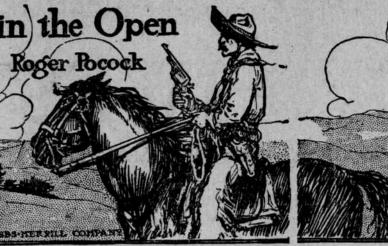


A Man in the Open by Roger Pocock Illustrations by Ellsworth Young PTRICET MIG THE BOUBS HER RILL CO.



clies. No—not on the floor, please, but into the goblet, while I observe that the third the goblet, while I observe that the floor, please, but into the goblet, while I observe that the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Thank you. Thumb feeling becomes a camber and moves to British Columbia, Kata Tree Well, that there laudanum shothes a line here quick, from the foot of the upper cliff to the from the polity, a singer of questionable members. The move that there is already the sales of the versel, of the versel of the versel, of the polity as a rather and move to British Columbia, Kata Tree, Well, that there laudanum shothes a line here quick, from the foot of the upper cliff to the from the foot of the upper cliff to the from the foot of the upper cliff to the from the foot of the upper cliff to the from the foot of the upper cliff to the into the polity as a little water from the polity

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. Seems to be scratches on the smooth side of this paper, sort of reminding

me that Bull has a fountain-pen sticking out of his vest pocket. If he's paper-but no, we use canned milk, and haven't got any either. I've heard faintly somewheres of things wrote in "Gun to hand, but cartridges wrong size, no good. Get .45. Billy to wait

with ponies under nearest pine N. of when plough above N. Star. Bend more gum for chief's wound .-Billy was mounting at the door to

into the cabin. There I read him some of the etiquette about keeping his temper and not using coarse language. Also I told him politely what I thought of him, and where he'll go when he dies. He waited, stroking the little fur on his muzzle, till I got through, looking so damned patient with me that I tame near handing him one in the eye. 'You invited these robbers to my

grass?" He nodded.

"Thanks to you, my wife had a gun muzzle screwed around in her ear." 'Bet she squinted!" said Billy.

If I lose my temper, I can't shoot, and Billy knew that well. "She's up dark inside. "Where in blazes are "Agin what?"

'Making a silk purse out of a sow's

"You lop-eared, mangy, pig-faced, herring-gutted son of a-

'From the 'Etiquette?' " asked Billy. "I don' think much of you, anyway. Mother ain't got no use for you either, or any of the neighbors, you old cow

Now if Billy talked so big as all that, it must be to astonish his mother. So she must be at the keyhole, and sure enough I heard her grind her stump with the backache from stooping down. Happens Mrs. Smith has a garden squirt which it holds a gallon, so while I kep' young Billy interested with patches of etiquette, I took off the hose, filled the squirt, and let drive through the key-hole into the widow's

ear. At that she lifted up her voice and wept. Feeling better, I resumed the conversation. "Billy," sez I, smooth as cream, while I filled the squirt, "on the shelf there you'll find a little small bottle." In my dim way I aimed to get him excited, and talkative, divulging secrets with all his heart. Then afterward I'd like him asleep, out of mischief.

"Get your bottle yourself." says he sort of deflant, so I let drive at him with the squirt.

"If you please," said I, and he got the bottle all right.

"If you don't mind," said I, "will you just draw the cork?'

"And if I won't?" I took my squirt and watched him

pull the cork. "Thank you," sez I, seeing how

beautiful is the use of true politeness. Now may I trouble you to spill what's left in the bottle into that there gob father to this boy. He's clear grit, shot. let? Now be so kind."

"I refuse!" The squirt won't scare any more Billy, so I exhibits my gun.

"I regrets to remark, Mr. O'Flynn, that this gun acts sort of sudden."

