

The Cow Puncher

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"Kitchener and
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THE COW PUNCHER

Here's an up-to-date story of the ranch country, the city and "over there." It's a love story—the story of the master passion that drives a man onward to success for the sake of the woman he loves. The hero is a maverick of the foothills. The heroine is a city girl born to the conventions.

As the boy was practicing shooting with his cayuse on the dead run along came the first automobile he had ever seen. It obligingly tipped over right before the ranch house and broke the owner's leg. So there was time for Dave and Irene to get acquainted—which was to fall in love.

They parted with a kiss—she to go back to her city life, he to win his way up to her.

CHAPTER I.

The shadows of the spruce trees fell northeastward, pointing long, cool fingers across belts of undulating prairie or leaning lazily against the brown foothills. And among the trees it was cool and green, and clear blue water rippled over beds of shining gravel.

The house was of round, straight logs; the shingles of the squat roof were cupped and blistered with the sun of many summers. Refuse loitered about the open door; many empty tins, a tenky barrel with missing hoops, boxes, harness, tangled bits of wire. Once there had been a fence, a sort of picket fence of little saplings, but wild broncos had kicked it to pieces and range steers had straggled unscarred across its scattered remnants.

Forward, and to the left, was a small corral, mill slabs on end or fences of lodgepole pine; a corner somewhat covered in, offering vague protection from the weather. The upper poles were worn thin with the cribbing of many horses.

The desertion seemed absolute; the silence was the silence of the unspoken places. But suddenly it was broken by a stamping in the covered part of the corral, and a man's voice saying:

"Hip, there! Whoo, you cayuse! Get under your saddle! Sleepin' against a post all day, you Sloppy-eye. Hip! Come to it!"

Horse and rider dashed into the sunlight. The boy—for he was no more than a boy—sat the beast as though born to it, his lithe frame taking every motion of his mount as softly as a good boat rides the sea. With a yell at his horse he snatched the hat from his head, turning to the sun a smooth brown face and a mane of dark hair, and slapped the horse across the flank with his crumpled headgear. The animal sprang into



The Animal Sprang Into the Air, Then Dashed at a Gallop Down the Roadway.

the air, then dashed at a gallop down the roadway, bearing the boy as unconcerned as a fower on its stem.

Suddenly he brought his horse to a stop, swung about, and rode back at a gentle canter. A few yards from the house he again spurred him to a gallop, and, leaning far down by the animal's side deftly picked a bottle from among the grass. Then he circled about, repeating this operation as often as his eye fell on a bottle, until he had half a dozen; then down the road again, carefully setting a bottle on each post of the fence that skirted it to the right.

Again he came back to the house, but when he turned his eye was on the row of posts and his right hand lay on the grip of his revolver. Again his sharp yell broke the silence and the horse dashed forward as though shot from a gun. Down the road they went until within a rod of the first bottle; then there was a flash in the sunlight and to the clatter of the horse's hoofs came the crack-crack of the revolver. Two bottles splattered to fragments, but four remained in-

act, and the boy rode back, muttering and disappointed. He reasoned with his horse as he rode:

"Tain't no use, you ol' Sloppy-eye; a fellow can't get the head if he ain't got the fillin'—cooked meals an' decent chuck. I could plug 'em six out o' six—you know that, you ol' floppers. Don't you argue about it, neither. When I'm right inside my belt I smash 'em six out o' six, but I ain't right, an' you know it. You don't know nothin' about it. You never had a father; leas'tways you never had to be responsible for one. . . . Well, it's comin' to a finish—a d— lame finish, you know that. You know—"

But he had reloaded his revolver and set up two more bottles. This time he broke four and was better pleased with himself. As he rode back his soliloquy was broken by a strange sound from beyond the belt of trees. The horse pricked up his ears and the boy turned in the saddle to listen. "Jumpin' crickets! What's loose?" he ejaculated. He knew every sound of the foothill country, but this was strange to him. A kind of snort, a sort of hiss, mechanical in its regularity, startling in its strangeness. It came across the valley with the unbroken rhythm of a watch tick.

