

# A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY  
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Thank you, Anstruther. Will you take his feet? Here, Rolt, strike a light. We've got to chance their shooting."

Rolt struck one, and in the short gleam of it the others saw Jim and Anstruther lift the body from the floor and put it upon the table where the red fire had been.

"That's the first to go," muttered Jim. "Always wanted the best and would have it. Shot through the head from behind. Some of the devils must have been behind when he lit his fire."

"I heard no shoot,"  
"Not likely to with the noise we were making. What's wrong with your neck, Anstruther? Cut it?"  
"Just touched, I fancy. I got it when they hit him. Shall we take him into the house?"

"Better not, and better say nothing about it to them upstairs. We can't do any more for him now, Boss," and Jim drew a large worked table cover over the dead man's face and turned to see that the barricade was as strong as they could be made.

When he was at his post again he drew from his pocket that which the doctor had given him. It was a common playing-card and on it was written in pencil a London address. Beneath this the doctor had written in big letters which wandered uncertainly over the blank space, "So long, Jim. See you again some day."

"So he knew it was coming, did he?" mused Jim, "and he took it all back at the last, all his talk about science and amihilation of matter. Well, I guess the Handicapper knew the Doc's handicap, and will be the best judge of his running."

And then, as he looked out in the reddened gloom, whilst his eyes tried to pierce through the fog, his mind tried to peer into that Next Room where the doctor now was, and if he failed to place the doctor, he at least managed to place himself. He saw the triviality of the things which had so embittered him for the last few days, and even confessed to himself that when it came to fighting, his rival was not much of a muff after all. If that which had made the scratch on Anstruther's neck had been an inch or two to the left Jim Combe felt that his memory of the last few days would have been a load for him to carry all the rest of his life. But the first grey light of the morning brought Jim back from the Unknown to the present with a shock. As the mists rolled away the temporary absence of the Indians was explained. They had withdrawn to gather force for their real attack. Whatever answers to the fiery cross amongst the red men had been flying around the country in the last two days, and Jim Combe had never known until that moment how many Indians there were scattered through the timber of British Columbia.

The hog's back was dotted with their camp fires and tents; a line of them stretched across the big meadow; another body of them held the road to Soia Creek. The ranch was as regularly invested as if its foes had been European troops instead of mere redskins. With infinitely more cunning than even Combe had given them credit for, the Chilcats had allowed the white men to return unmolested to their lair, only to find themselves in a trap from which there appeared to be no escape unless Toma or Fairclough had won through and could bring help.

Until this last morning Jim had felt certain that one or other would succeed in getting through; but now, seeing the methodical way in which the Indians had conducted the campaign, he not only doubted, he disbelieved it, and when he met Kitty a little later, her pretty face pale and troubled, a great wave of pity and remorse, almost unmanned him.

In his anguish of mind he tried to speak to this little friend in the old way that had been so dear to both of them, but his tongue failed him, and she, not realizing that it was the old Jim, treated him with the coldness he had been at such trouble to teach her.

## CHAPTER XXV.

You cannot hide death any more than you can escape it. There is a subtle influence which spreads from a dead man so that even the dumb beasts feel and acknowledge it, and this atmosphere of horror has spread through the ranch house in spite of the men's reticence.

The women knew, though they asked no questions. Their eyes counted the men as they gathered for their morning meal; but if they guessed they said nothing.

Indeed, scarcely a word passed between them until the men gathered in the long room after the meal, and even then for a while no one spoke. Though for the moment the besieged were unmolested, everyone knew that the ring which surrounded them was intact, and their destruction but a question of hours.

"The men had better sleep in watches during the day, Jim. We shall want all hands on guard to-night, if Toma does not bring help before then. Horribly and his posse could hardly get through by daylight if they came."

Jim made no reply.  
"Don't you think that they will get here to-day?"

"In spite of his courage there was a shake in Rolt's voice which he could not hide. For himself he cared little, but the thought of the sweet woman who was all the world to him broke the strong man's nerve."

"Is no good fooling ourselves, Rolt, any longer. No I don't think any of our messengers are alive to-day."

The younger Fairclough turned very white, but he pulled himself together, and laughed bravely.

"You don't know my brother, Combe. There's no fear that any pack of niggers will wipe him out."

"I hope not. He is a good man and I darsay that you are right, in which case we shall have help before nightfall, but we must not calculate upon that. We've calculated too much on such things already. We've got to do something for ourselves now, right away."

"That's talking," assented Al, "and there's only one thing we can do."

"What is that?"  
"Shoot the women, and die fighting, or save them."

It was brutally said, but it had the advantage of bringing the issue plainly before every one.

