

"You want to look after that cough of yours, Howard," he said by way of dismissal. "It sounds bad, and it isn't improving."

The doctor's first year had been a prosperous one, but the second bade fair to even things out. He had worked hard now for seven years, with precious little relaxation, and that spring the reaction set in. It began with an attack of typhoid, followed by a nervous breakdown and a complete surrender on the part of the Doctor. For three months he was bedridden, paying exorbitantly for a "locum," and compelled to maintain an automobile to keep up the practice. By the beginning of July, funds were extremely low, and it was then that the specialist recommended a complete change as the only course. The doctor suggested a spell of mountaineering in the range that lay to the south as a good substitute for the proposed coast trip, and incidentally he decided to pay a visit to the sawmill at the foot of the range.

"Now, don't worry, old girl," he advised his wife on taking his departure, "I'll come back as fit as a trooper, and by the end of the year, we shall easily have restored our much exhausted funds."

The trip was to combine prospecting and angling around a central camp located only a few miles from the sawmill, and the doctor, being a capable mountaineer and woodsman, was able to dispense with a guide. The mountain air soon worked marvels, and, at the end of eight days, he was sufficiently fit to plan quite an ambitious round, which would land him by mid-day at the sawmill.

For weeks past it had been hot and still, but that morning a wind sprang up, increasing by eleven o'clock to a hurricane. Here and there forest fires began to show, and by mid-day scores of them were burning in every direction. The air became thick with smoke, blotting out the sunlight, blotting the landmarks, and rendering many of the familiar routes unrecognizable. The doctor, cut off from camp, made a wide detour in the direction of the sawmill, but only to find that the route was cut off. Fires were approaching right and left, and there was nothing for it but either to make through the timber and take one's chances, or enter a narrow gully which promised certain shelter from the flames.

Feeling sick and weak, the doctor made for the gully, and rested at the mouth of it. He had not sat there very long, however, before it was borne in on him that the fire would shortly sweep this point with its full fury, that the air was rapidly becoming unbearably with smoke and heat. Accordingly, he entered the gully, a small canyon which ran off into the mountain side, at points so narrow that he could touch both its precipitous walls by stretching out his arms. Not many minutes had elapsed before he began to realize further that his choice was not a wise one. The fire now had all but reached the canyon brink, and the heavy fumes were rolling into the narrow cutting from its mouth and from above, there to lie imprisoned. The doctor hastened towards a higher level, scrambling over dry waterfalls and boulders, when suddenly he came to an abrupt halt, hardly able to believe his eyes, the peril of the moment forgotten.

Could it be possible that a generation of prospectors had missed this place? Could it be possible that he, by chance, had stumbled across something in search of which good men weary out their lives in fruitless endeavor? For there, across the dome of rock on which he stood, was embossed what appeared to be a Japanese dragon. In every direction its arms stretched out from the central lead, thick, crooked arms of white quartz, liberally mingled with some sad yellow material.

"Gold!" cried the doctor. There was no mistaking it. At his feet lay a fortune, and, with this realization, the facts returned, he was in dire peril, and outside was the world of sunshine and laughter, and—Kitty.

The doctor clutched his chest, coughing and gasping. The air was full of smoke, and a sullen roar filled the canyon. He began to gasp for breath, then it dawned upon him that the air was giving out, that the furnace at the other end of the canyon was sucking the oxygen from the confined space. To proceed was impossible, for in that direction flaming trees were crashing from above into the

cutting, to escape the way he had come was equally impossible, to remain here meant suffocation!

The doctor looked up. Above him the canyon edges were clear of timber, and at this point the precipitous walls were scarcely four feet apart. In an instant his mind was made up, and, bracing his shoulders against one side and his feet against the other, he began to ascend Alpine fashion. It was hard work for a convalescent man, but, having ascended forty feet or so, the air became clear and breathable, and, propped in a more or less natural position, Ford rested, deciding to remain there till the worst was past. Not till then, however, did he realize how utterly spent he was. Weak to begin with, the strain and excitement had proved too much for him, and now his muscles went limp, his brain throbbed, and, in spite of the heat, an aching chill began to creep through his limbs. To stir from his wedged position meant falling into space below. To descend was impossible; to ascend—well, it was a

the doctor by at least six inches. Clinging a dead root, he flung himself across the canyon with reckless skill, and began to descend in the same manner as the doctor had climbed upwards. He got below him, so that the doctor's body rested on his, and thus inspiring confidence, assisting and supporting, they began to work upwards. But it was a terrible trip. At times the big man supported all the doctor's weight, mumbling encouragement and advice, and after each such struggle he was overcome by a fit of coughing. His voice became a hoarse whisper, his breath rasped in his throat, his huge hands became pale and death-like. But somehow they gained the brink and sank in the sunlight, Dale still gasping and coughing. Presently the doctor rose and stood over him. The sight that met his eyes filled his heart with pity and admiration for the man who had saved him, the one who had struggled so manfully, in spite of his own awful predicament.

