The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER II.

The first flush of dawn was mellowing the eastern sky when the girl was awakened from uneasy sleep by sounds in the yard in front of the ranch house. She had spent most of the night by her father's side, and although he had at last prevailed upon her to seek some rest for herself, she had done so under protest and without undressing. Now, after the first dazed moment of returning consciousness, she was on her feet and through the door.

The stars were still shining brightly through the cold air. In the faint light she could distinguish a team and wagon, and men unhitching. She approached, and, in a voice that sounded strangely distant in the vastness of the caim night, called, "Is that you, Dave?"

And in a moment she wondered how she had dared call him Dave. But she soon had other cause for wonder, for the boy replied from near beside her, in that tone of friendly confidence which springs so spontaneously in the darkness, "Yes, Reenie, and the doctor, too. We'll have Mr. Hardy fixed up in no time. How did he stand the night?"

How dared he call her Reenie? A flush of resentment rose in her breast only to be submerged in the sudden remembrance that she had first called him Dave. That surely gave him the right to address her as he had done. But with this thought came recognition of the curious fact that Dave had not presumed upon her frankness; that it was not by her word that he would attempt to justify his. Indeed, she was convinced that he would have called her Reenie anyway—just as she had called him Dave, without premeditation or intention. Then she remembered she was in the ranch country, in the foothills, where the conventions—the conventions she hated—had not yet become rooted, and where the souls of men and women stood bare in the clear light of frank acceptance of the fact. It would be idle—dangerous—to trifle with this boy by any attempt at concealment or deception. And what were conventions but a recognized formula of concealment and deception?

She could see his form now, as he led the horses toward the corral. How straight he was, and how bravely his footsteps fell on the hard earth! The poetry of his motion reached her through the darkness. She heard the harness jingle as the horses rubbed between the posts of the corral gate.

"He's a wonderful boy," said the doctor, of whose presence she had been unconscious. "Cat's eyes. Full gallop through the dark; side hills, mountain streams, up and down; break-neck. Well, here we are." The doctor breathed deeply, as though this last fact were one to occasion some wonderment. "Your brother tells me you have an injured man here; accident; stranger, I believe? Well, shall we go in?"

Brother! But why should she explain? Dave hadn't bothered. Why hadn't he? He had told about the stranger; why had he not told about both strangers? Why had he ignored her altogether? This time came another flush, born of that keen womanly intuition which understands.

With a commonplace she led the doctor into the house and to the bedside of her father. She was struck by the change in attitude of the visiting physician when he learned that his patient was of his own profession. It was like the meeting of brothers in a secret order. There was an exchange of technical terms that might have served as password or sign into some fine fraternity, and the setting of the limb was accompanied by a running fire of professional comment as effective upon the nerves of the sufferer as an opiate.

When the operation was completed the girl turned her attention to the kitchen, where she found Dave, sweating in vicarious suffering. He had helped to draw the limb into place, and it had been his first close contact with human pain. It was different from branding calves, and he had slipped out of the room as soon as possible. The morning sun was now pouring through the window, and the distraught look on the boy's face touched her even more than the frankness of the words spoken in the darkness. She suddenly remembered that he had been up all night—for her. She would not deceive herself with the thought that it was for her father's sake Dave had galloped to town, found a doctor, secured a fresh team, and driven back along the little-used foothill trails. She recalled the doctor's terse description of that journey. No doubt Dave would have done it all for her father, had her father been there alone, but as things were she had a deep conviction that he had done it for her. And it was with a greater effort than seemed reasonable that she laid her fingers on his arm and said, "Thank you, Dave."

"What for?" he asked, and she could not doubt the genuineness of his question.

"Why, for bringing the doctor, and all that. Driving all night on those awful roads. We fell off them in daytime. I am sure I can't—— Father won't be able to——"

"Oh, shucks," he interrupted, with a manner which, on the previous afternoon, she would have called rudeness. "That's nothin'. But say, I brought home some grub. The chuck here was pretty tame; guess you found that out last night." He looked about the room, and she knew that he was taking note of her house-cleaning, but he made no remark on the subject.

"Well, let's get breakfast," she said, after a moment's pause, and for lack of other conversation. "You must be hungry."

Dave's purchases had been liberal. They included fresh meat and vegetables, canned goods, coffee, rice, and raisins. He laid the last three items on the table with a great dissembling of indifference, for he was immensely proud of them. They were unwonted items on the Elden bill of fare; he had bought them especially for her. From somewhere the knowledge had been borne in upon him that city people frequently drink coffee for breakfast, and the rice and raisins were an inspiration quite his own. He would see what she could do with them. But she busied herself at the breakfast without a thought of the epoch-marking nature of these purchases.

