

The Wooden Bell

BY HOMER J. COUNCILOR

PART I.

Never could we trap old Sergeant Digby into admitting that his had been an unusual career; that the tales of his early days, centering in his strong personality, his marvellous ingenuity and his quiet courage, were records of devotion to duty and loyalty to purpose seldom equalled.

We had been discussing a curious little wooden bell, whose thin edges and narrow lips gave forth a dull "clink-clink" as the rude clapper swung from side to side. It was a bit of native work from Central Africa. Fastened about the neck of a hound, much as is a sheep bell, it had served in the hunt to chase to keep the hunters constantly informed of the whereabouts of the dog even in the dense underbrush of the jungle. The old trooper smiled in a whole-hearted way as we, clamoring for its story, declared that all of his adventures were spellbinding.

"Interesting to me, boys, because I lived through them, that's all," he insisted. "Every man lives over his youth as he grows old."

Yet what could be more gripping than his simple recital of the thrilling days incident to the first African expedition of which he was a member, days crowded with action, filled with constant demands for a quick wit and a steady hand, and colored with all the terrors of the savage, untamed wilderness.

"From Cairo to the posts in British Africa. There had been considerable unrest among the natives, small parties of explorers had been murdered, the Germans are attempting to extend their influence through Uganda, and it is believed that a showing of a well-organized military unit will have a decidedly beneficial effect."

The major tossed a small bundle of papers upon my desk as he spoke, adding as he passed on out of the room:

"See to it, sergeant, that all necessary preparations are made at once."

The orders prepared for passage up the Nile by steamer to the Bah-el-Jebel by small boats to the headwaters of that stream, and from there overland by easy marches through the Toro or Mfumbiro regions, dotted with myriads of indescribably beautiful lakes, past Lake Victoria and on down into the coastal country.

Rather late one afternoon we came out of a heavily wooded section upon the slope of a large hill. This slope was open and entirely barren of vegetation except for scattered patches of coarse grass and underbrush. It impressed us as an ideal spot at which to camp while our equipment was undergoing certain necessary repairs. This we did. The day was one not easily forgotten—a model of September perfection in the Tropics. Not a leaf was stirring. All nature was dozing and a languid spirit of absolute inactivity pervaded the atmosphere. In keeping with our intention of remaining for several days, we applied ourselves vigorously to the pitching of a semi-permanent camp. When the delayed evening meal was finally served it was genuinely enjoyed, and, following taps, sleep was quick in coming.

About midnight a deep, ominous rumbling like the growling of thunder, accompanied by a slight vibration of the ground, roused us from our sleep. The jungle beasts were acting most peculiarly. Entirely ignoring our presence they went hurrying through the camp into the depths of the forest from which we had that evening emerged. While speculating on these singular circumstances we observed a slight glow reflected against the clouds, which was gradually growing in intensity. A fine dust was sifting over us.

"It's a volcano," some one shouted. "We will be buried. Run for your lives."

As the significance of this statement dawned upon us the entire camp broke into turmoil. Military precision was discarded and the habitual discipline was abandoned. The old order of nature reasserted itself—man contending with the physical forces of the elements. Primitive surroundings proved a primitive instinct and the law of self-preservation exerted its full influence. Snatching up such of our personal effects as lay immediately at hand, we plunged into the blackness of the thick jungle.

In our mad flight I managed to keep in touch with Corporal Williams, who had been my constant companion on this assignment.

"Shall we try to get still further away?" we asked each other.

"It seems to be safe enough here," Williams suggested. "No ashes are falling on us."

"Right," I agreed, noticing for the first time the absence of the fine dust, "and if we go too far we are liable to become separated from the rest of the company."

I had later to learn just how ridiculous this remark was.

In the course of an hour the crimson and yellow fires in the sky above us gradually faded and died, the deep rumbling subsided, and the eruption, if such it could be called, had ceased. With the return of darkness the excited chatter of monkeys, the shrill call of the birds and the nervous restlessness of the animals died down and the tense tranquillity of a typical jungle night enveloped us.

"It seems about over, sergeant," Williams remarked, breaking a long silence.

"I'm glad of that," I answered. "Volcanoes are something new to me. I am not at all certain as to how one should treat the beasts."

"If I am consulted in the matter I will arrange to have all my dealings at long range. No close skirmishes for me. I prefer to be so situated that a hasty retreat may be made in good order."

"We appear to have retreated successfully, but we will probably need to remain here the rest of the night. What about some sleep?"

"That suits me, if you will do the sleeping. I had rather smoke and stand watch."

"If you can't sleep we will both do time. I did not have myself in mind when I mentioned it."