"Well, I guess it won't eat us," he ventured at last. "We'll just run it down and perhaps poke a hole in it." So saying, he cantered along the road, crossed the little stream, and swung up the hill on the farther side.

He was half way up when a turn in the road brought him into sudden sight of the strange visitor. It was the first he had seen, but he knew it at once, for the fame of the automobile, then in its single-cylinder stage, had already spread into the farthest ranching country. The horse was less well informed. He bucked and kicked in rage and terror. But the boy was conscious not so much of the horse as of two bright eyes turned on him in frank and surprised admiration.

"What horsemanship!" she exclaimed. But the words had scarce left her lips when they were followed by a cry of alarm. For the car had taken a sudden turn from the road and plunged into a growth of young poplars that fringed the hillside. It half slid, half plowed its way into a semi-vertical position among the young trees. The two occupants were thrown from their seat; the girl fell clear but her father was less fortunate.

In an instant the boy had flung himself from his horse, dropping the reins to the ground, and the animal, although snorting and shivering, had no thought of disgracing his training by breaking his parole. With quick, ungainly strides the boy brought himself to the upturned machine. It was curious that he should appear to such disadvantage on his feet. In the saddle he was grace personified.

For a moment he looked somewhat stupidly upon the wreck. Had it been a horse or a steer he would have known the procedure, but this experience was new to his life. Besides there were strangers here. He had no fear of strangers when they wore chaps and colored handkerchiefs, but a girl in a brown sweater and an oldish man with a white collar were creatures to be approached with caution. The oldish man was lying on the ground, with a leg pinned under the car, and Brown Sweater raised his head against her knee and pressed his cheeks with small white fingers, and looked at the boy with bright gray eyes and said:

"Aren't you going to do anything?" That brought him back. "Sure," he said, springing to her side. "Whada ye want me to do?"

"I am afraid my leg is broken," said the man, speaking calmly notwithstanding his pain. "Can you get the jack out of the toolbox and raise the car?"

The girl pointed to the box, and in a moment he had the jack in his hand. But it was a new tool to him and he fumbled with it stupidly. The handle would not fit, and when it did fit it operated the wrong way.

"Oh, let me have it," she cried impatiently.

In a moment she had it set under the frame of the car and was playing the handle up and down with rapid strokes. The boy looked on, helpless and mortified. He was beginning to realize that there were more things in the world than riding a horse and shooting bottles. He felt a sudden desire to be of great service. And just now he could be of no service whatever.

But the foot of the jack began to sink in the soft earth, and the girl looked up helplessly.

"It won't lift it," she said. "What shall we do?"

It was his chance. He was eighteen, and his wild, open life had given him muscles of steel. "Here," he said roughly, "move his leg when I get it clear." He turned his back to the machine and touched down until he could get his hands under the steel frame. Then he lifted. The car was in a somewhat poised position, and he was able to swing it up far enough to release the injured leg.

"Very good, my boy," said the man. "That was a wonderful lift. The leg is broken—compound. Can you get some way of moving me to shelter? I will pay you well."

The last words were unfortunate. Hospitality in the ranching country is not bought and sold.

"You can't pay me nothin'," he said rudely. "But I can bring a light wagon, if you can ride in that, and put you up at the ranch. The old man's soused," he added, as an afterthought, "but it's better than sleepin' out. I won't be long."

He was back at his horse, and in a moment they heard the clatter of hoofs galloping down the hillside. The girl rested her father's head in her lap. Tears made her bright eyes brighter still.

"Don't cry, Reenie," he said gently. "We are very lucky to be so close to help. Of course I'll be laid up for a while, but it will give you a chance to see ranch life as it really is." He winced with pain but continued: "I fancy we shall find it plain and unvarnished. What a horseman! If I could run an automobile like he does a horse we should not be here."

