The **OW PUNCHER**

By Robert J.C. Stead author of kitchener, and other poems" s by Irvin Myers

"WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?"

Synopsis.-David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, al-most a maverick of the footbills is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy but not injur-ing his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and brings a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping. Dave and Irene take many rides together and during her father's enforced stay they get well acquain.ed.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

For the first time he looked her straight in the face. His dark eyes met her gray ones and demanded truth. "Irene," he said, "do you mean that?"

"Sure I do," she answered, "College courses, and all that kind of thing. they're good stuff, all right, but they make some awful nice boys-real live boys, you know-into some awful dead ones. My father says about the best education is to learn to live within your income, pay your debts and give the other fellow a chance to do the same. They don't all learn that at college. Then there's the things you do, just like you were born to it, that they couldn't do to save their lives. Why, I've seen you smash six bottles at a stretch, you going full gallop and whooping and shooting so we could hardly tell which was which. And ride -you could make more money riding for city people to look at than most of those learned fellows, with letters after their names like the tail of a kite, will ever see. But I wouldn't like you to make it that way. There are more useful things to do."

He was comforted by this speech, but he referred to his accomplishments modestly. "Ridin' an' shootin' ain't nothin'," he said.

"I'm not so sure," she answered "Father says the day is coming when our country will want men who can shoot and ride more than it will want lawyers and professors."

Well, when it does it can call on me," he said, and there was the pride in his voice which comes to a boy who feels that in some way he can take a two things I sure can do."

They talked of many things that aftime to be on the way they rode long distances in silence. Both felt a sense which neither ventured to express that they had traveled very close in the world of their hopes and sorrows and desires.

The shadows had deepened into darkness, and the infinite silence of the hills hung about them as they dropped from their saddles at the Elden door. A light shone from within, and Doctor



the First Time He Looked Her Straight in the Face.

Hardy, who was now able to move about with the aid of a home-made crutch, could be seen setting the table, while Mr. Elden stirred a composition on the stove. They chatted as they worked, and there was something of the joy of little children in their companionship. The young folks watched for a moment through the window, and in Dave's heart some long-forgotten emotion moved momentarily at the sight of the good-fellowship prevailing in the old house. Irene, too, was thinkprimal simplicity, where the old cowman cooked the meals and the famous specialist set the plates on the bare board table, and then back of it all her mother, sedate and correct, and very much shocked over this mingling of

the classes. "Well, you youngsters must have this country pretty well explored," said makes me sick. All the way out he Doctor Hardy, as they entered the house. "Where was it today-the an' wears a white collar, but he ain't prairies, the foothills or the real fel- fit to speak your name. Another min-

lows behind?" "The canyon up the river," said Irene, drawing off her sweater. "What's across their path. It was the size of a the eats? Gee! I'm hungry! Getting stout stick, but he snapped it with a

the old rancher, "not wishin' him any harm, or you, neither. We was just talkin' it over, an' your father thinks he's spry enough for the road again. Ain't ever goin' to be like it used to be

after he's gone, an' you." "We'll be sorry to go," said the doctor. "That's what I've been saying all day, and thinking, too. If misfortunes can be lucky, ours was one of that kind. I don't know when I've enjoyed a holiday so much. What do you say, girl?" he asked, as he rested an arm on her round, firm shoulder and looked with fatherly fondness into the fine brown of her face.

"I've never known anything like it," she answered. "It's wonderful. It's life." Then with a sudden little scream she exclaimed: "Oh, daddy, why can't you sell your practice and buy a ranch? Wouldn't that be wonderful?" "Your mother might not see it that

way," he replied and her eyes fell. Yes, that was the obstacle. She would have to go back to the city and talk by rule, and dress by rule, and behave by rule, and be correct.

