



# The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitchener and other poems"  
Illustrations by Irvin Myers

## CHAPTER XIII.

Conward paused to speak to Irene before leaving the house.

"I owe you my good wishes," he said. "And I give them most frankly, although perhaps with more difficulty than you suppose."

"You are very good, Mr. Conward," she acknowledged.

"I could not wish you anything but happiness," he returned. "And had I been so fortunate as Elden, in making your acquaintance first, I might have hoped to contribute to your happiness more directly than I can under the present circumstances."

He was speaking in his low, sedulous notes, and his words sent the girl's blood rushing in a strange mixture of gratification and anger. The tribute he implied—that he himself would have been glad to have been her suitor—was skillfully planned to appeal to her vanity, and her anger was due to its success. She told herself she should not listen to such words; she should hate to hear such words. And yet she listened to them, and was not sure that she hated them. She could only say:

"You are very good, Mr. Conward." He pressed her hand at the door, and again that strange mixture of emotions surged through her.

Conward proceeded to the business section of the town, well pleased with the evening's events. He found his way impeded by crowds in front of the newspaper offices. He had paid little attention to the progress of the war scare, attributing it to the skillful publicity of interests connected with the manufacture of armaments. To the last he had not believed that war was possible.

"Nobody wants to fight," he had assured his business acquaintances. "Even the armament people don't want to fight. All they want is to frighten more money out of the taxpayers of Europe." To Conward this explanation seemed very complete. It covered the whole ground and left nothing to be said.

But tonight he was aware of a keener tension in the crowd atmosphere. They were good-natured crowds, to be sure, laughing and cheering and making sallies of heavy wit; but they were in some way more intense than he had ever seen before. There was no fear of war; there was, rather, an adventurous spirit which seemed to fear that the affair would blow over, as had so many affairs in the past, and all the excitement go for nothing. That war, if it came to war, could last no one dreamed; it would be a matter of a few weeks, a few months, at the most, until a thoroughly whipped Germany would retire behind the Rhine to plan ways of raising the indemnity which outraged civilization would demand.

Conward elbowed his way through the crowds, smiling in his superior knowledge, over their excitement. Newspapers must have headlines.

At his office Conward used a telephone. Then he walked to a restaurant, where, after a few minutes, he was joined by a young woman. They took a table in a box. Supper was disposed of, and the young woman began to grow impatient.

"Well, you brought me here," she said, at last. "You've got me, and you don't feed anybody, Conward, without a purpose. What's the consideration?"

"I'm pulling off a little joke, and I want you to help me. You know Elden—Dave Elden?"

"Sure. I've known him ever since that jolt put him out of business up in your rooms, ever so many years ago. He was too rural for that mixture."

"I want you to get him down to your place some night to be agreed upon—I'll fix the date later—and keep him there until I call for him, with his fiancée."

"Some joke," she said, and there was disgust in her voice. "Who is it on—Elden, me, or the girl?"

"Never mind who it's on," Conward returned. "I'm paying for it. Here's something on account, and if you make a good job of it I won't be stingy."

He handed her a bill, which she kissed and put in her purse. "I need the money, Conward, or I wouldn't take it."

This part of his trap set, Conward awaited a suitable opportunity to spring it. In the meantime he took Mrs. Hardy partially into his confidence. He allowed her to believe, however, that Elden's habits would stand correction and he had merely arranged to trap him in one of his favorite haunts. She was very much shocked and thought it was very dreadful, but "of course we must save Irene."

But concerning another part of his program Conward was even less frank with Mrs. Hardy. He was clever enough to know that he must observe certain limitations.

At length all his plans appeared to be complete. The city was in a tumult of excitement over the war, but for Conward a deeper interest centered in the plot he was hatching under the unsuspecting noses of Irene and Elden. If he could trap Dave the rest would be easy. If he failed in this he had another plan to give failure at least the appearance of success.

The fact that the nation was now at war probably had an influence in speeding up the plot. Everything was under high tension; powerful currents of thought were bearing the masses along unaccustomed channels; society itself was in a state of flux. If he were to strike at all let the blow fall at once.

On this early August night he ascertained that Dave was working alone in his office. Then he called a number on a telephone.

"This is the night," he explained. "You will find him alone in his office. I will be waiting to hear from you at—" he quoted Mrs. Hardy's telephone number. Then he drove his car to the Hardy home, exchanged a few words with Irene, and sat down to a hand of cribbage with her mother.

