



The COW PUNCHER

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DAVE BECOMES WEALTHY.

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. Patie 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 and advances rapidly to a position of responsibility.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

During the following days Dave had a keener eye than usual for evidences of "industrial development." He found them on every hand. Old properties, long considered unsalable, were changing owners. Money moved easily; wages were stiffening; tradesmen were in demand. There was material for many good stories in his investigations. He began writing features on the city's prosperity and prospects. The rival paper did the same and there was soon started between them a competition of optimism. The great word became "boom." The virus was now in the veins of the community, pulsing through every street and byway of the little city. Dave marveled, and wondered how he had failed to read these signs until Conward had laid their portent bare before him. But as yet it was only his news sense that responded; his delight in the strange and the sensational. He was not yet inoculated with the poison of easy wealth.

His nights were busy with his investigations, but on Sunday, as usual, he went out to the Duncans. Mrs. Duncan explained that Edith had gone to visit a girl friend in the country; would be gone away for some time. Dave felt a foolish annoyance that she should have left town. She might at least have called him up. Why should she call him up? Of course not! Still, the town was very empty. He drove with Mrs. Duncan in the afternoon, and at night took a long walk by the river. He had a vague but oppressive sense of loneliness. He had not realized what part of his life these Sunday afternoons with Edith had come to be.

A few days later Conward strolled in, with the inevitable cigarette. He smoked in silence until Dave completed a story.

"Good stuff you're giving us," he commented, when the article was finished. "Remember what I told you the other day? It's just like putting a match to tinder. Now we're off."

Conward smoked a few minutes in silence, but Dave could not fail to see the excitement under his calm exterior. He had, as he said, decided to "sit" in the biggest game ever played. The intoxication of sudden wealth had already fired his blood.

He slipped a bill to Dave. "For your services in that little transaction," he explained.

Elden held the bill in his fingers gingerly, as though it might carry infection, as in very truth it did. He realized that he stood at a turning-point—that everything the future held for him might rest on his present decision. There remained in him not a little of the fine, stern honor of the ranchman of the open range; an honor curious, sometimes terrible, in its interpretation of right and wrong, but a

"I Can't Take That Much," He Exclaimed. "It Isn't Fair."

fine, stern honor nevertheless. And he instinctively felt that to accept this money would compromise him for evermore. As he turned the bill in his fingers he noticed that it was for one hundred dollars. He thought it was ten.

"I can't take that much," he exclaimed. "It isn't fair."

"Fair enough," said Conward, well pleased that Dave should be impressed by his generosity. "Fair enough," he

repeated. "It's just ten per cent of my profit."

"You mean you made a thousand dollars on that deal?"

"Exactly that. And that will look like a penny to what we are going to make later on."

"We?"

"Yes, you and me. We're going into partnership."

"But I've nothing to invest. I've only a very little saved up."

"Invest that hundred."

Dave looked at Conward sharply. Was he trifling? No, his eyes were frank and serious.

"You mean it?"

"Of course. Now, I'll put you onto something, and it's the biggest thing that has been pulled off yet. There's a section of land lying right against the city limits that is owned by a fellow over in England; a ranchman who fell heir to an estate and had to go home to spend it. I am arranging through a London office to offer him ten dollars an acre, and I'll bet he jumps at it. I've arranged for the necessary credits, but there will be some expenses for cables, etc., and you can put your hundred into that. If we pull it off—and we will pull it off—we start up in business as Conward & Elden, or Elden & Conward, whichever sounds better. Boy, there's a fortune in it."

"What do you figure it's worth?" said Dave, trying to speak easily.

"Twenty-five dollars an acre?"

"Twenty-five dollars an acre?" Conward shouted. "Dave, newspaper routine has killed your imagination. Twenty-five dollars an acre! Listen!"

"The city boundaries are to be extended—probably will be by the time this deal goes through. Then it is city property. A street-railway system is to be built, and we'll see that it runs through our land. We may have to 'grease' somebody, but it's a poor engineer that saves on grease. Then we'll survey that section into twenty-five-foot lots—and we'll sell them at two hundred dollars each for those nearest the city down to one hundred for those farthest out—average one hundred and fifty—total nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Allow, say, sixty thousand for grease and there is still nine hundred thousand, and that doesn't count resale commissions. Dave, it's good for a cool million."

Dave was doing rapid thinking. Suddenly he faced Conward and their eyes met. "Conward," he said, "you don't need my little hundred to put this over. Why do you let me in on it?"

Conward smiled and breathed easily. There had been a moment of tension. "Oh, that's simple," he answered. "I figure we'll travel well in double harness. I'm a good mixer—I know people—and I've got ideas. And you're sound and honorable and people trust you."

"Thanks," said Dave, dryly.

