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Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

When the Break Came

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. J. Campbell

WHEN Ben Clark bought the little rocky farm at the foot of the ridge, but little money of his own went into it. Dan Morris, a wealthy land owner and money lender, living up the valley, had furnished the bulk of it. Morris was always ready to accommodate those needing money, providing they paid the highest rate of interest possible to charge under the laws of the state, and paid it promptly. It was said many a reported sale of land to this man had been but the foreclosing of a mortgage.

Two years had passed and Clark had done fairly well. The interest on his loan each time had been promptly met. Then a streak of bad luck came and he was laid up with the fever. Gradually his money dwindled away, and when at last he was dismissed by the doctor, but a small part of his savings remained. Things had now begun to look rather dark.

As our story opens he was as yet unable to do much work, but in a short time hoped to be able to resume his duties upon the farm. Nobly his wife had stood by while her husband lay ill. In fact she had done all the chores on the farm. Continually she had refused to worry over their ill-luck and even now held fast to the hope that all would be well.

This morning Clark had decided to visit the woods pasture where their three cows were kept, and had just started down the lane leading from the barn lot when a small auto drew up along the fence and a man climbed out. Without a moment's hesitation he climbed over the fence and advanced to where Ben stood.

"My name is Barnes," he said by way of introduction, "and I represent the Superior Oil Co. as scout and geologist. If you are going down to the woods and don't care I'll walk along with you and explain my mission here as we go along."

So the two men tramped on down the lane and into the small patch of timber, just at the break of the hills. As they walked along, Barnes explained that he had been in the neighborhood for some time prospecting, and that he had found indications for oil very favorable, the trend crossing the south part of Clark's little farm.

By this time they had reached the rough part of the woods and Barnes said, if Ben felt able, they would climb a rocky point near as he could better point out and explain what he had found.

Clark, having become rather enthused, agreed, and together they began the ascent of the rocky point. In a few moments they had reached the top, and Barnes, who was in advance, turned to Clark and said, "I will step out on this flat rock overhanging the little gully, and then I'll be better able to show you."

Suiting the words to action he stepped out upon it. But recent rains had cut away a part of its anchorage and

with a grinding noise it slipped forward and pitched over the edge of the break, carrying the geologist with it.

For a second Ben stood speechless. But gathering himself together he hastened down the way they came and then into the chasm, calling to Barnes as he did so. At first he received no reply. Then faintly a voice came around the bend.

Hurrying forward he soon stood beside the stranger, who lay flat on his back, a nasty cut across one side of his head and one leg doubled under him. "That was a pretty bad fall," he said as Clark came up. "I guess it stunned me for a while as I don't remember what happened after I pitched over. It feels like one of my ankles is broken," and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

Ben stooped over and they removed the shoe. He could not move the foot for the pain was too severe, so they did not know if any bones were broken or not. Then Barnes attempted to stand on the other foot, but sank back to the ground with a groan. "I can't stand, Mr. Clark, the pain is too severe," he said.

"Well, there is but one thing to do," replied Ben. "That is get you to the house and call the doctor. Now, you lie perfectly quiet and I'll go and hitch to the spring wagon and haul you home. I won't be gone long," and he hurried back through the woods and up the lane to the barn.

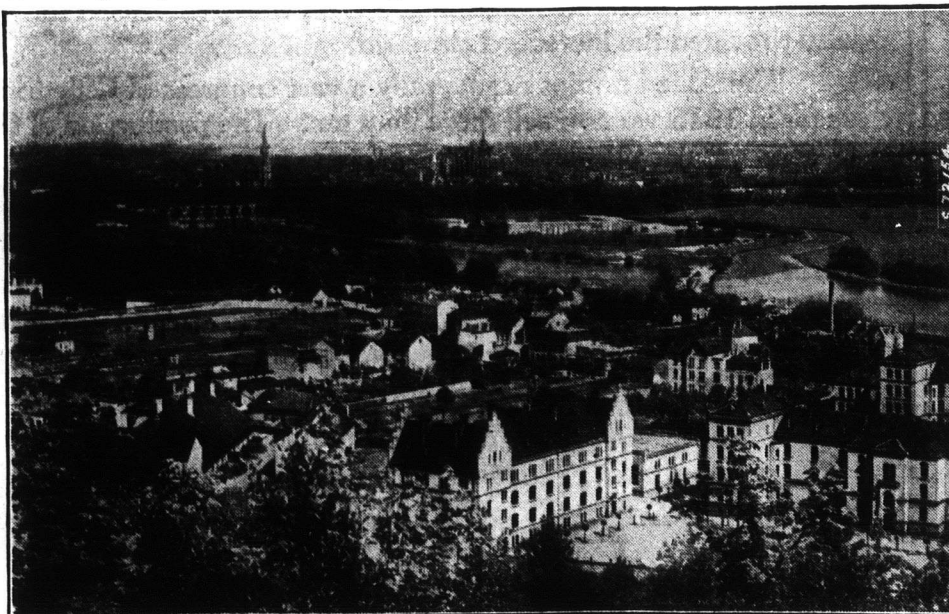
Clark soon reached the house and informed his wife what had happened. Together they hitched a horse to the wagon and drove down to the woods, where they found the injured man sitting on the stone which had been the cause of the mishap. He greeted them with a smile and, after some effort, was loaded into the wagon and the journey to the house was begun.

Arriving there he was given a spare bedroom and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, after which Clark drove down the road about a mile to one of his neighbors, who had a telephone, and called up Dr. Hunt, their family physician. In less than an hour that gentleman had arrived on the scene.

A careful examination of Barnes' injuries was made, but no broken bones were found. So, after dressing the wound in his scalp and bandaging the injured ankle, he returned to his office, stating that he would call again in the morning. Meanwhile, instructing his patient to remain perfectly quiet and off his feet and that in a few days he would be able to be out.

As the doctor drove a car similar to that of Barnes, it was run into an empty shed until he should be able to use it again, and preparations were made by Clark and his wife to care for the injured geologist for some days.

That evening after supper, as they were sitting in Barnes' room, he said to them, "I am sorry I didn't get to show and explain to you the result of my work around here. Also that I was unexpectedly injured. But perhaps good may come out of it all anyhow, who knows?"



The City of Metz, which is now within gun range of the Allied armies, and is being daily bombarded by the Americans, who are steadily advancing under fire of the enemy. Every endeavor is being put forth by the Allies to save the city's cathedral and art buildings, a lesson in decency which the outrageous enemy may not appreciate. It was here that Marshal Bazaine, of the French army, surrendered to King William of Prussia in 1870, but 1918 will see the reverse of that surrender.

HER LITTLE GIRL

COUGHED UNTIL

SHE FAIRLY CHOKED.

Mrs. John Reinhardt, Ridgetown, Ont., writes:—"My little girl at the age of a year and a half old had an awful cough. She would cough until she would fairly choke, and I was afraid it would go to her lungs. I thought I would use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as I knew of quite a few persons who had used it with good results. I am glad I did so, as I only used one bottle. It is a sure cure for coughs and colds."

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