"How can we save them?"  
"There's only one way. The Indians are all here now. If a man could get through that ring he'd have a clear course to Soia. There's five horses in the kitchen."

"But we can't leave the place unguarded."

"No, of course not, it's got to be one at a time till we do get through, and if no one gets through—well, then, Boss, we'd most as well take a turn at praying."

For a moment there was silence, and then someone asked:  
"Is it to be by day-light, or at night?"

"I guess it don't make no odds," replied Al. "We should have had a good show last night, but the fog has all gone. They won't do much at tackling in broad daylight, our people shoot too straight, and the Indians know it, but they'll do mighty little sleeping at night. I'd leave that to the men as goes. Kin I have that room as Jim rode for a first shot, Boss?"

It was said so quietly, that no one ignorant of the circumstances, would have guessed that the rough and grizzled old rider was offering his life, but the color came to the Boss's eyes as he answered:  
"The stakes are mine, Al, and I play them."

"Pardon, sir, I think you forget," said Anstruther, courteously, "the stakes are not all yours. Volunteers for a forlorn hope should be unmarried men. The captain's duty is to stay by his ship to the last. Al and Combe have had their turn. You will let me go."

"Nonsense, boy, you couldn't sit a horse now."

"Nor couldn't find his way if he did get through. See here, Rolt, it's Al or me for this job, and Al's wounded, so it's me," and Combe turned to leave the room.

But Anstruther caught him by the arm.

"No, by heaven, you don't Combe! It is for Mr. Rolt to decide. You are not master here. What do you say, sir? Will you shame me? Is it not my right? Combe went for me. The whole trouble is my fault. I can never hold up my head again if you don't let me go."

There was such a genuine ring of entreaty in the young fellow's voice that Rolt, looking at him, wavered.

He understood that, to a man like Anstruther, there might be worse things than death.

"Couldn't we settle it by drawing lots? That's what they always do in books."

It was Fairclough who spoke, and in the impasse to which they had come the suggestion met with some favor.

"If I agree to Mr. Fairclough's suggestion," said Rolt, seeing that the feeling of the meeting was with the last speaker, "it will only be on the understanding that all draw. I will waive my right to go first if you will all agree to that. Otherwise I go."

For a few minutes Combe and Anstruther tried to argue with him, but though the easiest-going man in British Columbia as a rule, Rolt could be sufficiently resolute upon occasion.

"It ain't no use arguing," said Al, irritably. "Seems to me we had ought to know the Boss by now. He's that blank contrary that if every one else was keeping Christmas, he'd put in the day hauling gravel. May as well cut for the deal if he says so."

This settled it, and Rolt, turning to Anstruther, asked him to get a pack of cards from Mrs. Rolt.



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When Anstruther had gone to get the cards, Rolt turned to Combe:  
"Is it any good keeping this from the ladies? They might prevent his going if the lot should fall to him. Nothing else will, and I don't believe that he could sit a horse for a mile. His ribs can't be knit yet."

"Don't you worry about that coat, Boss. He ain't used to our range yet, but he's a bit of good stuff and harder nor you think. Let him be and give him a fair show. It's five to one against his getting the deal anyway. But you kin tell the ladies. They aren't the sort to holler."

"Thank you, Al, old friend. I knew what might come in."

It was Mary Rolt herself who spoke, having come in quietly while the men were talking, with Kitty by her side, whose young beauty was woefully marred by the strain of the last few days.

If any one had had time to notice such things then, he might have been struck by the contrast between the two women. A face is after all only the window which a soul looks through, so that whereas the pink and white had died from Kitty's soft cheek, the pretty curls lost their soft coquetry, the dimple became almost a hollow, and she herself a very worn and wistful shadow of the spoiled darling of the ranch; in the other woman the strain had only emphasized every bright line in her clear-cut face, made firmer the curve of her sweet lips, and given depth to her fearless eyes.

Rolt looked at her and in his eyes was the pride without which love is not perfect.

"You know what we are going to do Mary, and you know that I am cutting with the rest?"

"Of course. You could do nothing else. I will cut first for you, Dick, Lowest deals, of course?"

She had cast the cards on the table, and now stood facing the men, a tall, slight figure, as calm to all outward seeming as if this were but the beginning of a game of bridge.

(To be continued.)

## GERMAN PEOPLE SUFFER.

An Editor Blames the Newspapers for the Present Condition.

A significant light is thrown upon the present state of public opinion in Germany by the following publication published in the Tag, of Berlin, over the signature of Herr Julius Biehern, the editor of the Volkszeitung, of Cologne:

"Even for the so-far victorious Central Powers, and above all for Germany, which carries the heaviest weight, the war is very hard."