"He's strong," she said. "But he's rude."

"The best fields for muscle are often poor schools for manners," he answered.

The boy was soon back with a wagon and a stretcher. He avoided the eyes of his guests, but quickly and gently enough he placed the injured man on the stretcher. "I guess you'll have to take the feet," he said. The words were for the girl although he did not look at her. "I could hustle him myself but it might hurt 'im."

But the injured man interrupted. "I beg your pardon," he said, "that I did not introduce my daughter. I am Doctor Hardy; this is my daughter Irene, Mr.—?"

"They don't call me mister," said the boy. "Misters is scarce in these woods. My name is Elden—Dave Elden."

The girl came up with extended hand. He took it shyly, but it made him curiously bold.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Elden," she said.

"I'm glad to meet you, too," he answered. "Misses is scarcer than misters in this neck o' the woods." Carefully they lifted the injured man into the wagon, and Dave drove to the ranch building with an unwonted caution that must have caused strange misgivings in the hearts of the men.

"It ain't much of a place," he said, as they pulled up at the door. "I guess you can see that for yourself," he added, with a grin. "You see there's just dad and me, and he's soused most of the time, and I handle a lasso better'n a scrubbin' brush." He was already losing his shyness.

"Now you take the feet again. Steady! Look out for that barrel hoop. This way now."

He led into the old ranch house, kicking the door wider open with his heel as he passed. A partition from east to west divided the house, and another partition from north to south divided the northern half. In the northeast room they set the stretcher on the floor.

"Now," said the boy, "I'm goin' for the doctor. It's forty miles to town, and it'll likely be mornin' before I'm back, but I'll sure burn the trail. There's grub in the house, and you won't starve—that is if you can cook." (This was evidently for Irene. There was a note in it that suggested the girl might have her limitations.) "Dig into anythin' in sight. And I hope your father's leg won't hurt very much."

"Oh, I'll stand it," said Doctor Hardy, with some cheerfulness. "We medical men become accustomed to suffering—in other people. You are very kind. My daughter may remain in this room, I suppose? There is no one else?"

"No one but the old man," he answered. "He's asleep in the next room, safe till mornin'. I'll be back by that time. That's my bed," indicating a corner. "Make yourselves at home." He lounged through the door, and they heard his spurs clanking across the hard earth.

The girl's first thought was for her father. She removed his boot and stocking, and, under his direction, slit the leg of his trousers above the injury. It was bleeding a little. In the large room of the house she found a pail of water, and she bathed the wound, wiping it with her handkerchief and mingling a tear or two with the warm blood that dripped from it.

"You're good stuff," her father said, pressing the fingers of her unoccupied hand. "Now if you could find a clean cloth to bandage it—"

"Is that you, Dave?"
"Yes, Reenie, and the doctor, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Care of the Hair.

Women who have not the time or money to take scalp treatments can do about as much for themselves as a specialist can do for them in the treatment of ordinary hair troubles. Ten minutes' attention given to the hair and scalp each day is more beneficial than infrequent professional treatments. The remedies for the usual scalp and hair difficulties are simple and inexpensive. It is regular and persistent care that can be depended on to repay the effort.

Cleanliness requires a shampoo at intervals of two to four weeks. If the scalp is healthy and the hair sufficiently abundant this, with a brisk, brief brushing every day will keep the hair in a good condition.

To Cure Dandruff.

Take a thimbleful of powdered refined borax, let it dissolve in a teacupful of water; first brush the head well, and then wet a brush with the solution and rub the scalp well with it. Do this every day for a week, then twice a week, until no trace of dandruff is found.

To Improve Hair.

The best shampoo for oily hair and dry scalp is an egg shampoo, made by adding one ounce of cold water to one well-beaten egg; rub mixture well into the scalp and on the hair, rinse in warm water, then in cold water, dry thoroughly, apply a tonic and massage the scalp for ten minutes. Each night use a tonic and massage for ten minutes.