"Do you milk?" she asked, presently.

"Milk what?" he demanded, pausing with stove-lid and lifter raised in his hand, in the half-completed act of putting wood on the fire.

"Dave!" she cried. "Put that lid down. Look at the smoke." A blue cloud was curling under the rafters.

"Yes," he said, with great composure. "It always does that in this country."

She shot a quick glance at him. Was he making fun of her? No; plainly not; he was was just making fun with her; he had a vein of humor. And a little before she had found his face drawn in sympathy for her father. Perhaps for her. . . . He was not all on the surface.

He completed his operation at the stove and returned the lid to its place with no lack of deliberation. He was evidently waiting for her to speak again, but she worked on in silence.

"What did you say about milkin'?" he ventured at length.

"I asked you if you milked," she said, with an attempt at curtness. "And you answered, 'Milk what?' as though that were clever. And we need milk for breakfast."

"Well, I was serious enough," he said. "There isn't a cow within twenty miles."

"No cows? Why I thought this was the ranching country?"

"Sure thing. We sell beef and buy milk. Let me show you."

He approached a packing case on the wall, walking softly and extending his hands as though to touch it gently, and murmuring, "So boss, so boss," as he went. From the box he removed a tin of condensed milk, which he set on the table. In his pocket he found a nail, and with a hammer quickly made two holes in the tin.

"Milkin' is finished," he announced.

At this juncture the doctor, who had been resting in the room with his patient, entered the kitchen. During the setting of the limb he had gradually become aware of the position of Irene in the household, but had that not been so, one glance at the boy and girl as they now stood in the bright morning sunshine, he with his big, wiry frame, his brown face, his dark eyes, his black hair; she, round and knit and smooth, with the pink shining through her fair skin and the light of youth dancing in her grey eyes and the light of day glancing on her brown hair, must have told him they had sprung from widely separated stock. For one perilous moment he was about to apologize for the mistake made in the darkness, but some wise instinct closed his lips. But he wondered why she had not corrected him.

They were seated at breakfast when the senior Elden made his appearance. He had slept off his debauch, and was as sober as a man in the throes of alcoholic appetite may be. He was only partially dressed; his face had the peculiar bulginess of the hard drinker; his eyes were watery and shifty, and several days' growth of beard, with patchy grey and black spots, gave a stucco effect to his countenance. His moustache drooped over a partly open mouth, the top of his large head was bald, and the hair that hung about his ears was much darker than his moustache. Seeing the strangers, he hesitated in his lurch toward the water pail, steadied himself on widespread feet, very flat on the floor, and waved his right hand slowly in the air. Whether this was to be understood as a form of salutation or a gesture of defiance was a matter of interpretation.

"Vishitors," said the old man, at length. "Alwaysh welcome, m'sure. 'Sh scush me." He made his uncertain way to the water bench, took a great drink, and set about washing his face and hands, while the breakfast proceeded in silence. As his preparations neared completion Irene set a place at the table.

"Won't you sit down here, Mr. Elden?" she said. There had been no introductions. Dave ate on in silence.

"Thank you," said the old man, and there was something in his voice which may have been emotion, or may have been the huskiness of the heavy drinker's throat. The girl gave it the former explanation. Perhaps it was his unintended tribute to that touch of womanly attentiveness to which his old heart still beat response. As he took the proffered chair she saw in this old man shreds of dignity which the less refined eye of his son had not distinguished. To Dave, his father was an affliction to be borne; an unfair load on a boy who had done nothing to deserve this punishment. The miseries associated with his parentage had gone far to make him sour and moody. Irene at first had thought him rude and gloomy; flashes of humor had modified that opinion, but she had not yet learned that his disposition was naturally a buoyant one, weighed down by an environment which had made it soggy and unresponsive. In years to come she was to know what unguessed depths of character were to be revealed when that stoic nature was cross-sectioned by the blade of a keen and defiant passion. This morning she foresaw nothing of those future revelations, but in the old man her instinct detected qualities which perhaps were awaiting only some touch of sympathetic understanding to flush forth even yet like that burst of sunset radiance which sometimes marks the close of a leaden day.

(To be continued.)

Radio Outfit Combined With Airman's Oxygen Helmet.