"Shoot, and you go to jail!" "But first, my dear young friend, I've time to lop off a few fingers, one at a time-won't miss them all at once. May

"Some," says I. "Not corked yet. I I request you to pour out the medi-SPARROW'S ONE GOOD TRAIT terminated in cities because it is of rays on a picture attributed to

cine? No-not on the floor, please, but | You want to make a line here quick, | orders his men

Then down came the widow like a widow was plenty busy, and what with slinging that emetic at the patient, spittle, so I pours on a bottle of ink, kitchen cupboard, wall, I declare I "At last!" Billy shouted, "they're

"Who's off?"

"Father and his men-escaped while I kep' you in talk. Fooled, Jesse! Fooled! I fooled you to the eyes! knows I can't miss under two hun- laws!" My, there was pride in that line. fired yards, he was persuaded to come lad! He sat on the table in the dusk, tonight-hitting the trail, d'ye hear?" to a whisper.

> Outside I could hear a rider coming swift, and Dale's voice hailing, "Jesse! Jesse!

"Jesse," the lad was muttering, "lift the way to-

Dale had stepped from his horse, and stood in the doorway, making it vou?"

"Look," said I, and Dale watched, for the boy, dead pale, was lurching from side to side, his eyes closed, his lips still moving.

"Only drugged," said I. "Who let hem robbers escape?" "Ransome Pollock," said Dale,

"Who else?" "Dave."

"How's his poor tooth?" says I, and

Dale explained he'd been clubbed. Young O'Flynn rolled over, and went down smash, so that I had to kneel. and try if his heart was all right. It thumped along steady and give no sign of quitting.

"I had to." said I. "old Whiskers



"Drink, or I'll Splash Your Brains on the Floor."

"Where's the widow?" "Resting." I heard horses come thundering out of the dusk. "Robbers broke south?"

"Yep." "Hev they grow'd wings?"

"None." "Can't swim the Fraser?" "Bottled?" said he, cheering up.

so that the fires waned, and some of landslide. She scratched my face, our young men must have seen milconfessed my sine, sobbed over her lions of outlaws. When at last somedarling Billy avick, prescribed for my thing actually happened, it was natmade a soap emetic for her offspring tures. He wasn't built for solitude, been writing with milk, I'd warm the all at once. It's a sure fact that and when he seen a flag wave from behind a bush he called the boys from left and right to bunch in and corroboand gently introducing the lady to the rate. The flag kep' waving, and pres- me to keep the robbers somehow down sailor how to argue. ently two more of our men had to join and rinses the paper in the water-butt. didn't have a dull moment. Then dis-Tes, there's the message plain as print. didn't have a dun moment. Then dis-tant shots brought us all up standing. their good advice, lest the robbers hear every word. I was away to Apex Rock, Iron down in the canyon, and these blasted idiots talked.

Of course old Whiskers knew that antelope will always creep up to inspect any waving rag. Before the ex-My father's Larry O'Flynn, Captain citement was properly begun he and put out for solitude, but since he Larry O'Flynn, captain of the out- his robbers slipped through our broken

If Ransome has time to aim he's fighting to keep awake, rubbing his dangerous to the neighbors, but since eyes with his sleeve. "He's give me the odds were a thousand to one the leave to join, and I'm hitting the trail gun would kick him as far as next Thursday, I'd have bet my debts he His eyes closed, his voice trailed of wouldn't hit the party with that flag. Yet that's what happened. He got the widow O'Flynn.

With one heart-rending, devastating howl she went to grass, and she did surely shriek as if there was no here his stock, and his woman, burn his after. Murthered in the limb she was, ranch, and put his fires out—thatsh and as I left to follow the sounds of them escaping robbers, I didn't have time to send a carpenter.

CHAPTER IX.

The Untruthful Jesse's Narrative.

With creditors, women, robbers, and everything dangerous, you want to be chuck full of deportment and a whole lot tactful. Anything distractful or screeching disturbs one's peace of little to the right. That's why, when mind, and sends one's aplomb to Whiskers went to the door, Dale's bulblazes, just when a bear trap may happen at any moment. I traveled for stead of being grateful. Whiskers a roar, and the robbers must surely all I was worth to put that widow behind me, and compose my mind.

went to the door himself.

