

# The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Donald and Mary Cameron are carrying 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. Mary offered them unstinted hospitality and she is now listening to the story of their escape from the island prison and the treacherous McNab, who had promised to befriend them—at a price.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"They say there are men in this country now—well off, holding big positions—who pay McNab what he likes because he helped them to get away. They pay because if they don't pay McNab who they are, what they're doing—a word from him against them, and back they'd go to the darbies and the cells. But there's a new game now. A reward is out for the capture of escaped convicts."

The weary business of his voice took a sharper edge.

"It was a hot night; I lay low near McNab's waiting for the chance to tell him we'd come and get the food and clothes he'd promised to have ready for us. It was late. I was waiting until three o'clock, and the light went out—all but the one in a room at the side. Then I got tired of waiting and crept up to the shanty and lay flat against the wall hoping to see if the way was clear and I could get a word with McNab. The wall was not thick, and there was a crack in it. I could see into that room with the light. McNab was there, and the trooper from Port Southern with him. Under his coat, I could make out his uniform. A band of rum made the talk go easy between them, and I heard the plan they were making. It was that McNab should not keep too close a watch for travellers from the island—he too keen on their scent—and McNab should play friendly to them and tell McNab of their whereabouts when they thought they were getting off finely. He was to arrest them, and the pair of them would share the reward. Steve and I were expected. We were to be first victims."

Mary's exclamation of pity and horror comforted him. The compassion of her eyes banished the evil, merciless smile from his.

"I got back to Steve," he said more quietly. "I was almost too ill to walk. He understood the thing and would not be troubling McNab, when I told him what had happened, and was quiet though he had been moaning and crying all day. It was because of his fever I was afraid to leave him again, or to try to get food in the townships. So we staid for the moment. But we didn't go far when he gave out and I had to carry him. I wanted to get him away from the tracks where the sound of his raveling could be heard, and so we've been in the hills ever since—nearly ten days. It must be. This was the first clearing we sighted since we saw the Wirroo and we had to get what we could out of it, or die in our tracks. I'm talking sense enough now, but I was almost as mad as Steve when I was in the hills and rage at the thought of being taken again and serving to get reward money for McNab, when we came to the door here."

He hesitated.

"It was the sight of you—looking like the Mother of God with the child in your arms—saved me."

"I'll give you all the food and clothes I can," she said.

"Marian—his voice trembled. Then he said roughly: "You're not playing the 'Flea McNab game'?"

Her eyes met his.

"Do you think so?" she asked.

"Davey and I, a fine pair we are to play a game with you."

"You think it's the easiest way to get rid of us—to give us what we ask for?"

She nodded, smiling.

"You are afraid, then?"

"Not for myself—but for you."

"There was no wavering in her eyes. I was not wanting my husband to find you here. He might think it was his duty to send word back to the Port. He might."

"He'd try."

"Yes, he'd try. But you've got a sick man to think of and you're at the end of your strength yourself. Donald's a strong man, and he has no love for desperate characters. A flickering smile played about her mouth. "You must be gone before he returns. You can rest here to-morrow and then you would be better going. You can read the stick by the door. The cross marks the day he went; it will be five days since then to-morrow, and he may be back on the sixth, or the seventh day."

The man looked from her to the sniping pole by the door, counted the

Our education, our training, our experiences all through life are constantly enlarging our consciousness in different directions. But it rests with ourselves to determine what kind of consciousness we shall cultivate. If, for instance, we concentrate upon money getting, if we hold the picture of money in mind, we develop a money consciousness; and if we accustom ourselves to this the opportunities for developing consciousness along other lines—social, aesthetic, musical, philanthropic, etc., and confine ourselves to the selfish pursuit of money, we shall become greedy, avaricious.

notches on it and his eyes returned to her.

"You've heard naught good of convicts that you should be treating me so," he said.

"No, it's terrible tales, I've heard of the things they do, and the things that are done to them."

A shadow had fallen on her face.

"None too terrible for the truth," he said.

