# Love of The Wild

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(Continued)

"What was Watson doing on Bushwhackers' Place at night? And what was that school-teacher doing [illegible] about that one man is able to brutally assault two good-sized men like those two, eh?" he asked, his bushy brows meeting in a scowl.

"They were simply following directions laid out by yourself, sir," retorted Smythe, inclining his head. "The Bushwhacker struck them from behind with a heavy club. He was [illegible] thinking that Hercules or a Big McTavish, helped him, I understand."

"Watson says that, does he?"

"He does, and a man by the name of Broadcrook, who was in the vicinity to the attempted murder, tells the same story, sir."

"Don't seem at all reasonable to me that those Bushwhackers would half do anything, even a murder, they set about it," mused the Colonel. "You say Watson was going to get them to come [illegible] the timber, and they [illegible] your head?"

"Precisely, both Hallibut and Watson."

"It's almost too bad they didn't finish them," said Hallibut. "Something tells me that Watson has given us only his side of this story. Guess I'd better get the other side from the Bushwhackers."

Smythe raised his skeleton hands.

"My dear Colonel, it's as much as your life's worth to set foot on their property," he warned. "They swear they'll shoot you on sight, sir."

"What?" Colonel Hallibut jumped up and strode across to where Smythe sat cowering. "Who told you that?" he shouted.

"Why — why —" commenced Smythe, then he wriggled upright and tongued his chops. "Broadcrook told me to tell you, he finished."

Hallibut stood 10 and fed across the wide room. His veins in his neck were throbbing, and Smythe could see his fingers twitching. Finally, the big man stopped directly in front of his visitor.

"If you heard that," he said quietly, "and you've come over here to warn me, it's mighty good of you, Smythe. I'm sorry it's only *just about half* [illegible] that's your fault. [illegible] showing you're a liar, Smythe, any more than you can help being one. Still, I'm inclined to believe that those Bushwhackers would put me away if they got the chance. They've got a law of their own, I guess, and I also know that they don't like me any too well. I don't know why, I never did them any harm. I wanted that timber, of course, and would have paid them well for it. I've learned, though, that they all have enough natural poetry in their souls to make them sentimental fanatics as far as their property is concerned. And I've made up my mind to let them and their timber go to [illegible] what they've [illegible], said, I guess I'll show them a thing or two."

"But you won't take your life in your hands by going among those murderous men, sure," asked Smythe fearfully.

"Well, now, I'm not saying just what I'll do. One thing is sure, I'm too much of an Englishman to be scared out by a Bushwhacker, and I do like a mix-up, I'll confess. Besides, Smythe, it won't do to let them think I'm scared. My life would always be in jeopardy if they thought that."

"If you'll only be patient, sir, we'll get that timber for you yet," promised Smythe.

"No," returned Hallibut. "I've given up the idea of ever securing the timber. Come to think of it, I was a hog to ever want to put my finger in that pie. I like those wild devils a lot better since I've found they have the sand to stand up for their own. If your village of Bridgetown had some of the Bushwhacker brotherhood you'd have a city there some day, Smythe."

"Good-bye," breathed Mr. Smythe dolefully.

"And where did you say Watson was now," asked the Colonel abruptly.

"He is now at my poor abode," answered Mr. Smythe plaintively. "He is in pretty bad shape. They must have beaten him unmercifully. He begged that I give you this note, sir."

Mr. Smythe drew from his pocket a square piece of paper and handed it to the Colonel. The big man placed his glasses on his nose and read the note aloud.

"Colonel Hallibut,

Respected Sir: I may never see you again, sir," explained Mr. Smythe with a plain. "I am willing to die in fulfilling my duty to you, but, sir, I beg that you will not venture among the Bushwhackers. They have sworn to shoot you on sight and to burn your schoolhouse and all her kind into the bay. The scoundrels dogged me yesterday toward locating the timber, was taken from me, and I lay helpless among the ruffians who tried to kill me. It proved my salvation, for, as they forgot among themselves for the moment, I managed to crawl away. Good-by, sir, and if we never meet again on earth—but I cannot finish.

Yours,

A wronging one who

Thomas Watson."

The Colonel folded up the letter, pitched it into the coals, and sat down. He refilled his pipe, a half smile on his face. Then he turned to Smythe, whose features were working, and who was vainly trying to force a tear down his cheek.

"So you managed to convert your dying Watson," he observed. "Have led a erring one to the fight, have you."

"In my poor way, sir," modestly replied Smythe, "I have."

"Where does Watson want to be buried?" [illegible] suddenly.

"Buried!" the [illegible] "What do you mean, Colonel?"

"Why, judging from his letter, he expects to die very soon, and sometimes people are fanciful about where they're [illegible] to rest."

