneath the hop-vine, her face in her apron. She was rocking to and fro and sobbing.

"Ma," cried Billy, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh Willium," she cried, "my heart is breakin'. Oh to think how I misjedged him!"

Billy's eyes opened wide. "Misjedged him?" he repeated.

"Oh the poor little dear! the poor little dear!" she wailed. "Me hatin' him like I did, and him doin' all he has fer me. Oh, Willium, I do feel so 'shamed, an' mean; I do so!"

Billy stared at his mother in amazement. "Jest what has Anse ever did fer you, Ma?" he asked wonderingly.

"Anse!" she snorted. "Who's talkin' about Anse? It's Croaker I mean. Look here what that darlin' crow brought me jest a few minutes ago."

She opened her hand. In it lay a shining twenty-dollar gold piece. Billy's mouth fell open in astonishment.

"Croaker brought you that?" he gasped. "Well, I'll be shot!" Billy stood up and gazed about him. "Where's Croaker now?" he asked.

"I dunno. He jest laughed an' sailed away ag'in. I don't know where he got it but I do know good gold when I see it, Willium. Twenty dollars! Ain't it splendid?"

"It sure is, but I can't help wonderin' where Croaker found it. Maybe you wouldn't mind lettin' me off Sunday School to-day, Ma," he suggested, "so's I kin trail off an' find that Croaker. Any crow that kin pick up gold pieces that way is worth watchin'. Kin I go look fer him, Ma?"

Mrs. Wilson at this particular moment, was in the mood to grant almost any request. "Why Willium," she said eagerly, "go seek him and bring him back home. Never ag'in will I wish him dead, poor little feller. But," she added as though realizing that her softened mood had carried her a little too far, "you see you get back here in time fer supper er I'm liable to tan you good."

Billy waited for no more. He was up and away like a shot. Mrs. Wilson, clutching her gold piece in one hand and brushing back her deranged hair with the other, went back into the house.

Anson, striving to keep his head above a shiny collar, about which was twisted a flaming red tie, was just issuing from the sairs. His mother opened her hand to display her gold piece, then closed it again. "You go right back upstairs and take off Willium's collar and tie," she commanded.

"It's my own collar an' tie," Anson declared, "Bill give it to me."

"Humph! That's jest like him, but why he should give you his best tie and collar is beyond me. Do you think you deserve any gifts from your brother after what you done to him? It jest goes to show you what a real good heart that boy has. I declare, Anson, I do wish you was more like him. Now you get your hair combed and your hat brushed and get away to Sunday School."

"Yes, Ma'am; ain't you agoin', Ma?"

"I'll be 'long shortly; don't you wait fer me."

"But where's Bill? Ain't he agoin?"

"No, he ain't agoin'; and now, not another of your fool questions. Slick your hair down and go at once. Do you hear me?"

Anson proceeded to obey orders without another word. As he picked up his hat and turned to the door, Mrs. Wilson opened her hand and held out the gold piece.

"Croaker found that and brought it to me," she said, proudly.

Anson's jaw dropped and he backed fearfully away.

"Don't you have nuthin' to do with it, Ma!" he cried. "That Croaker's a witch crow, that's what he is! He's tryin' to tempt you with gold!"

Mrs. Wilson stood, the picture of amazement. "Have you gone stark and ravin' crazy, Anson?" she asked sternly. Then, anger mastering her, she reached for the broom standing in the corner. Anson promptly made his escape, but as he passed the open window, he gazed wildly in at his mother and cried again: "Don't you have nuthin' to do with that gold, Ma. If you do we'll all get burnt up in our beds, er get clawed to tatters!"

Mrs. Wilson sank down on a chair. "Willium's right," she sighed. "Anson's mind is gettin' a little unbalanced. I'll have to put him on diet and feed him slippery-elm bark and alloways."

Sighing dolefully she arose, placed her treasured gold piece in the clock for safe keeping, and tying on her bonnet, left the house. She walked hurriedly down the path, thinking that perhaps she might be late for the opening hymn. As she was about to open the gate, a slender, sprightly old gentleman, dressed in long frock coat, stepped out from the trees bordering the road, and gravely lifting his shiny hat, bowed low, and said: "Your pardon, ma'am, I'm axin; but if ye'll permit me."

"Harry O'Dule," she gasped, as he swung the gate wide, "is it re'lly you?"

