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The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER II.

A few months later Mary Cameron's voice, as she sang lullabys to her baby, mingled with the forest murmur and the sounds that came from the clearing—the lowing of the cow, the clucking and cackle of fowls, the clang of Donald's axe as he ring-barked trees near the house.

A one-roomed hut, built of long, rough-barked saplings, ranged one above the other, and thatched with coarse reddish-brown bark, laid on in slabs, it stood on the brow of the hill not far from the wagon's first resting place. Its two doors, set opposite each other, opened, one towards the back hills and the other towards the creek and the cleared land on which a stubble of stumps still stood. The walls of the hut, inside, were plastered with the clayey hill soil which Mary had rammed into crevices between the saplings when daylight had at first showed in thin shining streaks, and the mountain breezes had crept chilly through them in the early mornings. She had made the floor of beaten clay, too, and had gathered from the creek bed the grey and brown stones which Donald had built into the hearth and chimney with seams of lime and fine white sand that he had brought from the Port.

A window space had been left in the wall fronting the clearing; but there was no glass in it. At night, or when it rained, Mary hung a piece of hessian over the window. Two chairs were the only ready-made furniture of the room. The boxes and bales brought in the wagon were piled in a corner. A table, made of box-covers with sapling legs driven into the floor, was under the window, and a bed, on a wooden foundation strapped with green-hide, stood against the back wall. A few pieces of delf and white crockery glimmered on a shelf near the open fireplace, and below them, on another shelf, were stone jars and two or three pots and pans.

Donald's harness, saddle, stirrup-leathers and stock-whip hung on pegs near the back door. Among the bales and boxes, under a dingy muffling cloth, stood a spinning wheel, and, tied together with lengths of dusty yarn, the parts of a weaver's hand loom which Mary had brought from the old country. On Sundays, when a bright fire sparkled on the hearth, the mats of frayed hessian were spread on the floor, and she had put a jar filled with wild flowers on the table, her eyes brimmed with joy and tenderness as she gazed about her.

She had toiled all the summer out of doors with her husband to make their home, timber-cutting with him, grubbing stumps from the land, laying twigs and leaves in the stumps and lighting them so that the slow fires eating the wood left only charred shells to clear away. She had driven Lassie, the grey, backwards and forwards, drawing logs and tree trunks from the slope to the stack behind the house, and when the frames of the wagon shed, cow sheds and stable were up, had laced the brushwood to them. The weedy, brown nag that was Lassie's trace mate, during those first weeks in the hills had come down and got himself rather badly staked, and Donald had to shoot him. It cost him a good deal to fire that shot, but he had worked the harder for it.

Mary watched the cow while she browsed on the edge of the forest before a paddock on the top of the hill was fenced. She milked, fed the calf and the fowls, and carried water from the creek to the house. When she was not doing any of these things, or baking, brushing, or furbishing indoors, during those first few months, her fingers were busy with little garments—shirts and gowns and overalls—cut from her own clothes of homespun tweed and unbleached calico.

It was at the end of a long golden day that a cry from her brought Donald from the far edge of the clearing. He was turning the land for his first crop, and when he heard that cry, left the mare in her tracks, the rope lines trailing beside her.

Later, his hands trembling, he took Lassie from the plow, and led her to the creek for water. Then, although the sun had not set, he hobbled her for the night, and went into the house and shut the door.

Usually all was silent within its walls when the darkness fell; but this night a garish light flickered under the door. There were sounds of hushed movement, faint moaning, the crackling of fire on the hearth, all night. The dog lying on the mat by the door did not know what to make of it. He growled low and warningly now and then. Towards morning while stars still sparkled over the dark wave of the forest, a faintly wailing cry came from the hut. The dog's ears twitched; his yelping had an eerie note.

Sunlight was flooding the hills, illuminating the forest greenery, making crimson and gold of the shoots on the saplings, banishing the mists among the trees, splashing in long shafts on the sward, wet with dew, when Donald Cameron opened the door. His arms were folded round a shawled bundle. He stood for a moment in the doorway, the sunlight beating past him into the hut.

Then he lifted the small body in his arms, kissed it, and held it out to the dawn, his face wrung with emotion.

"All this, yours—your world, my son!" he said.

They were quiet days that followed, days spun off in lengths of sunshine from the looms of Time, with the sleepy warmth of the end of the summer and the musky odour of the forest in them. Mary worked less out of doors when she was about again; her hands were full, cooking, washing and sewing, and looking after the animals and the baby. She sang to him as she worked. All her joy and tenderness were centred in him now.

Donald did not understand the love songs she sang to little Davey. They were always in her own Welsh tongue.