"They tell me—it was a man in Melbourne told me—it is the life makes them desperate," she cried. "Men who have been sent out for quite little things, become—"

"Dead to shame!" he said, "men who would kill a woman who has served them as you have served us, for fear when they'd gone she would betray them—send her men and the black bloodhounds after them, condemn them to hell and torture again. Oh, women, women, do it, and men like me have made other women pay."

A gleam of anger lighted Mary Cameron's eyes.

"If you believe I would give them the chance of taking you back again, then is Donald's gun on the shelf," she said; "I settle the matter for yourself. But if you will believe the truth it is this: My heart is with you and all like you."

The sick man muttered and cried; Davey wailing, wailed feebly.

"We'll go to-morrow," the stranger said. "You'll give us food and clothing."

"Yes," she replied a little wearily. "But will you not rest now? I must be sleeping myself because the child will be ill if I'm not careful of him."

The man stood before her, abashed, his face working as though he were restraining the desire to cry as Davey was crying.

"I can't understand why you should be as you are," he said at length, his voice breaking.

"Ah, there's reason enough," she sighed, and turned away from him.

He threw himself down before the fire. But Mary did not sleep when she lay on the floor at the other end of the room, although the regular breathing of her guest told her when he slept. Once she sat up and looked at him where he lay stretched before the fire as he had thrown himself in an attitude of utter exhaustion.

The rambling cries, and the moaning of the man in bed, kept her awake. She found herself listening to the tangled threads of his raving.

The thrush leapt in long beams across the room. There was no fear but a strange awe in her heart.

## CHAPTER V.

In the morning the tall man's eyes followed Mary as she went about the work of her house.

As though he were dreaming, he watched her break dry branches and sticks for the fire across her knee. Then it occurred to him to offer to break them for her, and he fetched an armful of wood from the stack in the yard. He gazed at it as if it were strange and wonderful to see a woman washing dishes, sweeping, and cooking at her own hearth. He saw her leg-ropes and bail the cow, lead the cow and calf to the fenced paddock on the top of the hill after the milking, and carry buckets of water from the creek to the house, the sunlight touching her bare head and flashing from the water in her hair.

Mary did everything in a serene, methodical way, going from one task to another as though she were happy in each, and in no hurry to be done with. He heard her calling to the fowls as she threw a handful of crumbs to them; and, seeing that he was watching, she told him, smiling a little, that the matronly buff hen, Mather Bunch, was a very good hen indeed, laying every day, except Sunday, in the summer and spring time, and that the smart, speckled-backed pullet was no good at all for laying.

"She gives us a little brown egg now and then," Mary said, "and makes such a fuss about it! That's why I call her 'Fanny.' She is so like Miss Fanny at home, who could not sew at all well, but when she made a dress that a woman could wear all the countryside knew about it. He—she indicated the lordly rooster—"is called the Meester."

"That is the Master in English."

A smile showed in the man's sonorous eyes.

Early in the morning she had given him a bowl of porridge, and had eaten some herself. A bowl containing porridge for Steve when he wakened was set by the hearth.

The house was in order, Davy bathed, and put in his basket in the sun, and Mary was making bread of the little flour and meal left in the bags, when Steve awoke.

He sat up on the bed and looked uneasily about the room. He was a frail, sickly-looking creature. The fever had left him, but there were apprehension and desperate fear in his eyes, as with a quickened light they rested on her.

"He's awake," Mary called softly to the man out of doors.

He sprang across the threshold.

"It's all right, Steve," he said. "This woman's a friend."

She had stooped to the hearth and lifted the bowl of porridge.

Steve, like a hungry dog, tearing at the bread, and thrusting large spoonfuls of porridge into his mouth. Mary gave him a cup of hot milk. He swallowed it at once, and coughed and swore as it scalded his throat.

"If you could see what you can do for us in the way of clothes, ma'am," his companion said, "we'll be moving on."

Her eyes were troubled.

"If harm came of my helping you," she began, "it—"

"Innocent blood were shed," he said. "There was bitterness in his voice."

## You're like the rest of them. Good, bad or indifferent, you herd us all together—convicts. If you mean, 'his eyes sought hers, 'if you mean you're afraid that instead of helping to give a man another chance for his life you may be helping a wolf to harry the lambs, you're making a mistake, ma'am. I swear by all I hold sacred, you'll not repent of what you have done for me.'"