"The battlefields are soaked with the blood of our youth, and more and more one feels the terrible void left in every domain of our life. It is not surprising that everywhere in Germany there is manifested a pessimistic opinion about our situation. The main responsibility for this state of spirit rests with the German press, which has always underestimated the strength and courage of our enemies."

"Our German papers are responsible for the pessimism which increases every day in Germany, as they also were responsible for the open-mouthed and foolish optimism, not less dangerous, which preceded the present depression."

That statement suggests that they see things more plainly in Cologne than in Berlin.

## The Headache Excuse.

"Does your wife suffer from headaches much?"  
"Only when I want her to do something that she doesn't want to do."

## The Farm

### Importance of Good Pasture.

In live-stock farming the pasture land is becoming a very important factor. With ample silo capacity, plus soil and climatic conditions favorable for the production of corn, a farmer can winter a goodly number of live stock on 100 acres. He then gradually cuts into the pastures to provide more land only to find that his wintering problems have vanished and have been replaced by the difficulty of procuring sufficient grass for summer. When labor was reasonably plenty the old pasture land could be made to yield more abundantly under hoad crops or grain than under grass, and for several years there was much breaking of the sod and a continual diminution of the permanent pastures. At present, with few farm laborers available, one man on 100 or 150 acres will find it difficult to maintain the balance he has adopted between his cultivable and grass land, and will probably be obliged to relinquish some fields permanently cropped. Too often the pasture receive no consideration except adequate fencing, and here is where we lose through neglect. A farmer is a busy man in summer, and has little time to devote to his store or growing cattle. Nevertheless they should be thriving and putting on gains, for if this is not accomplished during the grass season they will make costly cows or feeders. In some instances it requires 3 acres of grass for one cattle beast, this is too much; often two head are maintained on each acre, and we have seen grass land that would and did support one head per acre. The latter condition is getting near the ideal. On Jersey Island, with an area of 28,717 acres, there were about 40,000 head of cattle kept for years, but the soil is fertile and the climate mild. Undoubtedly the character of the soil and the nature of the summer weather are influential factors in determining the possibilities of our pasture land, yet viewing these from the standpoint of averages we do not so handle our grass lands as to induce them to carry the numbers they should.

If there is to be an increase in pasture land, as we expect there will, some thought and attention should be given to the matter. First, as regards seeding, a clover and timothy sod is not the most productive. When to be used for pasture land, it should be seeded with a mixture of grasses and with the kinds that are likely to bear in different periods of the season. On low-lying land, red top is useful, and alsike clover does well, both to be sown with timothy and red clover in diminished quantities. A mixture of red clover, timothy meadow fescue, Kentucky blue grass, white clover and red top grass will make a far better pasture than will timothy and clover sod.

Second, as regards fertilization there is much that can be done. Up-land pastures can be improved very much by a top-dressing of barnyard manure, and where this has been done it has paid handsomely. Sheep manure, however, should not be applied to land where sheep are allowed to graze. Disease and insect pests are spread in this way. Basic slag is a good invigorator, and bone meal is serviceable, particularly where phosphates are required. Lime, too, will often effect a change for the better.

A whole book could be written on the care of pastures, but it is our object here only to direct the attention of our readers to the importance of their grazing lands. They are becoming an important part of each farm holding, and when the maximum number of animals per acre can be carried over summer a step will be made towards the maintenance of more live stock.—Farmer's Advocate.

### Working Horses in Hot Weather

In hot weather many horses that are put to strenuous work will be unseasoned and should be given light work at first. This should be gradually increased until finally they are doing the amount of work required daily. A horse not in condition when only slightly exerted will perspire freely and the perspiration will be of a lathery consistency. He will soon become fatigued and if continued at work will later show respiratory disturbances, which also occur in any horse that is being over worked. The respiratory symptoms can be detected by jerky exhalations. Over-working of an animal predisposes him to hear dilation; pulmonary congestion, heaves and diseases of the bones, joints and tendons. In warm weather it is very important that the horse be housed in a well ventilated stable.—S. O'Toole, North Dakota Experiment Station.

### Dairy Wisdom.

As soon as the flies begin to put in an appearance be ready with your spray. Spray the cows all over from head to heels before putting them in pasture in the morning, and do the same after milking in the evening. The flies keep at their deadly work at night-time as well as during the day, so spray at night also. If cows are sprayed before milking be careful to omit the udder, as a disagreeable odor will get into the milk. There is no such effect if spraying after milking. The result of the tormenting of flies is a very great lessening of the milk flow.