"It's queer talk to make to a bairn," he said one day, smiling grimly, as he listened to her.

"He understands it, I'm sure," she said, smiling too.

Cameron sang himself sometimes when he was at the far end of the clearing. It was always the same thing—the gathering song of the Clan of Donald the Black. While he was plowing one morning, Mary first heard him singing:

Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch o' Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.

The words of the grand old slogan echoed among the hills.

When next she heard it, Mary lifted Davey out of his cradle and ran to the door with him, crying happily:

"Listen, now, Davey dear, to thy father singing!"

Cameron had interrupted himself to call to the mare as she turned a furrow: "Whoa, Lass! Whoa now!" He had gone on with his song as he bent the share to the slope of the hill again.

A hidden root checked his progress; but when he had got it out of the way, and the plow settled again, he swung down hill, giving his voice to the wind heartily:

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come in your fighting gear,
Broad swords and t-a-r-ges.

His voice had not much music, but Mary loved the way he sang, with the fierceness and burr, the rumble on the last word, of a chieftain calling his men to battle. It was almost as if he were calling his tribesmen to help him in the battle he had on hand. But he was as shamefaced as a schoolboy about his singing, and it was only when he was some distance from the house and had forgotten himself in his work, that he gave expression to the deep-seated joy and satisfaction with life that were in him.

Davey was four months old, and the paddock his father had been plowing the day he was born was green with the blades of its first crop, when Mary asked:

"When will you be going back to the Port, Donald?"

She had taken Cameron's tea to him where he was working among the trees a little way from the clearing. He was resting for a few minutes, sitting on a log with his axe beside him.

She spoke quietly as if it were an ordinary enough question she had asked. Her eyes sought his.

"There's very little flour left, and only a small piece of corned meat."

"I'd made up my mind to go, day after to-morrow," he said.

CHAPTER III.

This journey to Port Southern for stores meant that Mary would have to remain alone in the hills until her husband returned. The cow and calf had to be fed and looked after. They were valuable possessions, and could not be left for fear they might wander away from the clearing and get lost in the scrub. Besides, there were the fowls to feed, and the crop to guard from the shy, bright-eyed wild creatures, that already, loping out of the forest at dawn, had nibbled it down in places.

Cameron's eyes lingered on his wife as he answered her question. She stood bareheaded before him, the afternoon sunlight outlining her figure and setting threads of gold in her hair. The coming of the child had made her vaguely dearer to him. This journey had not been mentioned between them since Davey's birth. He had tried to put off making it, ekeing out their dwindling supply of corned meat by shooting the brown wallabys which came out of the trees on the edge of the clearing, surprised at the sight of strange, two-legged and four-legged creatures.

They, and the little grey furry animals that scurried high on the branches of the trees on moonlight nights, made very good food. Donald Cameron had been told that no man need starve in the hills while he had a gun, and there were possums in the trees. But neither he nor Mary liked the strong flavor of 'possum flesh, tasting as it did of the pungent eucalyptus buds and leaves the little creatures lived on. He shot the 'possums for the sake of their skins though, spread and tacked the grey pelts against the wall of the house, and when the sun had dried them, Mary stitched them into a rug. She had lined Davey's cradle with them, too.

Donald made ready for his journey next day. During the morning he took his gun down from the shelf above the door, cleaned it, and called his wife out of doors. He showed her how to use it and made her take aim at a tall tree at the end of the clearing.

"You must have no fires or light in the place after sundown," he said, "and let the grub fires in the stumps die out. Bar the doors at night. And if blacks, or a white man sets foot in the hut y've the gun. And must use it! Don't hesitate. It's the law of this country—self-defence. Every man for himself and a woman is doubly justified. You understand."

"Yes, of course," she answered.

"And I'll leave you the dog," he went on. "He's a good watch and'll give warning of there's any danger about."

"Yes," she said.

When the morning came she went to the track in the wagon with him, carrying Davey. She got down when they reached the track, he kissed her and the child, and turned his back on them silently.

