

The Cow Puncher

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"MY NAME IS CONWARD."

Synopsis.—David Ellen, 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.

CHAPTER III.

Dave's opportunity came sooner than he had expected. After the departure of the Hardys things at the old ranch were, as both father and son had predicted, very different. They found themselves on a sort of good behavior—a behavior which, unhappily, excited in each other grave suspicions as to purpose. The tension steadily increased, and both looked forward to the moment when something must give way.

For several weeks the old man remained entirely sober, but the call of the appetite in him grew more and more insistent as the days went by, and at last came the morning when Dave awoke to find him gone. He needed no second guess; the craving had become irresistible and his father had ridden to town for the means to satisfy it. The passing days did not bring his return, but this occasioned no anxiety to Dave. In the course of a carouse his father frequently remained away for weeks at a stretch.

He moped around the ranch buildings, sat moodily by the little stream, casting pebbles in the water, or rode over the old trails on which she had so often been his companion.

Then the old man's horse came home. Dave saw it coming up the trail, not running wildly but with nervous gallop and many sidelong turnings of the head. As the boy watched he found a strange emptiness possess him; his body seemed a phantom on which his head hung over-heavy. He spoke to the horse, which pulled up, snorting, before him; noted the wet neck and flanks, and at last the broken stirrup. Then, slowly and methodically, and still with that strange sensation of emptiness, he saddled his own horse and set out on the search.

After the last rites had been paid to the old rancher, Dave set about at once to wind up his affairs, and it was not until then that he discovered how deeply his father had been involved. The selling of the cattle and the various effects realized only enough to discharge the liabilities, and when this had been done Dave found himself with a considerable area of unmarketable land, a considerable bundle of paid bills and his horse, saddle and revolver. He rode his horse to town, carrying a few articles of wear with him. It was only after a stiff fight that he could bring himself to part with his one companion. The last miles into town were ridden very slowly, with the boy frequently leaning forward and stroking the horse's neck and ears.

He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and still cheaper lodgings.

In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It snubbed him with its indifference. . . . He became aware that he was very lonely. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and of her he knew not so much as her address. . . . He began to wonder whether he really had a friend at all; whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use. Just as he had discarded his faithful old horse. Tears of loneliness and remorse gathered in his eyes, and a mist not of the twilight blurred the street lamps now glimmering from their poles. He felt that he had treated the horse very shabbily indeed. He wanted old Slop-eye back again. He suddenly wanted him with a terrific longing; wanted him more than anything else in the world. For the moment he forgot the girl and all his homesickness centered about the beast which had been so long his companion and servant and friend.

"I'll buy him back in the mornin'; I will, sure as I—L," he said, in a sudden gust of emotion. "We got to stick together. I didn't play fair with him, but I'll buy him back. Perhaps I can get a job for him, too, pullin' a light wagon or somethin'."

The resolution to "play fair" with Slop-eye gradually restored his cheerfulness and he walked slowly back to the hotel.

The men's sitting room now presented a much more animated picture than when he had registered earlier in the evening. It was filled with ranchers, cowboys and cattlemen of all degrees—breeders, buyers, traders, owners and wage earners, with a sprinkling of townspeople and others not directly engaged in some phase of the

cattle business. Soon he was in a group watching a dandy dressed individual doing a sort of sleight of hand trick with three cards on a table.

"Smooth guy, that," said someone at his side. The remark was evidently intended for Dave, and he turned toward the speaker. He was a man somewhat smaller than Dave, two or three years older, well dressed in town clothes, with a rather puffy face and a gold-filled tooth from which a corner had been broken as though to accommodate the cigarette which hung there.

"Yes," said Dave. Then, as it was apparent the stranger was inclined to be friendly, he continued, "What's the idea?"

The stranger nudged him gently. "Come out of the bunch," he said in a low voice. When they had moved a little apart he went on, in a confidential tone: "He has a little trick with three cards that brings him in the easy coin. He's smooth as grease, but the thing's simple. Oh, it's awful simple! Now you watch him for a minute," and they watched through an opening in the crowd about the table. The player held three cards—two red ones and a black. He passed them about rapidly over the table, occasionally turning his hand sideways so that the onlookers could see the position of the cards. Then he suddenly threw them face down on the table, each card by itself.

"The trick is to locate the black card," Dave's companion explained. "It's easy enough if you keep your eye on the card, but the trouble with these rubes is they name the card and then start to get out their money, and while they're fumbling for it he makes a change so quick they never see it. There's just one way to beat him. Get up close, but don't say you're getting interested. Then when you're dead sure of a card crack your fist down on it. Glue yourself right to it and get out your money with the other hand. When he sees you do that he'll try to bluff you, say you ain't in on it; but you just tell him that don't go, this is an open game, and he's got to come through, and the crowd'll back you up. I stuck him once—a whole hundred first crack—and then he barred me. Watch him."

