

## A MAN IN THE OPEN

By Roger Pocock.

light the stove, until the widow threw things over the open coal oil. Then she turned to the can, and took the kindlings between her struck a match; so he lit the fuel first, then stood over pouring oil from the five-gallon can. "Now, you can light the can, of course he had to let go, and when he threw the cabin all in flames, he galloped off to the woods, leaving the Widow O'Flynn to burn comfy all by herself."

By the time Kate reaches the cabin, the open door is all flames; but, having the ice ax, she runs to the gable end, and hacks in thru the window. There's the burning cabin, but she can't get in, so she goes back and gets the widow has quit out, climbed to the window and goes to sleep with the smoke, so that Kate climbs in another way on top of her sudden. The fire catches hold of my wife but she swings the widow thru the window, climbs out, lights on top of her again, then takes a roll in the snow.

"Now, I'll tell you what comes out of the woods to explain, she think she'd listen? I can just see him explaining with dago English, paws, shoulders and eyes. She leaves him explaining and goes back to the cabin. The next day from now young O'Flynn will ride home with his mother's limb tied to the saddle strings, and if the widow is alive then, he'll begin explaining again. My wife's quick and fretful with his gun.

"My wife humped this widow to the barn, and got warm clothes from her trunk, and for both of them. She fired thru her baggage, and the supper was bedded down the widow in clean hay, hitched up the team, and hit the trail for home.

splendid cow-boy dress, stood by a chestnut gelding, such a horse aristocrat, that he made her feel as if she was at arms. Moreover, in a gingerly and reluctant way, as the under- orders, he was kissing Mrs. O'Flynn. She beamed, bless her silly old head. Mrs. O'Flynn looks on her truthfulness as a quality too precious for every-day use, and so carefully has been preserved that in her fifty-fourth year it shows no signs of wear. Hence, she is surprised to find that her visitor was a total stranger.

From chivalrous respect for women, the species—being rare on the stock range—she is usually usually tongue-tied. In a land where it is accounted ill-bred to ask a personal question, as, for instance, to inquire if your guest has a good horse, comes from, or whether he is bound, cow-punchers take a pride in their reticence. They never make obvious remarks, ask needless questions, or interfere with matters beyond their concern.

In the cattle country a visitor asked to dismount, makes camp or horse or home, never suggesting by word or deed that the guest is to be provided with water, pasture, food, shelter and warmth, so long as he needs to stay. I had not invited this man to dismount.

Surprised by these signs—chivalry, reticence, courtesy—Mrs. O'Flynn's guest was not a cow-boy. His florid manners, exaggerated politeness and imitation of our middle-class speech, which she stands for, but which of the British breed. Later, in moments of excitement, he spoke New

met me, and what was to become of O'Flynn's, the widow in the rig, and the complete absence of the man I loved before she reined in her team. She would want to cry in my arms.

So she's in bed here, her burns are withered, and a bear who held me up once on the Skagway trail is good old. The widow's asleep in my cabin, and I'm right to home with this old dog. I guess I'll never see you know, mummy, why are you and my pipe and my dog are welcome now, which you've lived in your time and now.

So hoping you're in heaven, as this leaves me at present, Yr. affect. son.

angel, and me a cock devil. She'll have to find him out for herself.

VII.  
My wife has run away with him.

VIII.  
I could pick up stars like apples.

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In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have a tonic in the spring to give you new help to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and tired. It is the tonic for rheumatism or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disgusting pimples or eruptions on the face and throat. It gives you merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—needs a tonic. It is the tonic that renews your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood—the very greatest need in spring. This new blood is the tonic that gives you ease and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong.

John Watfield, La. Haves Islands, N. S., writes: "I take great pleasure in telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I am a fisherman and six weeks ago thru hard work my system became run down and I could scarcely walk. At last I lost in weight; my blood became thin and my system weak. I consulted several doctors but their treatment did not help me. So I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took them for six weeks and feel very well again. My wife and daughter also used them with benefit. We think so much of the Pills that we are sure they will always keep them in the house."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail for \$2.00 a box. They are sold for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medi-

We have read the visitor's book. It opens with press cuttings of interviews with Professor Bohns, the famous archaeologist, who came to explore the ruins of the old mission at South Cave. Next are papers relating to a summons for assault, brought by the late Mr. Trevor against J. Smith, the hunter, who had shot and game hunter, Sir Turner Rounde, who came up the canon collecting specimen pelts of ursus horribilis, which reached the duke of Devonshire. But the gem of our collection is a letter of lengthy explanation from an American Indian, who spent a whole month at the cave, saying that the body is more hospitable, or more hungry for popularity than my dear friend, the duke. The explanation should be offered for his visitors. He has a motto now: "Love me: love my bear, not my misus."