The use of the oxygen helmet has become a necessity when attempting record altitude flights because of the rarefield air at the upper levels. The army air service has now designed an oxygen helmet in combination with a sending and receiving set for wireless-telephone messages, so that the airman may keep in communication with the ground station, no matter at what altitude he may be flying. The radio generator will also furnish current for the electric-heating elements contained in the airman's protective suit.

Track Treads Give Tractor Greater Pulling Power.

A new attachment designed to give the small tractor greater bearing area and increased puling power, replaces the round wheels with two large sprockets. Outside of each sprocket is a cast-steel arm which projects forward and downward, carrying at its front end a smaller idler wheel. A track tread passes around the sprocket and idler wheel, giving the tractor increased bearing area.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Some persons judge the greatness of a man by the size of his heart, some by the size of his brain and some by the fatness of his pocketbook.

The Roadmaker's Art

From the beginning of history the highway has been the criterion of a nation's greatness. With the building of roads, savagery retreated and disappeared, forests fell and new fields were cultivated. Towns sprang up and cities grew to be linked in commerce with distant markets; first by highways over which tramped Rome's legions and later by ribbons of steel upon which speed the railroad trains. Savage man built no roads, nor had he any conscious need of them, for his wants were few and individual in character.

While we know little about the roads that existed prior to the Roman Empire, we do know from records remaining that not only the Romans, but the Egyptians, the Carthaginians, the Sumerians and other ancient peoples employed much the same materials that we are to-day using in highway construction. There is evidence that both the Romans and the Egyptians used a mineral cement. The Bible tells of the manufacture and use of bricks. As early as 44 A.D. the Romans used bricks in England. Actual scientific and quantity production did not begin, however, until 886, when Alfred the Great directed that bricks be produced under government supervision. The earliest recorded use of asphalt was by the Sumerians, a people inhabiting the Euphrates Valley prior to the ascendancy of the Babylonians. An asphalt cast excavated at Logash, near the mouth of the Euphrates, dates back to 2850 B.C. As a mortar for brick, similar to the filler now used in brick city streets, asphalt was used in the construction of the Tower of Babel. One historian asserts this same substance was used about 1500 B.C. to daub the basket which served to conceal Moses in the bulrushes.

It was Nahopolassar, King of Babylon who, about 500 B.C., first used asphalt as a filler for brick pavements. His son, Nebuchadnezzar, continued the practice. In the Western Hemisphere asphalt was used in ancient times by the Incas, who established an elaborate system of highways in Peru and Ecuador. Thus we see that cement, brick and asphalt, instead of being products of exculsively modern use, really are world-old materials.

Herodotus tells us that in Egypt a great king built a magnificent road across the sands for the transportation of materials for the Pyramids, employing for this purpose 100,000 men for a period of ten years. This road was built of massive stone blocks and was lined on both sides with mausoleums, statues and temples. Traces of what may have been a part of this ancient highway are to-day found near the great Pyramids and comprise what is probably the oldest remains of a road surfaced with stone. Early historians write of wonderful roads radiating from the city of Babylon about 2000 B.C. and running to Susa, Ecbatana, Sardis and Nineveh, as having been paved with brick. The ancient Persians, Assyrians, Sarthaginians, Chinese and Peruvians were all renowned road-builders. Their works, however, have passed away.

Highway work is constantly developing new types of roadway. Its development in America has brought many peculiar types of pavements.

Woman's Interests

The Farm Table in Spring.

"I just detest cooking at this time of year. It seems as though there is nothing good to eat and no appetizing way to serve anything."

Mrs. Leonard rang the dinner bell as she spoke and then went in to put the noon meal on the table.

Fried salt pork, boiled beans, boiled potatoes, mince pie and cucumber pickles doesn't really seem like an ideal spring menu, does it? And yet, how many farm housekeepers are repeating Mrs. Leonard's complaint! And how many keep right on serving similar meals until nearly midsummer!

Mrs. Leonard was a progressive woman and that afternoon she sat down and planned how she might serve better meals the rest of the season. Green vegetables, fresh fruit, and an appetizing relish were three things she wanted badly. Green vegetables and fresh fruit were out of the question that year except as she occasionally bought them in town, and as Mrs. Leonard was a real farmer she wanted to produce these things on her own farm. However, there were plenty of canned and preserved fruits in the cellar and they appeared in various forms at every meal from that day.

That afternoon she went to one of her neighbors and obtained a quantity of horseradish roots which were prepared for the table. Also a dozen or more roots were planted in the garden to grow for another year. Mr. Leonard built a smokehouse and a goodly quantity of the offending "salt pork" was soon converted into slabs of bacon. Milk and eggs appeared very often. One of their favorite desserts was junket, flavored variously, and served with halves of peaches or pears or perhaps a tablespoonful of strawberry jam and a fluff of whipped cream on each serving of junket.