"It's been a good time," the doctor continued, when they had commenced supper, "but I've already overstayed my hollday. I feel I can travel now, and my leg will be pretty strong by the time I am back east. If Dave will oblige us by going to town tomorrow and bringing back some one who can drive a car, we will be able to start the following morning. I will just take the car to town, and either sell it there or ship it."

The following morning found Dave early on the trail, leading a saddled horse by his side. The hours were leaden for the girl all that day and, looking into the future, she saw the specter of her life shadowed down the years by an unutterable loneliness. How could she ever drop it all-all this wild freedom, this boundless health, this great outdoors, this life, life-how could she drop it all and go back into the little circle where convention fenced out the tiniest alien streamlet, although the circle itself might lie deep in mire? And how would she give up this boy who had grown so imperceptibly but so intimately into the very soul of her being guess with a girl like you that counts -give him up with all his strength and virility and, yes, and coarseness, if you will, but sincerity, too-an essential man's place in the world. "Them is man, as God made him-in exchange for a machine-made counterfeit with Years later she was to think of her the stamp of Society? Deeply did she enveloped in a flame that found no exremark and his answer, consecrated ponder these questions, and as the day pression in speech. She had no wore on she found herself possessed of a steadily growing determination ternoon, and when at last the length- that she would not follow the beaten ening shadows warned them it was trail, let the by-paths lead where they might.

Darkness, save for a white moon, had settled over the foothills when the boy returned with another young man. The stranger ate a ravenous supper, but was not too occupied to essay conversation with Irene. He chose to call

her cook. "Swell pancakes, cook," was his opening remark. "Can you find another for yours truly?"

She refilled his plate without an-

"Used to, know a girl mighty like you," he went on. "Waitress in the Royal Edward. Gee! but she was swell! A pippin! Class? Say, she had 'em all guessing. Had me guessing myself for a while. But just for a while." He voiced these remarks with an air of intense self-approval more offensive than the words.

Irene felt the color rise about her neck and cheeks and run like an overflowing stream into her ears and about her hair. It was evident that, for a second time, Dave had chosen to say nothing to strangers about her presence at the ranch. Her father and Mr. Elden were in Dave's room; Dave had stopped eating, and she saw the veins rising in his clenched fists. But the challenge was to her, and she would accept it; she felt no need of his protection.

"Fill your stomach," she said, passing more pancakes; "your head is

hopeless." He attempted a laugh, but the meal was finished in silence. The stranger lit a cigarette and Irene went to the door with Dave.

"Come for a walk," he whispered. "The horses are tired, so let's walk. . It's our last chance."

She ran for her sweater and rejoined him in a moment. They walked in silence down a path through the fragrant trees, but Dave turned from time to time to catch a glimpse of her face. ing; glimpses of her own butlered white and fine as ivory in the soft home, and then this background of light. He had much to say, but he was tongue-tied under the spell of her beauty.

> "You squelched him, all right," he broke out, at length. "Just in time, too, I think," she re-

plied. "I was watching your hands." He smiled a quiet but very confident smile. "Reenle," he said. "that fellow talked about girls. He's a city chap ute an' I'd 'a' had 'im by the neck." He seized a spruce limb that stuck

"His neck," he said, between his teeth, "Jus' like that."

They reached an open space. Something black-or was it red?-lay on the ground. Dave bent over it a moment, then looked up to her white, clear face, white and clearer than ever since witnessing the strength of his hate.

"It's a calf," he said, as calmly as he could. "Half et up. Wolves, I guess." "The poor, poor thing!" she breathed. "The poor, innocent thing! Why did it have to die?"

"It's always the innocent things 'at suffers," he answered.

"Always the innocent things," she repeated mechanically. "Always-" She sprang to her feet and faced him. "Then , what about the justice of God?" she demanded.

"I don't know nothin' about the justice of God," he answered bitterly. "All I know is the crittur 'at can't run gets caught."

There was a long pause. "It doesn't seem right," she said at length.

