

## Gagtooth's Image

(Continued from page 26)

and in which the mortality in some years reaches forty per cent.

Of course I was at once called in. I did my best for the patient, which was very little. I tried hard, however, to keep his wife sober, and to compel her to nurse him judiciously. As for little Charlie, I took him home with me to my own house, where he remained until his father was so far convalescent as to prevent all fear of infection. Meanwhile I knew nothing about Gagtooth's money having been deposited in the hands of his employers, and consequently was ignorant of his loss. I did not learn this circumstance for weeks afterwards, and of course had no reason for supposing that his wife was in anywise straitened for money. Once, when her husband had been prostrated for about a fortnight, I saw her with a roll of bank notes in her hand. Little did I suspect how they had been obtained.

Shortly after my patient had begun to sit up in his arm-chair for a little while every day, he begged so hard for little Charlie's presence that, as soon as I was satisfied that all danger of infection was past, I consented to allow the child to return to his own home. In less than a month afterwards the invalid was able to walk out in the garden for a few minutes every day when the weather was favorable, and in these walks Charlie was his constant companion. The affection of the poor fellow for his flaxen-haired darling was manifested in every glance of his eye and in every tone of his voice. He would kiss the little chap and pat him on the head a hundred times a day. He would tell him stories until he himself was completely exhausted; and although I knew that this tended to retard his complete recovery, I had not the heart to forbid it. I have often since felt thankful that I never made any attempt to do so.

At last the fifteenth of September arrived. On the morning of that day Messrs. Rockwell and Dunbar's Combined Circus and Menagerie made a triumphal entry into Peoria, and was to exhibit on the green, down by the river bank. The performance had been ostentatiously advertised and placarded on every dead wall in town for a month back, and all the children in the place, little Charlie included, were wild on the subject. Signor Martigny was to

enter a den containing three full-grown lions, and was to go through the terrific and disgusting ordeal usual on such occasions. Gagtooth, of course, was unable to go; but, being unwilling to deny his child any reasonable pleasure, he had consented to Charlie's going with his mother. I happened to be passing the house on my way homewards to dinner, just as the pair were about to start, and called in to say good-bye to my patient. Never shall I forget the embrace and the kiss which the father bestowed upon the little fellow. I can see them now, after all these years, almost as distinctly as I saw them on that terrible fifteenth of September, 1855. They perfectly clung to each other, and seemed unwilling to part even for the two or three hours during which the performance was to last. I can see the mother, too, impatiently waiting in the doorway, and telling Charlie that if he didn't stop that nonsense they would be too late to see Sampson killing the lion. She—Heaven help her!—thought nothing and cared nothing about the pleasure the child was to derive from the entertainment. She was only anxious on her own account; impatient to shew her good looks and her cheap finery to the two thousand and odd people assembled under the huge tent.

At last they started. Gagtooth got up and walked to the door, following them with his eye as far as he could see them down the dusty street. Then he returned and sat down in his chair. Poor fellow! he was destined never to see either of them alive again.

Notwithstanding her fear lest she might not arrive in time for the commencement of the performance, Mrs. Fink and her charge reached the ground at least half an hour before the ticket office was opened; and I regret to say that that half hour was sufficient to enable her to form an acquaintance with one of the property men of the establishment, to whom she contrived to make herself so agreeable that he passed her and Charlie into the tent free of charge. She was not admitted at the front entrance, but from the tiring-room at the back whence the performers enter. She sat down just at the left of this entrance, immediately adjoining the lion's cage. Ere long the per-

(Continued on page 52)

## The Wild Red Steed

(Continued from page 32)

ALL around them as they went the forest was wakening to greet the coming day. Little breezes whispered through the branches and from every nest the birds were piping forth their matin songs. High above the tree-tops the morning star still shone brightly, but over the summit of Slieve Dearg the sky was rosy as the heart of a great sea-shell with the first flush of the sunrise.

Soon they had reached the foot of Carrag Dhu, a huge mass of black rock towering above the sea. In the clefts of its steep sides sea-birds nested and reared their broods; the air was full of their clamour. The grey waves dashed against its feet, flinging showers of foam high into the air, but on the landward side the turf grew green and sweet; starred with celandine and windflower, and tall tufts of foxgloves, the fairies' flower, grew here and there. At the foot of the rock lay Tobar na Crann, and above its dark waters hung the boughs of the enchanted hazel, veiling them with a mist of green. The wild red steed paused in his thundering gallop and Feargus slipped from his back and kneeling on the margin of the well waited for the first sunbeam to strike upon the wave.

Redder and redder flushed the eastern sky. The tops of the mountains caught the fire, but still the surface of the pool lay in shadow. At last the sun leaped above the highest hill and sent one quivering shaft of light down through the darkness, and even as it touched the water Feargus stooped and drank three long, cool draughts. Then, rising to his feet, he broke a bough from the enchanted hazel, fastened it in his cap and mounting once more, rode slowly from the well.