Mary smiled, her tension of spirit relieved.

"I believe you," she said simply.

She took Donald's working clothes from the pegs where they hung behind the door. They were worn, but whole. From the heavy sea-chest that stood in the far corner of the room she took a grey flannel shirt, also one of unbleached calico, and a pair of dingy black trousers; then she brought a pair of broken boots and a torn felt hat from the shed where the plow and tool were kept.

"There's only one hat, and I'll have to stitch it for you," she said, "but with a glance at Steve, who had fallen asleep again on the bed—"he won't have need of a hat for awhile with that bandage on his head, and when the cut is healed, you had better give him this one to wear, and you will be able to say you have lost yours."

## Bird Lore.

All the world over, and from the earliest times, much mysterious lore has attached itself to birds.

It is a very old belief that the souls of the dead pass to Heaven in the form of birds, and in the East it is still believed that some of these souls flutter about us in bird form.

Some Indian tribes will never hurt, or even touch certain birds, regarding them as the abodes of the animated souls of their dead chiefs. Old prints and carvings nearly always picture the soul as leaving the body in the shape of a bird.

In England and in Scotland especially, the robin is regarded as sacred. Its red breast is supposed to be of that color because a drop of Christ's blood fell on a robin, and thenceforward all robins were so marked.

It is deemed unlucky to kill a swallow or to destroy its nest. That is because swallows were said to have flown round the Cross of Calvary crying, "Svaha! Svaha!" which means "comfort."

It will be noticed that the swallow gets its name from this peculiar cry "Svaha."

The wren is another sacred bird, because, according to an old belief, it brought fire from Heaven to the earth when the human race had no knowledge of how to create fire.

The dove has always been an emblem of fidelity and gentleness.

The thrush is a bird of luck, and to have one build in the garden of your home is said to be a sign of coming good fortune. Peacocks are unlucky.

## Pat and the Parrot.

Pat was visiting the house of a friend who had the proud owner of a parrot. Pat had never seen a parrot before.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the bird, as the visitor walked past the cage.

Pat turned in amazement, and after staring at the parrot for a moment, raised his cap in salute.

"Good morning to you," he said, politely. "Sure, at first I thought you was a burr!"

During a thunderstorm the safest place to be in is a train, with bed as a good second.

## Mirand's Liniment for Dandruff.

There are a number of plants and flowers which give out a phosphorescent light in the dark. Linnaeus first noticed this phenomenon in the common nasturtium, whose flowers seemed to him to have a faint iridescence at night. Later observations by others showed that the light was stronger after very sunny days. Among other plants which possess this singular property are the marsh lily and the Saxifraga. The last named secretes a white oil which oozes out in hot weather, and spreads over a thin layer over the flowers, and forms a vapor which becomes luminous in the darkness. In the coal mines near Dresden grows a species of fungus which exhibits the appearance of shifting colors.

## Wireless Wonders.

Until now wireless messages have fallen like the rain from heaven, and anyone who had a proper instrument could reach out his cup and receive his fill. A message intended for the information only of the sender and addressee is poured into the ears of thousands of waiting listeners, and except for what protection a private code provides, it is known to all the world.

And now Marconi, the original wireless wizard, announces through the American Institute of Radio Engineers his newly discovered method of so directing radio waves as to concentrate them on a desired spot; instead of the rain driving where it will, broadcast, Marconi now forces it through an invisible hose as it were, and delivers his waves on a selected object. Not only can he already project thus definitely to a distance of 100 miles, but the reflector used in sending waves to catch the echo of the wave thus hurled toward the un-looked-for target, and while actual sight is not yet available, this "second sight" promise to be hardly less important and serviceable. More and more the sailor's life comes to be one of safety compared to that of the landsman who must cross streets where automobiles are passing.

What will be the next surprise of this astounding radio?

We have already had so many evidences of things accomplished which were previously "known" to be impossible, that should Marconi or one of his thousands of disciples succeed in communicating with Mars or other planets I fear we would not be half properly shocked with that surprise and unbelief which such an event really deserves.

