The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Donald and Mary Cameron are carving a home out of the Australian wilds. When little David was four months old his father set off to Port Southern for fresh supplies. On the fourth day two gaunt and ragged men, one of them wounded, entered the hut.

CHAPTER IV. (Contd.)

"It's not much to offer you, but it is all I've got," Mary said. "I wish it were better because you're wanting it so badly. Food just now, I think, is more good for your friend and me. I will have eggs to-morrow, or can get a 'possum."

She took Davey from him and he crept to the table to eat. The man ate but meanly wearily. She put down his bucket, lined with furry leaves, and went to the sick man. The blood had put over it to soak off the filthy rag which bound his head had served their purpose. She bathed and the festering gash on his forehead was little more.

For a moment, or a twinge of pain as she touched the wound, stared his brain. His eyes opened, stared with semi-conscious fear. Then with a horrible moaning cry. His quivering throat and clung to her. The man at the table sprang up and ran to him and wrenched her away; they struggled for a moment. Then the sick man dropped back on the bed again; but he shouted and cursed, his fever-bright eyes glittering in the flickering firelight.

"After the gold's, 'n the sea, 'n the boat, to be taken now and like this, by God—" he panted. "Let me be! Let me be, don't you see, it's a trap!"

"It's all right," the other gasped. "Don't let your tongue run away with you, Steve."

"I'll not be taken alive," the man on the bed cried. "Not now, not after getting through so far. I'll not be taken alive, 'n the one that tries to take me'll not live either."

The small man cursed beneath his breath.

"The woman mean no harm to you," he said.

"It is the fever troubling him," Mary explained.

The sick man was already weak again. He lay on the bed limply and muttering uneasily.

"You'd best feed him so as I can put on the clean rags," she said.

She had a length of old linen, spread with ointment from a small earthenware jar, in her hands. She laid it over the wound and gently and firmly bound it into place.

"That'll be better," she murmured.

The gaunt man overlooked her, a curious cynical humor in his eyes.

"You're a brave woman," he said.

"I'm not, indeed," she replied, her eyes met his squarely.

She laughed softly, and told him how afraid she had been earlier in the day.

At the sound of his mother's voice, Davey piped, wistfully. She went over to him and rocked his cradle for a moment or two.

"Hush, Davey," she said talking to him softly in her native Welsh. "We have company. There's one hungry man wants his supper, and another sick, that thy mother must make gruel for. Do thou sing to thyself, son, till mother is ready to take thee again."

But Davey had no great notion of the laws of hospitality that separated him from the source of all consolation. He wailed incontinently and from wailing took to uttering his protest with all the strength that was in him.

The unkempt stranger munching his dry bread by the table, glanced furtively at Mary's back as she stooped over the fire stirring the gruel; then he got up and went to the cradle. He lifted the child with awkward carefulness. Davey continued to wail, nevertheless, finding that it was not the soft covering of his mother's breast that he was laid against, but a harsh fabric, smelling of the sea, the earth, dank leaves and a strange personality.

When she took the gruel from the fire and poured it into a little bowl, her eyes rested on the stranger as he tried to appease Davey.

He was cradling the child in his arms, and muttering awkwardly, distressfully: "There now! There!" An expression of awe and reflectiveness veiled the sharpness of his features. "There now! There then!" he kept saying.

He looked up to find Davey's mother's eyes resting on him and laughed a little shamefacedly.

"I think he's forgetting his company manners, surely," he said.

"You're the first company he's had to practice on," she replied.

Her simplicity, and again the clear, shining eyes with their direct and smiling glance astounded him.

"You'd best give this to your friend, yourself," she went on, putting the bowl on the table. "It seems to trouble him to see a strange face."

She lifted Davey from the stranger's arms and he took the bowl of gruel to the other man.

"Be gentle with him and humor him," she warned, "but make him eat all of it. I'll put a blanket here on the hearth for you, and Davey and I will sleep at the other end of the room."