That was two years ago. This spring the Leonards have had parsnips and salsify since the ground thawed out enough to dig them. Russet apples buried all winter are furnishing fresh fruit and their own horseradish roots give an ideal spring relish to serve with the home-smoked ham and bacon. As soon as the parsnips and salsify grow "old" an asparagus bed will give them its first crop of a most delicious vegetable and before that is over radishes and lettuce will be plentiful and strawberries will furnish fresh fruit. By that time all the other good things of the summer garden will appear on the table. The Leonards have worked out a system whereby they have fresh fruit and vegetables the year round.

The Flower Bed.

The woman who can spend but little time with her flower garden, but who yet must have blossoms, will find perennial plants much more satisfactory than annuals, for which seeds must be planted each spring.

With perennials once well started and given a little care in the fall, the new spring growth will be up often before the housekeeper realizes the snow is really gone. The expense of starting the garden at first is a little more than buying seeds, but when you consider that seeds must be procured every spring, the things balance nicely in the end.

A good nursery catalogue will tell you all about the perennials, but there are some which every garden needs. Of course, you want violets, which, by-the-way, may be potted after the first killing frost and brought into the house to blossom for Christmas. Lilies of the valley are also easily grown, and a favorite with everyone.

A list of the perennials just now most popular follows, for you must remember there are styles in flowers just as there are styles in skirt lengths.

Baby's breath, hardy pink, foxglove, iris, English daisy, heliotrope, larkspur, coreopsis, canterbury bells, gaillardia, phlox, forget-me-nots, columbine, holyhock, oriental poppies, and funkia. If you plant the seeds of these in July you will have fine plants that will bloom next summer.

New Ways To Clean Woodwork.

Housewives in our neighborhood are enthusiastic over the following method of cleaning varnished or waxed woodwork and floors: To one quart of lukewarm water add one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one of oil, olive oil or a vegetable oil. Of course, any quantity of water may be mixed, but these are the proportions. Wash the wood with a soft cloth, and rub dry immediately with cheesecloth. Clean only a small space at a time, and rub with the grain of the wood.

It is claimed that the vinegar removes the grease, while the oil gives the desired polish.

A decorator advises washing woodwork and floors with gasoline every spring. This cuts all the old dirt and polish which has accumulated through the year, and leaves a clear smooth surface. Follow the gasoline bath with a good rub with wax for waxed surfaces, and with oil for varnished surfaces.

A cheap and good furniture polish for varnished wood is one pint of paraffin oil and two ounces of turpentine shaken together. Moisten the dust-cloths with this the day before you wish to polish the furniture, and keep them rolled in the oiled paper that comes around bread, or in a tin syrup pail with a tightly closed cover.

Learn To Eat "Anything."

Really there are very few food prejudices that are not a mere matter of habit. We like the thing to which we are accustomed. It very seldom happens that a personal dislike to any wholesome article of diet is based upon a physical antipathy for it. So in the matter of seasoning, the amount of sugar in desserts, the use of flavoring—we usually like things the way we have become accustomed to them. If for any reason you have to drink coffee without sugar for any length of time, you will get so you prefer it that way. Children who eat cereal without sugar, after a time, like it better without, providing, of course, that they have a well-rounded diet besides.

Dye Skirt, Dress or Faded Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

"Whatever first attaches to the tender age of children, whether good or bad, remains most firmly fixed, so that throughout life it may not be expelled by any after expression."—Comenius.

Telephones which speak a message loudly enough to be heard thirty feet away and into which messages may be spoken from the same distance are a new "time-saver" in works.

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The Portuguese have always been daring navigators, and still stand among the best sailors in the world. The attempted flight of two of them from Portugal to Brazil has been watched with interest from day to day by the entire world, which, within a few hours, knows of their departure or arrival at each station. It is to be hoped the wrecking of their seaplane at St. Paul's Rocks will not seriously delay the completion of their journey.

In several countries, plans are under way for an airplane circumnavigation of the earth, and it is not unlikely the present year may witness at least the attempt to do so. The Pacific Ocean, of course, presents the longest "leg" of the trip, but even these severe conditions are not likely to delay the effort very long, nor discourage these intrepid trail blazers of the air. Deserts and other wildernesses of the earth are already being explored by airmen, who are discovering routes and means of entrance which have hitherto baffled caravans and horsemen. Before many years, the secrets of jungles and mountain fastnesses, which thus far nature has guarded so jealously, will be an open book and familiar to children in grammar-school grades.