Dave watched. Saw the black card go down at one corner of the board; saw a bystander fumbling for a five-dollar bill; saw the bill laid on the card; saw it turned up—and it was red.

"That is smooth," he said. "I'd 'a sworn that was the black card."

"So it was—when you saw it," his companion explained. "But you were just like the sucker that played him."



"You Ain't Playin'!" Said the Dealer.
"You Ain't In on This."

You couldn't help glancing at the jay getting out his money, and it was in that instant the trick was done. He's too quick for the eye, but that's how he does it."

Dave became interested. He saw two or three others lose fives and tens. It was plain his companion's tip was straight. There was just one way to beat this game, but it was simple enough when you knew how. He sidled close to the table, making great pretense of indifference, but watching the cards closely with his keen black eyes. The dealer showed his hand, made a few quick passes, and the black card flew out to the right. This was Dave's chance. He pounced on it with his left hand, while his other plunged into his pocket.

"Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game.

"You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't in on this."

"That don't go," said Dave very quietly. "You're playin' a public game here, an' I chose to play with you this once. Sixty dollars on this card."

"You ain't playin'," repeated the dealer. "You're a butt-in. You ain't in this game at all."

"Sure he's in," said the crowd.

"That ain't right," whined the dealer, "but you got it on me. Turn 'er up."

The card was red.

Dave looked at it stupidly. It was

a moment or two before he realized that his money was gone. Then, regardless of those about, he rushed through the crowd, flinging bystanders right and left, and plunged into the night.

He walked down a street until it lost itself on the prairie; then he followed a prairie trail far into the country. The air was cold and a few drops of rain were falling in it, but he was unconscious of the weather. He was in a rage through and through. Slop-eye was now a dream, a memory, gone—gone. Everything was gone; only his revolver and a few cents remained. He gripped the revolver again. With that he was supreme. No man in all that town of men schooled in the ways of the West was more than his equal while that grip lay in his palm. At the point of that muzzle he could demand his money back—and get it.

Then he laughed. Hollow and empty it sounded in the night air, but it was a laugh, and it saved his spirit. "Why, you fool," he chuckled, "you came to town for to learn somethin', didn't you? Well, you're learnin'. Sixty dollars a throw. Education comes high, don't it? But you shouldn't kick. He didn't coax you in, an' gave you every chance to back away. You butted in and got stung. Perhaps you've learned somethin' worth sixty dollars."

In his innocence of the ways of the game it never occurred to him that the friendly stranger who had showed him how to play it was a friend of the sharper, and probably at this moment they were dividing his sixty dollars—the price of old Slop-eye—between them.

Early next morning he was awake and astir. The recollection of his loss sent a sudden pang through his morning spirits, but he tried to close his mind to it.

"No use worryin' over that," he said, jingling the few coins that now represented his wealth. "That's over and gone. I traded sixty dollars for my first lesson. Maybe it was a bad trade, but anyway I ain't goin' to squeal." He whistled as he finished dressing, ate his breakfast cheerfully, and set out in search of employment.

Almost the first person he met was the stranger who had schooled him in the gambling game the night before. There was something attractive about his personality; something which invited friendship and even confidence, and yet beneath these emotions Dave felt a sense of distrust, as though part of his nature rebelled against the acquaintance.

"That was the rottenest luck you had last night," the stranger was saying. "I never saw the beat of it. I was hopin' you'd stay and raise him next time; you might have got your money back that way."

"Oh, I don't mind the money!" said Dave, cheerfully. "I don't want it back. In fact, I figure it was pretty well spent."

"Lots more where it came from, eh?" laughed the other. "You're from the ranches, I see, and I suppose the price of a steer or two doesn't worry you a hair's worth."

"From is right," Dave replied. "I'm from them, an' I ain't goin' back. As for money—well, I spent my last nickel for breakfast, so I've got to line up a job before noon."

The stranger extended his hand. "Shake," he said. "I like you. You're no squealer, anyway. My name is Conward. Yours?"

Dave told his name and shook hands. Conward offered his cigarette box, and the two smoked for a few moments in silence.

"What kind of a job do you want?" Conward asked at length.

"Any kind that pays a wage," said Dave.

"I know the fellow that runs an employment agency down here," Conward answered. "Let's go down. Perhaps I can put you in right."

Conward spoke to the manager of the employment agency and introduced Dave.

"Nothing very choice on tap today," said the employment man. "You can handle horses, I suppose?"

