

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

"Cut the ropes or pull the pegs," gasped Al, and his own jack knife snickered and slashed at the ropes, reckless of their heels or of any who might be on the trail of him.

"Now jump on and git," he cried. "I'll finish 'em. Jump, blank it, jump!" he screamed, as the Boss hesitated, and a crashing of brush in the direction of the fires warned him that the minutes of grace had all but expired.

Rolt obeyed him as the last rope was severed, and Al, losing his head at last, cried in his triumph, "Now catch us, you swine!" as he swung himself on to the back of the last horse and galloped into the bush.

As if in answer to his taunt, a dozen Indians dashed into the opening, and four or five rifles were fired point blank at the retreating figure.

Luckily his horse was not hit, but for a moment the Indian swayed and all but toppled from his seat. But though he rode bare-backed, he got his grip again, and in spite of the deadly sickness which took him and the warm trickle from the numbed shoulder, he managed to stick on, whilst the loose horses, frightened by the shooting, thundered past, jostling him as they went, into the darkness in which Rolt had vanished.

For a mile, perhaps, he let his horse gallop, almost lying on its neck to avoid overhanging boughs, maintaining a precarious position by holding on to the horse's mane with his unjured hand.

Sorely against his will he had to let his horse go. If his enemies caught him the rifle would be useless now, and he had all that he could do for the one good arm left him.

When at last he came out upon the prairie he reduced his pace to a lope and sat up, muttering as he guided his horse with his knees and tried to hold up his wounded arm with his left hand.

"Winged, blank them, but not bagged yet, nor goin' to be by any means," he muttered, but though his words were brave his sleeve was very sodden with a warm sticky fluid which still continued to ooze into it, and he was growing so dim of sight and dizzy that he would have ridden right into Rolt, had not his horse shied.

Then for the first time since he had grown to man's estate, the old man cut a voluntary, but even then he held on to the halter rope, and managed to murmur:

"All right, Colonel. Don't shoot. I'm comin' down," but he had only a hazy idea that Rolt was blocking the way, his rifle resting across his horse's back, and of what happened for a while after he spoke he knew nothing.

His disgust was immense, and his scorn withering, when he sat up again with a serious bandage tied

tightly around his upper arm, and heard the Boss ask whether he thought he could sit on his horse if it were led for him.

"Sit on? Who, the blank, said I couldn't sit on! I'm only barked a bit. Must have knocked this feel head of mine agen a bough, I reckon, or I should have fell off." But for all that he couldn't remount without assistance, which he accepted only under protest, and with a perfect string of oaths, such as in ordinary times no man ever heard him use.

But once in the saddle again, he seemed to recover. It is true that he never spoke a word after the first five minutes, which was unlike Al, but he remained on his horse's back whilst the endless miles went by in the dark. Only once Rolt heard him muttering to himself, "Guess I can go on three legs as well as a buck. I never seed a buck as woud stop because I tinkered it."

That was the spirit in which he, and for the matter of that, Rolt, too, rode all that night. To be rough riders of our plains, pain or discomfort are not things to be moaned over or made much of. Like the beasts of the field in this, unless a wound is bad enough to stop the working of their machinery, they go on as if unhurt. When they lie down, it is with them, and with their rivals, the Indians, to die, and that, too, they do quietly.

Rolt and Al would willingly have given in. Their bodies cried to them for mercy, for leave to slide out of the saddle into the sweet-smelling sage brush and lie still, but though both were utterly spent, though neither had tasted food for twenty-four hours, and one was badly wounded, the thought of the lonely ranch with the two women in it was always before their eyes, and kept them plodding on, trying hard to abstract their minds from the painful present, which had to be lived through. The night waxed and waned for them, riding in this fashion, whilst the unseen troop of Indian horses pattered behind them, now stopping to graze, now galloping after them in alarm lest they should lose sight of their mates.

With the first streak of dawn they debouched upon the edge of the home pasture, powdered by a thin fall of snow.