Stiff Hair.

The first remedy for a woman whose hair has begun to be stiff is to experiment with slightly oily liquids until she finds one suitable. A lotion made from one tablespoonful of glycerin,

half a pint of rose water, with ten drops of tincture of benzoin added to prevent the glycerin becoming rancid, is excellent.

This mixture should be used after the hair has been made ready for dressing by removing all the tangles. This done, one should put about half a teaspoonful of the mixture in the palm of the left hand and rub the right into it. With both hands the hair is gently rubbed and patted smooth from forehead to neck, oiling it, but so slightly that the application is not visible. Afterward dressing proceeds in the usual way. Occasionally a woman should use a slightly wet brush after the oiling. This must not be applied every day or the effect of too much water will be drying.

Another liquid for the same purpose is made from one-quarter of an ounce of gum benzoin and four ounces of high-proof alcohol. After the gum is dissolved the liquid is strained through coarse brown paper and two ounces of castor oil and half a dram each of oils of geranium and bergamot are added. This is put on by the same process as was described above.

Neither of these is to be regarded as a tonic or used as a substitute, for they are distinctly dressings, and the manner in which they are put on in no way affects the scalp. To feed the scalp it is necessary that whatever is put on shall be rubbed into the pores.

Desirable Wrap.

New loose coats, of the practical top-coat style, the kind a woman slips on over her tailored suit, are to be decidedly desirable this coming season, for these—many of them, at least—will be made with raglan or set in kimono sleeves.

Sturdy Frocks for School



Dresses designed for the younger misses' wear—for school and elsewhere—this fall are the most satisfactory that have been presented for many seasons. They reflect the attributes of young girlhood—or at any rate the attributes we like to find in young girls. These frocks are sturdy, simple, quite plain, very neat and practice much restraint in the matter of trimmings. They clothe the immature figure to the best advantage and are calculated to educate their young wearers in the fitness of things, the suiting of clothes to occasions and to youth. The designers of dress for misses and junior misses are not always conscious of their responsibilities in this matter, but the best private schools and academies realize its importance. They are careful to prescribe what may be worn by the girls under their charge. Girls in the public schools have not the advantage of this system, but the designers of ready-made dresses for them have made a good choice easy this fall.

"For school" is written on the engaging frock for a girl in her early teens, that is shown here. It is every thing that such a frock should be and is so adequately pictured that it hardly needs description. It is shown made of tricotine in blue, and its neat and quiet trimming of rows of

silk braid in the same color are put on with satisfying precision. The body and plain sleeves reveal the slender and childish figure and support a straight skirt that is gathered, on at the waist line. A frill of plaited silk about the round neck is in the same blue as the dress. But a narrower frill of white batiste adds a crisp freshness, as often as it is needed. This is one of the severest of school frocks, but we do not grow tired of these plain dresses.

There are a number of successful models for the younger misses in which navy blue woolen fabrics—serge, gabardine, tricotine and the like—show pipings, facings and vestees sometimes, of dark red. This is always a good color combination when the red is used with much restraint. Very small buttons, narrow ribbon bows and ties and sheer collar and cuff sets in white cotton goods figure in the smart details of the school girl's dress. Also there are several new fabrics in brown, blue and oxford and in tasteful mixtures of color that insure value in the quiet company of school dresses with which the younger misses face their school year.

Julia Bottomley

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People Suffer

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If you suffer from stomach trouble or, even if you do not feel any stomach distress, yet are weak and ailing, feel tired and dragged out, lack "pep" and enthusiasm and know the something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from pains of indigestion, belching, gassy blood, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and sweet. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality comes back!

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Too Loud.

Hewitt—This is a pretty dead place. Jewitt—I should say so; a still alarm would be considered a violation of the ordinance against undue noises.



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