Japanese Learn to Bargain.

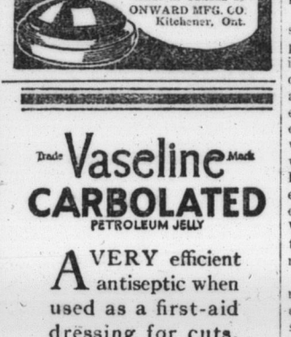
The practice of collective bargaining is said to be spreading rapidly in industrial circles in Japan.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Why should the married man only show his worst side to his better half?

Away with Castors!

Don't buy furniture or metal beds fitted with old-fashioned, shaky, destructive castors. Tell your dealer you must have the



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APPLE INDUSTRY OF OKANAGAN VALLEY

CAREFUL ATTENTION IS PAID TO THE PACKING.

Initial Shipment to Great Britain and United States Wins Enthusiastic Reception.

From an annual production of a quarter of a million boxes of apples in 1911 to over three million boxes in 1921, is the remarkable record of the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia. The valley is pre-eminently suited for fruit culture. Temperature, precipitation, soil, transportation, markets, etc., are all in its favor. The construction of irrigation systems of considerable magnitude, has eliminated the danger of drought, and has also had the effect of making it necessary for the growers to cultivate their holdings intensively in order to justify the expenditure. The expansion of this industry can be attributed to three causes: careful selection, packing and handling; extensive advertising; and co-operative selling organizations, controlled entirely by the growers, which markets the greater percentage of the apples produced in the valley.

Packing has probably been the greatest factor in popularizing Okanagan Apples. Of the finest quality, these luscious bright-red apples are each wrapped with a thin sheet of paper, imprinted with the trade-mark of the organization and the slogan "O.K." They are then carefully hand-packed. This neat, attractive manner of packing apples has a psychological effect on the consumer, to whom the idea of purchasing apples individually wrapped in a sanitary cover, with unbroken skins and at a price of which he would have had to pay for an apple picked indiscriminately out of a large barrel filled with many varieties, and which may be bruised and dirty is pleasing.

Three Thousand Commercial Orchards.

Extensive advertising campaigns, setting forth the quality, sanitary packing and moderate price of Okanagan apples, are carried on every year by the co-operative societies throughout the districts where their product is sold, more particularly in Western Canada.

According to the Department of Agriculture there were in 1920, 3,000 commercial orchards in the Okanagan Valley, on which there were approximately a million apple trees. To handle the produce of these fruit-ranches, the co-operative organizations have erected some sixty packing houses in the Valley to receive apples from the growers' wagons or trucks, weigh them and issue receipts for weight, grade and pack the fruit, store it, and load it into railway cars. These plants are equipped with the most modern machinery for the economic and efficient handling of apples.

Prior to 1919, Western Canada consumed practically the entire apple output of the Okanagan Valley, but with increasing orchards, scientific handling of trees, production increased to such an extent that during the season 1921, eighteen hundred carloads of apples, or 50 per cent. of the valley's crop, were shipped to other markets, of which the United States and Great Britain were the most important. All exports to the United Kingdom were despatched by steamship by way of Vancouver and the Panama Canal. In the United States shipments were made as far East as New York.

It is planned to develop these new markets intensively, as with the Western Canadian market unable to absorb the total production and the crop annually growing larger, permanent markets must be found if the industry is to be run on a stabilized basis. If the enthusiastic reception accorded to the initial shipment of Okanagan apples in the United States and Great Britain is to be taken as an augury, then there seems little doubt but that these countries will be able to take all the surplus apples grown in the Okanagan for many years to come.

The Farmer and the Woodlot.

Perhaps the greatest objection made to caring for the woodlot is the time it takes to produce large-sized timber. On the farm, however, there are many uses for small and medium-sized forest products and these take a comparatively short time to produce. On many woodlots a thrifty young growth already exists that will not require many years before it is sufficiently large to use. A little attention will shorten considerably the time required to produce marketable material. The use of small dimension material is steadily increasing since the scarcity of wood in large dimension has forced the attention of manufacturers to the use of built-up wood. The war has done much to increase our knowledge regarding the possibilities in the use of laminated products, of which the airplane is an example. This use of wood in small sizes makes it possible to market the products of the woodlot, while the trees are comparatively young.—Bulletin No. 69, Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

Glass Coin for Bohemia.

Bohemia proposes to coin a small currency of glass.