"Rufus, and Old Regent," muttered Rolt, as he paused for a moment by two snow-sprinkled carcasses. "What accursed butchery!"

"There's more of the same kind," replied Al feebly, pointing to other similar mounds. "They've rounded up and killed all the stock they could come near; but thank God for that!" and he held his one hand out towards the ranch house which came in sight as he spoke.

It still stood untouched as far as they could see, nor was there an Indian in sight in all the country which surrounded it.

Rolt made an inarticulate sound. His lips seemed for the moment unable to move, and then, pointing to the house, he managed to say, "Can you—"

"Of course I can, blank it!" replied the old man, with a sudden flash of energy. "You'd have ridden on an hour ago if you hadn't been such an unmitigated idiot!" but as the Boss spurred his horse over the rise and down the long meadow which led to all he loved, Al suddenly collapsed, and murmuring: "Your white, pretty blanked white, Rolt," slid easily out of his saddle, rolled, and lay still, whilst his horse, after one sport of surprise, began to feed slowly away from his prostrate form.

Al had drawn upon his endurance to the very last ounce, and when, a quarter of an hour later, Jim Combe came to bring him in, he found the old man still unconscious where he had fallen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the absence of Rolt, Jim Combe took command of the party at the ranch, and military law was declared: that is to say, Jim insisted upon looking on the house as in a state of siege, though, as Anstruther protested, there was not an Indian in sight nor, he averred, ever likely to be again.

The men were divided into watches, so that there was not an hour of the day or night when some of them were not on guard, whilst no work was undertaken which could lead the defenders to any distance from their base.

On the first day after the departure of the posse, shots were heard over the hog's back, and Jim, who made a reconnaissance in person, reported that a band of Chiloteens was killing cattle, but though the loss inflicted would be serious, he would not listen to Anstruther's suggestion that an attempt should be made to drive off the marauders.

He was determined that the story of the burning stacks should not be repeated. It was better to lose anything than to expose the women to the danger of a rush upon the house.

On the second day there was not even the sound of a shot to keep up the vigilance of the defenders, and the scouting party sent out by Jim reported all clear to the sky line.

"Our people have driven the Indians clear out of the country," asserted Anstruther. "Arson is the limit of their daring. It is not likely that such miserable devils would make a stand against armed white men."

But Jim thought otherwise, and decreed the destruction of certain barns and outhouses beyond the corral, as affording dangerous cover for an attacking force.

They are valuable buildings in a country where lumber is not plentiful as it is at the coast, and Mrs. Rolt watched the destruction of them with a sore heart.

"It seems a pity, doesn't it?" she said, as she and Kitty, with Anstruther, watched Jim and his men at work. "But I suppose Jim is right."

"He must be," asserted Anstruther, but his tone belied his words. "It would be a terrible sell if the Indians really had gone for good, as Mr. Anstruther thinks."

"We could put up with that, Kitty, don't you think, although I confess that I don't like seeing my buildings go."

"Why don't you tell Jim to let them stand till Mr. Rolt comes back?" You tell him, Mr. Anstruther."

"I? Scarcely, Miss Kitty. Jim is commander-in-chief. I am only the invalid. I am not even honored with a place on guard."

"Jim does not think you are fit for duty yet, and you know that you are not."

"I know that I am fit for very little, but I should like to try to be of some use, if the admirable Jim would let me," said Mr. Anstruther.

"He gives you the place of honor as our special guard, sir."

"Yes, he is good enough to consider me fit to be left with—in charge of the ladies."

Mrs. Rolt smiled. She understood what he would have said, and did not make allowances either for the impatience of an invalid or the impatience of a man put at a disadvantage in the eyes of the women he loved.

"Try to put up with us yet a little while," she said, "Dick will be back soon, now."

Kitty said nothing until he had left the room, then she turned to her friend:

"I think Jim treats Mr. Anstruther pretty badly."

