

"BELA"

In the end Sam announced his intention of investigating the kitchen mysteries. Bela chased him back to his seat, belaboring his back soundly with a broom-handle. The company looked on a little scandalized. They knew by instinct the close connection between love and horse-play.

The party broke up early. Up to tonight every man had felt that he had an equal chance, but now Bela was making distinctions. As soon as they finished eating, they wandered outside to smoke and make common cause against the laterloper. For their usual card-game they adjourned to Stuffy and Mahooly's.

Only Joe and Sam were left, one sitting on each side of the fire with that look in his eyes that girls know of determination not to be the first to leave.

Bela came and sat down between them, with a look on her face expressed a calm disinterestedness now. The young men showed the strain of the situation each according to his nature. Joe glowered and ground his teeth. While Sam's eyes glittered, and the corners of his mouth turned up obstinately.

"The fool!" thought the latter. "To give me such an advantage. He can't hide how sore he is. I will entertain the lady."

"That's a great little team of mine! They keep me laughing all day with their ways. They're in love with each other. At night I picket Sambo, and the other night Sambo stole some of her oats when she wasn't looking, and she was sore. She didn't say anything, but waited till he went to sleep, then she stole off and hid behind the willows."

"Well, say, when he woke up there was a deuce of a time! He ran around that stake about a hundred times a minute, squealing like a pig at the sight of the knife. Miss Dink saw him all right, but she just stayed behind the willows laughing."

"After a time she came walking back real slow, and looking somewhere else. Say, he nearly ate her up. All the way around the bay he was promising he'd never steal another oat, so how he bob! but she was cool toward him."

Bela laughed contently. She loved stories about animals. While he talked on in his light style Sam was warily measuring his rival.

"I'll be the biggest job I ever tackled," he thought. "He's got thirty pounds on me, and ring training. But he's out of condition and I'm fit. He loses his head easily. I'll try to get him going. Maybe I can turn a trick. I've got to do it to make good up here. That would establish me for good."

"At the end of one of Sam's stories Bela stood up. "Time for go, both!" she said succinctly.

"Sam got up laughing. "Nothing uncertain about that," he said. He waited for Joe by the door.

Joe was sunk in a sullen rage. "Go ahead," he said, sneering.

"After you," Sam retorted with a smile.

Joe approached him threateningly, and they stood one on each side of the door, sizing each other up with hard eyes. The smallest move from either side would have precipitated the conflict then. Bela slipped through the other door and came around the house.

"Joe!" she called from in front. "The doves through the door, followed by Sam."

"Anyhow he didn't make me go first," thought the latter.

Bela faced them with her most scornful air. "You are foolish! Both of you! Lak dogs that growl. Go home!"

Somewhat sheepishly they went to their respective teams. Bela turned back into the house. As they drove away, side by side, they looked at each other again. Sam laughed suddenly at a low melodramatic scowl.

"Well, ta-ta, old scout!" he said, mockingly.

"Dama you!" said Joe, thickly. "Keep away from me! If you tread on my toes you're going to get hurt. I've a hard fist for them I don't like!"

Sam sneered. "Keep your toes out of my business. I don't want them to tread on any time you want."

Joe drove off around the bay, and Sam headed for Griev's Point, whistling.

Next morning he awoke smiling at the sun. Somehow since yesterday the world was made over. As usual he had a better thought at the edge of an ordinary beach, stripping, he plunged into the key lake, and emerged pink and happy.

After dressing and feeding his horse, upon surveying his own grub—saw-pork and cold hambock!—he took him about five seconds to decide to breakfast at Bela's. This meant the hard work of loading his wagon on an empty stomach. Unpacking the horse was done, he got to work with a will.

Three hours later he drove in, because she stopping house, and hitching the team to the tree, left them a little while empty. Other breakfast guests had gone and gone.

"Oh, Bela!" he cried.

She stuck her head in the other

door. Her expression was severely non-committal.

"Bela, my stomach's as empty as a stocking on the floor! I feel like a drawn chicken. For the love of mercy fill me up!"

"It's half-past eight," she said, coldly.

"I know, but I had to load up before I could come. A couple of slices of breakfast bacon and a cup of coffee! Haven't tasted coffee in months. They say your coffee is a necktie for the gods!"

"I can't be cooking all day!" said Bela, flouncing out.

Nevertheless, he heard the stove-lids clatter aside, and the sound of the kettle drawn forward. He was going to get fresh coffee at that!

In a few minutes it was set before him; not only the coffee with condensed milk, a luxury north of fifty-four, but fried fish as well, and a plate of steaming cakes. Sam fell to with a groan of ecstasy. Bela stood for a moment watching him with her inscrutable, detached air, then turned to go out.