When she had thrown all the spare clothing in the hut on the floor before the fire and had spread a patchwork quilt and the rug of possum skins at the far end of the room for herself, she sat down on a low stool near the door and lifted Davey's lips to her breast. She sang a half-whispering lullaby, rocking him in her arms. His cries ceased; her thoughts went off into a dreamy psalm of thanksgiving as his soft mouth pulled at her breast.

She looked up to find the eyes of the tall stranger on her.

A gaunt, long-limbed man, his clothes hung on his arms and legs as if they were the wooden limbs of a scarecrow. The shreds were knotted and tied together, and showed bare, shrunken shanks and shins, burnt and cut about, the dark hair of virility thick on them. His face, lean and leathern, had a curious expression of hunger. The eyes in it held dark memories, yet a glitter of the sun.

Mary Cameron vaguely realized that she had known what manner of man this was the moment she looked into his eyes. That was why she had not been afraid when he confronted her on the doorstep; why, too, she had been able to ask him into her house and treat him as an unexpected, but not unwelcome guest.

The man on the bed moaned. Suddenly he started up with a shrill scream.

"A wave! A wave! We'll be swamped."

His voice fell away, muttering. Then again he was crying:

"Is that the land, Dan, that line against the sky over there? No, don't y' see there—there, man. God! Don't say it isn't! How long have we been in this boat? Seems years . . been seein' the sea, them blasted little blue waves jumpin' up 'n lickin' my face! Better throw me overboard, Dan. Dan? Better throw me overboard . . . can't stand it any longer. The thirst and the pain in me head, Dan."

Mary turned pitiful eyes on him, rocking Davey and hushing him gently, as he wakened and began to cry querulously.

"A sail!" the sick man shouted. "Some blasted clipper for the Port, d'y' think she'll see us, Dan? Are we too far away? Will the waves hide us?"

He sank back wearily, muttering again.

"I'll not be caught . . not be taken alive, Dan." He started up crying angrily. "I'd rather go to hell than back. A-ü-gh!"

A shriek that curdled the blood in her veins, a cry that sped upwards in an uncurling scream of uncontrollable anguish, flew from the sick man. Another and another.

Mary looked at the man before her questioningly.

The lines about his nose were bent to a faint and bitter smile; but there was no smile in his eyes.

"Thinks he's being flogged," he said. "He would be if we were caught—taken back again. You know where we came from?"

"Yes," she said.

"From the Island," his head was jerked in the direction of the sea. "You're the first soul I've spoken to since we escaped except him, and he's been raving mad most of the time. You and I've got to do some talking, ma'am."

He looked about the room, lifted Donald's chair and set it before her. He had recovered his self-possession, was readjusting his plans.

"Yes?" she said.

"You know, we meant to get all the food and clothes we wanted from this hut," he said harshly. "We watched you all day from the trees and thought a man would be coming home after sundown. We didn't mean to let you off if you screamed and brought him before we'd got what we wanted. . . The dog's dead. Did you know? I killed him, caught him by the throat behind the shed."

"But that was a pity!" she cried, a note of distress in her voice.

"Pity?" He leaned forward. "But we can't afford to have pity. I saw you sitting spinning in the sun, singing to the child. My heart turned in me to see you like the women at home. But that would not have saved you. Starving men, fighting for our lives we were. Wild beasts. Pity? What pity's been shown to us? Do y' know what it means to have felt the lash, and made your escape from Port Arthur, swimming the bay at Eaglehawks Neck, wrapped in kelp, cheating the bloodhounds chained a few yards from each other across the Neck and the sentry who'd shoot you like a dog if he saw you? Do y' know what it was like, crawling from one end of the Island to the other in the bush at night with only a native to guide you . . . not knowing whether he was going to spear you, or run you into the tribe . . . making your way in a cockle-shell of a boat in the open sea without any mariner's tools at all, and only a keg of water and a bit of possum skin to chew to keep the life in you?"