"Badly? What do you mean, Kitty? He sees that he has the best of everything, and never asks him to do a hand's turn. What more can Mr. Anstruther expect?"

"I think he would rather have less consideration as an invalid and more work as a man."

"But he can't do anything."

"Jim might let him try."

"At any other time, yes, and so no doubt he would, and do his work for him after he had made a mess of it, but Jim can't afford to think of people's feelings just now, and to be candid, I don't think your friend is showing to advantage. We have done all we can for him, and now he sulks."

Kitty flushed to the temples. She knew that there was more than a shadow of truth in Mrs. Rolt's charge, but her sympathies were with Frank, though even to her he had been curiously cold and distant since Jim's return.

Never in her life had Kitty's bright temper been more sorely tried than during those days of siege. She had

been used all her life to have men for her playmates. Now she had no playmates; she had not even a lover. Since his return to the ranch Jim had watched over her and Mrs. Rolt with the most unflinching courtesy; had for gotten nothing; had forestalled every wish; and even to Anstruther had been courteous itself, but avoiding any outward demonstration, he had kept Kitty at a distance.

So had her patient. Everything that a man could do to show his gratitude Frank had done, but in some undefinable way he had drawn himself further away from her every day, until to the poor little woman, the love that had been so nearly spoken seemed now but a dream of her own imagining.

Each of the men seemed bent on leaving her to the other. She detested Jim for his many perfections and could not love Frank because he simply would not let her.

(To be continued.)

THIEF OBEYED THE LAW.

How He Implicitly Obeyed An Order of the Magistrate.

"Breaking and entering" is a rare crime on the island of Mangala, in the Cook group, but an amusing instance of it is described in "Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon's Visit to the South Sea Islands."

The criminal, whose outward demeanor was of the quietest, but who to a close observer, was more nervous than he thought he showed, pleaded guilty. The judge, after taking evidence as to his character and so forth, said, "You have admitted committing a very serious offence, and one that rarely occurs in the Cook Islands. You have brought discredit on yourself, on your people and on this island; and you will now pay a visit to another island, upon which you have no friends, and will have to work hard."

The culprit was then sentenced to six months' imprisonment on the island of Manua, one of the Hervey Islands. In extenuation of his crime we were told that, as often happens, there was a woman at the bottom of it. A trader had imported some ladies' patent-leather boots of fashionable Parisian style, with silver buckles in front. Several of the young islanders whose means permitted had bought boots and presented them to their lady loves. The sweetheart of the prisoner had said, "Why don't you get me a pair?" So, having no money, he had gone to the store when the owner was asleep, was caught in the act, owned up like a man, and had to do penance.

The visitors asked if there were no probation act? But Judge Gudgeon said, "No!"

"Seeing," said one of the visitors, "that he did not, like Adam, make the excuse, 'The woman tempted me,' he can't be fined? We will pay the fine."

"No," said the judge, "nothing but deportation will meet the case."

The prisoner was told to go and say good-bye to his friends and to meet the boat at three o'clock. He made no attempt to escape, but went home, some distance away, and when next we saw him he was running hard to catch the boat, for he was a little behind time. Meanwhile the cause of this trouble has to wait for her boots, which the swain has promised to bring on his return from Rarotonga.

HEROIC MAJOR DECORATED.

Surrounded by Huns on Dead Man Hill, Fights His Way Back.

The battle of Verdun has been prolific of heroic deeds. One of the most dramatic episodes of the fighting round Dead Man Hill occurred to the west of that position, where a French regiment was face to face with the German brigade.

During the hottest moment a major commanding the Third Battalion of a French regiment disappeared. His men, who worshipped him, became very anxious. It was at first reported that he was killed and then that he was a prisoner.

Suddenly they heard a well-known voice shouting, "Give, boys! Give! The major's here!" and the men came to view, his uniform in shreds, his face covered with blood and his left arm hanging limp. He had been cut off with a handful of men, and at their head fought his way through the enemy ranks until he was sent to the ground with a terrible blow from a rifle butt, which smashed his left shoulder.

