

# The Cow Puncher

By  
**Robert J. C. Stead**  
Author of  
"Kitchen and  
Other Poems"  
Illustrations by  
**IRWIN MYERS**

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

## DAVE BECOMES STAR REPORTER.

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 take many rides together and during her father's enforced stay they get well acquainted. 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 Conward teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf. Fate brings him into contact with Melvin Duncan, who sees the inherent good in the boy and welcomes him to his home, where he meets Edith, his host's pretty daughter. Dave becomes a newspaper reporter.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

He was at the Duncann house earlier than usual Sunday afternoon, but not too early for Edith. She was dressed for the occasion; she seemed more fetching than he had ever seen her.

She led the way over the path followed the Sunday before until again they sat by the rushing water. Dave had again been filled with a sense of Reenie Hardy, and his conversation was disjointed and uninteresting. She tried unsuccessfully to draw him out with questions about himself; then took the more astute tack of speaking of her own past life. It had begun in an eastern city, ever so many years ago—

Chivalry could not allow that to pass. "Oh, not so very many!" said Dave.

"How many?" she teased. "Guess." "Nineteen," he hazarded.

"Oh, more than that." "Twenty-one!"

"Oh, less than that." And their first confidence was established.

"Twenty," thought Dave to himself. "Reenie must be about twenty now."

"And I was five when—when Jack died," she went on. "Jack was my brother, you know. He was seven. . . . Well, we were playing, and I stood on the car tracks, signaling the motor-man, to make him ring his bell. On came the car, with the bell clanging, and the man in blue looking very cross. Jack must have thought I was waiting too long, for he suddenly rushed on the track to pull me off." She stopped, and sat looking at the rushing water.

"I heard him cry, 'Oh, daddy, daddy!' above the screech of the brakes."

"Sorrow is a strange thing," she went on, after a pause. "I don't pretend to understand, but it seems to have its place in life. I guess it's a natural law. Well—" She paused again, and when she spoke it was in a lower, more confidential note.

"I shouldn't have told you this, Dave. I shouldn't know it myself. But before that things hadn't been—well, just as good as they might in our home. . . . They've been different since."

The shock of her words brought him upright. To him it seemed that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were the ideal father and mother. It was impossible to associate them with a home where things "hadn't been just as good as they might." But her half-confession left no room for remark.

"Mother told me," she went on, after a long silence, and without looking at him. "A few years ago, if some one had only told me, when I was your age," she said.

"Why do you tell me this?" he suddenly demanded.

"That's what I supposed. You've been too busy with the details of your little job to give attention to bigger things. Now let me pass you a few pieces of information—things you must know, but you have never put them together before. What are the natural elements which make a country or city a desirable place to live? I'll tell you. Climate, transportation, good water, variety of landscape, opportunity of independence. Given these conditions, everything else can be added. Then there's transportation. This is one of the few centers in America which has a North-and-South trade equal to its East-and-West trade. We're on the crossroads. Every settler who goes into the North—and it is a mighty North—means more North-and-South trade. I tell you, Dave, the movement is on now, and before long it'll hit us like a tidal wave. I've been a bit of a gambler all my life, but this is the biggest jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promotion doesn't come very fast on this job, that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it over chances are slipping by. Don't think it over—put it over. I tell you, Dave, there are big things in the air. They are beginning to move already. Have you noticed the strangers in

Irene became guests at the Elden ranch. But before the end he stopped. Should he tell her all? Why not? She had opened her life to him. So he told her of that last evening with Irene, and the compact under the trees and the moon. Her hand had fallen into his as they talked, but here he felt it slowly withdrawn. But he was fired with the flame of love which had sprung up in the breath of his reminiscence. . . . And Edith was his friend and his chum.

"And you have been true?" she said, but her voice was distant and strained.

"Yes."

"And you are waiting for her?"

"Yes, I am waiting. . . . It must be so."

"It is cold," she said. "Let us go home."

## CHAPTER VI.

Whatever the effect of this conversation had been upon Edith, she concealed it carefully, and Dave counted it one of the fortunate events of his life. He had been working under the spur of his passion for Irene, but now this was to be supplemented by the friendship of Edith. That it was more than friendship on her part did not occur to him at all, but he knew she was interested in him and he was doubly determined that he would justify her interest and confidence.

But just at this time another incident occurred which was to turn the flood of his life into strange channels. Dave had been promoted to the distinction of a private office—a little six-by-six "box stall," as the sport editor described it—but, nevertheless, a distinction shared only with the managing editor and Bert Morrison, compiler of the woman's page. Her name was Roberta, but she was masculine to the tips and everybody called her Bert.

Into Dave's sanctuaries one afternoon in October came Conward. His habitual cigarette hung from his accustomed short tooth, and his round, florid face seemed puffier than usual. His aversion to any exercise more vigorous than offered by a billiard cue was beginning to reflect itself in a premature rotundity of figure.

"Lo, Dave!" he said. "Alone?"

"Almost," said Dave, without looking up from his typewriter. Then, turning, he kicked the door shut with his heel and said, "Shoot!"

"This strenuous life is spilling your good manners, Dave, my boy," said Conward, lazily exhaling a thin cloud of smoke. "If work made a man rich you'd die a millionaire. But it isn't work that makes men rich. Ever think of that?"

"If a man does not become rich by work he has no right to become rich at all," Dave retorted.

"What do you mean by that word 'right,' Dave? Define it."

"Haven't time. We go to press at four."

"That's the trouble with fellows like you," Conward continued. "You haven't time. You stick too close to your jobs. You never see the better chances lying all around. Now suppose you let them go to press without you today and you listen to me for a while."

Dave was about to throw him out when a gust of yearning for the open spaces swept over him again. It was true enough. He was giving his whole life to his paper. Promotion was slow, and there was no prospect of a really big position at any time. He remembered Mr. Duncan's remark about newspaper training being the best preparation for something else. With sudden decision he closed his desk.

"Shoot!" he said again, but this time with less impatience.

"That's better," said Conward. "Have you ever thought of the future of this town?"

"Well, I can't say that I have. I've been busy with its present."

"That's what I supposed. You've been too busy with the details of your little job to give attention to bigger things. Now let me pass you a few pieces of information—things you must know, but you have never put them together before. What are the natural elements which make a country or city a desirable place to live? I'll tell you. Climate, transportation, good water, variety of landscape, opportunity of independence. Given these conditions, everything else can be added. Then there's transportation. This is one of the few centers in America which has a North-and-South trade equal to its East-and-West trade. We're on the crossroads. Every settler who goes into the North—and it is a mighty North—means more North-and-South trade. I tell you, Dave, the movement is on now, and before long it'll hit us like a tidal wave. I've been a bit of a gambler all my life, but this is the biggest jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promotion doesn't come very fast on this job, that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it over chances are slipping by. Don't think it over—put it over. I tell you, Dave, there are big things in the air. They are beginning to move already. Have you noticed the strangers in

town of late? That's the advance guard—"

"Advance guard of a real estate boom?"

"Hish! That's a bad word. Get away from it. Say 'industrial development.'"

"Let me elaborate. We'll say Alkali Lake is a railway station where lots go begging at a hundred dollars each. In drops a well-dressed stranger—buys ten lots at a hundred and fifty each—and the old-timers are chuckling over sticking him. But in drops another stranger and buys a block of lots at two hundred each. Then the old-timers begin to wonder if they didn't sell too soon. By the time the fourth or fifth stranger has dropped in they are dead sure of it, and they are trying to buy their lots back. All sorts of rumors get started, nobody knows how. New railways are coming, big factories are to be started, minerals have been located, there's a secret war on between great moneyed interests. The town council meets and changes

the name to Silver City—having regard, no doubt, to the alkali in the slough water. The old-timers, and all that great, innocent public which is forever hoping to get something for nothing, are now glad to buy the lots at five hundred to ten thousand dollars each, and by the time they've bought it up the gang moves on. It's the smoothest game in the world, and every community will fall for it at least twice. . . . Well, they're here.

"Of course, it's a little different in this case, because there really is something in the way of natural advantages to support it. It's not all hot air."

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a little already, and it struck me we might work together on this deal. Your paper has considerable weight, and if that weight falls the right way you won't find me stingy. For instance, an item that this property"—he produced a slip with some legal descriptions—"has been sold for ten thousand dollars to eastern investors—very conservative investors from the East, don't forget that—might help to turn another deal that's just hanging. Sorry to keep you so long, but perhaps you can catch the press yet." And with one of his friendly mannerisms Conward departed.