He paused, and the lips met in a thin line.

"Smythe," he said, holding the visitor with his eyes, "you and Watson are both damned humbugs. Watson didn't write that letter you wrote it. Watson may be a villain, but there's not hypocrite enough about him to dictate a letter like that I just read. I'm not sparing him. He was quite willing for you to work the game for him. So my money was taken from him, was it? Well, I suppose it's just as well to lose in one way as anything. But I want you to confess that you wrote that letter. Did you?"

"I did," answered Smythe fearfully. "Watson was too sick. He [illegible] anything wrong, sir."

"Of course not," jeered Hallibut. "What do you mean by saying those Bushwhackers will burn my [illegible]?"

"I mean that they intend to do it," asserted Smythe. "If you doubt me, sir, you may [illegible] off Lee Point and [illegible] I speak the truth."

"I wanted Hallibut. "Well, [illegible] something. When the Bushwhackers burn my house, I'll believe they're ready to shoot me on sight; not before." I sent word to [illegible] a second shipment of lumber—my own lumber—from Lee Creek before the East froze over, and I'll do it."

He frowned down on Smythe and nodded his shaggy head.

"I've just come from seeing that same schoolmaster bearing to Kendall's Bay," he said, "and he's help the Bushwhacker that meddled with it or any other property of Colonel Hallibut's."

"Perhaps some day you'll know that Mr. Watson and myself have done our best for you, Colonel," [illegible] Smythe reproachfully. "I know we've erred in some respects; but over-zealousness is perhaps the chief of failure. You will pardon my suggestion, that you have maybe been unduly influenced against Mr. Watson, on account of his not, as yet, having been able to convince the Bushwhackers of your good intentions."

"Perhaps you are right," returned Hallibut [illegible]

Smythe reached for the bottle and poured some brandy into his glass with a hand that shook. His face, always pinched and gray-white, was grayer and more sunken as he arose to go.

"Have you any word to send to Mr. Watson, sir?" he asked.

"Only that I hope to see him again before he makes up his mind to die," smiled the Colonel.

Hallibut called to the housekeeper from the dining-room:

"Rachel; get this pale rider something to eat, will you, while I have Dick get out his horse."

He slapped the drooping Smythe between the shoulders and, laughing loudly, stamped out of the room.

As Smythe furiously attacked the cold meat and bread set before him, a long, weird howl came floating and trembling on the air. He dropped his fork and sat erect, fear written in his shifting eyes. Once again came the cry, and Smythe arose and went to the window. Through the narrow oaken slabs of the kennel door he caught sight of four heavy-chested yellow-white dogs. They were creeping slowly across the inclosure with heavy jaws half open and saliva dripping from their red tongues. As the watching man gazed, fascinated, one of them lifted its head and sent a heart-chilling cry upward. Then, chancing to catch sight of the fear-stricken man at the window, the huge dog hurled itself against the solid bars of its prison, only to fall back on its haunches. But it placed its deep-cloven muzzle to the narrow opening and drew in its breath with a whistling, sobbing sound that sent a shiver to the watcher's heart, for the dog's red eyes were fastened hungrily upon him. Colonel Hallibut, entering, noted Smythe's look, and followed up the impression the dog had made.

"I wouldn't give a penny for your chance if Trailer there caught you in the open, Smythe," he said soberly. "Better not watch him if you care to sleep to-night. Guess I'd better get rid of that Trailer. He scares me, and I'm used to him."

"What do you keep those awful animals for?" asked Smythe with a husky voice.

"Smythe," said Hallibut, "I've kept those dogs—well, because they've been good friends to me, and I can't make up my mind to kill them."

(To be continued)

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the [illegible] that tired-out, weary women need to restore them to the blessings of good health.

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Price [illegible] a box, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.


## May Build Wall Around New York

### Would Fight Rats By Building Wall Around the City.

An expenditure of from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 for the construction of a wall of concrete 500 to 600 yards wide around New York in a fight against rats, is called for in an ordinance amending the public code proposed by Dr. Royal S. Copeland.

Bubonic plague has appeared in several American ports, notably in Galveston, Houston and Beaumont, Texas, and Pensacola, Dr. Copeland at a hearing on the proposition held by the Bureau of Standards and Appeals in the Municipal Building, New York.

Dr. Copeland's ordinance would require every building within 600 feet of the water front to be coated with concrete up to a height of at least five feet, and that the concrete be covered with wire netting of not less than a half-inch mesh, and that all doors and windows must be covered with wire mesh.

Frame buildings would have the space between studs filled with bricks laid in cement. Recently built structures would be required to [illegible] as they are believed to be [illegible] proof.

