



KNOWLEDGE is indeed, that which next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—Addison.

Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from last week.)

"YES, you can," Leigh replied in a low voice. "There are some things I must do for Uncle Jim and when you are doing for people you can't tell them nor depend on their advice. When Pryor is gone, may I ask you sometimes what to do? I won't bother you often."

Asher Aytelot had declared that Alice Leigh was the prettiest girl in Ohio in her day.

The pink-tinted creamy lilies looking up from the still surface of the lakelet were not so fair as the pink-tinted face of Alice Leigh's daughter, framed in the soft brown shadows of her hair with a hint of gold in the ripples at the white temples. And behind the face, looking out through long-lashed violet eyes, was loving sacrifice and utter self-forgetfulness.

Thaine was nineteen and wise to give advice. A sudden throb caught his pulse, mid-beat.

"Is that all? Can't I do something?" he asked eagerly.

"That's a great deal. And nobody can do for anybody. We have to do for ourselves."

"You are not doing anything for Uncle Jim, then, I am to understand," Thaine said.

But Leigh ignored his thrust, saying:

"When Pryor leaves, he doesn't want to say good-by to anybody, not even to Uncle Jim."

He says China is only a little way off, just behind the purple notches over there. I'm going to take him to the train to-morrow and then I'm going on to Wykerton on business.

"After that I may need lots of advice."

"Wykerton's a joint-ridden place, but John Jacobs has put a good class of farmers round it. He's such an old saloon hater, Hans Wyker'd like to kill him. But say, who not tell me now who you are about, so I can be looking up references and former judicial decisions handed down in similar cases?" Thaine asked lightly.

"Because it's too long a story, and I must get Pryor to the eight o'clock limited," Leigh said.

The crowing of chickens in a far away farmyard came faintly at that moment and Thaine with a strange new sense of the importance of living, sent the black horses cantering down the trail to the old Cloverdale Ranch house.

Jo Benington slept late. She had been up late. She had danced often and she had waited for Thaine's homecoming. Yet, when she came downstairs in a white morning dress all sprinkled with little pink sprays, there was a hint of weariness in her young face or in her quick footsteps.

"I'm glad you stayed, Jo," Mrs. Aytelot greeted her. "This is the morning after the night before" and as usual, the deserts equal the wounded and imprisoned. Asher and the men had to go across the river early to look after the fences and washouts on the lower quarter. And Rosie Gimpe decided to go home this morning as soon as breakfast was done. So it is left

stay till it gets well. Then she suddenly changed her mind. Possibly it was the spare-room bed," Virginia said laughing. "When I told her not to wake you when she made up the beds, she suddenly got homesick, her hand grew worse and she flew the premises. I'll run up and attend to that bed while you finish your breakfast," and Virginia left the room.

At that moment young Todd Stewart appeared on the side porch before the dining room door.

"Thaine stopped long enough to ask me to come over and move furniture for his mother," Todd sang out. "He doesn't think you were made to lift cupboards and carry chairs downstairs."

"Oh, it's his mother he's ceased to love," Todd said, coming inside. "He said he'd quit the old home and was moving his goods up to Wolfe Creek for keeps. And with that fat tow-headed Gimpe girl sitting on the frisky bay colt as unconcerned as a bump on a log, it was the funniest sight I ever saw."

Jo tossed her head contemptuously.

"Say, Curly Locks, Curly Locks, you ought to always sit on a cushion and

"Oh, that depends on how helpful he is," Jo responded tactfully.

Todd sprang up and began to ring the chairs about with extravagant energy in his pretense of being useful.

"Let's help Mrs. Aytelot as swift as possible. It's hot as the dickens this morning, and the prognostics are for a cyclone before twelve hours. It's nearly eleven of 'em now. I'll take you home when we are through. Thaine isn't the wife of Grass River and the adjacent creeks and tributaries and all that in them is."

CHAPTER XV.

The Coburn Book.

And I see, and by my higher level, it is not the path but the pace that wears the back, and dims the eye.