Dave sat for some minutes in a quandary. He was discouraged with his salary, or, rather, with the lack of prospect of any increase in his salary. Conward's words had been very unsettling. They pulled him with a new enthusiasm for his city, and they intimated that a gang of professional land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate an enormous theft, leaving the public holding the sack. Still, there must be a middle course somewhere.

At any rate, he could use Conward's story about the land sale. That was news—legitimate news. Of course, it might be a faked sale—faked for its news value—but reporters are not paid for being detectives. The Evening Call carried a statement of Conward's sale, and on that statement was hung a column story on the growing prosperity of the city and its assured future, owing to its exceptional climate and natural resources, combined with its commanding position on transportation routes, both east and west and north and south.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.



"If a Man Does Not Become Rich by Work He Has No Right to Become Rich at All," Dave Retorted.

the name to Silver City—having regard, no doubt, to the alkali in the slough water. The old-timers, and all that great, innocent public which is forever hoping to get something for nothing, are now glad to buy the lots at five hundred to ten thousand dollars each, and by the time they've bought it up the gang moves on. It's the smoothest game in the world, and every community will fall for it at least twice. . . . Well, they're here.

"Of course, it's a little different in this case, because there really is something in the way of natural advantages to support it. It's not all hot air."

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a little already, and it struck me we might work together on this deal. Your paper has considerable weight, and if that weight falls the right way you won't find me stingy. For instance, an item that this property"—he produced a slip with some legal descriptions—"has been sold for ten thousand dollars to eastern investors—very conservative investors from the East, don't forget that—might help to turn another deal that's just hanging. Sorry to keep you so long, but perhaps you can catch the press yet." And with one of his friendly mannerisms Conward departed.

Dave sat for some minutes in a quandary. He was discouraged with his salary, or, rather, with the lack of prospect of any increase in his salary. Conward's words had been very unsettling. They pulled him with a new enthusiasm for his city, and they intimated that a gang of professional land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate an enormous theft, leaving the public holding the sack. Still, there must be a middle course somewhere.

At any rate, he could use Conward's story about the land sale. That was news—legitimate news. Of course, it might be a faked sale—faked for its news value—but reporters are not paid for being detectives. The Evening Call carried a statement of Conward's sale, and on that statement was hung a column story on the growing prosperity of the city and its assured future, owing to its exceptional climate and natural resources, combined with its commanding position on transportation routes, both east and west and north and south.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. H. FITZPATRICK, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 14

AT THE TRIAL, CRUCIFIXION AND RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXTS—John 18:15-27; 19:25-27; 20:1-10; 21:15-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

Since the lessons of the quarter center in the lives of Peter and John it will be well to include in the day's lesson the incidents in their lives from the trial of Jesus to his resurrection. This will enable us to use the committee's alternative lesson, "The Prince of Peace," for a Christmas lesson next Sunday.

I. Peter Denies the Lord (18:15-18, 25-27).

1. Before the servant maid (vv. 15-18). Peter's first blunder was to attempt to follow Jesus at this time. Christ had told him that he could not follow now (18:36). Presumptuous boldness oftentimes places one in an embarrassing position. In such cases compromise or cowardly denial usually follows. Wisdom as to our weaknesses should move one to avoid unnecessary trials. John, seeing Peter standing at the door, introduced him to the house of the high priest. Here under the taunt of a Jewish maid he openly denied his Lord.

2. Before the servant and officers (v. 25). Peter had not only ventured where it was not necessary, but was warning himself at the enemies' fire. Having quailed before the sarcastic impudence of a servant maid he openly denied his relationship with the Lord when questioned by the officers and servants at whose fire he was warming himself. To have a clear and independent testimony, one should be separate from sinners (II Cor. 6:14-18).

3. Before the kinsman of Malchus (vv. 26, 27). This man had seen Peter with Jesus in Gethsemane when Peter in his rashness smote off the ear of Malchus (see verse 10). Hearing Peter's denial, this servant of the high priest put the question, "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?" When Peter uttered the third denial the cock crew, bringing to his attention the warning words of Jesus (Mark 14:72). This is an example of what a disciple of Jesus may do in the hour of great temptation.