"It ain't right," he agreed. "But 1 guess it's life. I see it here on the prairies with every livin' thing. I guess I was like that, some. I've been caught. I guess a baby ain't responsible for anything, is it? I didn't pick my father or my mother, did I'i But I got to bear it."

There was something near a break in his voice on the last words. She felt she must speak.

"I think your father is a wonderful old man," she said, "and your mothet must have been wonderful, too, You should be proud of them both,"

"Reenie, do you mean that?" he demanded. His eyes were looking straight into hers.

"Absolutely," she answered. "Absolutely I mean it."

"Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on rapidly. "Things 'at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be sald, whatever happens. Reenle, I haven't ever been to school or learned lots of things I should 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, some way, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, an' was askin' some questions in town today. I can work days an' go to school nights. An' I'll do it-if it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know 1 don't talk right, and I don't eat rightyou tried not to notice but you couldn't help-but, Reenie, I think right, an' 1 more than eatin' and talkin'."

She had thought she could say yes or no to any question he could ask. but as he poured forth these plain; words. She was glad when he went

"I know I'm only a boy an' you're only a girl. That's why I don't ask no pledge. I leave you free, only l want you to stay free until I have my chance. Will you promise that?"

She tried to pull herself together. You know I've had a good time with you, Dave," she said, "and I've gone with you everywhere, like I would not have gone with any other boy I ever knew, and I've talked and let you talk about things I never talked about before, and I believe you're true and clean and-and-"

"Yes," he said. "What's your an

"I know you're true and clean," she repeated. "Come to me-like thatwhen I'm a woman and you're a man. and then-then we'll know."

He was tall and straight, and his shadow fell across her face, as though



"Reenie," He Said, "Kiss Me."

even the moon must not see. "Reenie." he said, "kiss me."

For one moment she thought of her mother. She knew she stood at the parting of the ways; that all life for her was being molded in that moment. Then she put both arms about his neck and drew his lips to hers.

Dave goes to town to seek his fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's the Calm Ones Who Get Fat. "So you married that Miss Meek. I remember her well, a quiet, shrinking sort of girl."

"Nothing shrinking about her; she's pretty supple, Daddykins, aren't you?" turn of his wrist. It was very tough; twice the size she used to be."-Bos-"Yes, an' I'm sorry for it. miss" said it cozed sticky stuff where he broke it. ton Transcript.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

ESSON

Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Conyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 2

TEMPERANCE LESSON. (World's Temperance Sunday.)

LESSON TEXT-Jer. 35:1-8, 12-14, 18, 19 GOLDEN TEXT-Whether therefore ye est, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, dr all o the glory of God -1 Cor. 10:31. PRIMARY TOPIC-A true temperance

JUNIOR TOPIC-What alcohol does .-INTERMEDIATE TOPIC-The clean SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC-Our personal responsibility for temperance re-

I. The Rechabites Tested (vv. 1-5). In the days of Jeholakim the Lord charged Jeremiah to bring the Rechabites into the house of the Lord and test them regarding the drinking of wine. This he did in a place where the people might behold them, the aim being to teach Israel by example. The father of the Rechabites had given command that they should not drink wine. Their filial obedience put to shame the Israelites for their tack of obedience. Jonadab, the father of the Rechabites, was only a man, but the one whose commands Israel were disregarding was the Almighty God, their Crentor and Savior. It is God's plan that every man be tested. Being a free agent he only can have character through testing. It was for this reason that God placed Adam and Eve in Eden and permitted the devil to test them. While we should be concerned with the removal of temptations from men, we should be more concerned with teaching them their responsibility and showing them how to overcome.

II. The Filial Loyalty of the Rechabites (vv. 6-11).

Though they were out of their own country, in the midst of a foreign people, they refused to drink wine, declaring that they had been true to the instruction of Jonadab all their lives. Obedience to his instructions had been practiced by all men, women and children. It is a fine thing when children keep in memory their fathers and render obedience to their commands.

III. The Loyalty of the Rechabites in Contrast With the Disloyalty of the Israelites (vv. 12-16).

1. The appeal (vv. 13, 14). He made the appeal on the basis of the fillat loyalty of the Rechabites. He reminded them that the Rechabites were obedient, though their father was dead long ago. He also reminded them that he had spoken to them in person, rising up early to do so.

2. The ministry of the prophets (vv. 15, 16). When the people failed to render obedience to God he sent to them the prophets, who plend with them to amend their ways by turning away from their idols. Matthew Henry indicates the points of contrast somewhat as follows: (1) The Rechabites were obedient to one who was but a man; the Jews disobeved the infinite and eternal God. (2) Jonadab was dead long since and could not know of their disloyalty or correct them from it. God is all-wise and lives forever and will punish for disobedience. (3) The Rechabites were never put in mind of their obligations, but God sent his prophets who rose up early to remind them. (4) Jonadab left the charge, but no estate to bear the charge; but God gave the people a goodly land and blessed them in it. (5) God never tied up his people to any bard task like Jonadab did, yet God's people disobeyed him and the Rechabites obeyed their father.

IV. Judgment Upon the Jews for Disobedience (v. 17).

God declared that he would bring judgment upon them according to what he had said. Judgment is determined upon those who disobey and rebel against God.

V. Reward of the Rechabites for Their Loyalty (vv. 18, 19).

Because they had been true to the commands of Jonadab they should have continued representation before God. God has such regard for filial obedience that he lets no act go unrewarded.

God Knows His Own.

The church must keep herself pure, Neither false doctrine, nor false life, is allowable. The searching eyes of God see every corner of his dwellingplace. Nothing is hidden from his search. "The Lord knoweth them that are his, and them that are not his cannot deceive him. So, "let everyone that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity."

The miracle of divine grace is too great for our understanding. The most dreadful thing about sin is the terrible feeling that the sinner can never again be as though that sin had never been. -Rev. Reginald J. Campbell in the Churchman.

The Miracle of Divine Grace.

Power of Prayer. Prayer is the summing up of the

Christian life in a definite act, which is at once inward and outward, the power of which on the character, like that of any other act, is proportioned to its intensity.—Benjamin Jowett.

What We Will and Must. There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. "Tis one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, end another thing to be

tied up to what we must .- L'Estrange.

ACTOR ENDS LIFE; LEAPS 17 STORIES

Charles H. Weston Falls From Wealth to Poverty in Few Years.

"I KNOW I AM CRAZY"

Pathetic Farewell Note Shows Heart Wrung at Leaving Wife and Son -Describes Feelings Just Before Death.

New York.-Charles H. Weston, actor, stage manager and moving pleture director, who sank from a position of wealth and fame to poverty in the last five years, ended his life by leaping from a window on the seventeenth floor of the Acolian building.

It developed from letters in the man's pocket and from further investigation that he had applied to George M. Cohan for a job as a "strike breaker" in the actors' strike, and had rectived a reply the following day that no place was open for him. There was an unmailed letter to Mr. Cohan, in

The most remarkable document found on the dead man, however, was a letter addressed "to anyone interested," which contained a justification for his suicide and a description of his feelings on the point of leaping.

Leaves Pathetic Note. The letter bore the following head-

"How one feels just before death by jumping from the eighteenth story of a building-by Charles H. Weston, just before jumping from the eight-

eenth floor." The letter said:

"Last night I saw my wife and darling son the last time on this earth. It is a strange feeling to know that it is the last time. Something in your soul seems to cry. 'How wonderful that last kiss is! What a coward I feel! Still, I know I am not a coward. It is far better to die at once than a lingering death in an insane hospital, as I know I am crazy,

"I find myself in the most unknown places to me. I cannot sleep without the most hideous dreams.