And writes the lines on the face.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Meanwhile the May sunshine beat you home from the green prairie, and the promised storm gathered, and the ether behind the horizon where the colored bluffs were shut in an ash-brown country about Big Wolf Creek, was more uncomfortable than the open prairie. And especially was it uncomfortable in the "blind tiger" of the Wyker eating-house.

To-day the men of the old firm of Chambers & Co. were again holding a meeting in this little room that could have told of much lawless plotting if walls could only tell.

"It's danged hot in here, Wyker. Open that window," Darley Chambers complained.

"What kept you fellows so long, anyhow?"

"Business kept me, and Smith here, he stop to peek at a pretty girl for goot as ten minutes." Hans Wyker said jocosely.

Chambers stared at Thomas Smith, whose small eyes gleamed back at him.

"Oh, I just turned to look at Miss Shirley here in the dining room. Can't a man look at a pretty girl if he is past forty-five? She didn't see me, though."

"Now, she see nobody but young Aytelot sitting mit her. Why you take oop precious time peekin' trough der crack in a minute? Don't sit back in a minute too!" Wyker declared as he turned to the kitchen again.

Left together, the two men sat silent a moment. Then

Chambers said with a frown: "What do you want now? We've got no business with each other except as I am agent for your rents and mortgages."

"You seem to fatten on them, or something," Smith answered indignantly. "You lose no flesh with the years, I see."

"I've little occasion to worry," Darley Chambers replied magnificently.

"Not with a fat income like yours and small returns to your employer who's kept you all these years," Smith began, but Darley Chambers mentally blew up. It was in the bluffer's game that he always succeeded best.

"Now, see here, dang you. Get to business. You and Wyker and me dissolved partnership long ago. I've been your agent years and years. I've did my best. I never got so rich you could notice it on my breath. I'm not a thief nor a murderer. I keep inside the law. I broke with you fellows years ago; except for that contract that'll probate in any court. You are

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A Picturesque Flower-Bordered Walk Down to the Lake.

In our issue of May 3rd we published an article by Mrs. Edith Stevenson Rutherford, and also an illustration of her home in British Columbia. As we stated in that issue, Mrs. Rutherford is an enthusiastic lover of flowers, and herewith we show the unique flower-bordered walk which leads from her home to the lake above.

for us to get the house over t' o party. Not so easy as getting ready for it, especially without help."

"Where's Thaine?" Jo asked carelessly, though her face was a tatter.

"He took some colts over to John Jacobs' ranch. He had Rosie ride one and he rode another and led two. They were a sight. I hoped you might see them go by your window. Thaine had his hat stuck on like a Dutchman's and he puffed himself out and made up a regular Wyker face as he jogged along. And Rosie plumped herself down on that capering colt as though she shifed all responsibility for accidents upon it. The more it pranced about the firmer she sat and the less concerned she was. I heard Thaine calling out, 'Breakers ahead' as he watched her bring it back into the road in front of him with a sort of side kick of her foot."

"What made Gimpe leave?" Jo asked, to cover her disappointment.

"She cut her hand badly last night. She insisted at first that she would help me to-day and go home later to

sew a fine seam and wear a dress to breakfast with those little pink duds scattered over it."

"Not if I was a farmer's wife," Jo responded quickly.

"Oh, Jo, do you really want to be a city girl?" Todd's face was frankly sorrowful. "Could you never be satisfied on a farm?"

"I don't believe I ever could," Jo said prettily.

"Thaine's a farmer all right, Jo."

Jo broke in quickly. "He's going to the Kansas University and there's no telling after that."

"No, he's just going to Wykerton, that's all. Nay, he have went. Him and him fraulien, and say, there's another pretty fraulien went up the trail just ahead of the Aytelot horse party. A sweetheart of a girl whom Thaine Aytelot took home after all last night."

"I don't care where Thaine goes," Jo cried.

"And you don't care for a farmer anyhow," Todd said suavely.

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