

The Cow Puncher

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The outcome was that Mrs. Hardy insisted upon Irene embarking at once upon a finishing course. Afterward they traveled together for a year in Europe. Then home again, Irene pursued her art, and her mother surrounded her with the social attractions which Doctor Hardy's comfortable income and professional standing made possible. Her purpose was obvious and but thinly disguised. She hoped that her daughter would outlive her youthful infatuation and would at length, in a more suitable match, give her heart to one of the numerous eligible of her circle.

To promote this end Mrs. Hardy spared no pains. Young Carlton, son of a banker and one of the leading men of his set, seemed a particularly appropriate match. Mrs. Hardy opened her home to him, and Carlton, whatever his motives, was not slow to grasp the situation. For years Irene had not spoken of Dave Elden, and the mother had grown to hope that the old attachment had died down and would presently be quite forgotten in a new and more becoming passion. The fact is that Irene at that time would have been quite incapable of stating her relation toward Elden and its influence upon her attitude to life. She was by no means sure that she loved that sunburnt boy of romantic memory; she was by no means sure that she should ever marry him, let his development in life be what it would; but she felt that her heart was locked, at least for the present, to all other suitors. She had given her promise, and that settled the matter.

Notwithstanding her indifference the girl found herself encouraging Carlton's advances, or at least not meeting them with the rebuffs which had been her habit toward all other suitors, and Mrs. Hardy's hopes grew as the attachment apparently developed. But they were soon to be shattered.

Irene had gone with Carlton to the theater; afterward to supper. It was long past midnight when she reached home. She knocked at her mother's door and immediately entered. Her hair was disheveled and her cheeks were flushed, and she walked unsteadily across the room.

"What's the matter, Irene? What's the matter, child? Are you sick?" cried her mother, springing from her bed.

"No, I'm not sick," said the girl brutally. "I'm drunk!"

"Oh, don't say that," said her mother soothingly. "Proper people do not become drunk. You may have had too much champagne and tomorrow you will have a headache."

"Mother! I have had too much champagne, but not as much as that precious Carlton of yours had planned for. I just wanted to see how delectable he was, and I floated downstream with him as far as I dared. But just as the current got too swift I struck for shore. Oh, we made a scene, all right, but nobody knew me there, so the family name is safe and you can rest in peace. I called a taxi, and when he tried to follow me in I slapped him and kicked him. Kicked him, mother. Dreadfully undignified, wasn't it? . . . And that's what you want me to marry, in place of a man!"

Mrs. Hardy was chattering with mortification and excitement. Her plans had miscarried. Irene had misbehaved. Irene was a difficult, headstrong child. It was useless to argue with her in her present mood. It was useless to argue with her in any mood. No doubt Carlton had been impetuous. Nevertheless he stood high in his set and his father was something of a power in the financial world. As the wife of such a man Irene might have a career before her—a career from which at least some of the glory would reflect upon the silvering head of the mother of Mrs. Carlton.

"Go to your room," she said at length. "You are in no condition to talk tonight. I must say it is a shame that you can't go out for an evening without drinking too much and making a scene. . . . What will Mr. Carlton think of you?"

"If he remembers all I told him about himself he'll have enough to think of," the girl blazed back. "You know—what I have told you—and still Mister Carlton stands as high in your sight as ever, I am the one to blame. Very well, I've tried your choice and I've tried my own. Now I am in a position to judge. There will be nothing to talk about in the morning. Mention Carlton's name to me again and I will give the whole incident to the papers. . . . with photographs. . . . and names. Fancy the feature heading, 'Society Girl, Intoxicated, Kicks Escort Out of Taxi.' Good night."

But other matters were to demand the attention of mother and daughter in the morning. While the scene was occurring in Mrs. Hardy's bedroom her husband, clad in white, toiled in the operating room to save the life of a fellow being. There was a slip of an instrument, but the surgeon toiled on; he could not at that juncture

pause; the life of the patient was at stake. When the operation was finished he found his injury deeper than he supposed, and Irene was summoned from her heavy sleep that morning to attend his bedside. He talked to her as a philosopher; said his life's work was done and he was just as glad to go in the harness; the estate should yield something, and there was his life insurance—a third would be for her. And when Mrs. Hardy was not at his side he found opportunity to whisper, "And if you really love that boy out West marry him."