"I guess I can," said Dave, "some."

"I can place you delivering coal. Thirty dollars a month, and you board with the boss."

"I'll take it," said Dave.

The boss proved to be one Thomas Metford. He owned half a dozen teams and was engaged in the cartage business, specializing on coal. He was a man of big frame, big head, and a vocabulary appropriate to the purposes to which he applied it. Among his other possessions were a wife, numerous children and a house and barn, in which he boarded his beasts of burden, including in the term his horses, his men and his wife, in the order of their valuation. The children were a by-product, valueless until such time as they also would be able to work.

Dave learns lesson No. 2 from Conward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY IN DAINTY NEGLIGEEES



The average woman may have little use for very elaborate negligees, but for daintiness, loveliness of color and simplicity she has an instinctive longing. These always appeal to her and specialists in the manufacture of negligees understand this—so that the bulk of their output combines just these elements. "Negligee" is a term that includes a very wide variety of garments—inspired by the garb of many peoples—for it is in the seclusion of home that women may indulge themselves in the fanciful. Japan and China contribute much and we have interpreted their ideas to suit ourselves besides buying generously of their productions. France is an exhaustless source of inspiration and we use its wonderful creations all the time, adopting and adapting ideas according to our own needs.

Our needs demand at least ten negligees that are simple and pretty, daintily made in lovely colors, to one that is elaborate.

Morning jackets and coats of taffeta silk in gay colors, to be worn with lace-trimmed petticoats are popular, because they embody the things we like best, and negligees of the character of the two shown here are in constant demand. All these appear in

flower-like colors—pink, rose, blue, yellow, lavender, light and vivid greens, occasionally cerise and rich reds. Imagine the negligee shown at the left of the picture in any of these lovely colors and you will find yourself deciding as to which one would suit you best. In this model a long close-fitting and plain slip of box-pleated crope-de-chine is the easiest thing that ever was to slip into. Over it there is a short kimono-like jacket—a slip-over garment—with scalloped edge buttonhole with embroidery, silk, and small sprays of embroidered flowers scattered over it. It could hardly be simpler—or prettier.

The negligee at the right has a straight under-slip of charmeuse satin with a long-draped overgarment of the same material edged with lace. The material is gathered at the shoulders and sides and arranged in a drape that widens at the hips and narrows toward the bottom. It has the effect of a long coat with ribbon that ties across the front below the waistline, to confine it, but this is a one-piece negligee easy to get into and as pretty as any one can ask for. Autumn brides will be interested in these fine examples of American designing and so will every other woman who has eyes to see them.

Hats That Interpret Autumn



If, in all the varied styles in millinery, there is a single point in common, it is that fall hats interpret the season. They are rich, brilliant, generously trimmed, many of them superb and unusual, and they are refined.

Three ultra-smart examples pictured in the group above may have been selected as exponents of the mode, but three hats selected at random would probably convey the same ideas. The hat at the right of the group is made of black satin ribbon, bordered with gold. The barette is mounted to a band of plain satin ribbon, overlaid with two rows of gold-edged ribbon, and this same ribbon makes the plaited pompon at the left. Worn with this hat is an overblouse of silk voile made to match the hat by the addition of a collar and wide band of the embroidered ribbon. This hat might be named October.

A pretty velvet turban, with a hint of India in its shape and style, is of velvet that makes itself a background for clusters of grapes. These are made of satin, but then grapes of many varieties on autumn hats and metal tissues account for some of the

most beautiful. Sometimes the colors are like those of nature and often they are entirely different. Besides the grapes a generous trimmer has allowed this rich turban a bow of narrow gold ribbon near the back.

A hat and a veil of equal importance, at the left of the group, is to be classed among the unusual and pleasing things that the autumn shopper is always running into. Perhaps this veil was made for the hat, or the hat was made for the veil; at any rate the design shows them to be inseparable. This small turban has a crown of taupe pash velvet and a brim of plain dark brown velvet that supports the veil. Straps of velvet, fastened down with metal ornaments, are brought down over the veil at the front, back and sides. Vells and hats have had their fortunes cast together on many a hat this fall, where each would fall without the other, but together they make a success.

Julia Bottomley

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HEARTBURN Caused by Acid-Stomach That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloating after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, acidity, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH. Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat. Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief for heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach troubles. Improves digestion—helps you get full strength from your food. Thousands say EATONIC is the most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brought them relief when everything else failed. Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big 50c box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, return it and get your money back.

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Fit for Inspection. "Lady outside wants to see you." "I wonder if she's worth seeing?" "She is. Blue eyes, golden hair, perfect figure. Oh, boy!"

MURINE Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy