



The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead
Author of 'Kitchener, and other poems'

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

ENTER EDITH DUNCAN.

Synopsis.—David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, 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 injuring 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 get well acquainted during her enforced stay. They part with a kiss and an implied promise. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Conway teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Fortunate fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, destined that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and backed them up the long, narrow drive connecting with the family coal chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shoveled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish, wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face, Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation. "You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"

"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember." "You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town."

"Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You might get sick of it." "Did you get sick of it?" Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that disarmed suspicion. "Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick? . . . So I beat it for town."

"And I suppose you are attending church regularly now, and night school, too?" Dave's quick temper fired up in resentment, but again the kindness of the man's manner disarmed him. He was silent for a moment, and then he said: "No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intendin' to get an education, an' I've never got even a start at it, except for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. There always seems to be somethin' else—in ahead."

deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, unaccustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost before he knew it he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in hacking his team to the coal chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shoveled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal except as something to be shoveled and shoveled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of nature—how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new land in coal resources, and of how the wheels of the world, traffic and industry and science, even, were dependent upon coal and the man who handled the coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. He had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until tonight had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume and a young man a little older than Dave entered. "Edith," said Mrs. Duncan.

Dave arose and shook hands. Then Mr. Allan Forsyth was introduced. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him." It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear he could afford to be friendly.

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How



How Like Reenie She Was!

like Reenie she was! And just as he was beginning to think Mr. Duncan must surely have forgotten his lesson he heard her asking him if she should sing. And then he saw Forsyth at the piano—why couldn't he leave her to do it herself, the butt-in?—and then he heard her fine, silvery voice rising in the notes of that song about the land where the sun should never go down. . . . And suddenly he knew how lonely, how terribly, terribly lonely he was. And he sat with head bowed, that they might not know. . . .

And then there were other songs, and at last Mrs. Duncan, who had slipped away unnoticed, returned with a silver teapot and cups of delicate china, and sandwiches and cake, and they sat about and ate and drank and talked and laughed. And when he looked at his watch it was eleven o'clock!

"I guess we didn't get any lesson tonight," he said as he shook hands with Mr. Duncan at the sidewalk. "I am not so sure," replied his tutor. "The first thing for you to learn is that all learning does not come from books. A good listener can learn as much as a good reader—if he listens to the right kind of people." And as Dave walked home the thought deepened in him that it really had been a lesson, and that Mr. Duncan had intended it that way. And he wondered what remarkable fortune had been his. The air was full of the perfume of halm o' Gilead, and his feet were light with the joy of youth. And he thought much of Edith and of Reenie Hardy. In subsequent lessons Dave was rapidly initiated into many matters besides parlor manners and conversation. Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis upon learning to write and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the elder man sought to lead the

younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fall him in the strain of after life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson.

As soon as Dave had learned to read a little Mr. Duncan took him one day to the public library, and the young man groped in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequateness came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked. "Yes, of course. Why?" "When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit, crates and crates of it, and cartloads more in the warehouse?' Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now just apply the same sense to your reading. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met downtown, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

The climax seemed to be reached when Mr. Duncan invited Dave to accompany him to a dinner at which a noted thinker, just crossing the continent, had consented to speak.

"It will be evening dress," said Mr. Duncan. "I suppose you are hardly fitted out that way?"

"I guess not," said Dave, smiling broadly. He recalled the half-humorous sarcasm with which the Metford gang referred to any who might be seen abroad in their "Hereford fronts." He had a sudden vision of himself running the gantlet of their ridicule.

"But Mr. Duncan was continuing. "I think I can fix you up," he said. "We must be pretty nearly of a size, and I have a spare suit." And almost before he knew it it was arranged that Dave should attend the dinner.

It was an eventful night for him. His shyness soon wore off, for during these months he had been learning to accept any new experience gladly.

And as he sat among this company of the best minds of the town he felt that a new world was opening before him. His good clothes seemed to work up in some way through his subconsciousness and give him a sense of capability. He was in the mental atmosphere of men who did things, and by conforming to their customs he had brought his mind into harmony with theirs, so that it could receive suggestions, and—who knows?—return suggestions. And he was made to think, think, think.

CHAPTER V.