The sudden bereavement wrought a reconciliation between Mrs. Hardy and her daughter. Mrs. Hardy took her loss very much to heart. While Irene grieved for her father Mrs. Hardy grieved for herself. It was awful to be left alone like this. And when the lawyers found that, instead of a hundred thousand dollars, the estate would yield a bare third of that sum, she spoke openly of her husband's improvidence. He had enjoyed a handsome income, on which his family had lived in luxury. That it was unequal to the strain of providing for them in that fashion and at the same time accumulating a reserve for such an eventuality as had occurred was a matter which his widow could scarcely overlook.

Her health had suffered a severe shock, for beneath her ostentation she felt as deep a regard for her late husband as was possible in one who measured everything in life by various social formulae. She consulted a specialist who had enjoyed a close professional acquaintanceship with Doctor Hardy. The specialist gave her a careful, meditative and solemn examination.

"Your condition is serious," he told her, "but not alarming. You must have a drier climate and, preferably, a higher altitude. I am convinced that the



"No, I'm Not Sick," said the Girl Brutally. "I'm Drunk."

conditions your health demands are to be found in —" He named the former cow town from which Irene's fateful automobile journey had had its start, and the young woman, who was present with her mother, felt herself go suddenly pale with the thought of a great prospect.

"Oh, I could never live there!" Mrs. Hardy protested. "It is so crude. Cow-punchers, you know, and all that sort of thing."

The specialist smiled. "You will probably not find it so crude, although I dare say some of its customs may jar on you," he remarked, dryly. "And it is not a case of not being able to live there. It is a case of not being able to live here. If you take my advice you should die of old age, as far as at least, as your present ailment is concerned. If you don't—and he dropped his voice to just the correct note of gravity, which pleased Mrs. Hardy very much—"if you don't, I can't promise you a year."

Confronted with such an alternative, the good lady had no option. She accepted the situation with the resignation which she deemed to be correct under such circumstances, but the boundless prairies were to her so much desolation and ugliness. Irene gathered that her mother did not approve of prairies. They were something new to her life, and it was greatly to be suspected that they were improper.

CHAPTER IX.

Very slowly it dawned upon Mrs. Hardy that this respectable, thriving city, with its well-dressed, properly-mannered people, its public spirit, its aggressiveness, its churches and theaters and schools, its law and order, and its afternoon teas, after all, was the real West; sincere, earnest; crude, perhaps; bare, certainly; the scar of its recent battle with the wilderness still fresh upon its person; lacking the finish that only time can give to a landscape or a civilization; but lacking also the moldiness, the mustiness, the insufferable artificiality of older communities. Even Mrs. Hardy, steeped for sixty years in a life of precedent and rule and caste, began to catch the enthusiasm of a new land where precedent and rule and caste are something of a handicap.

"We must buy a home," she said to

Irene. "We cannot afford to continue living at a hotel, and we must have our own home. You must look up a responsible dealer whose advice we can trust in a matter of this kind."

And was it remarkable that Irene Hardy should think at once of the firm of Conward & Elden? It was not. She had, indeed, been thinking of a member of that firm ever since the decision to move to the West. The fact is Irene had not been at all sure that she wanted to marry Dave Elden. She wanted very much to meet him again; she was curious to know how the years had fared with him, and her curiosity was not unmixed with a finer sentiment; but she was not at all sure that she should marry him.

"What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?" Bert Morrison had said. "Everybody knows him." And then the newspaper woman had gone on to tell what a figure Dave was in the business life of the city. "One of our biggest young men," Bert Morrison had said. "Reserved, a little; likes his own company best; but absolutely white."