"Faith and who else, ma'am," replied Harry. "The ould burrud wid new feathers is ut. Faith ut's manny a year since I laid these duds carefully by, thinkin' I'd be wearin' 'em niver ag'in until a day whin I'd not be knowin' ut. But, Mistress Wilson, ma'am, ut's other thoughts have been mine since I quit the dhrink. Pl'ase God but duty is iver clearer wid clearer understandin' and so ut is. Some day afore I die I'll glimpse me own skies and smell the burnin' peat and if that is to be mine thin must I live me life clane here and do me duty like an Irishman av birth. So, ma'am, it's off I am to visit the holy Father at Palmyria."

Mrs. Wilson held out her hand. "Harry O'Dule," she said, her voice unsteady, "I always knowed you had the makin's of a man in you. I'm gladder than I kin say."

Harry bowed low. Mrs. Wilson passed through the gate, beaming commendation on him from misty eyes. He closed the gate slowly, his clean shaven, wrinkled face working. He stood and watched her until the bend in the road hid her. Then, placing his tall hat jauntily on his grizzled locks, he turned and walked smartly in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XX.

Billy Meets a Lovely Gh[illegible].

Billy found Croaker just where he thought he would be—clinging to the latch of the menagerie door and peering with one black eye through the chink above it at the owls, the while he hurled guttural insults at them.

"Croaker," commanded his master, "get away from there!"

Croaker balanced himself by flopping one short wing and laughed at the hisses of the angered owls. He hopped from his perch to the peak of the shanty as Billy reached for him and there he sat, demurely turning his head from one side to the other and muttering low in his throat.

"Croaker, come down here, I want'a ask you somethin'." Billy's hand went into his pocket and the crow stood at attention. Then as the hand came empty he emitted an angry croak and wobbled further along the ridgeboard.

"Come, nice old Croaker, tell me where you found the gold," coaxed Billy.

Croaker turned his back and murmured a whole string of "coro-corrs," which to Billy meant just as plain as words could say it that he hadn't the slightest intention of telling anything.

"All right then, Croaker, I'll call Ringdo, an' feed him your dinner."

Now, for the swamp-coon, Croaker had all the jealousy and hatred a crow is capable of feeling and as a last resort, whenever he was obdurate and disobedient as he was now, his master could nearly always bring him to submission by the mere mention of Ringdo's name. At Billy's threat Croaker raised his head and poured forth such a jargon of heart-broken lamentation that the listening owls inside crouched low in terror, their amber eyes questioning the meaning of the awful sound.

Billy bent and patted an imaginary something on the ground. "Good ol' Ringdo," he said. "Nice ol' Ringdo." That was the last straw. With a croak of anguish Croaker swooped down and lit on his master's shoulder. Promptly five fingers gripped his feet.

"Now, you black beggar, I've got you," exulted Billy. This fact did not seem to worry Croaker in the least. His beady eyes were busy searching for signs of his enemy. Ringdo being nowhere visible, his neck feathers gradually lowered and his heavy beak closed. He snuggled close against Billy's face and told him in throaty murmurs how much he loved him. Billy laughed, and seating himself on a log, placed the crow on his knees.

"Croaker," he addressed the bird, "you mus'a found ol' Scroggie's gold. He had the only gold money this country ever saw, so you must have found it some way. I don't s'pose it'll do Teacher Stanhope any good, 'cause it'll go to Jim Scroggie's father, but, Croaker, it's up to us to get that money an' turn it over; hear me?"

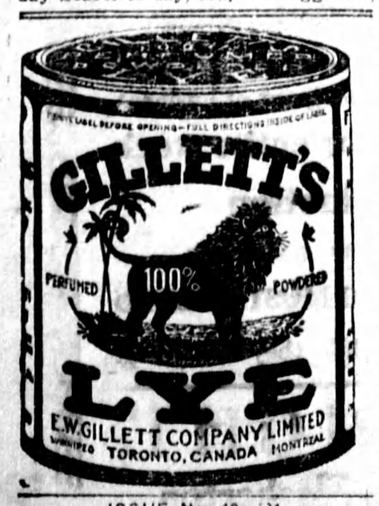
Croaker blinked and seemed to be thinking hard.

"You see," Billy went on, "maybe the will 'll be where the gold is. You be a real good feller an' show me where you found the gold-piece."

"Sure I will," agreed Croaker. He hopped down and started pigeon-toeing across the glade, peering back to see if Billy were coming.

Billy followed slowly, hoping, fearing, trusting that Croaker's intentions were of the best. The crow was carrying on a murmured conversation with himself, flapping his wings, nodding his head sagely and in other ways manifesting his eagerness to accommodate his master. When he grew tired of walking he flew and Billy had to run to keep him in sight. Straight through the grove, across the green valley and through the stumpy fallow went the crow, Billy panting and perspiring behind. Straight on to the pine hedge creek and still on, until the lonely pine grove of the haunted house came into view.