So it was that as the sun rose out of the East at daybreak he found us eagerly awaiting his coming.

"Williams," I said, "believe me or not, as you choose, we are lost in this African jungle."

"Lost as sure as Lamby's ghost walked," he replied. "You'll sure get court-martialed for this, sergeant."

I should feel much safer if they were court-martialing me right now. But since they are not I am going to climb this tree and take some observations."

From the treetop I located a hill, two or more miles distant, which had every appearance of being the site of our camp. Imparting this encouraging information to Williams, we resumed our tramp. The hill was soon reached, but it had nothing in common with the one we sought.

Another lengthy discussion ended in our taking a new tack, but mid-afternoon found us in as sorry a plight as ever. A dozen times we could have sworn that the camp was in sight and as many times we were disappointed. Once we sighted the smoke of a camp fire, and hurrying eagerly toward it through the matted underbrush we found the smoldering remains of the one lighted by ourselves earlier in the day. Realizing that with the coming of darkness nothing more could be done we again satisfied our hunger of the portions of roast pig we had saved from the morning meal and prepared for the night. Climbing a tree we fashioned a rough bed of boughs high in the branches where we need fear none of the larger prowling beasts. Our pressing need of sleep, however, did not cause us to neglect ordinary precautions. We arranged to alternate on the watch, each being thus enabled to obtain a fair amount of rest.

The morning watch fell to the corporal. His position being of necessity more or less cramped, he welcomed the opportunity of slipping his legs when the morning light began to filter through the trees, intending to continue his guard duty there.

Just how it all happened we never knew, but I was awakened with a start by the sound of a shot and the clashing of harsh, guttural voices below me. Peering down through the branches I saw Williams struggling with a savage. He was shouting as he fought.

"Stay where you are, Digby; stay where you are. You can't help me."

I was in a quandry as to what to do, for unarmed, I was, of course, powerless. In spite of that, however, I could not remain inactive while my companion was set upon. Ignoring his repeated injunction to remain hidden, I was about to leap upon the back of the nearest savage when I observed that they were not attempting to harm him, but were instead merely binding his hands and feet. Instinctively I felt that later my help might count for more, and in direct opposition to my first natural impulses I remained motionless.

Carrying Williams between them, the party struck off through the woods. Hesitating no longer and inwardly condemning myself as a coward, I dropped to the ground and guardedly followed their trail, waiting upon them unexpectedly while they were resting I was surprised at the fact that in addition to the corporal the party were carrying the bodies of a number of blacks lashed to long poles. Like a ray of a tiny candle in a darkened room the truth slowly percolated through my muddled brain.

"The Niam Niam cannibals! Williams in their hands!"

The shudder of horror which shook my frame nailed me to my tracks. The noisy, gruesome caravan moved on and I followed doggedly. About noon a large village was reached, where the party was eagerly received by nearly a hundred other men augmented by a great company of women

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, monthly allowances and travelling expenses to and from New York. Further information apply to the Superintendent.

and children. Concealed at the edge of the clearing I could observe every movement of the tragedy being enacted.

It is so easy for us, children of an arrogant western civilization, to denounce all who do not conform to our customs as grovelling in the mire of dense ignorance and depravity. It is difficult for us to comprehend the savage as he is, a strange mixture of keen intelligence and gross barbarity, of an instinctive love of art and an indescribable cruelty, of a genuine affection for family and wild cannibalistic passions. These men who sat in the room, were armed with weapons fashioned from the steel produced in their own smelters; about their ankles and wrists were metal circlets of admirable workmanship wrought by their own hands. They were cunning, adroit, courageous.

All the more terrible did this render our situation. These black ghouls, squatting like monster vultures, keen-eyed and cruel, were merciless vampires from whose clutches none were known to have escaped.

By crawling, creeping and dodging I was able to reach the rear of the houses. From there I made my way to an open space, presumably set apart for the women, but now deserted on account of the feast in prospect. Beside the small fire lay half a dozen heavy mats such as they use in curtaining the doors of their houses.

Some of these had been badly torn and were in course of repair. A large earthen pot filled with pitchy resin to be used in the work stood at my feet.

There was a movement among the natives as the chief ended his lengthy speech and the death dance about the triangle began.

The time was ripe for me to act if I were ever to do anything. It was only a question as to what I alone could do.

My hand rested on a spear leaning against the side of the house by which I was hiding. Grasping this in both hands I squared myself for a rush into the wriggling, dancing, chanting throng when the bowl of resin caught my eye. Here was a more powerful means of destruction than the single spear I held. Dropping the weapon, I snatched up the pot and emptied its contents over the mats lying at my feet.