"That's right," Conward continued. "We'll be a combination hard to beat."

Dave had never felt sure of Conward, and now he felt less sure than ever. But the lust of easy money was beginning to stir within him. The bill in his hands represented more than three weeks' wages. Conward was making money—making money fast, and surely here was an opportunity such as comes once in a lifetime.

"I'll go you," he said to Conward, at last. "I'll risk this hundred, and a little more, if necessary."

"Good," said Conward, springing to his feet and taking Dave's hand in a warm grasp. "Now we're away. But you better play safe. Stick to your paycheck here until we pull the deal through. There won't be much to do until then, anyway, and you can help more by guiding the paper along right lines."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," Dave demurred, as though unwilling to credit the possibilities Conward had outlined. "You're sure it can be done?"

"Done? Why, son, it has been done in all the big centers in the States, and at many a place that'll never be a center at all. And it will be done here. Dave, bigger things than you dare dream of are looming up right ahead."

CHAPTER VII.

David Elden smoked his after-dinner cigar in his bachelor quarters. The years had been good to the firm of Conward & Elden; good far beyond the wildness of their first dreams. The transaction of the section bought from the English absentee had been but the beginning of bigger and more daring adventures. Conward, in that first wild prophecy of his, had spoken of a city of a quarter of a million people; already more lots had been sold than could be occupied by four times that population.

Dave had often asked himself where it all would end.

The firm of Conward & Elden had profited not the least in the wild years of gain-getting. Their mahogany-finished first-floor quarters were the last word in office luxuriance. Conward's private room night with credit had housed a premier or a president. Its purpose was to be impressive rather than to give any other service, as Conward spent little of his time there. On Dave fell the responsibility of office management, and his room was fitted for efficiency rather than luxury. It

commanded a view of the long general office where a battery of stenographers and clerks took care of the details of the business of Conward & Elden. And Dave had established his ability as an office manager. His fairness, his fearlessness, his impartiality, his courtesy, his even temper—save on rare and excusable occasions—had won from the staff a loyalty which Conward, with all his abilities as a good mixer, could never have commanded.

He had prospered, of course. His statement to his banker ran into seven figures. Dave was still a young man, not yet in his thirties; he was rated a millionaire; he had health, comeliness, and personality; he commanded the respect of a wide circle of business men, and was regarded as one of the matrimonial prizes of the city; his name had been discussed for public office; he was a success.

And yet this night, as he sat in his comfortable room and watched the street lights come fluttering on as twilight silhouetted the great hills to the west, he was not so sure of his success. He was called a success, yet in the honesty of his own soul he feared the coin did not ring true. He felt that the crude but honest conception of the square deal which was the one valuable heritage of his childhood was slipping away from him. He had little in common with Conward outside of

the

FEIGNS SUICIDE TO WIN MILLION

Nicaraguan Found Living Like Hermit After He Took Out Insurance.

HUNT MAN TWO YEARS

Narciso Arellano Confesses Daring Attempt to Defraud American Companies—Sought Million—Risk Companies Wrote Him Up for \$250,000.

New York.—An attempted life insurance fraud involving \$250,000, which began with applications for \$1,000,000 insurance from American and Canadian life companies by Narciso Arellano, member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of the republic of Nicaragua, who simulated suicide and concealed himself for nearly two years in a hermit mountain retreat until a New York investigator ferreted out his hiding place, was described by insurance officials recently. Robert L. Barnes, an ex-army man of Washington, who caught Arellano, has brought back a written confession from Arellano, and a story of his man-hunting trip in the wilds of Nicaragua that amazed insurance officials.

In February, 1917, scores of insurance companies here and in Canada received applications simultaneously for large amounts of life risks on the person of Narciso Arellano, said A. J. Pickford of the law department of the New York Life Insurance company.

Such investigation as the different companies made at that time showed that Arellano had been a merchant in his native city, Granada, Nicaragua. His family connections were all prominent in social or political life in the republic.

Sought a Million.

However, the various insurance companies would not accept the applications for the full amount asked for.

The numerous policies finally issued aggregated \$250,000, one-quarter of the total sought. The policies were made payable to his wife and son and to his estate.

Some months afterward reports reached insurance officials that Arellano had disappeared. Then came what purported to be official confirmation of his death.

Mr. Pickford went to Nicaragua to investigate, as proof of death was not convincing. There Mr. Pickford



Living Like a Hermit.

was told that Arellano had either committed suicide or had fallen from a boat into Lake Nicaragua.

"I was not satisfied with what was told me," said Mr. Pickford, "and what I had learned through my own initiative, and I advised that payment on the policies be withheld."

All of the companies subsequently pooled their interests and sent Robert L. Barnes to make further investigation.

Found Living as a Hermit.