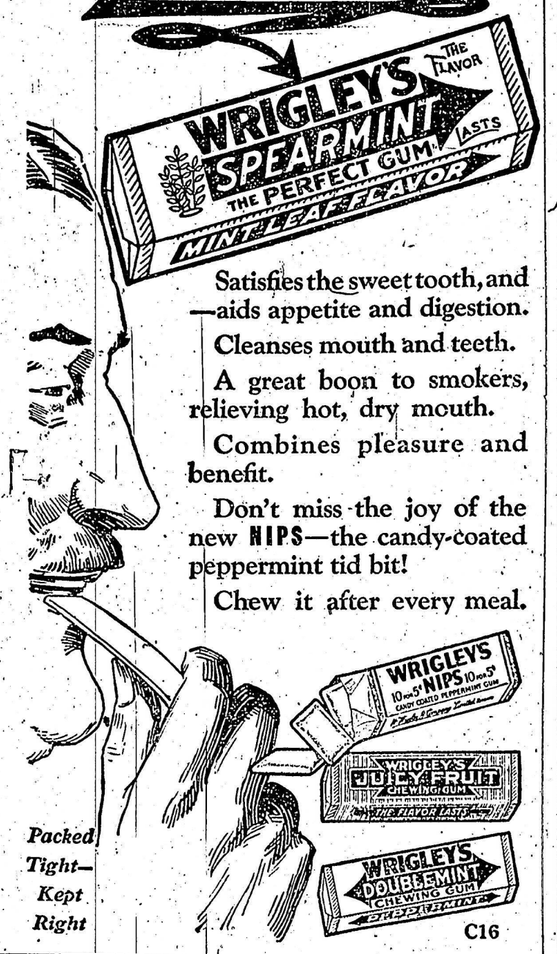
(To be continued.)

There are no taxes of any kind in the island of Alderney.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S



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Packed Tight—Kept Right

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About the House

Looking Your Best.

Freshen up your face to suit your new organdie or gingham frock. With a scorching sun and a hot wind you will need more than mere soap and water to give your face that clean, cool, comfortable look. Here are a few hot-weather suggestions that have helped other women to look their best.

To get rid of the shine and give a soft texture, there is a colorless lotion faintly scented with rose. Apply it right after the morning wash. It dries quickly on the skin. There isn't a trace of it left, either. But you'll know it's there by the fresh, cool feeling and the way the powder sticks.

Change your powder, too, when your skin tans. Dead-white powder always seems so artificial, and especially when put over freckles and sunburn. You'll be glad to hear that this year all Paris is using tan powders. A blonde selects a delicate creamy tone, the woman of medium coloring chooses a tan with plenty of pink in it, while the brunette brings out all her good points with a deep rich bronze shade. Isn't that good news after your face has been weather-beaten for a month?

If the older woman will put a touch of these powders at her temple right near her eyes, she will find that they give the eyes a youthful sparkle and make them appear a little larger. And don't forget that powder can conceal the lines in a neck and make it look less dingy.

Even if your lips are the right shape, they won't look like rosebuds if you let them get sunburned till they crack and blister. To avoid this, put a little camphor ice on them just before you go out in the sunshine. And if a blister does come, pat on a little butter and see it disappear in short while.

If you find that you are perspiring excessively, and it makes you feel uncomfortable, put a few tablespoons of baking soda in the bath. It will help to keep you fresh. It also softens hard water and leaves your skin with a velvety softness. You can use it under your arms as you would talcum powder.

And your hair? Does it make a soft fluffy frame for your face? Not always, especially in summer, I'm afraid. Then it's likely to hang in stringy wisps and refuse to go up properly. Try patting it, and dropping a little toilet water on the scalp. You may find that this keeps it pretty.

And don't forget that the sun can burn and wither hair just as it does the face. Only there's no white creamy skin lotion that can bring it back to health and glossiness. You will need to use a tonic made of nourishing oil and do much brushing to get back your former attractive locks.

Colors for Crocheted Rugs.

If you are in need of a rug to throw down in front of bed or dresser, why not crochet one? Crocheted rag rugs are easy to make and as easy to wash. Furthermore they can be made in the colors in use in your room, and just now they are very good.

Two-color rugs are favorites, though very pretty rugs are made in three colors. A centre of old rose, then a band of pearl gray and an outer border of rose makes a good combination; or the order may be reversed, making the centre and border of gray, and the insert of rose.

Other color combinations suggested are tan, dark green and black; pearl gray and orange; maroon and navy blue; baby blue, black and white; baby blue, pink and white; dark brown and orange. The colors may be combined in any order to suit the worker's taste. An attractive rug is made with a centre of baby blue, then a band of white, then black, and an outer border of white. This would be appropriate for a guest room or a child's room.

The rags may be bought in skeins, ready-dyed, as you buy yarn, and the rug made oblong, oval or round, to fit the space for which it is intended. For an oblong rug 20x40 inches start with a chain of thirteen stitches, crochet back on the chain and continue round and round. Leave the stitches loose and pat down smooth occasionally to keep the rug flat. For a 27x54 rug start with nineteen stitches; for a 30x60 start with twenty-seven stiches; for 36x72 start with thirty-six.

Heavenly Bliss.