That gave a new turn to the situation. Irene had always wanted Dave to be a success; suddenly she doubted whether she had wanted him to be so big a success. She had doubted whether she should wish to marry Dave; she had never allowed herself to doubt that Dave would wish to marry her. Secretly, she had expected to rather dazzle him with her ten years' development—with the culture and knowledge which study and travel and life had added to the charm of her young girlhood; and suddenly she realized that her luster would shine but dimly in the greater glory of his own. . . .

It was easy to locate the office of Conward & Elden; it stood on a principal corner of a principal street. Thence she led her mother, and found herself treading on the marble floors of the richly appointed waiting room in a secret excitement which she could with difficulty conceal. She was, indeed, very uncertain about the next development. . . . Her mother had to be reckoned with.

A young man asked courteously what could be done for them.

"We want to see the head of the firm," said Mrs. Hardy. "We want to buy a house."

They were shown into Conward's office. Conward gave them the welcome of a man who expects to make money out of his visitors. He placed a very comfortable chair for Mrs. Hardy; he adjusted the blinds to a nicety; he discarded his cigarette and beamed upon them with as great a show of cordiality as his somewhat beefy appearance would permit. Mrs. Hardy outlined her life history with considerable detail and ended with the confession that the West was not as bad as she had feared and, anyway, it was a case of living here or dying elsewhere, so she would have to make the best of it. And here they were. And might they see a house?

Conward appeared to be reflecting. As a matter of fact, he saw in this inexperienced buyer an opportunity to reduce his holdings in anticipation of the impending crash. His difficulty was that he had no key to the financial resources of his visitors. The only thing was to throw out a feeler. "You are wanting a nice home. I take it, that can be bought at a favorable price for cash. You would consider an investment of, say—"

He paused, and Mrs. Hardy supplied the information for which he was waiting. "About twenty-five thousand dollars," she said.

"We can hardly invest that much," Irene interrupted, in a whisper. "We must have something to live on."

"People here live on the profits of their investments, do they not, Mr. Conward?" Mrs. Hardy inquired.

"Oh, certainly," Conward agreed, and he plunged into a mass of incidents to show how profitable investments had been to other clients of the firm. Then his mood of deliberation gave way to one of briskness; he summoned a car, and in a few minutes his clients were looking over the property which he had recommended. Mrs. Hardy was an amateurish buyer, her tendency being alternately to excess of caution on one side and recklessness on the other. Conward's manner pleased her; the house he showed pleased her, and she was eager to have it over with. But he was too shrewd to appear to encourage a hasty decision. He did not seize upon Mrs. Hardy's remark that the house seemed perfectly satisfactory; on the contrary, he insisted on showing other houses, which he quoted at such impossible figures that presently the old lady was in a feverish haste to make a deposit lest some other buyer should forestall her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Observation of Oil Belt Philosopher.
A scientist has just discovered that fish are intelligent. We had observed also that they don't bite on everything that comes along.—Baxter Citizen.

A London choir of one thousand voices has been organized under the auspices of the League of Arts to sing at public ceremonies.

WIDOW IS SLAIN AND HOME RIFLED

Reputed to Be Miser With Vast Hoard Hidden in Her House.

WAS LOCAL TRADITION

Several Persons Arrested on Suspicion, Including Victim's Son-in-Law, Said to Have Been Last to See Her Alive.

Hoopston, Ill.—Although they lived within a few blocks of each other on the outskirts of this town, Mrs. Mary Buhler visited her mother, Mrs. Sabina Cummings, only once a week—on Sunday, after church.

Mrs. Cummings was noted in the section for her desire for solitude, which even her daughter could not invade.

When the daughter called at noon one day recently she found the front door open. This had not occurred in the eight years since her father's death. She saw also a light in the sitting room.

She entered and found the body of her mother lying on a lounge. The old woman was dead. The body was covered with blood. The head had been caved in by a heavy blow. The room was in great disorder.

Thought to Have Hoard.