"Prisoner," said Whiskers, dolesome,

"Show a white flag, General," said

"Remember," Bull shouts, "I can

I heard Whiskers in tears directin

Pool. "That's 'fool,' " says I, 'be

cause he don't give the answer."

Rapids. "That's 'Hello' again."

Below. "That's 'Hello.' "

your friends acrost the river?"

"Cut the catgut, Colonel."

So Ginger cut me free.

read Morse. No fooling.'

back, "then I'll use semaphore."

"What way?"

"Signaling."

from his neck.

Swim.

'Dale.'

'Why, certainly, Captain."

States.

Maybe I'd gone a mile before re as I come surging along, he lammed me over the head with a gun.

Yes, I was captured. They got my gun, too, and marched me along between them. Old man Brown was themselves in the cabin instead of tak- to the ferry. away, but as I'd left the scow on the near bank, the robbers were able to cross, and put the Fraser between me and rescue. That ought to have cheered him up, since it gave them a start of several hours toward safety, but instead of skinning out of British Columbia, as I advised them with powerful strong talk, they'd got to stop for breakfast on old Brown's beans and sow-belly, cussing most plenteous because he wasn't there to cook hot

After breakfast they wasted an hour dressing his paw for old Whiskers, and wondering whether they'd waste the river gave three cheers, but I was one of my cartridges on me, or keep book. I told these misbegotten offspring they'd been brung up all wrong, or they'd have enough deportment to make tracks. "Now," says I, "in the land of the free and the home of the brave you been appreciated, whereas if you linger here till sunup you'll be

That made poor Whiskers still more suspicious, wondering what sort of ing each word to Whiskers. beartraps guileful Smith was projecting. "Wants to get us up on the bench," says he, "that means ware traps. We'll stay right here, boys, for daylight, when we'll be able to see ourselves, how to save them cattle."

"You're dead right, Whiskers!" says "Hair on you!" But he being fretful with his wound

the State Manufactories of Lille, has been able to identify the work of the

to Rubens. M. Parenty, on a photographic negative of this picture, has been able to show up very distinctive ly the authentic signature of the illustrious master. This signature hav-

Chance for New Industry.

A Russian specialist in agriculture, on a recent visit to fruit-canning plants in California, expressed surfruit that is being shipped into Russia from France as a French product

"Sorry," says I, "it got spelt wrong irst time.' Float. "That's 'skunk,' says I, "be cause he's a polecat not to answer me.

"What's that?" asked Whiskers, heaps suspicious because I couldn't think of another word of four letters.

"Hell!" says I. "Quite right," sighed Whiskers, "to hink of your future home."

Dale signaled, Coming. "Tell Dale," says Whiskers, and his ereaved voice kind of jarred me now, we're just goin' to keep a gun at your ear-hole while we march up the trail. If Dale's men fire, your wife will be a widow, Mr. Smith.

At that I wagged my arms and signaled. "No call to get wet. Hold-ups to disable Brown's marching to Georgia. Kill man with

Of course there or nary, no-account, Whiskers. Charge, you curs!"

range wolves reckoned my friends | The chief came first, straight at me would wait for day before they at- and seemed to climb over my foot on tempted tracking. Whereas Dale got to his nose. Mr. Bull Brooke got hurt future, wrung her wet frock, and ural that Ransome should have adven- the lantern, found my paper trail, and on the nose too, and I'd just time to guessed at the ferry. Before we en hand the greaser a left hander behind tered the cabin, I'd seen the glint of the ear, before I went down on top that lantern behind the rim of the of Whiskers, and the four of us rolled bench, and I knew our boys trusted in a heap. I learned when I was a

keep us covered with the gun, poor Ginger showed his red head in the doorway. It was his life or mine, yet the three robbers, so I wrenced loose, robbers as they dived through the door | pected. of the shack. Ginger sprawled dead on the doorstep, and my gun, six paces disarmed, and I was free.

vou're hurt."

