

A Man in the Open by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador, and of the death of his father.

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.

Billy was mounting at the door to put out for solitude, but since he knew I can't miss under two hundred yards, he was persuaded to come into the cabin.

"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."

"You lopped-ear, mangy, pig-faced, aerring-tugged son of a—"

"Get your bottle yourself," says he, sort of defiant, 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?"

mine? No—not on the floor, please, but into the goblet, while I observe that your right thumb seems tender after that cut, and ought to be treated.

"I daren't! It's poison!"

"Who's off?"

"Father and his men—escaped while I kept you in talk. Fooled, Jesse! Fooled! I fooled you to the eyes!"

"Jesse," the lad was muttering, "lift his stock, and his woman, burn his ranch, and put his fires out—that's the way to—"

Dale had stepped from his horse, and stood in the doorway, making it dark inside.

"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 them robbers escape?"

"Who else?"

"How's his poor tooth?" says I, and Dale explained he'd been clubbed.

"I had to," said I, "old Whiskers yonder is the widow's husband, and

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

"Where's the widow?"

"Resting," I heard horses come thundering out of the dusk.

"Hev they grow'd wings?"

"Nope."

"Can't swim the Fraser?"

"Hotled?" said he, cheering up.

"Some," says I. "Not corked yet."

terminated in cities because it is of filthy habits and befores every place where it nests.

The department of agriculture maintains that the English sparrow is not only edible, but that it is a fat, juicy and savory morsel, and if better known, would be sought out by everyone who likes birds.

It will be a good thing to put this to the test. There is no law or regulation against killing English sparrows.

Rubens Identified by Photography.

Professor Lippmann announced, a short time ago, says Chemical News, that photography was being able to reproduce the traces that had become invisible to the naked eye.

You want to make a line here quick, from the foot of the upper cliff to the edge of the river, and each man make three big fires. Then post half your men to tend fires, and the best shots to hold that line with rifles.

"That's so," says Dale, and in two shakes of a duck's tail he was throwing his men into line.

Men watching on a strain like that get scared as cats, so by moonset some of our warriors would lose of guns at stumps, trees, rocks, or just because they felt lonesome.

Of course old Whiskers knew that antelope will always creep up to inspect any waying rag.

If Ransome has time to aim he's dangerous to the neighbors, but since the odds were a thousand to one he would kick him as far as next Thursday.

With one heart-rending, devastating howl she went to grass, and she did surely shriek as if there was no here, after. Murdered in the limb she was, 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 Prisoner.

Jesse's Narrative. With creditors, women, robbers, and everything dangerous, you want to be chuck full of department and a whole lot tactful.

After breakfast they wasted an hour dressing his paw for old Whiskers, and wondering whether they'd waste one of my cartridges on me, or keep them all for my friends.

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rays on a picture attributed to Rubens, M. Parenty, chief engineer of the State Manufactories of Lille, has been able to identify the work of the great master.

This picture of the Museum of Lille is a decoliation of St. John the Baptist, which was marked as attributed to Rubens. M. Parenty, on a photographic negative of this picture, has been able to show very distinctively the authentic signature of the illustrious master.

Chance for New Industry.

A Russian specialist in agriculture, on a recent visit to fruit-canning plants in California, expressed surprise that no apricot marmalade was made at the canneries, and said that there is an immense demand for this product in Russia.

But sure as I am here, your honor," said Mrs. Shapiro, "the figure of my departed father appeared to me. I could see him as plainly as you yourself sitting before me. His spoke

orders his men to disable Brown's fiddle, and lash me up with catgut. Moreover, when I was trussed, this Bull seen fit to kick me on the off chance, a part which ain't referred to in polite society, especially with a boot.

"Brave man!" says I, and the rest of them robbers was so ashamed they got me a gag.

"Gag Brooke," says Whiskers, cheering up a little, "pity ne weren't born gagged."

So they gagged Mr. Brooke, and mounted him on sentry while they had Brown's bottle of whisky and cigars. I got some, too.