## Plants That Shine in the Night.

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## A Blowout.

Bold Supt.—"What would you do if I kissed you?"

Electrician's daughter—"I would use one hand for insulation, and with the other I would create a short-circuit by a quick connection against your cheek."

# About the House

## Picnic Lunches With Little Work.

Resting in the porch swing or hammock, those hot summer days, and dreading the task of fixing a regular dinner, one becomes interested in watching Robin Redbreast or Mr. Catbird catching his noonday meal, and one gets to thinking what a bother a civilized meal really is. Not that one minds it ordinarily, but during the hot summer months when appetites seem so fierce it is different.

What you and the family need at such times is a picnic; not the old sort which took a day to prepare for and two days to get rested from, but an easily prepared meal which you can tuck under your arm or in the tonneau of the car and hit the trail to some favorite nook or spot where one can really rest, where it is possible to forget for the time being, all the little worries and vexations that seem a part of everyone's life. The man of the house will enjoy this little change from the usual routine quite as much as the children and yourself.

Webster's dictionary defines a picnic as "A pleasure party whose members carry provisions with them." Surely a party whose members had tired themselves out with elaborate preparations could not be called a picnic party. So when you begin your preparations, you should plan for something easily and quickly prepared.

It is a wise plan to keep a few cans of something which may be used for sandwiches on the emergency shelf.

The picnic first mentioned is the sandwich, as this is the one staple food of the meal. These need not be elaborate but should vary from time to time.

Cut the bread in thin slices and butter lightly. The butter will spread more evenly if well creamed with knife or spoon.

Various leftovers may be utilized. Boiled or baked beans, mashed and mixed with mayonnaise or salad dressing and spread on buttered brown bread are good, as well as hard-boiled eggs, mashed and mixed with grated cheese, and seasoned with salt, pepper, sweet cream and mustard.

Left-over chicken, either boiled, baked or fried, may be made into sandwiches that would be hard to beat. Run the chicken through the food-grinder and mix in enough melted butter for well seasoned stack to make a moist paste. To each two cups allow a pickled beet the size of an egg, well chopped. Add a little mustard and mix. Spread between buttered slices of white bread.

Canned salmon, shrimp, tuna-fish, sardines and patied meats are all very good.

Salted at a picnic is usually a difficult proposition. However, if the salad proper is not mixed with the dressing beforehand, the dressing being carried in a sealed jar, you will find that all the annoyance and confusion will disappear.

One of the simplest and best chicken and recipes is as follows: Cut cold chicken in small pieces, add half the quantity of celery cut fine, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. When ready to serve, mix with mayonnaise dressing.

Shredded cabbage, fresh sliced cucumbers and onions, make an unusual and delicious salad when mixed with sour cream dressing.

Of course, a picnic lunch would not be complete without some sort of cake or cookies. To supply this need, there is nothing more likelier or easier made than drop cookies and gingerbread.

A favorite gingerbread recipe is as follows: Cream one cup of shortening and one and one-half cups of sugar. Add two cups of molasses, two cups of sour milk and three eggs. Mix and sift five cups of flour, one teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of ginger, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, three teaspoons of soda and one teaspoon of baking powder; beat for two minutes. Bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

## Typewriting Competition at the National Exhibition.

The business woman is to have unprecedented prominence in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition this year when a typewriting contest has been arranged on a large scale. A circular just issued from the Exhibition offices in the Lumsden Building, Toronto, tells of eight events daily: three typewriting classes afternoon and evening, a

## A Doctor's Thumb.

Not long ago a famous physician in Saxony, Dr. Metzger, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He had retired from active practice for some years, having become immensely wealthy through the thumb of his right hand. This thumb stands out at a right angle from his hand and, it is said, cannot be bent back automatically. He soon found it of great service in massage, and when he became a specialist in intestinal disorders he was called as assistant to the greatest surgeons of Europe, bringing relief to many illustrious patients.