There was no answer. Rocky Mountain outlaws may be mean and bad, but they fight like Americans, and Mr. Bull Brooke Got Hurt on the Nose. they know how to die. I'd only one way left to force their surrender, and compelled to rely on the straw pile bushels of oats per acre. at the ferry-house. Whiskers, since the liquor made his wound worse, save their lives, so I hustled brush for a livelihood. lurched groaning around the shack. At wood, cordwood, coal oil from the shed, the first glipt of dawn, he ordered Bull piled up the fuel, and got a sulphur to take out the gag and lie down, then match from the bunch in my hind It's a pity that Dale, our leader, a

"Boys," I called, "Old Brown sort sure fine shot, has a slight cast in his of values this place. It's all the home near eye, which throws his lead a he's got, and it ain't insured."

No answer. The little flame lep' up and caught let only whipped off his left ear. In the brushwood, the crackling lifted to skipped around holding the side of know that their time was come, for if his face, with remarks which for a they showed at the door they would poor man was extravagant. The shot be shot. I grabbed my gun from the morse gnawed Whiskers because he'd made Bull bolt courageous behind the ground to stop our boys from firing abandoned the widow. He paused, and stove, to look for a bandage, he said, Then I shouted above the noise of the while Ginger and the greaser sat up flames, "Come out and throw up your on their tails looking sort of de- hands!"

pressed. Not one of the four was They came, poor fellows, and I made happy on finding that they'd bottled them prisoners, marching them down ing my advice and clearing for the (TO BE CONTINUED)

Troublesome Tower. She was a good servant, was Jenholding his poor ear, "you can talk to nie, and Mrs. Wanderfarr never wished for better. But in the matter of pictures Jennie was weak. There was one in particular, which showed the leaning tower of Pisa. Every day Mrs. W. hung it straight, and every

So Ginger waved a paper on a stick, So Mrs. W. watched. and Dale replied with a white scarf "Now, look here, Jennie," she said, 'you've hung that picture of the tower crooked again! Just look at it!" When I walked out, the boys acrost

morning Jennie put it crooked.

"That's just what I say, mum," re turned the domestic dolefully. "Look halted from behind before I'd got far them all for my friends. On that I sideways. "Now," says Whiskers, at it! The only way you can get that divulged a lot of etiquette out of my "signal, and pray that you won't be silly tower to hang straight is to hang tempted to send erroneous messages." | the picture crooked.

Mayor's Pleasant Duty.

"All right, Mr. Brooke," I called A pretty ceremony took place a Newcastle, England, recently, when the customs of "Barge Dav" were ob served, and the mayor and corpora his two youngsters to put Mr. Brooke's head in the meal sack, and sit hard tion sailed up the river to "claim the soil" of the Tyne. The great mo on top. So I began to signal, explainment of the ceremony is the landing when the mayor has the delightful "That." says I. "means if invidious, privilege of selecting any young lady he places from the assembled crowd and giving her a kiss and a sovereign. The sheriffs also choose a fair lady on whom to bestow a kiss "You lie," says whiskers, miserable, and a gift, and the mayoress is exthrough his teetil. "You made six bet | pected to make some useful present to the damsel kissed by hir warship.

TOOK GHOST'S WORD FOR IT | slowly. He said: 'Mrs. Steiner has

Spirit Told Her That Friend Had Purloined Ring. Through the proxy of Mrs. Ida ther of Mrs. Shapiero or was unsatis-Shapiero of Brooklyn, the ghost of her fied with the answers made by Mrs.

Steiner had visited her on July 3 and was upward of an hour in her bedroom, which Mrs. Shapiero had occasion to leave once or twice. In a

gone to Paterson, N. J. "But sure as I am here, your honor,"

court and recover your property." Whether Magistrate Miller pinned

Steiner, who, among other things, declared most earnestly she did not steal the ring, does not appear as a matter aleging that Mrs. Clara Steiner, who of record, but he held her in \$500 ball

Crops on Same Land Far Between. Though tobacco is the chief product of North Borneo, the land produces but one crop of the product in seven or nine years, with the result that new fields must be cleared every year. Aftdrawer of the dresser reposed the er the jungle is cut and burned an but to secure the best prices they missed her ring she went looking for the land with hoes to dig it and prepare it for planting. No plows are used. The young tobacco plants are set out by hand and kept clean with said Mrs. Shaplero, "the figure of my departed father appeared to me. I could see him as plainly as you your self sitting before me. He spoke to employ 500 to 1,000 coolies.