Snatching one of these on the point of the spear I held it to the fire. It ignited instantly. Balancing it on the spear for the fraction of a second I hurled it with all my strength directly at the chief on his throne. Like a comet it flew—his sheet of white hot fire. Full on the back it struck the savage leader. His head caught in the unprepared rent and the blazing mass fell about his shoulders like a flaming poncho. As though forcibly ejected from his seat, the unfortunate wretch leaped into the air. Wildly he shrieked and madly he struggled to free himself. Unmindful of his cries of pain or the consternation and confusion they produced, I caught up a second mat, which, when lighted, I hurled upon the roof of a nearby house. This was repeated until three of the houses were blazing. With the brisk breeze then blowing the entire village would soon be in flames.

All thought of the feast had vanished. The chief, frenzied with agony, was frantically imploring his warriors for help. They, fearing for their own safety from the terrible death descending upon them from the sky, and seeing their homes in flames, fled from the doomed village and plunged into the forest followed by the women and children, leaving their king writhing upon the ground alone.

(To be concluded.)

Buying Antiques.

Spurious "antique" furniture may be of any one of three kinds: a piece made up of bits of antique carving, panels and so forth; a real antique to which carvings or inlays have been added; or a piece that is only a copy. It is extremely difficult for an amateur to detect a clever imitation, especially if it belongs to one of the first two classes. Then why buy antiques? It is all a matter of taste; many old things have a beauty that time alone can give, though new things of good design and construction are just as useful and sometimes just as attractive. Perhaps the greatest pleasure for the ordinary person in buying antiques is that he has to buy one piece at a time and that one only after thinking it over carefully.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Imitating Daniel.

A well-known actor was called upon, without any warning, to make an after-dinner speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I feel like Daniel in the lions' den." The guests were all attention. "Now what did Daniel say when he found himself in the den of lions? He just said: 'Well, whoever's going to do the after-dinner speaking, it won't be me.'"

There never has been devised and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success, the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Andrew Carnegie's First Raise.

When a boy gets his first increase in pay, he thinks, like Edmond Dantes, that the world is his. The sensations of a boy at such an hour are graphically pictured by Andrew Carnegie.

The incident in my messenger life that at once lifted me to the seventh heaven, he says in his Autobiography, occurred one Saturday evening when Colonel Glass was paying the boys their month's wages. We stood in a row before the counter, and Mr. Glass paid each in turn. I was at the head and reached out my hand for the first eleven and a quarter dollars as they were pushed out by Mr. Glass. To my surprise he pushed them past me and paid the next boy. I thought it was a mistake, for I had heretofore been paid first, but it followed in turn with each of the other boys. My heart began to sink within me. Disgrace seemed coming. What had I done or not done? I was about to be told that there was no more work for me. I was to disgrace the family. That was the keenest pang of all. When all had been paid and the boys were gone Mr. Glass took me behind the counter and said that I was worth more than the other boys, and he had resolved to pay me thirteen and a half dollars a month.

My head swam; I doubted whether I had heard him correctly. He counted out the money. I don't know whether I thanked him; I don't believe I did. I took it and made one bound for the door and scarcely stopped until I got home. I remember distinctly running or rather bounding from end to end of the bridge across the Allegheny River—inside on the wagon track because the footwalk was too narrow. It was Saturday night. I handed over to mother, who was the treasurer of the family, the eleven dollars and a quarter and said nothing about the remaining two dollars and a quarter in my pocket—worth more to me then than all the millions I have made since.

Tom, a little boy of nine, and I slept in the attic together, and after we were safely in bed I whispered the secret to my dear little brother. Even at his early age he knew what it meant, and we talked over the future. It was then, for the first time, that I sketched to him how we would go into business together; that the firm of Carnegie Brothers would be a great one, and that father and mother should yet ride in their carriage. At the time that seemed to us to embrace everything known as wealth and most of what was worth striving for.

On Sunday morning with father, mother and Tom at breakfast, I produced the extra two dollars and a quarter. The surprise was great, and it took some moments for them to grasp the situation, but it soon dawned upon them. Then father's glance of loving pride and mother's blazing eye soon wet with tears told their feeling. It was their boy's first triumph and proof positive that he was worthy of promotion. No subsequent success or recognition of any kind ever thrilled me as this did. I cannot even imagine one that could. Here was heaven upon earth. My whole world was moved to tears of joy.

Benefits of Tree Plantations on Prairie Farms.