II. Jesus Commits His Mother to John (19:25-27).

Though suffering the indescribable anguish of the cross he tenderly remembered his grief-stricken mother and charged John to care for her. Mary had other sons who should have cared for her, but they were unbelievers till after Jesus' resurrection. He knew that his mother would have better care at the hands of the beloved disciples than at the hands of her own children who did not believe in and love Jesus. Love to Jesus is stronger than human affection.

III. Peter and John at Jesus' Tomb (20:1-10).

When Mary came in breathless haste, announcing the fact of the empty tomb, Peter and John ran to investigate. When John came to the tomb he gazed into it, but when Peter came he went in. John with holy reverence hesitated to enter, but Peter through his impulsiveness entered at once. The difference does not lie in the fact that one loves more than the other, but in their different temperaments. One should not expect the same behavior from all. This investigation was convincing (v. 8).

IV. Peter's Restoration and Commission (21:15-19).

Peter had thrice denied the Lord, so before he again entered the service he had thrice to confess his love for Jesus. In this commission to Peter is set forth the motive and nature of service which is incumbent upon all Christian ministers and teachers.

1. His motive—love for Christ. Love is the supreme qualification for service for Christ; it is the very spring from which all activity flows. It is not learning and eloquence, but love that makes a pastor. (1) "Feed my lambs," the word for "feed" as well as "lambs," signifies that the work here is that of nurturing the babes in Christ. (2) "Feed my sheep." The word here means to feed, guide, correct, and lead the mature, class of Christians. It carries with it not only the responsibility of feeding, but correction and discipline. If this be attempted without love, failure will inevitably ensue. (3) "Feed my sheep." This relates to the care of the aged Christians. The word "feed" returns somewhat to the meaning in the first instance where he says, "feed my lambs," so that the ministers' responsibility to care for the aged is equivalent to that of the young.

Will Punish Wrong. No fallacy can hide wrong, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly that the All-Seeing One will discover and punish it.—Rivarolo.

Like Hewing Blocks With Razor. To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—Pope.

Seek and Ye Shall Find. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. 7:7.

## I Owe My Life to PE-RU-NA

Mr. McKinley's letter brings cheer to all who may be sufferers as he was. Read it:

"I can honestly say that I owe my life to Peruna. After some of the best doctors in the country gave me up and told me I could not live another month, Peruna saved me. Travelling from town to town, throughout the country and having to go into all kinds of badly heated stores and buildings, sometimes standing up for hours at a time while playing my trade as auctioneer, it is only natural that I had colds frequently, so when this would occur I paid little attention to it, until last December when I contracted a severe case, which through neglect on my part settled on my lungs. When almost too late, I began doctoring, but without result, until I heard of Peruna. It cured me, so I cannot praise it too highly."

Mr. Samuel McKinley, 2504 E. 22nd St., Kansas City, Mo., Member of the Society of U. S. Jewelry Auctioneers.

Sold Everywhere. Tablet or Liquid Form

## The Right Way

In all cases of  
**DISTEMPER, PINKEYE  
INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC.**  
of all horses, brood mares, colts and stallions is to  
"SPOHN THEM"  
on the tongue or in the feed with  
**SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND**  
Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the germs. It wards off the trouble, no matter how they are "exposed." A few drops daily prevent those exposed from contracting disease. Contains nothing injurious. Sold by druggists, harness dealers or by the manufacturer, AGENTS WANTED.  
**SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, IND.**

Why She Was Late.  
Mrs. Styles—Anything new at the office, Hubert?  
Mr. Styles—Yes, the blonde stenographer has a pair of new shoes.  
"Well, I must say for a married man you are very observing."  
"Certainly I am. She limped in to work at 10 o'clock this morning."

**900 FLU CASES REPORTED TO HEALTH SERVICE**

Washington dispatches state that there were over 900 flu cases reported to the public health service last week. This is an increase over the previous week, and as cold weather draws near authorities are worried.

A recent public health report says: "City officials, state and city boards of health should be prepared in event of an recurrence of the flu."

Even if one recovers from the flu, the after effects are terrible. The only sane thing to do is to prevent the flu. Influenza can be prevented; last year's results prove that. It is important that a good germicide should be used frequently. Turpo is an effective germicide, combining the old-fashioned remedies of turpentine (which has for years been known as the best home germicide), camphor-menthol and pure mineral base. As a preventive for flu, Turpo has been a pronounced success.

Snuff a