Dragging himself on his hands and knees for a mile, he had eventually rejoined his men, and his first thought was to lead them once more into action. The French were successful in driving the Germans back, but the brilliant major received a second dangerous wound, in the chest, and had to be taken to the rear.

So excruciating was the pain he suffered while being operated on that to avoid groaning he sang the "Marseillaise" at the top of his voice. A few minutes later the general commanding his unit arrived at the hospital, and taking the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own uniform, pinned it on the breast of the brave officer.

And He Knew It

The Professor—I'm afraid, my dear young lady, that you find statistics very dry things.

The Dear Young Lady—Not always. Lieut. Smyth told me there were 400,000,000 people in the world and I was the prettiest girl of the lot.

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The Farm

Weaning the Farm Colt.

To keep the colt growing without interruption during weaning time and afterward, is a most important consideration in producing horses profitably. A good horseman aims to replace the milk that the colt has been accustomed to secure from its mother. Often in a few weeks during weaning time the youngster changes from the growing, sleek, milk-fat to a stiff-haired and unthrifty, stunted individual. The colt need lose but little of his flesh and spirit if properly cared for.

Grain must be used as the milk is taken away. It is necessary that the colt be taught to eat grain before weaning is attempted. Oats has always been preferred by horsemen for young colts, and is superior to any other single grain. The colt likes a mixture of a variety of grains and will thrive best on such a ration. He relishes corn and it may well be fed as part of a grain ration, but should not be fed alone nor in too great quantities. Bran is a splendid feed and contains material for bone and muscle. A mixture of oats 60 per cent, corn 30 per cent, and bran 10 per cent, makes a ration that will enable a colt to grow rapidly. A handful of alfalfa or clover hay should be provided in plenty and doubtless alfalfa or clover is the most desirable for growing colts. If, at all possible, to furnish succulent grass for the colt, it should be done.

Handling Several Colts.

If there are several colts on the farm it is best to wean all of them at the same time. The youngsters love company and by this method they will fret and worry less. If convenient the colt should be broken gradually to staying away from its mother. The door and fence of the stall or pen should be high enough so that the colt will not attempt to jump out. Proper ventilation should be furnished at weaning time, as well as some arrangement for the colt to exercise freely every day.

Just before weaning it is best to change the dam from succulent pasture to dry feed. If she is being fed grain the amount should be reduced to a minimum. This will have a tendency to reduce the milk flow. The colt should then be allowed to suckle only two or three times a day instead of being with the mother all the time, or at least overnight. It may be necessary to milk out the mare occasionally for a few days, in the case of large milk producers, and where there is a serious case for the udder to swell. Having made the change slowly, and gradually the youngster will not miss the milk greatly, and will grow without any setback if these directions are followed.—H. E. McCartney Secretary Indiana Stallion Enrollment Board.

Forage for Hogs.

To make hog production most profitable the farmer should provide pasture for his hogs whenever possible. The earlier in the year green feed can be supplied the better. Some of the age-reliant green feed, and its use always reduces the cost of producing gains on hogs. In addition, it keeps the animals in good thrifty condition. The best crops to seed in early spring are wheat, oats, rye, barley, rape, field peas, and vetch. Any of the cereals do well planted singly or in combination with rape, peas, and vetch. In certain sections, where these crops will survive the winter, they can be sown the previous fall. In sections where it is impossible to maintain a stand over winter, the crops mentioned can be sown in early spring as soon as the ground is fit.

The pigs should be turned in to pasture the cereal crops when the plants attain a height of about 6 to 8 inches, and taken off when the plants reach such a height that the pigs begin to spit the chewed material from their mouths. This is because the percentage of crude fiber, the indigestible part of the plant, increases rapidly as the plants grow larger. Green wheat, oats, rye, and barley are generally classified as carbonaceous roughages. When young, however, these contain a high percentage of protein and should be classified as nitrogenous roughages in the early stage of growth. Because the small grains when young are so nutritious and are green when frost has killed clover, they are ideal

GREAT BRITAIN'S SECRET SYSTEM

CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. HALL IS AT THE HEAD

Combats German System of Espionage and Penetrates Enemy Secrets.

