"HE'S A WONDERFUL BOY."

Synopsis-Dave Elden, son of a drunken ranchman and almost maverick of the foothills, is break-ing bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first au-tomobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and starts the nearest doctor, 40 miles

CHAPTER I-Continued.

She looked about the place some perplexity.

"It seems as though you would be sufferings of her father, in charge here for a while, Reenle," he said, "so you will save time by and a darkness, soft and mystical and geiting acquainted at once with your silent, stole up the valley, hushing even equipment. Look the house over and the noiseless day. The girl stood see what you have to work with."

auso cred. "This is Dave's room. I est ivory and toyed with the rich suppose I should any Mr. Elden's, brown fastness of her hair and gleamed made no remark on the subject. but-what was it he sail about 'mis- from a single ornament at her throat. tering'? It would be splendid if it She was under a spell. She was in a kindling enthusiasm. "These bare silence, and the realities of being, and hungry." logs, bare floors, bare rafters-we've moonlight, and great gulfs of shadow got back to essentials, anyway. And between the hills, and large, friendly that's his bed." She surveyed a stars, and soft breezes pushing this framework of spruce poles, on which way and that without definite direclay an old straw mattress and some tion, and strange, quiet noises from very gray blankets. "I suppose he out of the depths, and the incense of is very tired when he goes to bed," the evergreens, and a young horseman she said, drolly, as though that could galloping into the night. And convenbe the only explanation of sleep amid tions had been swept away, and it was such surroundings.

In the south end of the larger room stood a freplace, crudely made of slabs of native rock. The fires of so that it had fallen in in places and bouse. was no longer employed for its original purpose. A very rusty and greasy stove now occupied the space immediately in front of the fireplace, the stovepipe leading into the ample but tottering chimney. Near the stoye was a bench supporting a tin washbasin, a wooden pail and certain fragments of soap-evidently all the equipment necessary for the simple ablutions of the Elden household. The remnant of a grain-bag, with many evidences of use and abuse, performed the functions of a towel, and a broken intimation that a strain of fundamental relationship links the sexes. By the western wall was a table, with numerous dishes, and to the wall itself had been nafled wooden boxes-salmon and tomato cases-now containing an assortment of culinary supplies. A partially used sack of flour and another of rolled oats leaned against the wall, and a trapdoor in the floor gave promise of further resources beneath. There was a window in the east and another in the west, both open and unscreened; myriads of flies gave the only touch of life to the dismal scene.

Irene looked it all over, then leaned against the window sill and laughed. Her father had brought her west for holidays, with the promise of changed surroundings and new experiences, but he had promised her no such delight as this. With the Elden kitchen still photographed in her mind she called up the picture of her own city home-the order; the precision; the fixedness; the this-sits-here-and-that-stands-thereness; the flatness and emptiness and formality of it all; and she turned again to the Elden kitchen and laughed -a soft, rippling, irrepressible laugh, as irrepressible as the laughter of the mountain stream amid the evergreens.

Then she looked again from the open window, this time with eyes that saw the vista of valley and woodland and foothill that stretched down into the opening prairie. Suddenly she realized that she was looking down upon a picture-one of nature's obscure masterpieces-painted in brown and green and saffron against an opal canvas. It was beautiful, not with the solemnity of the great mountains, nor the solemnity of the great plains, but with that nearer, more intimate relationship which is the peculiar property of the foothill country. The girl drew a great breath of the pure air and was about to dream a new daydream when the voice of her father brought her to earth.

"Can't you find anything that will do

for a bandage?" he asked. "Oh, you dear Daddykins!" she repiled, her voice tremulous with selfreproach. "I had forgotten. There was a spell, or something; it just came down upon me in the window. The bendage? Dear, no! The only cloth I see is the kitchen towel, and I can't recommend it. But what a goose I am! Our grips are in the car, or under it, or somewhere. I'll be back in a jiffy." And she was off at a sharp trot down the trail along which she had so recently come in Dave Elden's wagon.

The grips were duly found, and Irene congratulated herself that she and her father were in the habit of traveling with equipment for overnight. Arrived | derstands. at the house, she deftly wrapped a bandage about her father's injury and set to work at the preparation of supper-a task not strange to her, as her was completed the girl turned her at-

mother considered it correct that her daughter should have a working knowledge of kitchen affairs.

Once during the evening she took a glance into the other room. It was even less inviting than Dave's, with walls bare of any adornment save dirty garments that hung from nails driven in the logs. On the rude bed lay an old man. She could see only a part of his face-a gray mustache drooping over an open mouth, and a florid cheek turned to the glow of the setting sun. On a chair beside the bed sat a bottle and the room reeked with the smell of breath charged with alcohol. She gently closed the door and busied herself through the long evening with rewhat hopelessly. Her father read her forms in the kitchen and with little ministrations designed to relieve the

The sun sank behind the Rockies framed in the open window and the "Vell, I can commence here," she moonlight painted her face to the purcorrect to live, and to live!