There are several ways in which plantations of trees benefit the prairie settler, the most important of which are the following:

1. They afford shelter from the wind to crops, buildings, and stock.
2. They collect and hold the snow during the winter, preventing it from banking up around buildings.
3. They preserve and retain the moisture in the soil by breaking the force of the hot winds in summer, thus retarding evaporation. The snow also held by them in the winter, melting in the spring, furnishes a great deal of moisture to the land in the immediate vicinity which otherwise it would not retain.
4. Plantations will supply fuel, fencing material, and wood for repairs. If settlers would only realize that they can grow their own fuel and fencing material, as they undoubtedly can, many more plantations would be set out, as this would mean to them a great saving in time and labor.
5. They are of aesthetic value, beautifying the landscape and making life on the prairie much more pleasant and less monotonous.
6. They greatly add to the money value of the farm. There is not the slightest doubt that a farm which had on it a well managed and productive woodlot of a few acres would, other conditions considered equal, sell for far more than one without trees.—Norman M. Ross, Dominion Forest Nursery Station, Indian Head, Sask.

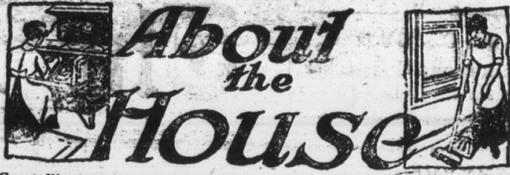
An Eternal Peace.

In Uspallata Pass, in the snow-clad heights of the Andes, the point where the railway crosses the border line between Argentina and Chile, stands the famous Christus statue, the symbol of eternal peace between the two countries. The icy, merciless blasts of winter have bent the bronze cross, but at the base of the statue are these words:

Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.

"Singing is the thing to make you cheery," said Sir Harry Lauder recently.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



About the House

Crystallized Fruits and Flowers.

Country women do not half realize the possibilities of their flower gardens and orchards unless they crystallize a few pounds of fruits and blossoms each year.

With the arrival of the violets my busy season begins. I gather the violets early in the morning, making sure that each one has a long stem and I always crystallize stems and all, dipping them one at a time in the hot candy which I have previously made. This candy is made by taking one pound of sugar and pouring over it just enough boiling water to dissolve nicely; add one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar, boil until it spins a brittle thread, remove from fire (keep hot but do not let it continue to boil). If it sugars, boil up again.

The blossoms are placed on waxed paper to dry and harden. The stems are kept straight and the blossoms retain shape and color. In May I gather cherry and apple blossoms and crystallize them in clusters. These are handled very carefully and make dainty decorations for cakes, ices, creamy desserts, etc.

Next in line comes rosebuds, rose petals and whole roses crystallized. There is a dainty little white rose, a single pink, and a single yellow rose that are the daintiest of confections when crystallized whole. I gather wild roses, hundred leaf, and other daintily colored roses, pluck off the petals and candy them. They find a ready market at all seasons of the year.

Clover blossoms, both red and white, mint leaves, and various other blossoms that are fragrant are gathered and crystallized. The clover blossoms retain shape and color and are used to decorate ices, cakes, etc. The candied mint leaves are delicious, sprinkled over ice cream, whipped cream dessert, a few in the iced tea, punch bowl or lemonade pitcher, or served as after dinner mints. They are novel, too, as well as dainty and delicious.

In fruits I candy cherries, berries, thinly sliced peaches, pineapple, thin slices of oranges and lemon, malaga grapes, etc.

When I candy strawberries I also candy some of the blossoms at the same time and serve a few of each on strawberries will keep only a few days as the centres are too juicy. I make these up only when specially ordered for luncheon or a tea or for my own use. Everything else I make up in great quantities for my own use and for commercial purposes. I also crystallize dates and thin slices of tender young carrots. These latter are dainty and delicious.

In serving candied fruits I serve them in a crystal basket with asparagus ferns and a single, full-blown rose to garnish the basket. The candied strawberries will keep only a few days as the centres are too juicy. I make these up only when specially ordered for luncheon or a tea or for my own use. Everything else I make up in great quantities for my own use and for commercial purposes. I also crystallize dates and thin slices of tender young carrots. These latter are dainty and delicious.

I use only the pink, white or yellow roses to garnish the dish of candied fruits as the darker roses spoil the effect. A few carnations or a blowsy chrysanthemum would also look nice on the tray.

Next season I shall crystallize lilac and locust blossoms for the trade, as my experiment with them this season was a decided success. I purchased the best white sugar at wholesale and use only the purest and best ingredients in my crystallized confections.

How I Make Ice Cream.

Ice cream, like Topsy, "just grew." Being a first cousin of frozen fruit juices and puddings, and a direct descendant of the iced-drink sherbet, famed in the Orient, it has a long history, but the ice cream known to you and me has been developed during the last century. No one housekeeper discovered it.