"I say," called Sam with his mouth full, "pour yourself a cup of coffee, and come and drink it with me."

"I never eat with the boarders," she stated.

"Oh, hang it!" said Sam, like a lord, "you give yourself too many airs! Go and do what you're told."

He found a delicious, subtle pleasure in ordering her about. As for Bela, she gasped a little and stared, then her eyes fell—perhaps she liked it too. Anyhow, she shrugged indifferently, cast a look out of the window to see if anyone was coming up the road, and disappeared in the kitchen. Presently she returned with a steaming cup and, sitting opposite Sam, stirred it slowly without looking up.

Sam's eyes twinkled wickedly. "That's better. You know with all these fellows coming around and praising up your grub and everything, you're beginning to think you're the regular queen of Beaver Bay. You need to be taken down a peg."

"Bless you, I don't care," she asked.

"Bless you, I don't care," replied Sam. "I'm only telling you for your own good. I don't like to see a nice girl get her head turned."

"What's the matter with you so quick?" retorted Bela. "You're talking pretty big since yesterday."

Sam laughed delightedly. His soul was not deceived by her scornful airs, nor was hers by his pretended hectoring. While they abused each other, each was thrilled by the sense of the other's nearness. Moreover, each knew how it was with the other.

Sam, having eaten his fill, planted his elbows and leaned nearer to her across the narrow board. She did not draw back. Under the table their moccasined feet touched by accident, and each breast was shaken. Bela slowly drew her foot away. Their hands involuntarily came closer. The sweetness that emanated from her almost overpowered him.

His breath came quicker; his eyes were languorous and teasing. Bela gave him her eyes and he saw into them a thousand fathoms deep. It was that exquisite moment when the heart sees what the tongue will not yet acknowledge, when nearness is sweeter than touch. Yet he said with curling lip:

"You need a master!"

And she answered scornfully: "You couldn't do it."

There was a sound of wheels outside. They sprang up. Sam swore under his breath. Bela looked out of the door.

"It's Joe," she said.

Sam hardened.

"You've got to go," she said swiftly and preemptorily. "You've finished eating. I won't have no trouble here."

Sam scowled. "Well—I'll go after he comes in," he returned, doggedly. "I won't run away at the sight of him."

Joe entered with a sullen air. He had already seen Sam's team outside.

"Morning," said Sam. His was the temper that is scrupulously polite to an enemy.

Joe muzzled in his throat.

"Well, I'm just off," observed Sam.

"How's the mud?"

Joe sneered. "No worse than usual," he replied.

It was hard for Sam to go after the sneer. He hesitated. But he had promised. He looked at Bela, but she would not meet his eye. Finally he shrugged and went out. They heard him talking to his horses outside. Joe, scowling and avoiding Bela's eye, dropped into the seat the other man had vacated.

"Breakfast," he muttered.

Bela knew very well that it was his custom to eat before he started out in the morning. She said nothing, but glanced at the clock on the dresser.

"Ah! you'll feed him any time he wants!" snarled Joe.

"I treat everybody the same," she answered, coolly. "You can have breakfast if you want it."

"Well, I do," he muttered.

She went into the kitchen and started her preparations. Returning, she cleared away the dirty dishes, not, however, before Joe had marked the second cup on the table.

When she put his food before him he said: "Get yourself a cup of coffee and sit down with me." He was really trying to be agreeable, not, however, with much success.

"I got work to do," Bela mildly objected.

He instantly flared up again. "Ah! I thought you treated everybody the same!"

Bela shrugged, and, bringing coffee, sat down opposite him.

There was a silence. Joe, merely playing with the food on his plate, watched her with sullen, pained eyes,

trying to solve the riddle of her. One could almost see the simple mental operations. Sam got along with her by jollying her. Very well, he would do the same.

"I ain't such a bad sort when I'm took right," he began, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious.

"No?"

"I like my joke as well as another."

"Yes?"

"You're a deep one," he said, with a leer, "but you can't fool me."

"Eat your breakfast," said Bela. "This mysteriousness is a bluff!"

"Maybe."

Lacking encouragement, he couldn't keep this up long. He fell silent again, staring at her hungrily. Suddenly, with a sound between an oath and a groan, he swept the dishes aside. Bela sprang up warily, but he was too quick for her. Flinging an arm across, he seized her wrist.

"By George! I can't stand it any longer!" he cried. "What's behind that smooth face of yours? Ain't you got no heart making a man burn in hell like me?"

"Let go my arm!" said Bela.