As he rode the day grew brighter. The sun was high above the hills now and the whole sky was aglow with light. A lark sprang from the turf at his feet and soared into the blue, singing as it went, and Feargus felt his heart leap within him for gladness as he listened. At his feet the heather spread a purple carpet and the drowsy bees, only half awakened from their night's sleep, hummed through its blossoms. Presently they came to a little pool of clear water lying by the wayside,

and the red steed paused to drink. As he did so, Feargus caught sight of his own image reflected in the placid water and a great wonder came upon him. Could this really be he, this slender, gallant figure, with its erect carriage and proud head? He sprang from the red steed's back and gazed and gazed again. Yes, it was he—Feargus, son of Laogaire—and yet this was not the Feargus that he knew. Gone were the wried shoulders, the twisted, ungainly form. The lad that gazed back at him from the pool with laughing, happy eyes was tall and straight as the young birch saplings that grew outside his father's dun. The wish that he had set aside to help another's need, had been granted him. As he rode on to the gates of Dun Laogaire, he sang and shouted aloud for very happiness.

There was feasting and tumult in the halls of the Dun that night. The brown mead flowed like water, and over their brimming bowls the men-at-arms cried upon the name of Feargus again and again, as he stood flushed and laughing upon the dais by his father's side. King Laogaire pledged his son in deep draughts of red wine and Ethne the Queen, as she flung her arm about the boyish shoulders that were so straight and slender now, looked deep into the grey eyes and smiled to see no shadow there.

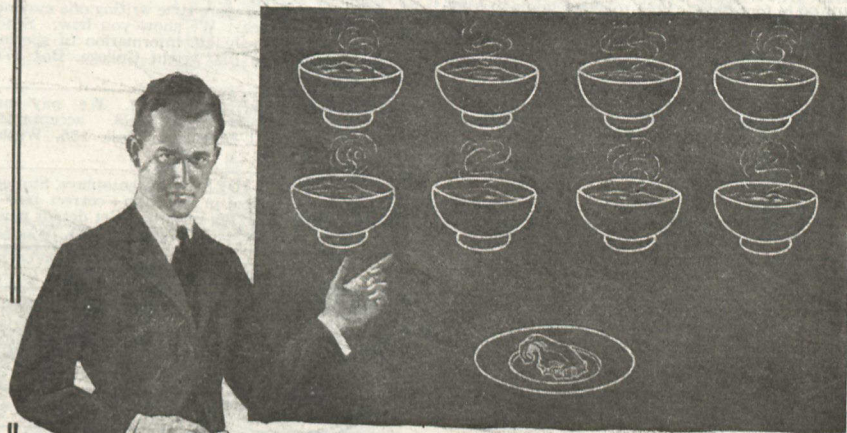
Would you know more of Feargus and of the great deeds of his manhood, you must read them for yourself in the ancient annals of Eire. But you will not find there the name of Feargus Cam. Feargus na Capaill—Feargus of the steed—is that by which they call him there.

And they tell that when at last the fullness of time was come and Feargus the King grew weary of feasts and of fighting, he bade them bring to him once more his wild red steed. Then, mounting, he rode away into the wooded valleys of Slieve Dearg and was never more seen of men.

But the bards say that he still waits within the sunny meadows of Tir na n-oge until the day comes when Eire shall again be a nation. Then shall all the heroes of the past return to her once more, and at their head shall ride Feargus MacLaogaire upon his Wild Red Steed.

## 8 Meals

### Of Quaker Oats at the Cost of One Meal of Meat



The nutrition in a dish of Quaker Oats would cost as follows if served in form of meat:

In Eggs—10 times as much  
In Round Steak—8 times as much  
In Whitefish—12 times as much  
In Chicken—20 times as much

The usual mixed diet—bread, potatoes and meat—costs four times as much as Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition.

So Quaker Oats, used in place of meat, saves at least seven times its cost. Used in place of mixed diet, it saves three times its cost.

One egg costs as much as five dishes.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It supplies needed elements in just the right proportions. In units of energy it yields 1810 calories per pound. In flavor it stands supreme.

It is the food for growth, as every mother knows. It is the vim-food with an age-old fame.

Serve in big dishes—make it the morning meal. Also mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor and they save our wheat.

## Quaker Oats

The Delightful Vim-Food

You get the utmost in oat flavor when you get Quaker Oats. This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats.

All the little starved grains

are discarded. We get but 10 pounds of Quaker from a bushel of choice oats.

These superlative flakes cost you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get them.

### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar. Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked). Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat white of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Peterboro  
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The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon  
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1869