Do not put the calves in a pasture to be tormented with flies. The young calf's skin is thin and the attacks of flies will retard the growth. Young calves should have clean, roomy box stalls. They should be fed regularly, and be kept comfortable and happy.

Calves can be very unhappy in a dingy, dirty, stinking pen, and they show their discomfort as plainly as words could tell. Such conditions mean loss to the careless owner.

A pasture near the farm buildings, with a good shelter and little stanchions to confine the calves while they are eating and drinking their rations, can be used.

If any cow is to drop a calf, be sure to keep her in a quiet box stall a week or ten days before she is due. Feed her carefully and watch her udder. Never allow a cow to calve in the open pasture.

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## Laundry Starch

When shortening a branch, leave a few twigs at the end to draw the sap to the freshly cut wound and thus enable the growing layer under the bark to heal it over.

In trimming small branches or shoots, the cut must be made just above a bud.

When several branches come out from the trunk in a whorl, they should not all be cut away at the same time lest the tree be girdled. This arrangement of branches occurs frequently in the coniferous trees.—American Forestry.

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## POULTRY

### Feeding the Growing Chicks.

When chicks are confined in a pen or small yard near the house they usually receive plenty of feed and clean water, but after they are six or eight weeks old and put out on free range it is more difficult to give them the required attention. Frequently they are not all around for feed at the regular feeding time and some birds of the flock get more than their share. Although the growing chicks have the run of the place and can pick up a good deal of feed, special care is required to force development and prepare the pullets for early laying. A stunted chick will never make a profitable hen. Grit, green feed and meat food can usually be gathered in the fields. For the grain ration there is no one grain that will take the place of wheat, but it should be good wheat. A successful poultryman when speaking of feeds for poultry, remarked that poor wheat or other grain is expensive at any price. He will not feed frozen or burnt wheat to his fowl, but endeavors to get the best on the market and feeds it in small quantities or three times a day to get better results are obtained where they have access to feed at all times. A variety of feeds is necessary for the quickest development. Equal parts of middlings, bran, ground oats and cornmeal with about 5 per cent of meat food makes a good ration to keep in the open hopper. These feeds furnish material for the development of bone, muscle and feathers. Middlings or low grade flour and corn-meal soaked in sour milk makes a splendid mash to supplement the other feeds.

Fowl of all ages require a considerable quantity of water and it should be supplied them fresh every day. Dirty water or dirty drinking fountains cause and spread disease. The birds should frequently be examined for lice and if any are found grease could be applied to their heads and under the wings, and the sleeping quarters sprayed with kerosene or some prepared louse killer. With good attention and plenty of feed cockerels should be ready for the fattening crates when between four and five months old and the pullets sufficiently developed to commence laying when six months old. About 4 pounds of grain including dry mash will produce one pound of chicken. Where birds are neglected it may take a good deal more grain than this to put on a pound of flesh. The method of feeding that will give quick development is the most profitable system.—Farmer's Advocate.

Using Nature's Methods.  
That the hen is not likely to be displaced altogether by mechanical methods for rearing chickens, is the opinion of a successful poultry farmer who does things on a large scale. This man hatched over 3,000 chicken with incubators and hens this year. When each 200-egg incubator was set, he planned to set also 12 hens, so when the eggs hatched he could give the incubator chickens to part of the hens and save artificial brooding troubles. Six hens would usually take care of the natural hatched chicks and the artificially hatched ones were given to the other six hens. This plan worked out very satisfactorily and fully sixty per cent. of the chickens live to maturity.

Artificial brooders, according to this poultryman, are not however, an entire failure if good men can be had to look after them. Electric heated ones are far more satisfactory than hot water or hot air styles, as they give a steady dry heat that can be evenly distributed, thus preventing crowding. A satisfactory system of ventilation can also be operated which is very beneficial. Significant is the fact, however, that with electric and all other styles of brooders at his disposal, this poultryman still uses the clucking hen for rearing chickens on the large scale.

### Chicks Must Have Ash.

A rapidly growing chick gains not only in flesh but makes bone at the same rate, and in order to make this necessary bone growth a large amount of ash is required in the form of lime and phosphates. Some of this is furnished from vegetable juices, but it must also be furnished from animal and mineral sources. Shell and grit are the two most common mineral sources, while beef scrap and granulated bone are the most common animal sources. Beef scrap should not be fed in excess, as bone is the most reliable source from which to obtain the bulk of this animal requirement.

### The Blushing Brides.

"Why are brides generally expected to be blushing as they walk down the aisle?"  
"I suppose," replied Suffron Long, glancing cautiously about and lowering his voice, "that a good many of them blush to think how they are going to subdue the lords of creation after they've safely got them."

If you must put them in pasture please don't put them in a pig pasture