Poring over his correspondence, Dave, with his ear cocked for the cry of the latest extra, spent the evening hours in a valiant effort at concentration.

There came a timid knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

No one entered, but presently he heard the knock again. He rose and walked to the door. Outside stood a young woman.

"If you please," she said, "excuse me, but—you are Mr. Elden, aren't you?"

"Yes. Can I help you in any way?" The woman giggled a moment, but resumed soberly: "You will wonder at me coming to you, but I'm from the country. Did you think that?"

"I suspected it," said Dave with a smile. "You knocked—" He paused.

"Yes?"

"Like a country girl," he said, boldly. She giggled again. "Well, I'm lost," she confessed. "I got off the train a short time ago. My aunt was to meet me, but there are such crowds in the street, I must have missed her. And I saw your name on the window and I had heard of you. So I just thought that I'd ask—if you wouldn't mind—showing me to this address."

She fumbled in her pocket, and Dave invited her into the office. There she produced a torn piece of paper with an address.

"Why, that's just a few blocks!" said Dave. "I'll walk around with you." He turned for his hat, but at that moment there was another timid knock on the door. He opened it. A boy of eight or ten years stood outside.

"What is it, son?"

The lad looked shyly about the office. It was evident he was impressed with its magnificence. "Are you Mr. Elden that sells lots?"

"Yes. Were you thinking of buying a few lots?"

"Did you sell lots to my father?"

"Well, if I knew your father's name perhaps I could tell you. Who is your father?"

"He's Mr. Merton. I'm his son. And he said to me, before he got so bad, he said, 'There's just one honest man in this city, and that's Mr. Elden.' Is that you, Mr. Elden?"

"Well, I hope it is, but I won't claim such a distinction. I remember your father very well. Did he send you to me?"

"No, sir. He's too sick. He don't know anybody now. He didn't know me tonight." The boy's voice went thick and he stopped and swallowed.

"And then I remembered what he said about you, and I just came."

"Have you help—a doctor—a nurse?"

"No, sir. We haven't any money. My father spent it all for the lots that he bought from you."

Dave winced. Then, turning to the young woman: "I'm afraid this is a more urgent case than yours. I'll call a taxi to take you to your address."

To his surprise, his visitor broke out in a ribald laugh. She had seated herself on a desk and was swinging one foot jauntily.

"It's all off," she said. "Say, Dave, you couldn't lose me in this burg. You don't remember me, do you? Well, all the better. I'm rather glad I broke down on this job. I used to be something of an actress, and I'd have put it over if it hadn't been for the kid. The fact is, Dave," she continued, "I was sent up here to decoy you. It wasn't fair fighting, and I didn't like it, but money has been mighty slow of late. I wonder—how much you'd give to know who sent me?"

Dave pulled some bills from his pocket and held them before her. She took them from his hand.

"Conward," she said.

impulse was to immediately confront Conward, force a confession, and deal with him as the occasion might seem to require. But his eye fell on the boy, with his shock of brown hair and wistful, half-frightened face.

"I'll go with you first," he said, with quick decision. Then to the girl, "Sorry I must turn you out, but this case is urgent."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm used to being turned out." And before he knew it she was in the street.

"All right, son," said Dave, taking up the matter now in hand. "What's your name—your first name?"

"Charlie."

"And your address?"

The boy mentioned a distant subdivision.

"That is out, isn't it? Well, we'll take the car. I guess I'd better call a doctor at once."

He went to the telephone and gave some directions. Then he and the boy walked to a garage and in a few moments were humming along the by-roads into the country. Dave had already become engrossed in his errand of mercy and his rage at Conward, if not forgotten, was temporarily dismissed from his mind.

He chatted with the boy.

"You go to school?"

"Not this year. Father has been too sick. Of course, these are holidays, and he says he'll be all right before they're over."

Dave smiled grimly. "The incurable optimism of it," he murmured to himself. Then outwardly: "Of course he will. We'll fix him up in no time with a good doctor and a good nurse."

They drove on through the calm night, leaving the city streets behind and following what was little more than a country trail. Here and there they bumped over pieces of graded street, infinitely rougher than the natural prairie; once Dave dropped his front wheels into a collapsing water trench; once he just grazed an isolated hydrant.

"And this is one of our 'choice residential subdivisions,'" said Dave to himself. "Fine business! Fine business!"