The first flush of dawn was mellowing the eastern sky when the girl was awakened from uneasy sleep by sounds many winters had crumbled the rock, in the yard in front of the ranch-

> The stars were still shining brightly through the cold air. In the faint light she could distinguish a team and wagon and men unhitching. She approached and, in a voice that sounded strangely distant in the vastness of the calm night, called:

"Is that you, Dave?"

And in a moment she wondered how she had dared call him Dave. But she soon had other cause for wonder, for the boy replied from near beside her,



The Girl Stood Framed in the Oper Window, and the Moonlight Painted Her Face to the Purest Ivory.

in that tone of friendly confidence which springs so spontaneously in the darkness: "Yes, Reenie, and the doctor, too.

We'll have Mr. Hardy fixed up in no time. How did he stand the night?"

How dared he call her Reenie? A flush of resentment rose in her breast, only to be submerged in the sudden remembrance that she had first called him Dave. That surely gave him the right to address her as he had done. Then she remembered she was in the ranch country, in the foothills, where the conventions-the conventions she hated-had not yet become rooted, and where the souls of men and women stood bare in the clear light of frank acceptance of the fact. It would be idle-dangerous-to trifle with this boy by any attempt at concealment or deception

She could see his form now as he led the horses toward the corral. How straight he was, and how bravely his

footsteps fell on the hard earth! "He's a wonderful boy," said the doctor, of whose presence she had been unconscious. "Cat's eyes. Full gallop through the dark; side-hills, mountain streams, up and down; breakneck. Well, here we are." The doctor breathed deeply, as though this last fact was one to occasion some wonderment. "Your brother tells me you have an injured man here. Accident. Stranger, I believe? Well, shall we go

Brother! But why should she explain? Dave hadn't bothered. Why hadn't he? He had told about the stranger. Why had he not told about both strangers? Why had he ignored her altogether? This time came another flush, born of that keen womanly intuition which un-

With a commonplace she led the doctor into the house and to the bedside of her father. When the operation

tention to the kitchen, where she found Dave, sweating in vicarious suffering. He had belped to draw the limb into place and it had been his first close contact with human pain. It was different from branding calves and he had slipped out of the room as soon as possible. The morning sun was now pouring through the window and the distraught look on the boy's face touched her even more than the frankness of the words spoken in the darkness. She suddenly remembered that he had been up all night-for her. She would not deceive herself with the thought that it was for her father's sake Dave had galloped to town, found a doctor, secured a fresh team and driven back along the little-used foothill trails. No doubt Dave would have done it all for her father, had her father been there alone, but as things were she had a deep conviction that he had done it for her. And it was with a greater effort than seemed reasonable that she laid her fingers on his

arm and said: "Thank you, Dave."

"What for?" he asked, and she could not doubt the genuineness of his ques-

"Why, for bringing the doctor, and all that. I am sure I can't-father won't be able to-"

"Oh, shucks!" he interrupted, with a manner which, on the previous afternoon, she would have called rudeness, "That's nothin'. But, say, I brought home some grub. The chuck here was pretty tame. Guess you found that out last night." He looked about the room and she knew that he was taking note of her house-cleaning, but he

"Well, let's get breakfast," she said, after a moment's pause and for lack were cleaned up," she continued, with new world, where were manhood, and of other conversation. "You must be

> Dave's purchases had been liberal. They included fresh meat and vegetables, canned goods, coffee, rice and raisins. He laid the last three items on the table with a great dissembling of indifference, for he was immensely proud of them. They were unwonted items on the Elden bill of fare; he had bought them especially for her. But she busied herself at the breakfast without a thought of the epoch-marking nature of these purchases.

The doctor, who had been resting in the room with his patient, entered the kitchen. During the setting of the limb he had gradually become aware of the position of Irene in the household; but had that not been so, one glance at the boy and girl as they now stood in the bright morning sunshine, he with his big, wiry frame, his brown face, his dark eyes, his black hair, she, round and knit and smooth, with the pink shining through her fair skin and the light of youth dancing in her gray eyes and the light of day glancing on her brown hair, must have told him they had sprung from widely separated stock. For one perllous moment he was about to apologize for the mistake made in the darkness, but some wise Instinct closed his lips. But he wondered why she had not corrected him.

They were seated at breakfast when the senior Elden made his appearance. He had slept off his debauch and was as sober as a man in the throes of alcoholic appetite may be. Seeing the strangers, he hesitated in his lurch toward the water pail, steadled himself on wide-spread feet, very flat on the floor, and waved his right hand slowly in the air. Whether this was to be understood as a form of salutation or a gesture of defiance was a matter of interpretation.

