



FOR a woman to be wise and at the same time womanly, is to wield a tremendous influence which may be felt for good in the lives of generations to come.—David Jordan.

The Silver Lining

By C. D. POGSON

(Continued from last week.)

ON the evening of the twenty-third the two friends rode into town. Having stabled and fed Molly and Pepper in the "Sarnia" livery barn, they had supper at the hotel, took a stroll around town, and retired early to their rooms.

Next morning they were up at dawn fed and groomed their horses, then ate a hasty breakfast. This done they rode out to the race track, where they took several turns in order to accustom Molly to the lay-out of the course. Then came a baseball game, in which Jimmy's picturesque cowboy costume, and especially the capacious yellow silk kerchief which was knotted at two corners and thrown loosely around his neck, where it floated gaily in the breeze, attracted much attention from the crowd.

After a hearty dinner the friends repaired to the grounds once more to "take in" the races which were billed for the afternoon, it being understood that the bucking contest should take place in the evening. When the "free-for-all" was announced, Jimmy, Bill Burkle, and half-a-dozen others lined their horses up before the judges. After considerable manoeuvring, the word "Go!" was given, and they were off in a whirl of dust, the lanky gray in the lead, some feet ahead of Molly. The latter gradually lost ground until she was three lengths behind, with the other horses following closely.

Jack began to have some doubts regarding Molly's ability to win, but just then he saw Jimmy lean forward in the saddle until his face almost touched the mare's neck, as though he were speaking to her. And speaking he was.

"Steady girl. Keep cool. That percussion behind won't touch ye. Steady there. Just keep yer nose a-flying. Steady, I say. That old gray ain't got no wind."

Then he kept talking, while Molly gradually increased her speed until she had gained a length when they rushed past the grand-stand, and started on the second half, amid a storm of applause.

"Go it, Jim," yelled the cowboys. But Jimmy was so intent upon lessening the distance between himself and Burkle that he heard not a word.

At the three-quarter mile the gray was weakening slightly, and Molly had gained another length.

"Now, girl," said Jimmy, "dust it up. Slug 'im. Slug 'im, give 'im the knockout! Hike! Hike!"

And "hike" she did, passed the gray like a whirlwind, and slipped under the wire leading by a length. The applause was deafening. Jimmy sprang from his saddle, danced up and down, patted Molly's neck,

and showered compliments upon her; while Jack threw a blanket over her and proudly led her to the stable.

Shortly after the races the Blair family drove into town. Not caring to witness the races, they had decided to remain in town overnight, and do some shopping, and so timed themselves to reach town just in time for the "bucking contest."

As soon as supper was disposed of the crowd gathered to see the bronco-busting. There were 10 or 12 contestants, and as many incorrigible horses. Needless to say, the worst in the surrounding country had been



A Tribute to the Hard Work and Good Taste of an Earlier Generation.

Big stone fences such as these, bear testimony to the fact that the clearing of many Canadian farms was "no cinch." Tree planting generally was left to the second generation, and we unto the third and fourth generations, enjoy the results of their labors.—Photo in Peterboro Co., Ont.

procured for the occasion. Each man was expected to saddle the horse allotted to him for the contest, and to ride him without bit or saddle, nothing more than a halter to which was attached a long halter-shank. The horses were led in by men on horseback, then blind-folded by a sack, and held in position until the contestant had placed and securely cinched his saddle. Then, seizing the loose end of the halter shank, he sprang into the saddle; the sack was quickly jerked from the horse's eyes, and—they were off.

Kicking, rearing, side-stepping, jumping up and down, the bronco tried to unsettle his rider, and sometimes succeeded, to the discomfort of the latter, and the amusement of the crowd. When the horse stopped bucking, or had thrown his rider, another bronco was led in. After all had ridden, the judges chose the three best-riders, and the three most unmanageable horses for the "final."

Jimmy was among the contestants, and so distinguished himself as a rider, that he was placed in the final.

The horse allotted to him was known far and near among the cowboys as "Tornado." He had successfully thrown his rider in the first contest. Jimmy came last in the final, and Tornado stood meekly until the saddle was cinched, and his man seated. Then at a touch from the spur he sprang into the air, kicked, reared, plunged, zig-zagged, lowered his head, gathered all fours together, and bounced up and down for some time, then reared almost perpendicularly, while Jimmy slapped him on the side, neck and head with the hat which he carried in his hand.

