Bouril geel makes you feel splendid

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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CHAPTER NIL—(Cont.4)

A young "man asked quarrough," of the property and t



fulness not easily taken at a disadvantage. He walked straight to Irene.

"I heard your voice," he said, in quiet tones that gave no hint of the emotion beneath. "I am very glad to see you again." He took the hand which she extended in a firm, warm grasp; there was nothing in it, as Irene protested to herself, that was more than firm and warm, but it set her finger-tips a-tingling.
"My mother, Mr. Elden," she man"My mother, Mr. Elden," she man-

poor, dear Andrew. If only he had been spared. Women are so unused to these business respons/bilities, Mr. Conward. It is fortunate there are a few reliable firms upon which we can lean in our inexperience."

"Mother has bought a house," Irene explained to Dave. "We thought this was a safe place to come—"

A look on Elden's face caused her to pause. "Why, what is wrong?" she said.

Dave looked at Conward, at Mrs. Hardy, and at Irene. He was instantly aware that Conward had "stung" them. It was common knowledge in inside circles that the bottom was going out. The firm of Conward & Elden had been scurrying for cover; as quietly and secretly as possible, to avoid alarming the public, but scurrying for cover nevertheless. And Dave had acquiesced in that policy. He had little stomach for it, but no other course seemed possible. Conward, he knew, had no scruples. Bert Morrison had been caught in his snare, and now this other and dearer friend had proved a ready victim. 'As Conward was wont to say, business is business. And he had acquiesced. His position was ed a ready victim. As Conward was wont to say, business is business. And he had acquiesced. His position was extremely difficult.

(To be continued.)

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The German woman who designed the life Remedy Company to the first "Teddy bear" is still alive, aged seventy-five.

Irene protested to herself, that was more than firm and warm, but it set her finger-tips a-tingling.

"My mother, Mr. Elden," she managed to say, and she hoped her voice was as well controlled as his had been. Mrs. Hardy looked on the clean-built young man with the dark eyes and the brown, smooth face, but the name suggested nothing. "You remember," Irene went on, "I told you of Mr. Elden. It was at his raren we stayed when father was hurt."

"But I thought he was a cow puncher," exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, with no abatement of the contempt which she always compressed into the one Western term which had smuggled into her vocabulary.

"Times change quickly in the West, madam," said Dave. There was nothing in his voice to suggest that he had caught the note in hers. "Most of our business men—at least, those bred in the country—have thrown a lasso in their day. You should hear them brag of their steer-roping yet in the Ranchmen's Club." Ifere's eyes, danced. Dave had already turned the tables; where her mother had implied contempt he had set up a note of pride. It was a matter of pride among these square-built, daring Western' men that they had graduated into their office chairs from the sad-"e and the out-of-doors.

"Oh, I suppose," said her mother, for lack of a better answer. "Everything is so absurd in the West. But you were good to my daughter, and to



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The Orthographic Bear.

winter's evening af y tea The pleasant thought occurred to r

Upon the mountain side, although And all the trails were blocked with

So, putting on a pair of skis, A helmet, lest my ears should fris, And moccasins for greater eis,

A Mackinaw and French capote, Three sweaters and an overcote, I started, muffled to the throte.

It was a crazy thing to do:

Full in my face the storm winds blo, And swift the stinging hailstones flo. Before I reached the mountain side

Panting, I sank beneath a bough. And breathed a most emphatic vough.

To make for home and do it nough.

But underneath me then and there The snow heaved up into the aere! I'd sat down on a hungry bere!

They sleep all winter, so 'tis said-But this one hadn't gone to baid, Or else his wish for sleep had flaid.

With visage that was stern and sette

He floundered at me through the wette

Dropping my last remaining skee; The bear came expeditiousle

He reared his body to its height And then, with teeth prepared to Began to climb that tree outreight.

I do not feel I ought to wait-The hour, you see, was getting lait. Down from a branch I tumbled strait.

He saw me though, that bear accursed, And reached the ground in one fine bursed-Quite rapidly, although stren fursed.

I headed home the shortest foute, The bear, a persevering broute, Followed as fast as he could scoute.

As o'er the forest snow we flew

Between lay still a yard or tew, That was the utmost he could dew. Twas an exhibarating chase,

I fortunately won the rase, And slammed my door in bruin's fase.

A Rain Maker at Naples.

Dr. Hatfield, the American "rain maker," was the subject of much ridicule on his recent arrival at Naples Everybody laughed at him and the in stallation of his apparatus provoked the most pitiless jokes. But presently it began raining in torrents in all the Neapolitan region, and now if a doctor was to offer his services against the rain the Neopolitans would receive him with enthusiasm! As to Dr. Hatfield, he suddenly left

Naples a few days before the first shower. At first they thought that with his departure he confessed his-powerlessness. But the deluge com-ing a little later proved that he had not been mistaken, or at any rate that chance had well served him.

Little Willie Jones was the most conscientious Boy Scout that had ever breathed. One evening at supper he appeared very depressed and discon-solate. His father asked him wat was the matter, and he explained that, although he had tried hard all day to think of some means of perform kind action, no opportunity had ocat the idea of having to go to bed with

out fulfilling his vow.
"Never mind," said his father; 'surely' if no opportunity has arisen nobody can blame you for not having done your good turn."

Willie, however, refused soled, and retired to bed with a heavy heart.

The following morning, when he

came down to breakfast, his expression was much more cheerful.

"You seem to have got over your troubles," remarked his father.

"Yes," replied Willie. I lay awake

worrying for some while until I could stand it no longer, so I crept down-stairs in the night and gave my white mice to the cat."

How She Did It.

The young woman across the hall in the apartment house wherein Mrs. Smith lived was given to seeking the latter's advice and views touching various matters, particularly those pertaining to married life.

"I am always marveling," said this neighbor one afternoon, "how you contrive to manage your husband so well. For instance, when you go out together, you are always ready as soon

"My method is very simple," said Mrs. Smfth. "When I see that I am not going to be ready in time I simply hide some of my husband's necess clothes and let him hunt for them

Too Much.

An Irish soldier was asked if he had met with much hostility in India.
"Oh, yes," he replied, "too much; 1 was in hospital most of the time."