Mrs. Cummings, who was eighty-two, was reputed to be the miser of Hoopston, and her little two-story frame house, which she owned, was known as the "golden house." Natives frequently pointed it out to visitors with the remark:

"The old lady has got thousands and thousands of dollars hidden there."

It became a town tradition. When the husband of the aged woman died eight years ago a search of the house was made. In out-of-the-way places more than \$18,000 in cash was found.

Subsequently the rumor spread that this was but a tithe of the wealth of Mrs. Cummings. Not even her daughter could tell how much money was in the house.

The authorities had warned Mrs. Cummings to put her money in bank. They told her the rather isolated situation of her house, her own feebleness and her reputed wealth would prove a temptation which in time might result in tragedy.

She refused all counsel and asked to be left alone.

Last Seen by Son-in-Law.

She was seen alive last at 5:30 on a Saturday afternoon by her son-in-law, Fred Buhler.

That night, between eight and ten o'clock, neighbors tell of seeing two men cross the fields and make for the house. In the course of the evening the same two men were seen to drive away in an automobile.

Nobody saw them enter the house. The place was found to be thoroughly ransacked. Not an article of furniture had been left untouched. Tin boxes had been found opened and their contents strewn about the rooms. Papers were thrown about, pictures smashed in an effort to locate money behind them.

The police believe that about \$10,000 in loot was secured by the woman's slayer. Several persons have been arrested on suspicion, including the son-in-law of the dead woman, who, it is said, was the last person to see her alive.

Co-eds Rout Air Mice.

Greencastle, Ind.—Armed with tennis rackets, brooms and other weapons, the 60 co-ed residents of Mansfield hall, DePauw university, waged war on the winged variety. After an hour's battle, during which the girls wore towels about their heads to prevent the bats from lodging in their hair, the entire neighborhood had been aroused from its slumbers and 32 bats had been put to sleep for all time. The night fliers gained entrance to the dormitory through an open window in an unoccupied room.

Were Built to Last.
The extraordinary tenacity of building materials was what most impressed a British architect visiting the war area. He frequently saw arches with only one abutment still held firmly in position by cohesion, though loaded with heavy walls, and in the Market hall of St. Quentin an iron column with base shot away was still held upright by the superstructure it was designed to support.

SEEK PHILIP'S GOLD

Effort to Salvage Spanish Galleon Goes Merrily On.

Treasure Seekers Refuse to Give Up Hope of Securing Wealth From Flagship of Commander of "Invincible Armada."

Little did the duke of Medina-Sidonia, admiral in chief of the Invincible Armada, dream, as with high hopes he set sail from the Tagus on May 20, 1588, that his great galleon, the Florentina, would be sunk off Tobermory, on the coast of Scotland, and would be supplying treasure trove to adventurous spirits more than three centuries later in the year of grace 1919.

The Florentina, which was popularly reported to be filled with gold, jewels and silver plate, fled northward with her sister vessels in frantic attempt to get back to Spain by rounding the north of Scotland after the fateful war council had decided to abandon the unequal fight in the narrow seas of the English channel. This was the decision which caused Sir Francis Drake to write jubilantly to Walsingham on July 31: "There was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. We have the Spaniards before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a pull with them."

The doomed ship had reached Tobermory when MacLean of Morven by a well-directed shot succeeded in setting fire to her powder magazine. The resultant explosion scattered the vessel and her contents far and wide over the sea bed. The immense wealth which she was believed to have on board has from that time to this exercised over many minds as potent a fascination and spell as ever was wielded by dreams of discovering the treasures hidden by the buccaneers who sailed the southern seas.

At length, after several desultory attempts at reaching her, a salvage company was formed in 1903, and operations, begun then, have been continued intermittently ever since. Enough was discovered to encourage perseverance, though not to reward enterprise—blunderbusses, swords, scabbards, a bronze cannon and a few doubloons. Several recent signs, however, indicate that the searchers are at last on the right track and will soon strike the main haul. Then, if ever, should the ship's stronghold yield up its long-lost treasure and add one more to the romances of the deep.

Mixup in Relationships.