"Vishitors," said the old man, at length. "Alwaysh welcome, 'm sure. Sh-scush me." He made his uncertain way to the water-bench, took a great drink and set about washing his face and hands, while the breakfast proceeded in silence. As his preparations neared completion Irene set a place at the table.

"Won't you sit down here, Mr. Elden?" she said.

There had been no introductions.

Dave ate on in stlence. "Thank you," said the old man, and there was something in his voice which may have been emotion or may have been the huskiness of the heavy drinker's throat. The girl gave it the former explanation. As he took the proffered chair she saw in this old man shreds of dignity which the less refined eye of his son had not distinguished. To Dave his father was an affliction to be borne; an unfair load laid on a boy who had done nothing to deserve this punishment. The miseries associated with his parentage had gone far to make him sour and moody. Irene at first had thought him rude and gloomy; flashes of humor had modified that opinion, but she had not yet learned that his disposition was naturally a buoyant one, weighed down by an environment which had made it soggy and unresponsive. In years to come she was to know what unguessed depths of character were to be revealed when that stole nature was cross-sectioned by the blade of a keen and defiant passion.

Mr. Elden promptly engaged the doctor in conversation, and in a few moments had gleaned the main facts in connection with the accident and the father and daughter which it had brought so momentarily under his roof. He was quite sober now and his speech, although slovenly, was not indelicate. He was still able to pay to woman that respect which curbs the coarseness of a tongue for years subjected to little discipline.

Irene takes the first of many rides with Dave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

ESSON

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (By REV. (Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 19

JESUS IN PETER'S HOME.

LESSON TEXT-Mark 1:29-39. GOLDEN TEXT-Jesus said unto him. this day is salvation come to this house.

-Luke 19:9. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL-Matt. 8:14-

1. Healing of Simon's Wife's Mother (vv. 29-31)

1. A loved one III (v. 30). From the synagogue Jesus with James and John went to the home of Peter and Andrew where he found Peter's mother-in-law prostrate with a burning fever. Among the closest followers there are suffering ones and auxious and burdened hearts, but to all such he comes with loving sympathy and power to help. His power is the same in the quietude of the home as in the public meeting place.

2. They tell him of her (v. 31). This was the proper thing to do. We should bring to our Saviour's attention those of our families who have need, of both bodily and spiritual healing.

3. He heated her (v. 31). "He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up." This act showed the nearness, sympathetic tenderness and power of Jesus. At his touch the fever departed and strength was imparted to her body so that she was at once able to minister unto them.

4. She ministered to them (v. 31). This act shows that (1) the cure was instantaneous and complete. When Jesus heals there is no halfway bustness. It is the same with spiritual healing. (2) Gratitude on the part of the one nealed. Those who have experlenced the healing power of Jesus will express their gratitude in loving service to the Lord and his disciples.

II. Christ's Ministry at Sunset (vv. 32-34). It became noised about that a notable miracle had been wrought in Peter's home, therefore as soon as the Sab-

bath drew to a close many demonpossessed and diseased were brought to him to be healed. If we would have the crowds to gather today we must be able to show that Jesus is at work among us. Our testimony should be backed by the healed body or soul. 1. He healed those of divers' dis-

eases (v. 34). Jesus can heal any disease. Many of the cures spoken of today are temperamental, but the cures wrought by Jesus were of all sorts. No malady ever baffled him. 2. Cast out many devils (v. 34). The devils obey him. There is no record

of a demon ever disputing the authority of Jesus. At his command they rendered instant obedience. 3. Suffered not the devils to speak (v. 34). He bids the saved soul witness of his saving power, but will not allow the devils to speak in challenge

of his authority or in witness of the truth of his delty. III. Jesus Retires to Pray (vv. 35-

The arduous service of the day made it desirable to be alone with the Father in prayer. Shut out from man-alone with God. How necessary the hush of the eternal, the calm of God! There is great need of private prayer.

IV. Preaching Throughout Galilee

(vv. 38, 39). He continued steadfastly to preach, for this was his supreme business. His miraculous works were but aids to his testimony. Preaching the gospel is the chief corcern of all who would follow

Harmony. It is a beautiful and blessed world we live in. The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that keeps the stars in their places. Each bird song is an echo of the universal harmony. It is humanity which thrusts discords, and false and jarring notes into the days. We go out into the beautiful morning carrying our useless loads of frets and worries, our leftover resentments and our faithless fears. The sunshine assures us that the world is still moving safely in its appointed course and God has not forgotten us; the birds lift their cheering notes of rejoicing that they have found food for the day, but we lift complaining voices because we have not found provisions for years to come. Our moody spirits and jarring tempers hurt the love on earth and in heaven. But they burt our own souls most of all, for they put us out of tune with the music of the universe.