As the journey continued the sense of self-reproach which had been static in him for many months became



Dave's Blood Went to His Head. "The Scoundrel!" He Cried.

more insistent. The intrusion of Conward into his mind sent the blood to his head, but at that moment his reflections were cut short by the boy.

"We will have to get out here," he said. "The bridge is down."

Investigation proved him to be right. A bridge over a small stream had collapsed and was slowly disintegrating amid its own wreckage. Dave ran the car a little to one side of the road, locked the switch and walked on with the boy.

"Fine business!" Dave repeated to himself. "And this is how our big success was made. Well, the 'success' has vanished as quickly as it came. I suppose there is a law somewhere that is not mocked."

They were passing through a settlement of crude houses, dimly visible in the starlight and by occasional yellow blurs from their windows. Before one of the meanest of these the boy at last stopped, pulled the door open and Dave entered. At first he was conscious of a very small and stuffy room, with a peculiar odor which he attributed to an oil lamp burning on a box. He walked over and turned the lamp up, but the oil was consumed; a red, sullen, smoking wick was its only response. Then he felt in his pocket and struck a match.

The light revealed the dinginess of the little room. There was a bed covered with musty, ragged clothing; a table littered with broken and dirty dishes and pieces of stale food; a stove cracked and greasy, and one or two bare boxes serving as articles of furniture. But it was to the bed Dave turned, and with another match bent over the shrunken form that lay almost concealed amid the coarse coverings. He brought his face down close, then straightened up and steadied himself for a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Almighty Dollar.

Bribery has been the downfall of many public men during the course of history. Francis Bacon, the greatest thinker of his age, was ruined by his cupidity. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield and Waterbury were destroyed by the same vice. Benedict Arnold sold a fort in New York to the enemy for \$1,575.

For this same sin Gorgel betrayed Austria, Ahithophel forsook David and Judas delivered up Christ.

Standard for Radium.

Scientists in Europe are trying to determine and agree upon an international standard of strength and purity for radium.

## 'FADE-OUT' MAN HALTS WEDDING

Wealthy Fiance of Sophie Loderhose Provides Brooklyn First-Class Mystery.

### BRIDE-TO-BE IS SICK

Day Before Wedding News Is Received of Man's Death in Auto Accident—Investigation Shows No Such Accident Occurred.

New York.—Miss Sophie Loderhose of 1447 Dean street, Brooklyn, is under the care of physicians following her heart-breaking experience with a fiancé whose personality is shrouded in mystery.

The man she expected to marry was known to her as "Dr. A. William Hoffman, Jr.," an officer of the United States navy, a man of wealth, who was supposed to have homes in Millbrook, N. Y., and Pasadena, Cal., and whose father was supposed to have been a well-known physician of Brooklyn.

Miss Loderhose met "Doctor Hoffman" first at a dance through a woman who said she was Doctor Hoffman's sister.

Courted by Telephone.

Following the engagement last March Miss Loderhose received many valuable gifts from the man, including a four-carat diamond ring.

She was constantly called on the telephone by "Doctor Hoffman" and these calls purported to come either from Millbrook, and more lately from Pasadena, Cal. Miss Loderhose sometimes conversed for hours with her fiancé, who, she said, told her he was in Pasadena supervising the erection of the home in which they were to live.

The date for the wedding was set and invitations were issued. Elaborate arrangements for the wedding were made, including rearrangement of the



Was Constantly Called on the Telephone by "Dr. Hoffman."

seats of Immanuel Lutheran church, whose pastor, Rev. John C. Holthausen, was to have performed the ceremony.

Halted by Death Report.

The day before that set for the wedding came the news that "Doctor Hoffman," on his way east from Pasadena, while in an automobile with a friend, "Doctor Cochrane" (who had been named as one of the ushers) had been killed in an automobile accident at French Lick Springs, Ind.

The information came in the form of a long-distance telephone message to Miss Loderhose, from a person who said he was Doctor Hoffman, Sr., father of the mysterious fiancé.

Doctor Holthausen's suspicions had become aroused, as had those of W. P. Phillips of Brooklyn, Miss Loderhose's brother-in-law. Independent investigations by both men have established the fact that no Doctor Hoffman is known either in Millbrook or in Pasadena; that no automobile accident occurred in or near French Lick Springs on the date of the supposed death of Doctor Hoffman, that no Doctor Hoffman is listed in the medical directories of Brooklyn.