(To be continued.)



ISSUE No. 40—'21.

Trees.

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springtime sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare.

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build in and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring.

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail,
The keel and the mast and the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then, lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.

Minard's Liniment for Garget in Cows.

Holland's Many Wheels.

Two million bicycles are ridden in Holland, a country with a population of 6,000,000 persons.

$15 lb. for Wool

That's what you pay for it when you buy a suit. What do you get a pound for it when you sell the wool?

Canadian wool has to be sent out of Canada to be prepared for the spinner. A pound of wool bought from the farmer is sold from one commission merchant to another, stored, shipped by train and boat, stored in England, sold and re-shipped until eventually it gets back to the mills in Canada at many times the price you got for it. There is no place in Canada to prepare wool for the worsted spinner. Isn't it a shame?

A mill is now under consideration, in Toronto, to convert raw wool for the spinner. When wool can be sent direct to the mill for combing and sold direct to the spinner, then the farmer will get the full price.

If this is of interest to you, Mr. Wool Grower, write Dominion Development Corporation, Limited, 709 Continental Life Bldg., Toronto, and get the full plan.

Woman's Sphere

Perfectly Baked Bread.

Few housekeepers seem to understand the role which temperature plays in bread-making. In importance it ranks with good flour and yeast. Although many housewives experience difficulty in having dough rise well on a cold, windy day and note the rapidity with which it grows light in summer, they fail to grasp the full significance of such observations. Success or failure seems dependent upon the weather and they do not realize that they themselves may control the matter of temperature.

The yeast used in making light bread is a microscopic, one-celled plant requiring for its growth air, moisture, food and a favorable temperature. It acts upon sugar present in the dough, forming carbon dioxide gas which, in attempting to rise to the surface of the mass, is caught and held by the elastic gluten of the flour. As more gas is formed within the sponge or dough, the gluten stretches and the entire mass expands and becomes "light."

Like most plants, yeast thrives best at a certain temperature. Although it is quite active between 75 deg. and 95 deg. F., it produces best results at from 80 deg. to 85 deg. F. As the temperature is lowered, the activity of the yeast becomes less until growth ceases at about 50 deg. F. Although inactive below that point, it begins to grow again when a favorable temperature is restored. Above 95 deg. the action of the yeast is lessened by the activity of other organisms present in the dough or by the products of same. At somewhat higher temperatures the yeast is actually killed.

A favorable temperature, therefore, will have much to do with active and healthy fermentation. Furthermore, by regulating the temperature one may control the rising of the dough, hastening or retarding it almost at will. In general, however, doughs should be kept as nearly as possible at the same temperature throughout the process and not subjected alternately to heating and chilling.

But how may the housewife control the temperature of the dough? The simplest way is to provide herself with a "sponge boy," which is a simple box or cabinet, capable of holding the dough, and which can be warmed by means of hot water, a hot stone, a small lamp or an electric light bulb. On an extremely hot day the cabinet may likewise be cooled by means of cold water or ice. The thermometer, by means of which the temperature is regulated, is one of the most important things in connection with the sponge box.

In place of the sponge box a fireless cooker may be used. The principle underlying its construction is that of maintaining the temperature of articles placed within it. If, therefore, a sponge or dough be mixed so that its temperature is correct, then placed inside the cooker, this temperature will be maintained. On a cold day it is well to have not only the liquid but also the flour slightly warmed. The radiator or soapstone of the fireless may likewise be warmed until just comfortable to the touch. In warm weather, especially if the dough is to stand a considerable length of time, neither the flour nor the liquid should be warmed, and certainly the radiator should not. Again a thermometer should be used, for how can one guess accurately by "feel" when the liquid is luke warm? Different individuals vary greatly in their sensitiveness to heat and guesswork may cause great error in gauging the temperature of liquid or radiator.

Two general methods for making bread are practiced largely in this country, the "sponge" and the "straight dough." Each of these may be divided into the short or quick and the long or overnight process, depending upon the amount of yeast used as well as upon the temperature maintained. Besides using less yeast in their preparation over night, sponges or doughs are generally kept at a lower temperature than those made by the shorter daytime process. In very warm weather especially the dough is likely to become sour over night unless it can be kept sufficiently cool.