The Queen of Rumania sent for this doctor with the curious thumb when she suffered from facial neuralgia, while the late King of Sweden once drove a beautiful span of horses over the border of his kingdom to consult the doctor and on returning left the

## Irish Wit.

She was telling her new servant about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget, she said proudly, "used to be head of the militia."

"I thought as much, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully. "Ain't he got the fine malicious look?"

## Cleaning Auto Running in a "Washbowl."

The automobile owner who has his own car and who has a back-breaking effort and expense of broken knuckles moved all the mud from the gear only to find the paint cracked and chipped, will be novel in the auto-wash which consists of a shallow container that is described in the Daily News Magazine. The box with water to a certain level built with easy-sloping ramps leading the car to vibrate as it runs on the bottom of the washbowl and the accumulated dirt is loosened and washed off.

## Winds of Adversity Cause Wealth to Flourish, but Mostly Staunch Vessels on their Way.

Winds of adversity cause wealth to flourish, but mostly staunch vessels on their way.

## Returned Climbers Assure Future Success.

Mount Everest undoubtedly conquered, but it must be done under thirty years of age, and fortunate enough to encounter weather conditions. This is the opinion of Lieutenant Colonel Long and George Finch, who arrived in England and where a preliminary report to the Royal Geographical Society.

Their idea is that men of thirty have not sufficient strength and endurance to stand the rigors and technical snafus of the mountain, but that men of twenty, even under the conditions with which nature favors them, in fact, they are better off than men of thirty. They had only two days of favorable weather during which they were making the summit.

The report asserts that the three, from which the name was made, the expedition being under a handicap of about 29 degrees during most of the time.

Lieutenant Colonel Long is able to continue higher than the other two, Major H. T. Blaxland, who is an important member of the expedition through the joints of three fingers by the

## These Reading Mothers.

I had a mother who read me Sagas of pirates who scoured the seas. Cutlasses clutched in their yellowed teeth, "Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a mother who read me lays Of ancient and gallant and golden days; Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe, Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a mother who read me the tales Of Goleth, that round the hills of Wales, True to his trust till his tragic death, Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a mother who read me things That wholesome life to the boy heart brings— Stories that stir with an upward touch, Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth uncounted; Caskets of jewels, and coffers of gold. I had a mother who read to me, I had a mother who read to me, —Strickland Gillilan.

## Enamel Your Rusty Bread Box.

Nearly every farmer's wife owns a Japanese bread box and cake box. There was a time when this article didn't cost much money. If a box rusted out it was carelessly tossed on the rubbish pile and a new one purchased. But price one of these boxes now! You will think twice before you chuck it. And really, it isn't all necessary to let it get into a condition that will suggest discarding it. If the Japanese shows signs of wear go to the store and buy a small can of colored enamel. Clean the surface of the box and apply a thin coat of the enamel with an ordinary varnish brush. The rust will immediately be checked.

## Mealy Bugs.

What can I do for my plants? They are covered with little white lice. I have tried to kill them but have been unsuccessful.—Mrs. A. H. S.

The small white lice on your house plants are mealy bugs.

Geraniums, cactuses, ivy, peonies, geraniums, palms and many other plants are apt to be infested with these insects. The dorsal surface of these bugs are covered with a white powder-like dust or wax and for this reason they are commonly known as the mealy bug.

The easiest and most effective way of control is to give the plants a bath several times a week. Place the plant in a tub where the water can be applied freely, or where this is impossible hold the plant under the tap in the kitchen sink.

Where one does not have water pressure it is always possible to give the plant a good bath in soapsuds, after which it should be rinsed with clear water.

There is a proprietary preparation on the market, sold by all big dealers in seeds and greenhouse supplies, known as lemon oil. It should not be in any way confused with the ordinary oil of lemon sold over drug counters.

Lemon oil should be diluted, using one part of lemon oil to sixteen of water and applying either as a spray or as a dip. Dipping should be avoided when plants are in bloom or are well budded, since dipped buds sometimes

blight.

There was a time early in his career when the use of this curious thumb was looked upon as a form of charlatanism, but so well did Dr. Metzger establish his reputation that a medical profession accepted his thumb for what it was worth without trying to explain the phenomenon.

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