## Pins Were Expensive

### Only Wealthy People Could Afford to Buy Them.

At one time pins were so costly that only wealthy people could afford them, and they were carefully saved. By a curious law the manufacturers of pins were only allowed to sell them on January 1 and 2 each year, and so when those days came round the women whose husbands could afford it, secured pin money from them and went out and [illegible]. The expression "pin money" has continued to live, although today when used it means any allowance of money which a husband gives a wife for her personal expenses. Pins were known and used as long ago as 1347 A.D. They were introduced into England in 1540. In 1824 a man named Might invented a machine for making pins which enabled them to be manufactured cheaply.

### Burying The Hatchet.

To bury the hatchet means to let bygones be bygones. The phrase originated among the North American Indians, who were commanded by the "Great Spirit" when they smoked their calumet or peace pipe, to bury their hatchets, scalping knives, and war clubs in the ground, so that all hostile thoughts might disappear. It was well-known that the presence of war weapons leads to war at times.



## SYMPTOMS THAT TELL OF BILIOUSNESS

### How to Prevent and Relieve

Are your dizzy?

Does your head swim?

Does everything turn dark when you rise from stooping?

Are you constantly suffering from headache?

Are you short of breath after going upstairs?

Is your tongue coated and furred?

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## Don'ts for Blue Monday

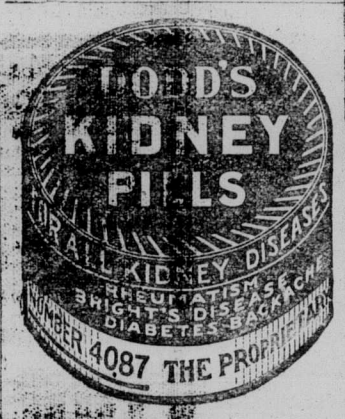
### Sometimes a Case of Overeat and Underexercise That Brings on Depression.

Do not hand in your resignation on Monday. If you must resign take some other day in the week. That is the day of all days when you want to quit the job. Resist the temptation, Monday is no sort of a day to act, according to a physical director, who says that of all the days in the week it is the day of depression. Blue Monday is no joke—for thousands of people it actually is blue, according to the doctor. "Monday is blue," said the doctor, "because with one class of folks Sunday is a day of [illegible] and the next day they are down in the valley. "With another class it is a case of overeat and underexercise, which brings a depression when Monday comes, and they have to take up the regular tasks."

### Four Hundred Roomed House.

A four hundred room apartment house, has been discovered in the Aztec district of New Mexico, which has been buried for centuries. Many of the rooms are in perfect condition and objects used by the ancients lie scattered about. As a result of the excavations Aztec has become a resort for tourists. It is about 100 miles southeast of the famous Mesa Verde Park, at which the finest cliff houses are to be found.

It sometimes pays to be good, but it's always good to be paid.



## Worth Imitating

### Chinese Pay Debts on New Year's, or Feel Disgraced.

On New Year's Day every Chinese has a birthday. He may have been born in April or September, but in that highly systematic land, where every hour is needed for making a living, all the men, women and children, save up their birthdays until New Year's. Then, having attended to the matter all in a body, they can go back to their work without wasting any time on unnecessary holidays. And what is still more practical, every Chinese tries to pay on that day the last penny he owes. If he cannot face the world on New Year's Day a man free from all debts he feels deeply mortified and stays within doors.

## Coming to Canada

### Predicts Heavy Migration From Great Britain in the Spring.

R. T. Farrell, a British merchant, in an interview in Toronto said: "The coming year will see the biggest flow of immigration into this country that has ever been seen." He said that in England the Salvation Army has applications from thirty thousand people who wished to come to Canada. Besides these there were ten thousand ex-soldiers anxious to come to Canada and who would be brought out, Mr. Farrell said, under the Imperial Government land settlement scheme. He added that it was thought in England that the Canadian immigration regulations requiring an immigrant to possess $50 would be considerably relaxed in the spring.

The Pretoria Government recently tried an experiment with a view to producing rain by dropping dust on clouds. An aeroplane ascended to 5000 feet, but the dust failed to cause rain.

Fortune may knock once at every man's door, but misfortune crawls in at the window.

Misery loves company. That is why some people get married.

## Widespread Appeal

### Call Sent Out to Help the Starving People of China.

The widespread ravages of the famine now being experienced in China, and the terrible suffering that is following in its trail is reflected in an appeal made to Canada through His Excellency the Governor-General, in a cable that has just been received as follows:

"Shanghai, Dec. 22, 1920. China helpless, appalling famine. Entreat Canadian people's help. White, Bishop Honan; Mackenzie, Moderator; MacGillivray, Shanghai."

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