The first requirement for making good ice cream is eggs, milk, and cream of the highest quality. The flavor of these foods can be detected in the frozen food. Try as one will, it is impossible to hide by freezing any carelessness in combining the cream mixture. It's the smooth, rich mixture which produces a smooth, velvety ice cream. If thin, watery milk is used, what reason is there for surprise when pieces of ice are found in the frozen dessert?

Of course, there are other things which influence the texture of ice cream. As the mixture freezes, it expands. Allowance should be made for this by never having the freezer more than three-fourths filled. When this precaution is not heeded, the ice cream is certain to be coarse-grained.

The more rapidly ice cream freezes the greater the danger of its being coarse in texture. For this reason, one part of salt to three parts of ice are used in freezing creams, while with ices, where coarseness in texture is not undesirable, equal parts of salt and ice are used. Salt hastens the freezing process, so the more salt used the quicker the freezing.

The equipment needed in making good ice cream is indeed simple. Of course there must be ice—snow will do when it is available. To hasten the freezing, this ice is broken into fine pieces. I find a bag of burlap or canvas is convenient for holding the

ice while breaking it. Either a wooden mallet, an ordinary hammer, or a hatchet may be used to break the ice. I mix the salt with the ice in a tub or a large pan, and I have found that a coarse-fine rock salt gives best satisfaction. When the ice and salt are measured and thoroughly mixed, this and the cream mixture are placed in their respective compartments in the freezer.

In farm communities where the social life is active and ice cream socials are numerous, a community freezer, owned co-operatively, is a good investment. For such purposes a large freezer, which may be turned by one of the gasoline engines in the neighborhood, is a favorite.

Freezing ice cream where the cream mixture is not stirred is easy, and the ice cream produced is excellent. When using this, the ice and salt are placed in their compartment, which has an opening in the bottom of the freezer, a cupful of water is added to start the melting, and a tightly fitting lid is adjusted; then the cream mixture is poured in its compartment through the opening at the top of the freezer, the lid fastened, and the freezer inverted. From thirty minutes to one hour should be allowed for the freezing, although there is no harm done when the freezer is not opened for several hours or half a day.

Caramel Custard Ice Cream—2 cups milk, 4 egg yolks or 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup sugar (caramelized), 2 cups thin cream. Scald the milk, dissolve the caramelized sugar in it; pour this over the egg, which has been beaten with the other sugar. Cook in a double boiler until it coats the spoon. Strain, chill, and freeze. To caramelize sugar, stir it in a saucepan directly over the fire, without the addition of water, and stir until it melts and turns a light-brown color.

Canada Ice Cream—4 cups cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix all the ingredients, and freeze. Another way of combining the ingredients is as follows: Divide the cream into two equal portions. Scald one portion, add the sugar, and stir constantly. When this has cooled sufficiently, add the other half of the cream, beaten stiffly, the salt, and the vanilla. Freeze.

Forest Reserves Belong to the People.

The Dominion forest reserves in the Prairie Provinces and Railway Belt of British Columbia are located on lands unsuited to farming. The idea is that they shall be so handled as to provide timber for fuel and building, both now and in the future, for settlements on the fertile lands surrounding them.

These forest areas are not reserved from the settler or held out of use, but are reserved from the slasher, who would pick trees all over the area and leave a slash behind, which at the first hint of fire would burn like tinder and thus cause the destruction of many times more trees than the settlers would cut in several years. The timber is conserved by first salvaging all dead timber and then by restricting the cutting to mature trees in certain areas, thus allowing the young forests and cut-over forests time to grow and to recuperate. The possibilities of timber production under properly regulated cutting aided by fire prevention are very great. On the reserves, too, over one hundred thousand head of stock—cattle, horses, and sheep—graze every summer. These are owned by settlers in the surrounding districts who are thus enabled to raise much more stock than if restricted to their own land. The highest development of these Dominion forests from the standpoint of timber production is quite compatible with their use for recreative purposes. On many reserves summer resorts have been established, where under proper regulations citizens may hold picnics, camp out, or erect cottages in which to spend the hot months. The setting aside of forest reserves makes for game protection and the forest officers co-operate in enforcing the provincial game laws. Many forest reserves have been constituted game preserves, so that the supply of both large and small game is increased for the benefit of the people of the different provinces. The forest reserves regulations are framed with a view to the maintenance of a supply of fish in waters within the reserves, and the forest officers see that the anglers carefully observe these regulations. Thus these areas, which if cut over and burned over ruthlessly, would become deserts of drifting sand, menacing the surrounding districts, are, under the forest reserve system, made to add to the wealth and comfort of all the people and also to provide sport and recreation.

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