Boil two cupfuls of white sugar with one half cupful of boiling water and one half cupful of white corn syrup until a little of the liquid dropped into cold water forms a hard ball. Have ready the white of two eggs beaten stiff, with a teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of English walnut meats added to it. While beating the mixture add slowly to it the boiling syrup. When you have beaten it very stiff, turn it into a buttered pan, and when it is cold cut it in pieces. If you wish, substitute candied cherries or pineapple for the nut meats, or use both the nut meats and the candied fruits.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

King's Cream Horses.

Though some of them are still at Windsor, the King has now disposed of most of the famous cream Hanoverian horses, which have been for so many years an expected feature in State processions and displays, observes a London Daily Chronicle writer. Some of the horses, a very tractable breed, have gone into the service of a famous travelling circus, others are understood to be pursuing the paths of everyday commercial use, and one, perhaps the most suitably placed of all—is now the drum horse of the Royal Horse Guards' band.

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RAISING VESSELS FROM OCEAN BED

SALVING SUNKEN TREASURE INGENIOUS TASK.

More Than Five Hundred Ships Have Been Salved During and Since the War.

The sinking of the P. & O. [illegible] Egypt has set salvage experts a [illegible] task, not only to recover the five million dollars of bullion on board, but also to raise the vessel herself.

Such an undertaking is not so difficult as it seems. An expedition which is to attempt to raise the Lusitania, a much larger ship than the Egypt, has high hopes of success.

Many remarkable feats of salvage have been performed within recent years, but perhaps the most thrilling was the raising of the great Italian battleship, Leonardo da Vinci, which sunk by enemy action in the harbour of Taranto in 1916. The vessel turned over and came to rest in mud on the sea bottom, from which not even the biggest crane could lift her.

Flames That Burn in Water.

A cable was laid from Taranto to the ship, and with the electric power thus furnished, holes were drilled through the rivets which would have to be patches, over the great rents in the hull.

Other cables were then carried from the power-station to work the compressors, and immediately the divers had rendered a number of the compartments watertight, the salvage crew began to pump compressed air into the vessel, gradually forcing out the water. Divers next cut away the [illegible] rets and funnels, which were embedded in the mud.

The work was carried out slowly and cautiously, but at last the vessel was forced up by the compressed air to the surface. Still turned upside down, she was towed to dry dock through the sea bed. After entering dry dock, she was taken into position, and by allowing the water to enter the compartments on the high side, the Leviathan turned over and remained floating right way up. The work occupied four and a half years, and cost $675,000.

An incident as thrilling in its respect was the salving of the German submarine which went down in the River Clyde.

By passing food and air through tubes, the rescue-party managed to keep members of the crew alive in the bow of the submarine which was above the water and a hole was cut in the plates. Each of the survivors were dragged out in turn. Forty-six men were still alive after fifty-five hours they had been entombed in a prison that might have been a tomb.

No sooner had the rescue work been completed than the wires holding the vessel gave way, and the 612 tons went down again. By means of compressed air the submarine was raised on this time successfully.

Novel Mode of Salvage.

One of the most novel and successful instances of salvage was provided at Folkstone some time ago. A vessel caught fire, and was sunk deliberately close to the quay. She turned over on her side, and the only difficulty that presented itself in the salvage operations was the question of how to get her righted. This obstacle was overcome by attaching wires to the vessel and locomotives on land. The vessel was then pulled over to the right position.

On another occasion, a large vessel was cut in two while in dock, and raised to the surface, lifted with the bulkheads, and brought in two parts fitted together again.

If it had not been for the help provided by such inventions as diving bells and tanks, in which divers can work with safety under water, submarine telephones, oxy-acetylene flames which burn even in water, and the diver's air-suit to cut through a vessel's sides; lifting tugs and floating cranes, lifting magnets, and innumerable other devices, the work of raising the five hundred odd vessels which have been salved during and since the war might never have been accomplished.

Bathing Risks and Rules.

Do not bathe until at least two hours have elapsed since your last meal.

Don't be too venturesome; don't, for instance, swim far from the bath if you are alone and the water is cold.

Should you begin to feel chilly, leave the water at once; you have had enough—too much, in fact.

Never be satisfied until you know all the swimming strokes and have some knowledge of life-saving methods, too.

It is foolish to hesitate on the bank, and then enter the water inch by inch. You will not feel the cold so much if you splash in straightaway.

Never fling a younger boy into the water with the idea that he will "learn to get out." It is as absurd as dropping him into a pit with a gun and a bear, on the principle that "he'll jolly soon learn to shoot."

Don't bathe more than once a day; and take a brisk walk after you are dressed.

Never bathe in an unfamiliar spot without first satisfying yourself that it is safe.

The Baltic Sea is only forty-three yards deep.