Adoption proceedings before Judge Raymond Dobb presented a complex situation that lawyers are trying to figure out, writes a Syracuse (N. Y.) correspondent, James and Lucy Loatwell were born six years ago. Their mother, Mrs. Lucy Loatwell, wife of James Loatwell, died shortly after their birth. Their father married again and then Percy McDonald, brother-in-law of the deceased Mrs. Loatwell, adopted Lucy. Charles Singer, brother of the deceased Mrs. Loatwell, adopted Jimmie.

Lucy must now call her own brother Cousin Jimmie. Her own father becomes Uncle Jim. Her hitherto Uncle Percy now becomes papa. While she will always rever the memory of the departed mother, she must regard her maternal parent as a deceased aunt, at least in the law. Her own cousins, the children of her adoptive parents, become her brothers and sisters, and the same holds true of little Jimmie. Lucy's now legal father becomes uncle to her own brother, while her stepmother she must address as auntie.

Historic Inn to Be Sold.

The famous Saracen's Head Inn at Southwell, Eng., in which many American tourists have found entertainment, is to be sold at auction. Its history as a hotel runs back through 500 years.

In its early days the house was called "The King's Arms." King Charles I. stayed at the Inn during the Civil Wars. Charles surrendered himself to the Scottish Commissioners on May 6, 1646, in the coffee room. The bedroom which that monarch used on the night before he gave himself up is still well preserved. Other English kings also stopped at the ancient hotel.

Arts and Crafts in Australia.

Determined to revive interest in arts and crafts work, the executive of the Arts and Crafts Society for Victoria has invited the craft workers of the commonwealth to send exhibits without entrance fees to the annual exhibition in Melbourne in November. The exhibition will include examples of pottery, toy-making, metal work, stained glass, modeling, lace and leather work, engraving and etching, and design of poster work. Designs must be original, and if possible have an Australian motif. The fact that a number of disabled soldiers have taken up arts and crafts work will add additional interest to the exhibition.

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SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

SIMPLE MATTER OF ECONOMY

French Merchant Easily Proved Why It Would Pay Customer to Purchase the Chair.

A man went to one of the big furniture dealers to buy a writing table. Choosing one of the least pretentious pieces, he asked the price. It was 80 francs, which seemed rather high. The shopman, however, added: "We will add this little armchair. It isn't dear. Only 50 francs."

"No, I don't want it. I have quite enough chairs."

"Excuse me," said the seller. "If you buy the desk alone, I shall have to ask you to pay the luxury tax, which comes to 80 francs. But if you take the chair as well, I shall be able to put down your purchases as a suite—office furniture. For this the tax limit is 1,500 francs, and I do not have to charge you on a purchase of 850 francs. Thus, if you take the chair, you save 30 francs and have an extra piece into the bargain."

As a matter of economy the chair was bought.—Le Figaro (Paris).

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Ex-Pastor Puts Up Fight.

The Rev. Walker Toliver, founder and for twenty-seven years pastor of the Zion Primitive Baptist church at Harrisburg, Pa., resigned his position because the congregation refused to advance him a loan of \$25 on his salary of \$60 a month. Then the elders of his congregation "unfellowshipped" him as a member of the "Second Keokuck Baptist association." The Rev. Mr. Toliver then started another church of his own and declares that more than half his old congregation has flocked to his new standard.—Exchange.

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. \$10.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Light Razor.

Redd—I see an English inventor has mounted a tiny electric lamp in the handle of a safety razor. Green—I take it that such a device only guarantees a light shave.

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 80 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

For Future Reference.

"Have you kept all the promises you made?" "I think I've kept most of them," replied Senator Sorghum. "Every time I write a letter promising anything I have a copy of it placed on file."

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

Only Then.

"Do you write any funny verses now?" "Yes, when I try to write serious ones."

The prices of cotton and linen have been doubled by the war. Lengthen their service by using Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. All grocers, 5c.

We certainly would hate to be as downright devilish as a girl wearing woolen hose thinks she is.