"No, you don't know! How could you?" He paused a moment, and continued desperately: "And it's no good my trying to tell you; Steve got a crack on his head the night we escaped. He was mad with thirst in the boat. I was near it myself . . . and I had all the work to do, pulling and straining my eyes for the land. We had to keep out of sight of other boats, too, and the Government sloop going between Port Southern and Hobart Town, for fear we'd be seen, picked up and sent back. Months of scheming it took to get so far! I'd picked up the lay of the land near the Port and the way to get about in the country beyond, from sailors. It was a man who got as far as the coast and had been sent back told me to look for the muddy river-water in the sea and get up the river at night. We wanted to make the Wirree because there is a man—lives near the river—we'd heard would give us food and shelter, or help us to get away to the hills.

"We got to the river and had to lie low in the bush all day till night came again. Then I went up through the trees to a wooden house we could see among other houses that were all mud, or mud and stones. It was McNab's shanty. We'd got a sailor to take a letter through to him, saying we were coming and to be on the look out for us. And we'd got a message from McNab telling us how to get to him, what sort of man he was to look at, and saying he was willing to help us get away on condition that when we got on our feet we'd make it up to him—of course we had to pay on the spot too. And we'd got a bit to do it with. I've heard them say on the Island he's making his fortune, McNab. . . ."

(To be continued.)

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About the House

Grape-Juice Punch and Other Good Recipes.

Grape-juice punch is very refreshing. It requires two quarts of grape-juice, one quart of water, one quart of ginger ale, juice of six oranges, juice of six lemons. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and the water, squeeze the juice from the oranges and lemons, and place the rinds in the syrup. When the sugar is dissolved, remove from the fire. When cool remove rinds, add remaining ingredients, adding more sugar if needed. Pour over ice and serve cold.

An attractive salad is made by lining a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Shred two or three lettuce leaves and place in the centre. Over this place a layer of radishes cut in very small dice. Cover the radishes with a layer of sliced tomatoes, and over these place a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers. Cover with French dressing, dust lightly with paprika and serve very cold.

Stuffed beet salad makes an appetizing supper dish. Boil medium-sized beets until tender, plunge into cold water and remove the skins. Scoop out the centres, leaving the shells to be stuffed with cooked peas, chopped English walnuts and a little cold chicken, veal or lamb cut into dice. Place on lettuce leaves, top with mayonnaise dressing and serve with rye or brown bread and butter sandwiches.

Pineapple fruit punch is particularly good. Place in a large mixing bowl one cupful of strained tea, one large cupful of finely diced pineapple or a can of crushed pineapple, the juice of two lemons, one sliced orange and sugar to taste. Chill on the ice for two or three hours and just previous to serving, stir in one quart of cracked ice, one pint of ice-water and one quart of carbonated water, poured from a height. If carbonated water is not available, use three pints of ice-water.

Fruit ice cream can be made of milk, if cream is not available. Use five cupfuls of milk or one large-sized can of evaporated milk, the juice of one lemon, and three cupfuls of sugar. Add six large peaches, peeled and mashed, or three cupfuls of strawberries or red raspberries, washed and crushed, or a can of crushed pineapple. Mix fruit, sugar and lemon-juice, add the milk, then freeze. A richer ice cream is obtained by making the milk into junket before freezing. The recipe will make about three quarts of ice cream.

Raisin ice cream is new to many. To make, soak, (until plump) one cupful of seeded raisins in two cupfuls of water and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Place the mixture in a closely covered saucepan and simmer slowly until the raisins are tender, and but one-half cupful of water remains. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in four tablespoonfuls of cold water, adding a few grains of salt, add to the raisins and cook until the mixture is clear, being careful not to crush the raisins while stirring. Add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, remove from the fire and keeping the mixture covered stand aside to cool. Whip one and one-quarter cupfuls of heavy cream until stiff, fold in the raisin mixture, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, then freeze.