Success.

The great highrond of human weifare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success trends on the heels of every effort .- S. Smiles,

Honest Prayer.

We must be often, and alone, with God, and there at his feet we must pour out our hearts and ask his richest blessing upon our united endeavor. "To pray." says Fenelon, "is to desire; but it is to desire what God would have us desire. He who desires not, from the bottom of his heart, offers a deceitful prayer."

No Greater Enemy. Though all things do to harm with him what they can, no greater enemy to himself than man.—Earl of Stirling.

DEWS OF EVE

No More Gentle Than "Cascarets" for the

Liver, Bowels

It is just as needless as it is dangerous to take violent or nasty cathartics. Nature provides no shock absorbers for your liver and bowels against calomel, harsh pills, sickening oil and salts. Cascarets give quick relief without injury from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Gases and Sick Hendache. Cascarets work while you sleep, removing the toxins, poisons and sour, indigestible waste without griping or inconvenience. Cascarets regulate by strengthening the bowel muscles. They cost so little too .- Adv.

His Favorite Play.

Edith (theatrically inclined)-What is your favorite play, Mr. Jiles? Charles (baseball enthusiast)-If have any, I like to see a player steal

A SUMMER COLD

second base on a hook stide.-Judge.

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there If you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy, expectoration in the morning.

But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy .- Adv.

He Meant Well.

"English?"

"No; Australian." "one of ze bulldong's chickens."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important .o Mothere Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Cart Thithe In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

That Depends.

"Do you think any woman believes you when you tell her she is the first

woman you ever loved?" "Yes, if you are the first liar she has ever met."

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin-say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin toxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid .- Adv.

No Hard Task, Either. "Reading vers libre, are you. old man? Well, you might be doing worse."

"Yes, I might be writing it."-Boston Transcript.

NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Womens' complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy

condition, they may cause the other or-Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symp-toms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Naturally. "Weren't you once a hand-reader?"

"Yes, those were my palmy days."-Baltimore American.

Was Laid Up In Bed

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Hasn't Suffered Since. "I had one of the worst cases of kid-ney complaint imaginable," says Mrs. Wm. Vogt. 6315 Audrey Ave., Wellston, Mo., "and I was laid up in bed for days at a time.
"My bladder was inflamed and the



"My bladder was inflamed and the kidney secretions caused terrible pain. My back was in such bad shape that when I moved the pains were like a knife-thrust. I got so dismy I couldn't stoop and my head just throbbed with pain. Beads of perspiration would stand on my temples, then I would become cold and numb. My heart sction was affected and I felt as free thrust. I got so nervous and run down, I felt life wasn't worth living and often wished that I might die so my suffering would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged.

would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged.
"Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I could tell I was being helped after the first few doses. I kept getting better every day and continued use cured me. My health improved in every way and best of all, the cure has been permanent. I feel that Doan's saved my life."

Sworm to bafore me, HENRY B. SURKAMP. Notary Public.

DOAN'S PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

E-Z Stove Polish AUTOMOBILES Don't that sound funny! E-Z is a good graphite paint. Prevents rust. Coat wheel rims with E-Z and tires will slip off with no trouble. Carry a can with you apply with rag. Martin & Martin, Mfrs., Chicago

Creamery and Cream Station Supplies Milk Bottles and Oairy Supplies: Res KENNEDY & PARSONS CO. 109 Jones St. 1901 E. 4th St. MAHA SIOUX CITY

Getting On.

Old Pa Pseadds-Won't have you marrying a mere clerk. You tell that young man to keep away until he has an interest in his firm.

Myrtle Pscadds-Why, dad, he has that now. The manager told him he'd have to take some interest in his work "I see," said the pleasant stranger; or he'd lose his job, and he's alread; done It.

> Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the re sults. Once tried always used. 5c.

> Useful Practice. "What practical good did your son's athletics ever do him?" "Well, he got a position as a bank runner."

Ignorance is bliss until it begins to associate with egotism.

Potatoes, tobacco and corn 'are native to America.

IS GOOD FOR THIN **NERVOUS PEOPLE**

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Kolle, M. D. Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or curing

Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.

This particular phosphate is the discovery of a famous French scientist, and reports of remarkable results from its use have recently appeared in many medical journals.

If you do not feel well; if you tire easily; do not sleep well, or are too thin; go to any good druggist and get enough Bitro-Phosphate for a two weeks' supply—it costs only fifty cents a week.

Eat less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your nerves are not steadler; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and visality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.





W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 41-1919.