"You're mine!" he cried. "You're got to be! I've said it, and I stick to it. If any man tries to come between us I'll kill him!"

"Let go my arm!" she repeated.

"Not without a kiss!"

Instantly Bela was galvanized into action. Some men are foredoomed to choose the wrong moment. Joe was hopelessly handicapped by the table between them. He could not use his strength. As he sought to draw her toward him, Bela, with her free hand, dealt him a stinging buffet on the ear.

They fell among the dishes. The coffee scalded him, and he momentarily relaxed his hold. Bela wriggled clear, unknissed. Joe capsized of his own weight, and, slipping off the edge of the table, found himself on his back among broken dishes on the floor.

He picked himself up, scarcely improved in temper. Bela had disappeared. He sat down to wait for her, dogged, sheepish, a little inclined to weep out of self-pity.

Even now he would not admit the fact that she might like another man—a small, insignificant man—better than himself. Joe was the kind of man who will not take a refusal.

In a few minutes, getting no sign of her, he got up and looked into the tent kitchen. Old Mary Otter was there, alone, washing dishes with a perfectly bland face.

"Where's Bela?" he demanded, scowling.

"Her gone to company house for see Beattie's wife mak' jam puddin'," answered Mary.

Joe stared out of the door scowling and drove away. His horses suffered for his anger.

CHAPTER XX.

Joe found the usual group of gossipers in the store of the French outfit. Beside the two traders, there were two of the latest arrivals from the outside, a policeman off duty, and young Mattison, of the surveying party, who had ridden in on a message from Graves, and was taking his time about starting back.

Up north it is unfashionable to be in a hurry. Of them all only Stuffy, in his little compartment at the back, was busy. He was totting up his beloved figures.

Joe found them talking about the night before, with references to Sam in no friendly strain. Joe had the wit to conceal from them a part of the rage that was consuming him, though it was not easy to do so. He sat down in the background, and for the most part kept his mouth shut. Anything that anybody could say against Sam was soon and drunk to him.

"Bless if I can see what the girl sees in him," said Mahooly. "There are better men for her to pick from."

"He's spotted our place, damn him!" said another. "The plan won't be the same again."

"Who is this fellow, Sam?" asked one of the newcomers.

"A damn ornery little cook who's got his head split," muttered Joe.

"He kept his place till he got a team to drive," said Mattison.

"What for did you want to give him the job of teaming, Mahooly?" asked Mattison.

"Matter of business," replied the trader carelessly. "He was on the spot."

"Well, you can get plenty more now. Why not fire him?"

Mahooly looked a little embarrassed.

"Business is business," he said. "I don't fancy him myself, but he's working all right."

Joe's perceptions were exhilarated by hate. He saw Mahooly's hesitation, and began speculating on what reason the trader could have for not wanting to discharge Sam. He scented a mystery. Coasting back in his mind, he began to fit a number of little things together.

Once, he remembered, somebody had told Mahooly one of the black horses had gone lame, and Mahooly had replied unthinkingly that it was not his concern. Why had he said that? Was somebody besides Mahooly backing Sam? If he could explode the mystery, maybe it would give him a handle against his rival.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd let an ex-cook put it all over you," remarked the stranger.

This was too much for Joe's self-control. A dull, brick-red crept under his skin.

"Put it over nothing!" he growled. "You come over to Bela's to-night if you want to see how I handle a cook!"

"Who is the old guy camped beside Bela's shack?" asked the stranger.

"Musgoosie's, a kind of medicine

man of her tribe," answered Mahooly. "Is he her father?"

"No; her father was a white man."

"Who was he?" Joe asked.

Mahooly shrugged. "Search me! Long before my time."

"If old Musgoosie is no relation, what does he hang around for?" asked the first questioner.

"Oh, he's always kind of looked after her," said Mahooly. "The other Indians hate her. They think she's too uppish."

"She feeds him; I guess that's reason enough for him to stick around," remarked Mattison.

Here Stuffy spoke up from his cubbyhole: "Hell! Musgoosie don't need anybody to feed him. He's well fixed. Got a first-class credit balance."

Joe, ever on the watch, saw Mahooly turn his head abruptly and scowl at his partner. Stuffy closed his mouth suddenly. Joe, possessed by a single idea, jumped to the conclusion that Musgoosie had something to do with the mystery he was on the track of. Anyhow, he determined to find out.

"A good balance?" he asked carelessly.

"I mean for an Indian," returned Stuffy thickly. "Nothing to speak of." Joe was unconvinced. He bided his time.

The talk drifted on to other matters. Joe sat thrashing his brain for an expedient whereby he might get a sight of Musgoosie's account on Stuffy's ledger.