Sanctified.

When Baby came a guardian angel
bent his shielding wings
About the house, and shut out sordid
things.

The race for wealth, position, place,
and fame
Seemed such a paltry thing—when
Baby came.

We longed to set some standard,
sweetly wise,
Of life before those innocent ble eyes.

We aimed at leading teddling feet
through fair
And holy lands—the angel helped us
there.

And somehow every little meaner
place
Within our souls took on a higher
grace;
Our spirit music thrilled with grander
sound;
Our feet climbed Godwards in the daily
round
When Baby came.

—Lillian Gard.

The Well-Dressed Girl.

A mirror long enough to give a reflection of the entire figure is something every woman should have, if she can afford it. Sometimes a bureau mirror can be tilted so that it reflects the figure, but when the mirror is stationary, there should be an additional glass, hung in a good light and in proper position. By using a hand-glass one can see both the back and front of the figure.

The well-dressed girl or woman looks herself over critically when she has dressed, to be sure that all the little details are correct. Skirts have an unpleasant habit of sagging in the back, and nothing will spoil the appearance so much as that. The petticoat that is supposed to be the right length will suddenly show below the hem of the skirt—or you'll find that your heels have run over.

Skirts will rumple and crease in the back, and you may find that your coat should be brushed across the shoulders. The over-collar that fits in front sometimes sticks out behind; the hat that looks so well around the face does not always set well upon the head, or may show that the hair has not been arranged in the back in a way to make the hat, becoming there. Your gloves and shoes may not look well together, or may not harmonize with your dress, though separately each item may be all right.

The well-dressed girl attends to these details before leaving her room, then forgets all about them. She studies her type in connection with every detail of her toilet and does not make the mistake of using white powder if she is a brunette. It is impossible to change a dark complexion to light pink; the color of the skin is due to color pigment in the blood, which shows through the skin. Every color has its own charms and if a girl tries to keep her skin clear and smooth it will surely be attractive. Snow-white noses are ridiculous.

Do try to find the powder that suits your skin in color and texture. I note so many brunettes with faces made ghastly white. Have you ever held a piece of perfectly white paper against the glass which forms your mirror? You will find that very little glass is perfectly clear in tone. There is usually a tinge of color in it (green more often than not) and it is due to this color, perhaps, that we do not always "see ourse'ls as ithers see us." At least that is the excuse I make for the many startling contrasts I see.

Few people can use a white powder with success. Only a too florid blonde can stand it; the pale blonde should use a flesh-colored powder. There is a brunette shade for the very dark olive skin, and cream-colored powder is used for the shades of complexion which come in between. Whatever the shade used, apply it sparingly and if you value the texture of your skin, remove every bit of the powder before retiring at night.

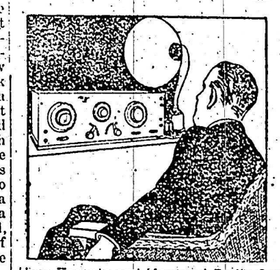
Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Father Was Right.

The oldest son was home on his first vacation since he had attained the dignity of class president. He and his father were discussing the affairs of the day.

Finally the boy remarked: "Say, dad, I hope when I am as old as you are that I'll know lots more than you do."

"Yes," answered the father, "I only hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now."



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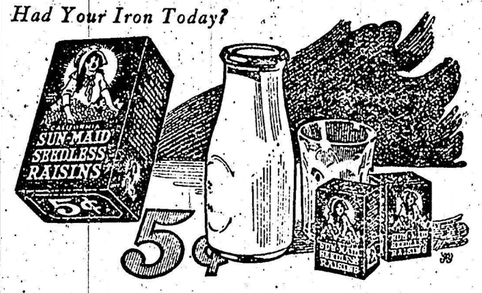

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A MAN TO ADMIRE

The heroism of Capt. Matthew Munroe will long be remembered in the little town of Canso, Nova Scotia. He was captain of the ninety-three-ton fishing schooner Alexandria, bound from Ingonish to Gloucester with a cargo of fish. The month was January, and a terrible blizzard was raging. As the Alexandria was crossing Chedabucto Bay the storm carried away her sails and drove her ashore at Black Point, which is ten miles from Canso.

