

A Man in the Open by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father.

blazes. Yes, sir! We just own up that we're guilty as hell as the best way of showing our respect."

CHAPTER X.

Kate's Narrative. At Hundred Mile House the long table had been removed from the dining hall, the benches set back to the log walls, and at the head of the room an enormous Union Jack draped a very small portrait of Queen Victoria.

"You are a United States marshal?" "Yes, your honor."

At Captain Taylor's entrance the constable ordered us all to stand. At sight of the two strangers he mounted a single eyeglass, and stared with growing wrath until they removed their hats.

"Prisoners, you are charged in your own country with robbery-under-arms and homicide in various degrees. Do you or do you not wish to prove your innocence?"

CHAPTER XI.

Billy O'Flynn.

Kate's Narrative. Jesse is cruel to young O'Flynn. Perhaps he is justly, rightly cruel, in giving at this young cowboy, taunting him until the lad is on the very edge of murder.



"Whist! Hide the Gun," He Said.

"Prisoners," said our justice of the peace, laying his hand on the Bible. "This book contains the only law I know. I'm not here as judge or lawyer, but as one of Her Majesty's officers trusted to do the sporting thing, and to deal fairly and squarely with three innocent men who have the misfortune to be charged with crime. You're only to prove to me that you're innocent, and I have power to let you go free. But I warn you to tell the truth."

Urges Use of Wheat Bran.

A well-known authority of dietetics has recently taken to urging his patients to indulge in quantities of wheat bran, which, he says, is one of the best list of foods. It is a mistake for persons to turn up their noses at bran as an article of food because it is cheap.

OLD FORT BUILT BY RUSSIANS

Archologist's Explanation of Ruins of Building on the Northern Coast of California.

Rules of buildings on the old Weiske ranch, near Windsor and about thirteen miles north of Santa Rosa, Cal., although unexplained, now are thought to be the work of people of mechanical skill, probably Russians, who selected the buildings 100 years or more ago.

That the edifices were not the work of the Spaniards is taken for granted, as the history of this country under Spanish rule is sufficiently complete to give assurance that some record of the construction of the buildings would have been left.

in one place there stands a part of the wall, twenty feet in height, thirty feet long, thirty feet thick at the ground and tapering to a width of ten feet. It is built of basalt slabs about twenty feet in length and irregular prismatic shape.

ockets Telephones in Use. A serviceable pocket telephone is the latest innovation of the Hungarian posts and telegraphs administration. The appliance weighs only 120 grammes, is no bigger than a card case, and can be had by any one on payment of the price of 40 ordinary telephone conversations, which cost a penny each.

Old Cathedral Made Safe. Winchester cathedral, England, built in 1079, in recent years showed many breaks and cracks in its walls, and the foundations of the historic edifice have now been thoroughly rebuilt and the walls restored. The beach logs which had formed a kind of raft foundation for part of the structure were, it is said, found to be in an excellent state of preservation when the new foundations of concrete were put in.

ters and crimes, and the widow waits ravenous for her kindling, bed stuff, wall paper, and new pads for her wooden leg. At ten cents that paper is a bargain.

After breakfast when Jesse had gone to work, the widow came to me in deep distress, leaning against the door-post, twisting up her apron with trembling fingers, her eyes dark with dread. When I led her to a seat, perhaps she felt my sympathy, for a flood of tears broke loose, and wild Irish mixed with her sobs.

"I'm proud," said Jesse, "to make your acquaintance, both of you. You are men, all right."

"Why are you not at work? What are you doing with my husband's rifle?" "I'm at work," he answered sulkily—then with an odd vagueness of manner, "I'm cleaning the durned thing."

Being a woman, and cursed at that with the artistic temperament, I could not help being moved by this lad's extraordinary beauty—the curly red-gold hair, skin with the dusty look of a ripe peach, the poise of easy power and lithe grace, the sense he gave me of glowing color veiling rugged strength.

His mother was right. That vagueness of manner was abnormal, and the lad was fey.