In order to learn definitely what time is required we will consider some of the recipes for making bread. A popular formula calls for one-half cake of compressed yeast and one cup of liquid for each "standard" sized loaf of bread, with the requisite amounts of flour, salt, sugar and so forth. If a temperature of 85 deg. F. be maintained throughout the process, this dough should be light the first time in 1½ hours, the second time in 1¼ hours. It should then be molded, and after rising in the pans one hour will be ready for baking. Allowing 10 minutes for handling the dough between risings and about ¾ of an hour for baking, the bread should be out of the oven within 5 hours from the first mixing. In practice, therefore, a housewife will find that by beginning at 7 a.m., the dough should be ready for the oven at 11.15, provided it has been kept at 85 deg. throughout the process. At 12 o'clock, when the noon meal is ready, her bread will be out of the oven and no extra fuel or time in the kitchen required for its baking. Should the dinner hour be at 1 o'clock, the dough might be started at 8 a.m. At 80 deg. F. the time for the first rising would be 2 hours, for the second 1½ hours and for the rising in the pans about 1¼ hours, making a total of 1 hour more than with the higher temperature. Hence if the dough be mixed at 7 a.m. and kept at 80 deg. F., it should be out of the oven at 1 o'clock.

With the overnight straight-dough, less yeast and a lower temperature should be employed than with the quick method. Using 1 cake of compressed yeast for six loaves, and keeping the dough at 70 deg. overnight, it should be quite light in the morning. It should then be kneaded down and molded for the pans and placed where it may be gradually brought up to 85 deg. In 1½ hours at this temperature the loaves should be light and ready for baking.

When dry yeast is used the sponge process is the one most commonly employed. Ordinarily such a sponge will be light in 10 to 12 hours. This time, however, is also dependent upon the temperature, which should be between 75 deg. and 80 deg. F. If the temperature of the sponge has been only 70 deg. F., however, fully 13 hours will be required for the mass to become thoroughly light, while at 60 deg. F. 16¼ hours will be necessary.

The housewife may, therefore, plan to have her baking operations fit in with her other duties in the home. Mixing, kneading, molding and baking may be so adjusted that they will not conflict with other matters, and the baking especially may be arranged to come during the time that her presence in the kitchen is required for other reasons as well. Nor need she spend the entire morning in the kitchen mainly to "watch the dough." Knowing the temperature of the dough and the time required for rising, the housewife may calculate just when her dough will need attention.

Dark, close streaks in the crumb of bread are often due to unevenness in temperature during rising. Particularly when a dough has been chilled and fails to rise properly the housewife is tempted to place it where it will become warm rapidly, either at the back of the range or in a pan of warm water. Without the aid of a thermometer it is difficult to gauge the temperature, and there is danger that the yeast cells in that portion of dough most exposed to the heat may be killed. Although blended later with the rest of the dough no expansion of this portion takes place, and close streaks in the finished crumb are the result.

Could the housewife but realize the importance of knowing the temperature of the dough she would not begrudge the investment of a dollar or two in a simple dairy or chemical thermometer. Through its use guess work is eliminated, the operations of bread-making may be adjusted to suit the convenience of the housekeeper, and bread or hot rolls may be provided fresh for any meal. Moreover, the flavor, texture and general quality of the product are almost sure to be excellent.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA TO HAVE ZEPPELIN PASSENGER SERVICE

The project of an aerial line connecting the continent of Europe with ing the continent of Europe with South America by gigantic Zeppelin passenger ships is being worked out in Germany. Doctor Hugo Ecker, one of the chief directors of the Zeppelin works, Germany's most famous pilot, and for many years a co-worker of Count Zeppelin has just returned from a visit to Argentine and Spain.

Dr. Ecker has spent several months in those countries studying routes and landings and assisting in the organization of the company. He says that he found Southern Spain ideally located for a European air harbor and as a port for a trans-Atlantic Zeppelin line. The other end of the line will be near Buenos Aires, where it is declared that weather and wind conditions are very favorable.

He estimates that a Zeppelin with 150,000 cubic metres gas capacity has a speed of 115 kilometres an hour, with forty passengers, can make the trip from Spain to Buenos Aires in ninety hours. One hundred hours will be required for the trip to Europe on account of less favorable wind conditions.

As the peace treaty places almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of organizing and operating air ships from Germany, the organizations will be exclusively Spanish, with Germans in charge of all operations.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Boys just love its smooth fragrant lather

BEST for BABY - BEST for YOU

Oh, Captain!

Young Lady—"Dear me, captain, what do you find for the sailors to do when you are out at sea? Aren't the men very idle?"

Captain—"No, lady; I keeps them busy hoeing the sea weeds out of the ocean current patch.

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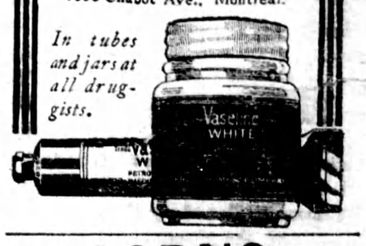

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.