GOOD YOUNG HORSES ALWAYS IN DEMAND



of feed, and the result is that colts \$75 to \$100 more when three years Then I struggled, dragging my pile young colt is to have his growth and poorly fed. Good young horses of robbers off sideways, so that to stunted during the first year or two. are always in demand on the margood start the first six months of the farms where colts receive the their lives, from the fact that they proper care and treatment. when the shot rang out from across the are allowed to suckle the dam during river, and I saw the lad come crashing that time. Early fall provides them to the ground, I felt sort of sick. Of with good pasture, and possibly they course that shot slackened the grip of have been receiving some oats or shared a part of the feed of the mare. struck hard, and jumped high, gain. Such treatment puts them in good ing the north wall of the cabin. When shape for the winter, but liberal feed-I turned round, our boys across the ing must be kept up if a strong, wellriver were pouring hot lead after the developed and matured horse is ex-

The colt's system requires a considerable amount of bone and musoff, lay in the dust. The robbers were cle-building material, and this can (By W. C. PALMER, North Dakota Exonly be had by feeding nitrogenous "Say, Whiskers," I called, "I want feeds, such as oats, a little bran, oil to save your lives, you and the greaser. | meal; and, if obtainable, some clover Come and throw up your hands before hay. The feeding of corn, so often Alfalfa can be expected to average at practiced, is not desirable for the growing colt, but had better be confined to the matured horses. Access There is no land that will average 120 to the straw pile will not hurt a bushels of oats-in fact it takes good

> at the county fairs during the fall, the soil while the oat crop will reduce going statement is in part explanatory value from alfalfa it must be fed on of such conditions of affairs.

One of the best forms of investment

There is a great tendency on the | farm animals of all kinds; and the part of many to neglect the colts on | colt is no exception. A well-bred colt. the farm during the winter, says a if properly taken care of and fed the Minnesota bulletin. It too often hap- right kind of feed during his first pens that there is apparent shortage three years of his life, will bring from are slighted. One way of ruining a old than the one that is neglected Most of the colts on the farm get a ket, and can only be supplied from

PLANT ALFALFA TO IMPROVE SOIL

Less Expense and Work Required to Handle Than Grain Crop -High Feed Value.

periment Station.)

One ton of alfalfa hay has the same feeding value as 60 bushels of oats. least two tons per acre. This is the equivalent of 120 bushels of oats. growing colt, but it should not be land and good handling to average 60

The alfalfa requires less work and The question is often asked: Why less expense to handle than a grain and such poor yearlings? The fore- its productive power. To get this the farm.

It needs to be kept in mind on the farm is the liberal feeding of alfalfa is a roughage.

COMMON SENSE PICKED UP IN HOG LOT

The best results in breeding come from well-matured ancestry

are so arranged that she can go a soil the less seed will be required

Growing young pigs can be truth- | and sunshine are invigorating and fully termed detail work. The man stimulating and detrimental to the who is a good pig grower must like growth of disease and germs. the work and be willing to look after the many details that demand atten- matter of environment than of breedtion, and it will pay and pay big re- ing.

Some think that the breeding and growing of hogs is a crowded occu- in these days of good farming. pation: but there is always room for the best breeders and the best feed the best preventives of disease we ers at the top, even though the busi- know of. ness is crowded by the average class of swine growers.