The death of Arellano was reported in November, 1917. Barnes worked for months to find a trace of evidence to disprove the Lake Nicaragua report. A friend of Arellano, who had been in the boat with him, insisted that Arellano had been drowned in the lake. But Barnes got a hint and finally some admissions from this informant, which started him on the trail that led to the finding of Arellano, living like a hermit in a remote mountain section some distance from Nicaragua, capital of the republic.

To save himself he made the written confession to Barnes.

Goldfish Pets Boost Fire Risk.

St. Louis.—Houses where goldfish are kept in round bowls near windows must pay an increased rate for fire insurance. The new decision resulted from a recent demonstration in St. Louis, showing that sun shining through a goldfish bowl makes a magnificent lens powerful enough to set fire to curtains and carpets.

NOTED BURGLAR "RETIRE" AT 75

"Frank Fores," After Serving 14 Prison Terms, Becomes an Apple Picker.

Jefferson City, Mo.—After an exciting career of burglary and jail breaking which has netted him 32 years of prison sentences, of which he spent 32 years and a month in actual confinement, "Frank Fores," at the age of seventy-five, is to settle down to apple picking in Maries county, Missouri. "Fores," which isn't his real name, has just been released from the Missouri state prison after serving his fourteenth "bitch"—his eleventh in this state. He announced that he had



Settled Down to Apple Picking.

been given a job in an apple orchard near Vienna and was going there. His wife and children all are dead.

Fores served his first term in Joliet, Ill. prison in 1867 and later served a five-year term in the Fort Madison, Iowa, prison for robbing a post office.

In 1885 he first became acquainted with the Missouri penitentiary as an inmate and has spent most of his time there since. He managed to escape the habitual criminal act, probably through the fact that he has never been tried more than twice in any one county in the state. His trade, before taking up that of burglary, was engineering.

Young Boys Beat Brother to Death

Renfrew, Can.—A gruesome tale comes from Griffith township in the southwestern portion of Renfrew county.

Three young brothers were left alone for the day on the farm of a man named McMahon, their father. The two older ones, aged ten and twelve years, started away to the home of an uncle. The youngest, aged seven years, wanted to accompany them, but they refused to allow him, and when he persisted they beat him to death.

The two elder boys had never liked their younger brother, and frequently abused him.

GIRL FRIGHTENS BURGLARS

Talks in Sleep and Robbers Flee Before They Can Crack Safe.

Lorain.—Because Alice Deckerhoff, 15, talked in her sleep, burglars on the first floor of the home of Adolph Hengartner fled before they could rob a safe containing several hundred dollars.

"I guess I'll get up and mail a couple of letters," said Miss Deckerhoff. A clock down stairs had just struck three. The girl's mother, Mrs. Frieda Deckerhoff, was awakened by her daughter's remark.

She heard a noise in the dining room and upon arising saw two men climb through a kitchen window and vanish in the darkness. They had been frightened by the girl's voice.

Their only loot was a \$35 gold watch which lay on the dining room table.

BANK ROBBERS BUT SHADOWS

Mystery Surrounding Pennsylvania Institution Is Explained When Police Are Called.

Gettysburg, Pa.—Mysterious shadows in the main room of the Gettysburg National bank and the noise of an explosion reported by several persons recently gave rise to the rumor that the institution was being robbed. State police stationed near by were summoned, county officers and the borough force were called to the scene.

After an investigation it developed that the mysterious shadows seen in the bank were projected from a club which is located on the second floor of the adjoining building. The explosion was explained later when it was learned that a large can of tomatoes in the cellar of a nearby hotel had exploded.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

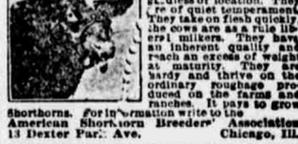
Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. It is the most effective and safe hair restorer ever known. It is sold by all druggists.

HINDERCORNS
Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. It is sold by all druggists.

Hand Sapolio
Cleanses, Invigorates, Softens the Skin. Supolin Toilet Soap.

TO SHINE A COLD STOVE
Quick and Easy. Use E-Z STOVE POLISH. Ready, Mix—Ready to Shine. MARTIN & MARTIN, CHICAGO.

PATENTS
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and legal services. Makes reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

FRECKLES
Positively removed by Dr. Berry's Freckle Remover. Sold by all druggists. Price, 25¢. 2575 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS
Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer.



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

It's simply impossible for one man to love two women at the same time—after one of them finds it out.

Freshen a Heavy Skin
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Talcum Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

It takes a genuine society person to say unpleasant things pleasantly.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Of what earthly use to a man without a home is a key ring?

MURINE
Night and Morning. Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Sold by all druggists.

Now we pick up Irene Hardy again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The smallest humming bird is a Central American humming bird that is about as large as a blue bottle fly.