"They will be far better off without me. I cannot find employment. I am unable to keep them. I am dragging them down. I cannot live and let it be known that I am the cause of their downfall. All this comes to my mind as I am waiting to jump. People are passing far below. I do not want to fall on anyone, I am



Leaping From a Window.

crying like a child. My heart and head ache. Yet I am not nervous. I started to jump a few seconds ago, but a vision of my dear, dead mother came before me just as plain as day.

Prays for Family. "'Say your last prayer-the one I gave you years ago.' I am praying now. I pray God to keep my wife, who is the finest woman on earth; my boy, who is my heart's dream. I pray God to keep them from sorrow and darkness. Oh. God! How I love them! My dear wife will give anyone who is interested the most amazing

history of me that one could hear. "Billions of thoughts pass through my brain. What will I see in five minutes? Will I go to another world? Will my soul rest in peace? Five minutes from now will I know what dying is? I have no fear of hell. I cannot suffer any more than I have. My body is in hell. If I am to go to hell, only my soul can go, but I cannot save my

"I feel just like a man waiting to meet his boss when there is something wrong. Good-by, all. May God bless you."

Juror Drinks Evidence.

Atlanta, Ga.-Henry Henken, a juror in the trial of Henry Liner. negro, who was charged with violating the prohibition law, was fined \$25 by Judge Rourke for taking a drink of some of the "evidence" in the case. "It is almost unthinkable that one of the jurors in this case should violate a law while sitting in judgment on a man who is charged with violating the same law."

NERVES GAVE OUT

Serious Kidney Trouble Had Made Life Miserable, But Donn's Removed All the Trouble. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had such severe pains in my back," says Mrs. Albert Akroyd, 304 W. Indiana Avenue, Philadel-phia, Pa., "that they almost doubled me up. Many a day I could not do my housework and at every move it seemed as it my it seemed as if my back would break in two. My feet and ankles swelled until I had to wear large-sized slippers and sometimes I couldn't

stand up.
"I had dizzy spells
and dreadful headfinshes passed be Mrs. Akroyd fore my eyes. Had a heavy weight been resting on my head, the pain could not have been more distress-ing. The least noise startled me, I was so nervous. I couldn't contro the kidney secretions and the pain

in passage was awful.
"It began to look as though my case was beyond the reach of medi-Pills. The first box benefited me and four boxes cured all the trou-bles. I have had no further cause for complaint."

Sworn to before me. Thos. H. Walters, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY

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BILIOUSNESS Caused by

Acid-Stomach

If people who are billous are treated according to local symptoms they seldom get very much better. Whatever relief is obtained is usually temporary. Trace billousness to its source and remove the cause and the chances are that the patient will remain strong and healthy.

Dectors say that more than 90 nonorganic diseases can be traced to an Acid-Stomach. Billousness is one of them. Indigestion, heartburn, beiching, sour stomach, bloat and gas are other sigus of acid-stomach. EATONIC, the marvelous modern stomach remedy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries which lead to a long train of aliments that make life miserable if not corrected.

train of aliments that make life miserable if not corrested.

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(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Praises Japanese Music.

The song which Japanese workmen sing when raising the roof tree of a new building ranks with the purest music in the world, according to Henry Eichheim, a Boston composer, who is spending a year in Japan studying oriental music, says the New York Evening Post. He said in Tokio: "The orientals have evolved by the process of elimination a perfect philesophy, a perfect art and a perfect music. If we could think as orientals think we would realize the absolute simplicity and perfection of their art life." As he goes about Japan he takes notes on the primitive music of laborers and on the sound of temple bells, with their beautiful overtones, with the view of making them themes for his composi-

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

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Visitorial Amenities.

Mrs. Hashleigh-Some of my board ers are very witty. Her Catter-Well, they say that hunger sharpens the wits, you know,

BITRO-PHOSPHATE IS GOOD FOR THIN **NERVOUS PEOPLE**

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Koile, M. D., Editor of ew York Physicians' "Who's Who,"

New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nervous force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meni.

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 steadier; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.