Of course there or'nary, no-account, range wolves reckoned my friends would wait for day before they attempted tracking. Whereas Dale got the lantern, found my paper trail, and guessed at the cabin. Before we entered the cabin, I'd seen the glint of that lantern behind the rim of the bench, and I knew our boys trusted me to keep the robbers somehow down

Mr. Bull Brooke Got Hurt on the Nose.

at the ferry-house. Whiskers, since the liquor made his wound worse, lurching groaning around the shack. At the first glint of dawn, he ordered Bull to take out the gag and lie down, then went to the door himself.

"It's a pity that Dale, our leader, a sure fire shot, has a slight cast in his near eye, which throws his lead a little to the right. That's why, when Whiskers went to the door, Dale's bullet only whipped off his left ear.

The little flame le' up and caught the brushwood, the crackling lifted to a roar, and the robbers must surely know that their time was come, for if they showed at the door they would be shot. I grabbed my gun from the ground to stop our boys from firing.

They came, poor fellows, and I made them prisoners, marching them down to the ferry.

"Prisoner," said Whiskers, dolesome, holding his poor ear, "you can talk to your friends across the river!"

"Why, certainly, Captain."

"What way?"

"Signaling."

"Cut the catgut, Colonel."

So Ginger cut me free.

"Show a white flag, General," said I. So Ginger waved a paper on a stick, and Dale replied with a white scarf from his neck.

When I walked out, the boys across the river gave three cheers, but I was halted from behind before I'd got far sideways.

"Remember," Bull shouts, "I can read Morse. No fooling."

"All right, Mr. Brooke," I called back, "then I'll use semaphore."

I heard Whiskers in tears directing his two youngsters to put Mr. Brooke's head in the meal sack, and sit hard on top. So I began to signal, explaining each word to Whiskers.

"Sorry," says I, "It got spelt wrong first time."

"Where are they?" says Bull.

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GOOD YOUNG HORSES ALWAYS IN DEMAND



A Virginia Thoroughbred.

There is a great tendency on the part of many to neglect the colts on the farm during the winter, says a Minnesota bulletin.

farm animals of all kinds; and the colt is no exception. A well-bred colt, if properly taken care of and fed the right kind of feed during his first three years of his life, will bring from \$75 to \$100 more when three years old than the one that is neglected and poorly fed.

PLANT ALFALFA TO IMPROVE SOIL

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

(By W. C. PALMER, North Dakota Experiment Station.)

One ton of alfalfa hay has the same feeding value as 60 bushels of oats. Alfalfa can be expected to average at least two tons per acre. This is the equivalent of 120 bushels of oats.

The alfalfa requires less work and less expense to handle than a grain crop. And the alfalfa will improve the soil while the oat crop will reduce its productive power.

The colt's system requires a considerable amount of bone and muscle-building material, and this can only be had by feeding nitrogenous feeds, such as oats, a little bran, oil meal; and, if obtainable, some clover hay.

It needs to be kept in mind that the alfalfa is a roughage.

COMMON SENSE PICKED UP IN HOG LOT



The best results in breeding come from well-matured ancestry.

Growing young pigs can be truthfully termed detail work. The man who is a good pig grower must like the work and be willing to look after the many details that demand attention, and it will pay and pay big returns.

and sunshine are invigorating and stimulating and detrimental to the growth of disease and germs.

Some think that the breeding and growing of hogs is a crowded occupation, but there is always room for the best breeders and the best feeders at the top, even though the business is crowded by the average class of swine growers.

The old saying that "anything is good enough for a hog," does not go in these days of good farming.

No hog farm equipment is complete without a good dipping vat, and it should be used frequently during the summer and early fall.

Free range and clean water are the best preventives of disease we know of.

It is far better to underfeed than to overfeed the sow after she has farrowed, but she must be fed sufficient to keep her quiet.

After a cow becomes fresh in milk the first feed to give her is a warm bran mash. This, besides being strengthening, is of a general benefit. It is a good idea to cut down the meal ration on the cows, beginning some four weeks before calving and at that time increase the amount of bran. Cornmeal makes animal heat, but bran is cooling to the system.

Steady Turkey Market.

Danger of Loose Wire.

Medium-sized, but plump, turkeys, are marketable all the year round, so that at any time when there is a surplus they may be sold at fair prices, but to secure the best prices they must be young and in good marketable condition, not too fat and not too large.

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 or the value of the horse.

Demand for Heavy Horses.

Cow Must Be Fed.

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

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 nothing.