The summer was not far gone when Dave, through an introduction furnished by Mr. Duncan, got a new job. It was in the warehouse of a wholesale grocery, trundling cases and sacks of merchandise. It was cleaner than handling coal, and the surroundings were more congenial and the wages were better—fifty dollars a month to begin.

"The first thing is to get out of the deadline," said Mr. Duncan. "I am not hoping that you will have found destiny in a wholesale warehouse, but you must get out of the deadline. As long as you shovel coal you will shovel coal. And you are not capable of anything better until you think you are."

"But I've liked it pretty well," said Dave. "As long as I was just working for my wages it was dull going, but it was different after I got to see that even shoveling coal was worth while. I suppose it is the same with groceries, or whatever one does. As soon as you begin to study what you handle, the work loses its drudgery. It isn't a man's job that makes him sick of his job; it's what he thinks of his job."

A light of satisfaction was in his teacher's eyes as Dave made this answer. Mr. Duncan had realized that he was starting late with this pupil, and if there were any short cuts to education he must find them. So he had set out deliberately to instill the idea that education is not a matter of schools and colleges, or courses of reading, or formulae of any kind, but a matter of the five senses applied to every experience of life. And he knew that nothing was course or common that passed through Dave's hands.

Edith becomes interested in Dave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Soldiers' Hat Cords. The colors of the cords on the hats of soldiers stand for distinctive branches of the army. Blue is for infantry; yellow, for cavalry; red, for artillery; red and white, for engineer corps; salmon and white, signal corps; maroon, medical corps; black and red, ordnance corps; buff, quartermaster corps; gold and black, commissioned officer.

NEW DEPARTURES IN THE TROUSSEAUX



The little company of fine fabrics for underthings which women usually consider when the trousseau must be planned include batiste, nainsook, wash silk, satin and crepe-de-chine. But crepe georgette had only to knock at the door and it was admitted to this charming company; the sheerest and daintiest, but the least practical member of it. However, it is there among the others and destined to stay, for in spite of its delicacy it is not fragile. This is one of the new departures in the styles for underthings. Another is the use of colors instead of white in materials and printed as well as plain patterns.

For the purpose of decorating, lingerie laces, ribbons and needle work of various kinds have not found any rivals. Little chiffon roses find a place on the sheerest garments and narrow ribbons are used in frills and shirings on them. But these are for luxurious and little-used garments. On those that are more dependable, rosettes and bows that can be pinned on and ribbons that can be easily taken out or put in, with the usual lingerie laces and stitchery, are used.

Not all undergarments are frilly and lacy—there are many very plain things, simple and tailored, that content themselves with hem-stitching and perhaps a single prim little bow for decoration.

But not to this class belong the night dress and envelope chemise shown in the picture. Batiste and all the silks available for undergarments are to be had in printed designs similar to that used for these two pretty garments that are the glory of the trousseau. Here they are made of flowered wash silk, with frills of lace about the neck and sleeve openings and frills of ribbon about the bottom. Pretty bow knots made of shirred ribbon, having chiffon roses set in them, are set on the front of both the night-dress and the chemise. Light pink is the favorite color for undergarments but other colors are used. The sheerest fabrics are not often chosen in white, but cottons and silks that are to be often laundered are better in white than in colors. Batiste in light pink stands tubbing well and has made an important place for itself in American made lingerie.



Silk and cotton, chamols or washable kid gloves, are preferred for gloves that must be often cleaned, and they are the only practical kinds for business women, or others who must wear them every day. Chamollette—cloth that looks like chamols skin—is made in all the glove colors and white, and it is the most satisfactory material for everyday wear. Gloves made of it should be washed in lukewarm water with a bland soap, rinsed and hung up to dry. If stitched with black it is better to wash in cold water; squeeze as dry as possible in a soft towel and dry quickly to keep the black from running. Pieces of turkish towel stuffed into gloves of this kind will help to prevent the color from spreading while they are drying, and also prevent drying in streaks, which sometimes happens when the gloves are hung up to dry without this precaution. With gloves as with stockings, it is best to have several pairs and wear them in rotation, washing them when soiled. Three pairs will insure clean gloves for a week, even in the smoke-laden air of cities.