"I'm at work," he answered sulkily—then with an odd vagueness of manner, "I'm cleaning the durned thing."

CHAPTER XII.

Expounding the Scriptures. I wonder how many persons live in Jesse's body? On the surface he is the rugged whimsical stockman, lazy, with such powers in reserve as would equip a first-class volcano.

"Hello, Kate," he said in greeting. "Say, youngster, when you sawed off that table leg to make your mother's limb, what did you do with the casters?"

"I wonder how many persons live in Jesse's body? On the surface he is the rugged whimsical stockman, lazy, with such powers in reserve as would equip a first-class volcano.

When we knelt, the widow still sat rigid, and with her wooden leg scratched upon the oil-cloth vague outlines of a galloway. Afterward she explained, "Yer husband, Mrs. Smith, had bass to him, is mighty proud as

the stair door suddenly open and disclose the broad form of the Dutchman. Blinking drowsily before the light, he exclaimed: "Good morning, Missis! Good morning! I could eluv as well had come down 'n hour ago if you had only woke me up!"—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Break Off Cigarettes. King George, as every one knows, is very fond of his cigarette. Once his majesty said to the Czar, when the august cousins were talking of the evils of excessive indulgence in "fags": "Do you know that, when I was years younger, I got an idea that cigarettes were bad for me? I resolved to limit myself to five smokes a day."

The first day I managed to exist upon the number determined. The second day I smoked all five before lunch, and felt miserable for the rest of the day. The third day I smoked the five judiciously, but still felt a great "wanting." On the fourth day I could stand it no longer, and so smoked fifteen "fags" to make up for my self-denial."

Thought Night Had Passed. Tired Farm Hand Lost All Track of Time in His Brief but Evidently Deep Slumber.

Even when you are wide awake it is frequently hard to estimate the passage of time. On one occasion you find it hard to believe that several hours have elapsed, and on another the day may drag so slowly that the clock seems to have shirked its duty. While you are asleep the calculation of time is, of course, almost impossible, as this incident, told by a farmer's son at the corner store one rainy morning, aptly illustrates:

Father hired a new hand last night—a big, good-natured Dutchman. Evidently the poor fellow was tired from tramping about the country, for he went to bed immediately after supper.

As usual, father went down to the cellar about 9:30 to throw some coal in the furnace and adjust the drafts for the night. Evidently this made enough noise to rouse the new hired man, for, mother, who was sitting beside the table in the dining-room, saw

his spectacles, what he can't see through and all, and showing off his learning and pride as a Sunday."

"But why draw gallows on the floor?" "And why for should I not draw gallows on the fure, seeing he'll never drown? It's hung he'll be for a oppressing the fatherless and the widow, and burn he will after for a Protestant. Yis," she flashed round on her son, "feed buttermilk to thim calves, and hold up yer head allahd, 'cause you inherit glory while he's trying!"

"Away from the widow's hate and her son's vengeance, I led my man out under the stars. I gave him his cigar, that black explosive charged with deadly fumes, lighted him a sulphur match. It soothes his passions, and the pasture scent makes him gentle, but when I fear, my grizzly bear, and hardly dare to stroke, I lead him by the keen silver spring, across the hollow, where our flowers would make a devil smile, and on through the wild rose tangle, to my cathedral pines. Tonight he seemed suspicious, even there, biting off tags of the vindictive Palms. Nor would he sit under the father tree until I sang to him.

"What do you want?" asked Jesse then, all the rancor gone.

"Jesse, do you know that it's nearly a year since we married?"

"Ten months, Kate, and fourteen days. Do you think I don't reckon?"

"I sat down on the roof of the little governess tree, the humblest in the grove. 'In the Bible, dear, was the son of Jesse?"

"David, of course."

"Do you remember, dear: 'for I have provided a king among his sons?'"

He looked away across the thunderous misty depths of the canon, and the moonlight caught his profile as though it were etched in silver. "A mighty valiant man," he whispered.

"I'm a Rich Woman, Dear."