"Doctor," gasped Dale, "I been out



General Diaz, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army, who has proved himself a good military genius, and more than a match for the enemy.

matter of eighty feet to the row above!

Ford will not forget the hours that passed. Six inches at a spell he struggled upwards; at times the sweat streamed into his eyes, at times he was chilled through every fibre. By sheer grit he gained a point twenty feet from the brink, but there the canyon widened, it was impossible to ascend further. The cold stars came out, the little chills settled, while the doctor, bruised and cramped in his unnatural position, dreamt of Kitty and the vast fortune he had found for her. Daylight came at length, and the doctor, crying out in his delirium, became aware suddenly of a face peering at him from above. As his vision cleared, he saw that it was the face of Howard Dale—Howard Dale, the drunkard, now red-eyed and fire scorched!

"Stuck?" queried the big man simply.

"Yes, lend me a hand for heaven's pity!" cried the doctor, deliriously. "There's a fortune down there, Dale—Gold! Dale, gold!"

Dale was quick to weigh up the situation, and he had the advantage over

fighting fire. When I—got—back—heard you were—missing. Reckon I set right out, and—and I've got you!"

The doctor could say nothing. He merely took the big man's hand with the touch of brotherhood and wiped the red stains from his trembling lips. There was another terrible fit of coughing, then—

"Doc—the smoke's—kind of got on my chest. That cough—you know, it's kind of got me down of late. If—if it finish me—you'll look after the kids?"

"Yes, yes, old man," whispered the doctor gently. "But listen—there's gold down there, enough for all of us. You mustn't give in till we've fixed our claims."

The ragged woodsman smiled faintly. His big white hands clasped those of the doctor. "Enough to educate my little boy?" he murmured dreamily. "Enough for my little Betty—to make—a lady of her? God is kind—God is—"

But his voice trailed off, and his big hands fell from the doctor's yearning grasp.

Save for the next Victory Loan.

Warranty to Replace Broken Parts

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By A. B. Brown

An average farmer, living "somewhere in Canada," was approached in the spring of the present year by the local agent of a leading tractor company, who showed up in the glowing way in which agents will, the many and manifold advantages of the tractor which he was selling, and pointed out that if he did not buy he was missing the one chance of a dozen lifetimes.

"It's a good thing all right," agreed the farmer, "and with the scarcity of help it's a pretty hard one to get along without it, but I don't know. It's quite an expense to assume."

"That's quite true," admitted the agent, "but our guarantee really guarantees, and you'll say so if you'll just let me read it to you."

"Go ahead."

"The said company covenants and agrees to and with the buyer," the agent read, "that it will repair and replace, free of charge, any part of the above described tractor, which may break under the normal service of the buyer within one year after the delivery thereof, because of defective material or workmanship, or it will furnish, free of charge, new parts to replace any parts which may so break."

The result was that the agent did sign him up, delivered the tractor, and the farmer put it to work. Inside of a month the tractor went bad, as the crank case had been cracked when the tractor left the factory, and this crack in the crank case allowed the oil to leak, and the leaking oil burned and wore out the bearings in the motor, so that the tractor was practically useless.

Then one day the farmer saw the agent driving by, called him in, showed him the tractor, pointed out the defects, and at the same time produced his guarantee.

"What do you want me to do?" queried the agent.

"I want you to replace those defective parts according to your guarantee," maintained the farmer stoutly.

"But, my dear man, the guarantee don't cover this case," laughed the agent pleasantly. "The only part that is broken is the bearing and that did not break on account of the defect in the bearing itself, but on account of the defect in another part of the machinery altogether, and in any case all that you could ask us to do would be to replace the crank shaft."

Now, this is a problem that is liable to come up at any time, and as far as is known the point has never yet arisen in Canada, but in a case right along this line the Massachusetts Supreme Court decided that such a guarantee bound the company to replace the worn and broken bearings.

"The manufacturer," said the Massachusetts Court, "by his guarantee, agreed to repair and replace the parts which become impaired within one year, under normal service, because of defective material and workmanship or to replace any parts so broken. Construing this provision with reference to the subject matter of the contract, the obligation of the manufacturer to restore or deliver the defective parts was not confined merely to parts which were themselves defective, but extended to all the machinery which broke down because of defects existing in the material or workmanship."

While the manufacturer had the option of delivering parts to take the place of broken ones and was not bound to make the repairs and restore them to the machine, his obligation was either to restore or deliver all the parts which broke down under normal service caused by any defect of the material or workmanship, although there was no defect in the particular part which had so broken down, and although there was no defective material or workmanship in such parts, if they broke down because of defective material or workmanship existing in other parts of the machine. If the fact was established that because of a defect in the crank case the bearings wore out in two months under normal use, the buyer could demand of the manufacturer their replacement or delivery, according to the guarantee, to the same extent that he could if they wore out in the same time because they were in themselves defective."