Finding his usual tactics to displease a rider this time unavailing, Tornado tossed up his head, and galloped furiously across the grounds towards a barbed-wire fence. Jack, seated on Molly's back, and intently watching the proceedings, saw his friend's danger. One moment's rapid thought, and he galloped headlong across the field. If he could only come between Tornado and the fence, and thus turn him back towards the centre of the field! There the bronco would doubtless be captured by a number of riders stationed there for that purpose.

Jack succeeded in turning Tornado, but just as he did Molly stepped into a badger-hole and fell, tossing her owner to the ground some feet away. Jack sprang to his feet unhurt, but was alarmed to see his plucky little mare standing on three feet, the other leg dangling loosely from her shoulder.

A Mounted Police officer, elbowing his way through the throng, hastened across the field. After a brief examination, he ended poor Molly suffering by a bullet from his pistol. One sorrowful look did Jack bestow upon the dying horse, then strode

called Jack to the hostler as they rode away.

Next morning, when Dorothy's father stepped into the livery, he heard Jimmy, who was saddling Pepper discouraging upon the good qualities of Molly.

"Fardon me," said he to Jimmy, "do you know who owned the little mare that the police shot yesterday?"

"Bet yer life I do," said Jimmy. "He's my nearest neighbor. Jack Gray's name, an' a better fellow I never met or shot neither. I went home last night. Guess he's feelin' mighty blue, poor chapp. He's got a hall, twenty miles out, two hundred broke an' seedin' big house, too, spring creek an' let me tell you, stranger. Jack is steady; keeps everythin' ship-shape. Come up from the East six years ago. Fir when Jack came he useter be a-whistlin' an' a-singin' most all the time. That was for the first couple of years; but he's been mopin' off an' on ever since. I kinder think that's the worst to the bottom o' 'em. 'Course he never said, but I useter take letters out ter him, an' every time he got one he most walked on air. An', with a chuckle, 'he useter send me letters, but I never Miss Blair. Jack said she was some relation or nuther, but I noticed when no more letters came, he sent no more. That's got ter be a sight bluer than I'd be over 'a ordinary relation. Tell yer, friend, the woman that tossed Jack over, dropped the substance an' grasped the shadow. She was the one who was some o' 'em at any rate, drat 'em," exclaimed Jimmy as he swung into the saddle, and turned Pepper head towards home.

Needless to say, Dorothy's father did some serious thinking on his way back to the hotel, where he had left his wife and daughter. Fortunately, Dorothy was seated at a window, reading a book, and oblivious to the ground. Drawing his wife to the shady lawn, Mr. Blair told her in a few brief words what he had learned that morning.

Mrs. Blair listened to her husband's account, then, after gravely thinking for a few minutes, exclaimed, "Let us write to Jack, and invite him over. I feel certain that he will explain everything. We won't say a word to Dorothy in the meantime. Dear child, how I hope she may yet be happy."

The letter was hastily written and mailed, then the party started for home. They were now speeding across the flower-sprinkled prairie which, with its mirages, freedom and untamed appearance, was gradually gaining a larger place in their affection and towards the goal of restoring the roses to Dorothy's cheeks.

Jimmy arrived at Jack's in time for dinner, and while he shared the repast discussed the doings of the previous day in a lively manner, hoping to cheer up Dorothy from the care of his friend. He also mentioned incidentally that he intended to go south in a couple of days, on an extensive trip to his old home and other points. When bidding his friend farewell, Jimmy said, "Cheer up, old man. The little mare's gone, but she left a good record. An' what's more, every cloud has a silver lining, an' you're bound to find the linin' in your cloud, one o' these days, An', 'gripping Jack's hand, 'thanks for savin' my life yesterday."

"Don't mention it," said Jack "twas nothing."

A few days later one of the "boys" brought Jack his mail. Among the letters was one from Mr. and Mrs. Blair, telling him of their coming to the country and their intention of living. The latter ended with a cordial invitation to visit them at any time when he found it convenient to do so.

"Well," thought Jack to himself, "This is mighty queer. Shouldn't

think they Perhaps, Dorothy old folks anyway. familiar news from get many. I b them a altho The fo Jack add ed him fr carried o sed off o of the Bl Pepper w in the af home of

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