Cotton and silk gloves may be very successfully darned, using a glove darning in the fingers. Double finger tips in silk gloves are worth the extra price they bring, for it is more difficult to darn silk gloves than cotton ones.

Cleaning Kid Gloves. After the gloves have been cleaned with petrol or benzine, and they are quite dry, place them on the hand and stroke firmly with a bone saltspoon, beginning at the finger tips and working down to the wrist. This smooths and polishes the kid, and the gloves keep clean much longer.

Mending the Gloves. Use cotton thread for mending kid gloves, as silk thread will cut the kid. Do not use the over stitch, as it always shows so plainly. Take a stitch on one side of the seam and then a stitch on the opposite side, and draw them together. This keeps the regular seam intact and conceals the fact that the glove is mended.

To Keep Evening Gloves Clean. To keep evening gloves clean in a street car or train draw a pair of loose white silk or lisle gloves over the kid. The outer gloves may be easily drawn off and slipped into muff or pocket.

Long Gloves, Cut Off. Cut off the hand part of long gloves. The arm part is perfectly good. Take it to a glove factory, and have a short pair of gloves, that match in color, sewed on the arm part, or you can do it yourself, using a feather or embroidery stitch.

How to Care for Kid Gloves. There are right and wrong ways of putting on gloves. The right way does not injure them; the wrong way weakens and tears the skin or fabric in a very short time. Black kid gloves should be kept in paraffin or oiled paper. A black glove is a white skin painted. This paint will harden and dry if not properly cared for. All

Julia Bottomly

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when tending and an all day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney complaint. If you feel tired all the time and are annoyed by dizzy spells, headaches and irregular kidney action, you have additional proof and should act quickly to prevent more serious kidney trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended everywhere by grateful users. Ask your neighbor!

A Kansas Case

E. S. Chont, retired farmer, Lincoln, Kan., says: "I used to have attacks of kidney trouble. I would have a terrible backache and often my back would be so sore that I could hardly bend over. Sharp twinges of pain would shoot up through my back and shoulders. I also had headaches. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PHILOSOPHY TO THE RESCUE

How Mr. Johnson Resigned Himself to the Advent of the Unnecessary Quadruplets.

Andrew Johnson, negro, of Forsyth, Ga., father of quadruplets, three boys and a girl, never overlooks a business opportunity. The day following the arrival of the four picaninneas, white citizens journeyed out to the little log cabin on the outskirts of the town to look 'em over. Andrew whereupon painted a sign and nailed it to his door. The sign read:

"Come and see the babies. Admission, adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents.

Money rolled in. "I sure needed a lot o' things a heap worse than dem four chillun," Andrew said. "But you got to take dem as dey come."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. (Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Mucous Surfaces of the System. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Bonehead.

"Some men can't pay you a compliment without putting their foot in it, and, as it were, giving you a kick," said the brilliant Elsie de Wolfe at a Colony club tea.

"I know a pretty girl—she's not as young as she used to be—to whom one of these boneheaded men said at a dinner:

"How thick and glossy your hair is! My wife's hair is quite gray, though she's much younger than you."

"The girl laughed. "Oh, well," she said, "if I were your wife I guess my hair would be quite gray, too."

Experience.

"That old teacher we had was as tough as leather."

"I suppose that came from his practice in tanning hides."

Snowy linens are the pride of every housewife. Keep them in that condition by using Red Cross Bull Blue in your laundry. 5 cents at grocers.

Diluted.

Author—"I assure you, sir, there is a punch in my play." Manager—"Yes, there is; milk punch."

112 Millions used last year to KILL COLDS

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form, safe, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

GROW SHORTHORN BEEF

The Pacheco Cattle Co. of California, recently marketed 100,000 head of Shorthorn steers weighing 1,100 lbs., off grass. These steers had never fasted grain nor hay except the stubble during the winter. They had both size and quality, which is a Shorthorn characteristic. It pays to grow Shorthorns. They are good milkers, they breed colors are red, white and roan. For information write the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, 13 Dexter Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All drugists; Soap 25¢, Ointment 50¢. Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

For Irritated Throats

Take a tried and tested remedy—one that acts promptly and efficiently and contains no opiates. You get that remedy by asking for PISO'S