No hog farm equipment is complete without a good dipping vat, and it the first feed to give her is a warm should be used frequently during the bran mash. This, besides being summer and early fall. There is no one thing that will do It is a good idea to cut down the

more to maintain health in the herd meal ration on the cows, beginning than the judicious use of the dipping some four weeks before calving and It is far better to underfeed than to bran. Cornmeal makes animal heat,

overfeed the sow after she has farrow- but bran is cooling to the system. ed, but she must be fed sufficient to keep her quiet. It is better for the sow if the yards

Many failures in seed are not due to few rods for her feed and drink. Stock that is raised for breeding so much tack of vitality in the seed purposes and stock that is raised for as to the unfavorable condition of the market must be treated differently.

of bone, muscle and constitution in of cultivation. our breeding stock. Darkness always deteriorates the

reneral health of the herd and makes it possible to have corners and other places where filth accumulates. Light old, but there is considerable risk.

Steady Turkey Market.

Medium-sized, but plump, turkeys,

ground. Thorough preparation not If we feed for pork there is a lack only saves seed, but lessens the work Age for Breeding.

The bacon type of hogs are more a

The old saying that "anything is

good enough for a hog," does not go

Free range and clean water are

Food for Cows.

After a cow becomes fresh in milk

strengthening, is of a general benefit.

at that time increase the amount of

The better the preparation of the

There is not much gain in breeding

a heifer before she is eighteen months

are marketable all the year round, so that at any time when there is a surplus they may be sold at fair prices,

condition, not too fat and not too

The demand for high-class draft horses is great, both in city and coun-

Don't leave any loose wires lying around the farm anywhere, especially where the colts and horses run. It only takes two seconds to knock a hundred dollars off the value of the

Danger of Loose Wire.

Cow Must Be Fed.

It is wrong to expect the cow to yield a large profit simply because she is well bred. She must have feed and care or the breeding will amount to

On the grounds of cleanliness alone

By the use of a similar process, and is in reality American fruit, repacked in French cartons.

Department of Agriculture Asserts
That Pirate Among Birds Is Eminently Suitable as Food.

clared war on the English sparrow, known would be sought out by every- tist, which was marked as attributed and will destroy the eggs and the one who likes birds. young and trap all the old ones it can catch. .

Neither bird lover, crnithologist. nor agricultural scientists have a rows. Any boy who can make or good word to say for this pirate dinary bird traps can help supply ing become completely invisible had among birds, who seems to have no the family with delicate fresh meat up till now not been discerned by beneficial use except when he is by trapping the feathered nulsance, connoisseurs.

sparrow become in all parts of the is not right. country that some time ago the federal department of agriculture put out bulletin urging its destruction, tellng how to destroy it, and incidentally how to cook it. In a few cities the only authorized use of a shotgun vithin the city limits is to kill the glish sparrow when they cannot touchings made by Raphael on a cer-

filthy habits and befouls every place Rubens, M. Parenty, chief engineer of The department of agriculture maintains that the English sparrow is not great master.

only edible, but that it is a fat, This picture of the Museum of Lille The University of California has de- juicy and savory morsel, and if better is a decollation of St. John the Bap-It will be a good thing to put this to the test. There is no law or regulation against killing English spar-

and having them fried or baked, and So much of a pest has the English see if the department of agriculture Rubens Identified by Photography. short time ago, says Chemical News, made at the canneries, and said that that photography had been able to reproduce the traces that had become

tain number of his drawings.

there is an immense demand for this product in Russia. He also gave it as invisible to the naked eye, of re- his opinion that much of the dried

New York Woman Declares Father's

father appeared as a witness before Magistrate Miller in the New Jersey. Avenue police court of that borough. occupies an apartment on the same for the grand jury. floor with Mrs. Shapiero, had stolen a \$150 ring belonging to her. Mrs. Shapiero charged that Mrs

Mrs. Steiner, and learned she had

your ring. She took it from a drawer in your dressing table. Take her into faith in the evidence of the astral fa-

Professor Lippmann announced, a prise that no apricot marmalade was ring. On July 4, when Mrs. Shapiero army of Chinese coolies is turned on must be young and in good marketable horse. large.