"prudent in matters, and a man of war."

"Jesse, I've got such a confession to make. When you settled Mr. Trevor's estate—"

"His estates were debts, and we paid 'em. There ain't no need to fuss."

"You paid the debts. You were hard driven to meet the interest on your mortgage."

"That's paid off now. Besides we've a clear title to our land, mother's gravestone's off my chest, we don't owe a cent in the world, and there's no more a worry left, except I'm sort of sorry for them poor robbers. Why fuss?"

"You earned six thousand dollars, at goodness knows what peril. I let you still imagine that you were poor."

"We got plenty wealth, Kate, wealth enough for—David."

"I wanted you, Jesse, just you. I wanted poverty because you were poor. I have been content, and now you've won the capital to free the ranch, to buy a thoroughbred stallion, to stock the place."

"That's so."

"Jesse, under my dear father's will, I have seven thousand five hundred dollars a year."

"A what?"

"I'm a rich woman, dear. I've been saving my income, and there's ten thousand dollars for you at the bank."

"So I gave him my check, which he accepted promptly with a kiss. He is so rough, too."

Then we discussed improvements. A bunch of East Oregon horses, three cowboys to handle our stock, a man to run the Sky-line contract, an irrigated corn field, and winter feed, two Chinese servants, so many 'must-haves' that we waxed quite despondent over ways and means. Jesse must go to Vancouver on business, and thus after much preamble I came at last to the point.

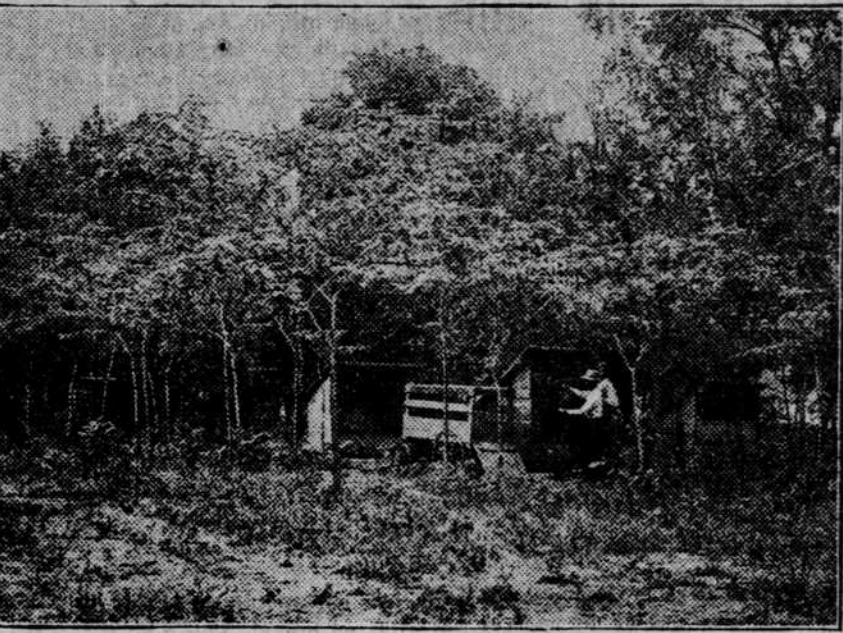
"Take Billy with you."

"But if I go, he's got to look after the ranch."

"You preach at Billy," I said, "you pray at him. Remember he's wild as these woods, son of a dangerous felon. His mother gods him on, and there's danger, Jesse."

"I knew while I spoke the folly of appealing to his sense of fear. He chuckled softly."

SERUM CHECKS RAVAGES OF HOG CHOLERA



Check Pens.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)

During the cholera epidemic of the fall of 1911 a farmer came to Veterinarian Hadly, of the University of Wisconsin, and wanted to know what was the matter with his hogs.

"It is not cholera," he declared. "For I had that on the farm about ten years ago, and the pigs behaved differently then."