My jealous hero has told the story of his visit to my fellow-inventor, who brought me a dumpy palanquin which I had so starved, told me the news, talked shop, and would make me a million dollars. I was disappointed. The trap was well baited. Lonely, and terrified by the dread majesty of the great cavern, and the lights, the crowds, for my home, the people for my art. And there are little things besides which mean so much to a woman.

Salvator turned out to be a cur, his mission despicable, and yet no woman can ever be without some little misanthropic fellow who will annoy and leads him. And I who sought to read a lesson to poor Jesse, learned one for myself. I am no longer free, but fettered by the chains of my own weakness, chains, worth more to me than that last word.

And now I wonder if in heaven there are blessed but weak little souls like mine, who grow weary at times of the harp, chafed by their crowns of glory, and weary of their robes, ready to give it all up just for a nice gossip. That would be human.

Where spring has come like a visitation, and the winter of loneliness is changing to summer's hospitality, I look into mirror pools, and see contentment. Oh, how can civilization be a people's work, and the glamor of this paradise? Up in the black pines it is winter still, but all our towered, bayed, sculptured, sunny peaks are covered with snow, and the birds, while the slopes at the foot of

eral Schmidt. We've come in search of a new home, and I don't think that Pondra's place was unoccupied, open to all. Am I mistaken in supposing that this is Pondra's place?"

"Er—may I venture to ask if your husband holds squatter's rights, or has the homestead and preemption?"

"Thank you, madam. Our foreman instructed me to say that if the place was vacant, I was to offer it on such terms for pasturage. We've only two hundred head."

"Mr. Smith will consider the matter."

"We're camped in a little cave at the south end of the bench, deuced comfortable."

"Of course I know I'm a fool, and respect to be treated as such. But this man claimed to have camped at the house, which was impossible."

"Camped at South Cave," said I. "In that event I need not detain you. Mr. Smith will be waiting for you on your after dinner. Good morning."

But this was not to his mind, and I gathered vaguely that my husband was not to be with me at the new camp. I even suspected that this visitor would rather deal with me than to see my husband. It required more than a week to get the matter straight.

Jesse returned at noon. He had set off singing, but at dinner he was so thoughtful that he never even noticed my presence. I was surprised to find to enjoy, and when he tried afterwards to light an empty pipe, I saw that he was not to be with me. I received the story as my husband's noises of one displeased. "That visitor, Kate," he summed up, "would have been a good deal more than me, you say, in Texas?"

Hearing from her kitchen Mrs. O'Flynn's sharp ring of dissent, I closed the door.

"You've left the key-hole open," said Jesse, rising from the table, "come for a walk."

"Kate dear," Jesse sat down beside me on the Apex Rock. "This morn you got your first lesson in robbery. How would you like a visit to Cap Tootle's?"

My voice may have quivered just a little, "Dancer?" I asked.

"I can't know your actual danger, but if I Jesse, as you was safe, I'd be free to act prompt!"

(To Be Continued)

BUT CAN TELL OF GENUINE

prejudice. Because the widow's re-  
pentful eyes were turned toward us.  
We are not really and truly grown up.

Why should the poor sor woman be afraid of fairies? But then you see  
was dread of the giant of the land-  
lord, until, emerging from the wood-  
ward from his winter's sleep. Eph came  
to inquire for treacle. He had a dish  
of treacle, Jesse him, and no  
baby short of nine feet from the  
could ever have got through in such  
a mess. He still thinks I'm rather  
daunted.

One morning, it must have been the  
twenty-sixth, I think, we had a caller,  
destined, I fear, to entry in our vis-  
itor's book. Jesse had ridden off to  
see home some of the best of the  
grass. Mrs. O'Flynn was redding up  
after breakfast, and finding myself in  
the way, I took my water colors down  
to the parlour, and sat down to work.  
I would hold winter, spring, summer, as  
viewed from the centre of wonderland.

Now our house being in full view  
from the road, I was not long in  
magically in this clear atmosphere,  
heard voices. Mrs. O'Flynn had a vis-  
itor, and was in such a jealous  
state of mind that she had sent a  
sketch went over the cliff as I rose in

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