As daylight came on the crew saw through the flying snow and fog ragged masses of basaltic cliff to leeward, and realizing that their vessel would soon be dashed to pieces, they tried to launch their one small boat. But a heavy sea struck the doomed schooner and smashed the boat to fragments. The schooner pounded heavily and, shattering her bottom, filled with water; then the spars went over the side. The seas swept the crew as they clung to the vessel; and the smothering snow banished all hope of their being rescued from the shore.

There was only one way to reach the shore in safety, a way that meant desperate risk. But Captain Munroe, a sailor and true hero, decided to try it. Tying a line round his waist and making sure that the other end was tied to the vessel, he flung himself overboard into the icy water. In the thick of one of the worst blizzards known on the coast of Nova Scotia he fought his way amid broken spars and other pieces of wreckage through the roaring surf to the rocky shore more than a hundred yards away. In danger of being dashed against the rocks that rose from the sea, he swam along the face of them until at last he reached a shelving ledge upon which after a hard struggle he managed to land.

During a lull in the blizzard Captain Munroe with the rest dragged the crew of five one by one in this way through the surf to safety. Having done this he collapsed.

Soaked, shivering and badly bruised, the shipwrecked sailors looked for shelter. The captain led them ahead and broke a way through the heavy snowdrifts. The storm delayed them for some time, but they saw a light in a fisherman's cottage and turned towards it.

The kindly fisher folk did all in their power to warm and feed the men, and insisted that they remain there over the next day; and it is well that they did, for the blizzard raged all the following day, and the roads were impassable. But as soon as the storm abated a little nothing could restrain Captain Munroe from trying to reach his home in Canso, where his wife and little children were living. He knew that his wife was worried and he knew no way of sending her word. So travel was at a standstill.

After visiting the scene of the wreck he bade good-bye to his crew and to the kind-hearted fisher folk and set forth. He could not go fast through the deep snow and the immense drifts, and it was not until two days later that, utterly exhausted, he finally stumbled into the doorway of his home.

"It is deeds like that of Captain Matthew Munroe," says one of his admirers, "which justifies a man's pride in his race."

Make Music Your Hobby.

The average person, if he or she [illegible] men and women [illegible] music their hobby. By [illegible] everyone knows. It [illegible] one's favorite pursuit [illegible] ular occupation. It [illegible] sity be something quite [illegible] what occupies the mind [illegible] all day. For example [illegible] or auditor would scarcely [illegible] matics his hobby. Golf [illegible] recommended as a suitable hobby [illegible] a farmer. Nor would [illegible] likely gain much by making [illegible] attendance at [illegible] the science.

A hobby properly [illegible] and pursued [illegible] has definite [illegible] value of [illegible] respects [illegible] world's [illegible] some time [illegible] saw a fair [illegible] man's cottage and turned [illegible]

The kindly fisher folk [illegible] power to warm and feed [illegible] insisted that they remain [illegible] the next day; and it is well [illegible] did, for the blizzard raged [illegible] lowing day, and the roads were [illegible] passable. But as soon as the storm abated a little nothing could restrain Captain Munroe from trying to reach his home in Canso, where his wife and little children were living. He knew that his wife was worried and he knew no way of sending her word. So travel was at a standstill.

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We Got You, Willie.

"Now Willie," said the teacher to the juvenile history class, "you're a boy who would like Battle Abbey."

"It was the Juke of Wellington."

"Yes, and who came to his assistance and helped him win it?"

"A feller named Uppercut Tom."

Every time a man has his fortune told he gets rid of a small portion of it.