### STEALS SACRAMENTAL WINE

Thief Siphons Nine Barrels of Liquor From Dealer's Cellar in New York.

New York.—Theft of nine barrels of wine, intended for sacramental services in churches, was recently reported by a wholesale dealer.

The owner said the wine had been siphoned from his basement, where it was stored, to an adjoining cellar by means of a 75-foot pipe. The loss of the liquor was not discovered until some time after the theft.

### 'Dead' Goat Lived When Thawed Out.

Winged, Conn.—Going to his goat barn early in the morning, B. E. Moore, found a newly-born kid, which apparently had frozen to death. He put it in the oven in the kitchen. The little goat thawed out and soon was able to scamper about the house.

## "RESULTS MORE THAN CLAIMED"

As testified by Mr. J. F. ARENDT, Box 44, Womig, Texas

# PE-RU-NA

THE REMEDY FOR EVERYDAY ILLS



"I have used Pe-ru-na for years in cases of colds and catarrh. The results have been good, in fact, more than you claimed. Have also taken Lacupia and can easily say it is one of the best blood purifiers I have ever used."

Mr. J. F. Arendt

### For Catarrh and Catarrhal Conditions

The evidence of one man like Mr. Arendt is more convincing proof to you of the merits of Pe-ru-na than any written words of ours. For fifty years Pe-ru-na has been the standby of the American family for diseases due to catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the organs of the body. Thousands, like Mr. Arendt, have proved the effectiveness of Pe-ru-na for coughs, colds, nasal catarrh, stomach, bowel and liver disorders or any disease characterized by a catarrhal condition. If your suffering is the result of a catarrhal disorder try Pe-ru-na. It is a true, tried medicine.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

Ninety-seven per cent. of the people have catarrh in some form.

It is cute in a small boy to eat so much that his eyes seem to pop out. After sixteen it isn't.

### BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

### Treasure Hidden in Mexico.

Vast treasures of silver and gold, stolen by bandits over a period of many years, are cnaed in the mountains of Chihuahua, Mexico, and in the remote and wild sections of the Mexican states of Durango, San Luis Potosi and Zacatecas, according to American mining men who have been investigating operation of foreign-owned mines in bandit-ridden sections of the southern republic.

Among the peons rumors run of buried treasure, stored in Chihuahua and Durango mountains by the bandit Francisco Villa, rivaling the riches Cortez found among the people when the Spaniards conquered Mexico.—Detroit News.

### Roused His Ire.

"I see you have employed a bouncer."

"Yes," said the editor of the Toadville Argus. "We suddenly decided we needed one."

"What happened?"

"A wild-eyed citizen came into the —er—sanctum the other day with a shotgun in one hand and an ax in the other and demanded to see the fellow who had been writing articles for the paper on how to support a family of five on \$1,800 a year."

### Good Cause.

"Do you believe in signs?"

"Certainly, when they warn me to look out for the locomotive."

Most women would rather be loved than trusted.

### GOT A CHILD'S COAT BY DYEING GARMENT

"Diamond Dyes" Help Make New Outfits for Youngsters.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

### Not Tied.

A small boy of Columbus was out riding with his mother one day recently, when he saw several pumpkins in a field. He wished to stop the machine and get one, but the mother explained that this would not do, that the pumpkins on the vine were the property of the man who owned the field, and that in due time he would gather them for winter use. The boy was convinced, and said no more until he happened to see a pumpkin unattached to a vine, lying at the side of the road. "Well, mother," he said, "I guess we can have that one. It isn't tied."—Indianapolis News.

### Small and Blue.

At a tea one afternoon, just as I was going upstairs to get my wraps, one of my girl friends said: "I wore my new hat. Try it on and see how you like it. It's a small blue one." While I was turning around before the mirror viewing the hat from all sides a woman I hadn't met came into the room. I noticed that she stood and watched me while I took off the hat and put on my own, but thought nothing about it—until she passed me in the hall wearing the small blue hat that I had thought was my friend's.—Exchange.

### When the Actors Struck.

"How was the play?"

"Well, they had a millionaire producer playing the part of a butler and he overshadowed the rest of the cast."

The way of the transgressor is hard on his friends.

## That Popular Drink

~so much used nowadays in place of coffee~

# INSTANT POSTUM

Sold at the same fair price as always. No raise.

*At grocers everywhere*

Made by  
Postum Cereal Company  
Battle Creek, Michigan