Writing in the New York American, Augustus F. Beach says:

There is probably no more efficient officer in all of Great Britain than the man chosen by wise Admiralty heads to combat the German system of espionage and to penetrate at the same time the German espionage armor. He is Captain William R. Hall, at the outbreak of the war commander of the cruiser Queen Mary, destroyed in the fight off Jutland, and one of the first British commanders actually to sink a German man-o-war. This he did in the first Heligoland battle. Hall is a new fighter to the finest type, a sailor with the salt of the seven seas in his veins and hatred for no man in his heart. They made him chief of the Intelligence Division of the Navy, because he knew men as well as ships, and the rest of the world as well as Britain. I have known his encouraging smile to batter down spy disguises, where the usual third degree methods would be futile. It takes a strong man to talk an hour with Hall and not reveal himself.

Felt for the Enemy.

I never think of Hall as a secret service director without recalling an incident that occurred on the bridge of the good ship Queen Mary as she raced in to the death after scoring a fatal hit on a German cruiser in that first tussle in Heligoland Bight.

Hall is a religious man. Also, like the ablest sea fighters everywhere, he could face death himself with a hundredfold less feeling than would reach his heart at the sight of an enemy bound to the regions of Davy Jones.

Hall first found the German with a shell at seven or eight miles. The broadside from the Queen Mary tilted the enemy, and Hall rushed in at full speed. Through his glasses he could see the German turning up on end and her men crowding aft to stay out of the water as long as possible.

"I'm a bit religious, you know," Hall said to me, and I don't like to see the poor heggans going down just that way. I naturally took off my cap and said a little prayer for them. I hadn't got very far with what I had to say, though, when I sort of felt that all was not well, and I cast my eye seaward.

Dodging a Torpedo.

"Nothing but a torpedo coming dead on amidsthip! I quit praying right there long enough to throw the ship's course over, so as to parallel the course of the torpedo, if possible. Then I took off my cap again, and said a prayer for my own crew. We paralleled her all right, and she went skimming by."

This is Hall, the man who guards the secrets of the world's greatest fleet, and seeks the secrets of the next greatest. He believes you should love your enemies—and shoot straight.

Asked to name a prototype to Hall, I should at once point out Major Niccoli, chief of the espionage division of the German army. The two great differences between the two men are the first and obvious ones—one is a German and the other English. One is a soldier and the other a sailor. But they are exceedingly alike.

"Best Soldier" a Spy.

England's espionage system now is probably triple its peace footing in efficiency and numbers. Espionage, repulsive as it may be in the abstract, is a military necessity. Assign a true British soldier to espionage and he will do his work with a cleverness and tenacity that Japs or Russians, supposedly past masters in the art, could not excel. Here is an example: A German officer, whom I have met and known as a friend both in the field and in Berlin, believed for six months that in his company fought the best individual soldier that ever lived.

He was awarded an iron cross for his bravery, and soon afterward given the greatest distinction of being ordered back to Germany to study and be examined to become a commissioned officer. He finally took the examination and passed.

Two weeks later the captain was notified officially that the man had suddenly come under the suspicion of his instructors and ultimately confessed being a British spy. He was shot, but to this day his German captain will swear he was the best soldier he has ever seen.

Told the Exact Truth.

"Miss Brown told me that you paid her such a charming compliment the other evening," said Mrs. Coddington to her husband, "something about her being pretty. The poor girl was so pleased. I don't see how you men can be so untruthful."

"I should think you'd know by this time that I'm never untruthful," said Mr. Coddington, reproachfully. "I said she was just as pretty as she could be, and so she was."

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