By and by a breed came in with the news that a York boat was visible, approaching Griev's Point. This provided a welcome diversion for the company. Discussion arose as to whether it would be Stuffy and Mahooly's first boat of the season, or additional supplies for Graves. Finally they decided to ride down to the Point and see.

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"Come on, Joe," said one.

Joe assumed an air of laziness.

"What's the use?" he said. "I'll stay here and talk to Stuffy."

When they had gone Joe still sat coddling his brain. He was not fertile in experiment. He was afraid to speak even indirectly of the matter on his breast for fear of alarming Stuffy by betraying too much eagerness. Finally an idea occurred to him.

"I say, Stuffy, how does my account stand?"

The trader told him his balance.

"What?" cried Joe, affecting indignation. "I know it's more than that. You've made a mistake somewhere."

This touched Stuffy at his weakest. "I never make a mistake!" he returned with heat. "You fellows go along ordering stuff, and expect your balance to stay the same, like the widow's cruse. Come and look for yourself."

This was what Joe desired. He clonched over, grumbling. Stuffy explained how the debts were on one side, the credits on the other. Each customer had a page to himself. Joe observed that before turning up his account, Stuffy had consulted on index in a separate ledger.

(To be continued.)

MAKES CORN'S LIFF WITHOUT ANY PAIN

Takes the sting right out—cleans up right off without pain. Thousands say it's the surest thing to rid the feet of callouses, sore foot lumps or corns. Don't suffer—that's foolish—buy a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it does the trick quick, and is invariably satisfactory. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A Quaint Old English Custom.

Of the many forms of wedding ring which have been in use in various countries since marriage was made a solemn ceremony, perhaps there is none so curious as the old Gemmel ring. This was in use in our country in early times and did duty for both engagement and wedding ring. The curious part about it was the fact that it was made in three parts, woman becoming betrothed, the three parts of the ring were separated, one being worn by the man, one by the woman, and the third given into the keeping of a mutual friend, who acted as a sort of guardian or umpire to the happy pair. At the wedding itself the three parts of the ring were reassembled and put together again to form one triple ring for the bride.—Exchange.

Odd and Interesting Facts.

In the city of Kerman, Persia there are 1,000 rug and carpet looms.

China contains more American missionaries than American business men.

The shawl of Kerman (whence our word "shawl"), is either woven from the down of the goat or from wool.

Two ovens of the usual kind and a third on the fireless cooker principle feature a new gas range.

Its mission at last ended, the Society for the Suppression of the Indian Chinese Opium Trade, which was founded in 1874, held its last meeting in London recently.

The Puget Sound division of the Northern Pacific railroad has adopted the policy of employing women instead of men wherever women are able to do the work required.

A student of Dubuque college, who spent last summer doing home missionary work, earns his way through college by serving the members of the college community as a barber.

Since the beginning of the war, Canada has provided 414,402 volunteers for active military duty, and, in addition, has sent 21,250 British reservists and 10,000 men for the aerial and naval services.

When fish of the deep sea chase their prey or rise for some reason high above the ocean bed, the gases of their swimming bladder expand and they become light.

Australian hardwoods rival mahogany in beauty and susceptibility of polish, and are unsurpassed among the world's timbers in strength, durability and resistance to fungus and insect attacks.

May Be the Oldest Book.

In an ancient Samaritan synagogue at Shechem a double roll of parchment is guarded jealously and is zealously preserved. It was to specimen that Abraham came in his first visit to Canaan. Near Shechem, Jacob sank his famous well, and the returning Israelites heard here for the first time the voice of Joshua. Shechem was the first residence of the kings of Israel and was a city of no moment. Here at Jacob's well Jesus met the Samaritan woman. Here the great Justin Martyr was born. After the division of Israel into two kingdoms Shechem became the religious center of the northern kingdom, the Jacobson's self-appointed faith degenerated into the Samaritan worship of our Lord's day which is perpetuated in the old synagogue which holds the scroll. This double roll of parchment, possibly the oldest in the world, contains the first five books in the Old Testament and may be as old as the days of Jeremiah.—"Christian Herald."

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bad habits by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send you a FREE mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send me a note, and I will write you to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urticaria difficulties by day or night. Address:

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GREAT ADVANCE OF AIR CAMERA

Three Years of War Has Done Wonders.

Pilots Do Fine Work for the Allies.