"Wait a minute," declared Doctor Hadly. "Before you go on I will tell you the symptoms of those animals. They exhibited a loss of appetite, they were chilled and trembled, their temperature was two to five degrees above normal, the skin was scurvy, and the coat hard and dry, they hid in the litter and resented being disturbed, they walked stiff and sore and stood about with their hind legs crossed, they—"

"How did you know that?" interrupted the farmer excitedly. "That is just what ailed my hogs."

"I was simply describing to you the symptoms of acute cholera. The other time your herd probably had the chronic form of the disease; there is a great difference between the two forms."

The symptoms of cholera must usually be confirmed by a post-mortem examination. The hog is strung up just as it is slaughtered for the butcher and the carcass opened. If cholera is really present, the lymphatics will be red and congested, the kidneys diseased, the marrow of the backbone dark to almost black, the lungs congested and the bowels show ulcers and sores.

The serum used in hog cholera is not a cure, but is intended as a preventive measure in case of an outbreak, or where an outbreak is threatened. In some cases hogs may contract the disease and die before the

How the Serum is Obtained. The hog is placed on the table and then washed, the tail is thoroughly washed with an antiseptic solution and lukewarm water and soap, and then with a weak solution of alcohol. Before preparing the hog bottles are washed and sterilized and covered with a cloth which has also been sterilized. A piece of the tail is amputated, and in this way the blood is drawn from the hog.

From a hog weighing 150 pounds about three pints of serum is obtained at one bleeding. A hog can be bled four times before he has to be hyper-immunized again. The blood received in this way is dehydrated, and the small amount of carboic acid is added to preserve it, and does not injure its protecting power. The blood is then ready for use.

A hog weighing 150 pounds will yield from 90 to 100 doses of vaccine at one bleeding. A hog can be bled once every eight or ten days. The above are government directions.

After the serum has been tested and found to be potent, it is put up in bottles of three sizes, sealed and stored in a cement cellar, where it can be kept at even temperature until used.

Some Dangers to Be Avoided. From the fact that there is always more or less fever caused by vaccination, and more or less danger of the animal becoming infected through the wound made by the needle of the syringe, the following after treatment is recommended:

Spare diet for three or four days, especially of corn, but plenty of water, thoroughly clean and comfortable pens with plenty of clean bedding, with absolutely no chance to get into the mud of any kind. The more mud and dirt the more danger. They should not be dipped or operated upon for at least two weeks after vaccination.

When the disease makes its appearance in the neighborhood, all the well hogs should be vaccinated, and all the sick hogs should be destroyed and burned, and should any of the vaccinated hogs develop cholera, they too, should be destroyed and burned.

This will prevent to a certain extent the spread of infection. Among the most convenient and efficient agents for destroying disease germs rank heat, solution of creolin, carbolic acid, caustic soda or sulphate of copper, fumes of chlorine, chloride of lime, slaked lime, lime water and kerosene oil.

All straw, cobs and litter should be removed, and if cholera is present, burned, and a strong solution of some good coal-tar dip or crude carbolic acid, about one part of the dip to twenty of water, used on all woodwork and floor of the pen.

Though hog cholera is not communicable to man, there is danger of anthrax, septic infection and tuberculosis. If a person has a sore on his hand he should not touch a dead animal, or if he should receive a cut or a scratch during the examination, the hand should be placed in pure kerosene at once.

Growing Beans. Beans are one of the staple farm crops on which there is still a little money for the skilled grower. Many farmers who continue to grow wheat would do better with field beans, and many others located near a market might raise garden beans and limas at a profit.

Cheap Nitrogen. Nitrogen from the air can be got without money and without price sufficiently to mature grain crops. It is

because alfalfa, clover, soy beans and other leguminous plants have the power to take nitrogen from the air and also from the soil, that growing these crops in rotation with grain, especially wheat, oats and rye, avoids the expense and necessity of applying nitrogen to the grain crops.

Yolk of an Egg. In 100 parts of the yolk, 52 per cent. is water, 45 per cent. is oil and fat and 1 per cent. each of albumoids, coloring and mineral matter.