Of all the many weapons used in this war that strike the public mind as novelties—the submarine, tanks, hand-bombing, airplanes, flame-throwing, poison gases—there is really not one so unique, so powerful and yet as little commented upon as the use made of the camera by the flying men. Three years ago the British had made no provision for aerophotography. Casual experiments with the camera before the war were abandoned as valueless. To-day never a battle and scarcely ever a raid is undertaken without an elaborate photography of the enemy's defenses. Before the battle of Cambrai aeroplanes soared above and behind the enemy's lines for days taking thousands of snapshots of the territory to be under attack.

It is no exaggeration to say that rapidly as the aeroplane has developed under the exigencies of war, the camera and the photographic laboratory have kept pace with it. The number of trained experts now engaged in this branch of the British service alone runs into four figures. So progressive and efficient has this organization become that an observer moving over the enemy lines in an aeroplane has been known to return to headquarters, have a print taken showing troops lining a trench, and being still fire to hear on the enemy's concentration within eighteen minutes from the taking of the photograph.

Thus the camera, allied with the aeroplane, has become one of the most powerful weapons now used in the war. It is a dependable, infallible instrument of all enemy movements. Under the microscope the photograph reveals secrets that even the trained eye of an observer might never penetrate. And it makes a permanent record, which may be studied any time at leisure and in a place of safety. No detail escapes notice. It picks out items of great significance which no human eye can detect—reports every change in the landscape made by enemy engineers of camouflage devices.

It is in attempting to pry into enemy secrets that the airman, often meets his greatest thrills. Pieces of enemy military construction that arouse the suspicions of the intelli-

A DISLIKE FOR FOOD

VICTIMS OF INDIGESTION OFTEN DISLIKE THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF FOOD.

Every healthy man and woman should have a natural desire for food at meal times. This means that the digestion is in working order and that the blood is in good condition. But if you feel a dislike for food—if the sight and smell of wholesome food repels you—then you may be sure that it is not well! If after a night's rest you have no appetite for breakfast, your digestion requires attention. If your food is distasteful, or if you feel that it is a trouble to eat, your stomach is rebelling. You do not digest properly the food you are taking and therefore not hungry.

All these symptoms of a disordered digestion mean that the blood is not absorbing proper nourishment from food, for the work of the blood is to collect proper nourishment from food and impart it to the system. The stomach tries to refuse food, the nutrient from which the blood cannot absorb, and this causes the lack of appetite. If you force yourself to eat the undigested food becomes a clog to the system. Nature is warning you. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone give the blood the richness and purity that it requires to perform its natural function. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the most obstinate cases of indigestion—why they will cure any trouble due to poor blood. Miss Lizzie Ashton, Thamesville, Ont., says: "I suffered for years with stomach trouble. At times the distress was so great that vomiting would follow, and there was always severe pain after eating. I tried several remedies, but they did not help me. On the contrary the trouble was growing worse, and got so bad at last that I could not keep anything on my stomach. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gradually the trouble began to leave me, and I regained good health and enjoyment of food. I make this statement voluntarily so that others may know of the wonderful results that follow the use of this medicine."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

gence officer must be photographed. If the construction is of any importance the Hun will have a nest of anti-aircraft guns planted and battle-planes held in readiness to drive away any British machines. Naturally it takes nerve for an airman to go out on such a mission. But it has become a point of honor with squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps to get every photograph they are ordered to get. Upon a single photograph may depend the success of a whole operation involving weeks of planning and hundreds of lives.

To be successful in this work an aviator must, of course, have courage. But he must have more. He must be sufficient in map reading. He must be familiar with many tricks and tactics of flying. He must have confidence in his ability to handle his machine gun no less than his skill in using the camera. So when a cadet is being trained in the Royal Flying Corps his training covers many duties and is full of fascinating interests from day to day. No aviator goes to France without knowing all the tricks of the game that three years of close-packed experience have taught.

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Early morning is the best for black bass on small streams, later part of the day till sundown very good. Cloudy days mizzly good, especially if cool. For fly fishing for bass—early morning hours and an hour before dark best time. If full moon even later gets the big ones.—New York Sun.

TEACH THE CHILDREN:


That it does not take long to be careful. That fire and matches are not playthings. That rusty nails in old boards may cause blood-poisoning. That swimming in unknown waters is dangerous. That they should Stop, Look and Listen before crossing any roadway. That the roadway is an unsafe playground. That fallen or hanging wires may be "live" wires. That they should never get on or off a moving street-car. That bicycles should not be ridden on busy streets.

CHARITY.

(Washington Star.) "The kind of charity that begins at home," said Blake Elden, "mostly ain't got no home."

Silicosis. Do you believe in long engagements? (Cynics—Sure. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married.)

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A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food, the gases and acids resulting therefrom are absorbed by the blood which in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms called headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.