Deliciously warming
—Hot Bovril

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"Won't you come in?" Irene was saying. Her voice was sweet and musical, but there was a note of sadness in it which set responsive chords atremble all through Edith's heart. Must she love this woman? Must she, in spite of herself, love this, of all women?

"I am Edith Duncan," she managed to say. "I—I think I have something to say that may interest you."

There was a quick leap in Irene's eyes; the leap of that intuitive feminine sense of danger which so seldom errs in dealing with its own sex, and is yet so unreliable a defence from the dangers of the other. Mrs. Hardy was in the living-room. "Won't you come up to my workshop?" Irene answered without change of voice, and they ascended the stairs together.

"I draw a little," Irene was saying, talking fast. "Oh yes, I have quite commercialized my art, such as it is. I draw pictures of shoes, and shirtwaists, and other women's wear which really belong to the field of a feminine artist. But I haven't lost my soul altogether. I daub in color a little—yes, daub, that's the word. But it keeps one's soul alive. You will hardly recognize that," she said, indicating an easel, "but here is the original." She ran up the blind of the window which looked from the room out to the westward, and far over the brown shoulders of the foothills rose the Rockies, majestic, calm, imperturbable, their white summits flashing in the blaze of autumn sunshine. "No warfare there," Irene went on. "No plotting, no cruelty, no cowardice, no misunderstanding. And to think that they will stand there for ever; for ever, as we know time; when our city, our civilization, the very memory of our age shall have gone out. I never look at them without feeling how—how—how——"

She trembled, and her voice choked; she put out her arm to a chair. When she turned her face there were tears on it. . . . "Tell me—Edith," she said. . . . "You know. . . ."

"I know some things," Edith managed to say. "I know, now, that I do not know all. Dave and I are old friends—my father took a liking to him and he used often to be in our house—he made him think of our own boy that was killed and would have been just his age—and we got to know each other very well and he told me about you, long ago. And last night I found him at his rooms, almost mad, and swearing to shoot Conward. And then he told me that—that——"

"Yes? Yes? What did he tell you? I am not afraid——"

Edith turned her eyes to where the white crests of the mountains cut like a crumpled keel through a sea of infinite blue. "He told me he saw Conward here . . upstairs . . and Conward made a boast . . . and he would have shot him, but you rushed upon him and begged him not to. He said you would have taken the bullet yourself rather than it should find Conward."

"Oh, oh," the girl cried, in the pain of one mortally hurt. "How could he think that? I didn't care for him—for Conward—but for Dave. I knew there had been a quarrel—I didn't know why—and I knew if Dave shot him—and he can shoot—I've seen him break six bottles out of six, on the gallop—it wasn't self-defence—whatever it was he couldn't plead that—and they'd hang him, and that was all I saw, Edith, that was all I saw, and I would—yes, I would rather have taken the bullet myself than that should happen——"

"You poor girl!" said Edith. "You poor girl," and her arms found the other's neck. "You have been hurt, hurt." And then, under her breath, "More than me."

. . . . "What has he done?"

"He talked his problems over with me, and after he had talked awhile he became more reasonable. He had already been convinced that he should offer his services to his country, in these times. And I think I persuaded him that it was better to leave vengeance where it belonged. He said he couldn't remain here, and he has already left for England. I am afraid I encouraged him to leave at once. You see, I didn't understand"

Irene had taken a chair, and for some minutes she sat in silence. "I don't blame you," she said at length. "You gave him good advice. And I don't blame him, although he might have been less ready to jump at conclusions. There remains only one thing for me to do."

"What?" said Edith, after a moment's hesitation.

"Follow him! I shall follow him, and make him understand. If he must go into battle—with all that that means—he must go in knowing the truth. You have been very kind, Miss Duncan. You have gone out of your way to do me a great service, and you have shown more kindness than I have any right to claim from a stranger . . . . I feel, too, the call for vengeance," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "but first I must find Dave. I shall follow him at once. I shall readily locate him in some way through the military service. Everything is organized; they will be able to find his name."

She accompanied her visitor to the door. They shook hands and looked for a moment in each other's eyes. And then Edith burst away and hurried down the street.

Irene had searched London for two weeks. The confidence of her earlier inquiries had diminished with each successive blind trail, which, promising results at first, led her into a maze of confusion and disappointment. The organization of the military service commanded less enthusiasm than she had felt for a month before. She saw it struggling with the apparently impossible; it was as though she, in her little studio, had been suddenly called upon to paint all the portraits in the world. . . . In somed egree she understood the difficulties; in equal degree she sympathized with those who were striving to overcome them, and she hung on from day to day in her search with a dogged determination which set its teeth against admitting that the search was hopeless. Her little store of money was fast dwindling away; she looked into the face of every man in uniform with a pathetic earnestness that more than once caused her to be misunderstood.

At last one great fear had settled on her heart. It came upon her first suddenly on ship-board; she had resolutely thrown it out of her mind, but it had been knocking ever since for admittance, and more than once she had almost let it in. Suppose Dave should not enlist under his right name? In such a case her chance of finding him was the mere freak of accidental meeting—a chance not to be banked upon in a country already swarming with its citizen soldiery. . . And yet there was nothing to do but keep on.

She had sought a park bench where groups of soldiers were continually moving by. The lights shone on their faces, and her own tired eyes followed them incessantly. Always her ear was alert for a voice that should set her heart a-pounding, and more than once she had thought she heard that voice; more than a score of times she had thought she had seen that figure with its stride of self-reliance, with strength bulging in every muscle. And always it had been to learn that she had been mistaken; always it had been to feel the heart sink just a little lower than before. And still she kept on. There was nothing to do but keep on.

Often she wondered how he would receive her. That cold look which had frozen his features when she seized the revolver in his hand—would it still sit there, too distant and detached to be even scornful? Would she have it to break down; must she, with the fire of her own affection, thaw out an entrance through his icy aloofness? What cost of humiliation would be the price, and would even any price be accepted? She could not know; she could only hope and pray and go on.

As she turned her eyes to follow a group of men in uniform she became aware of a soldier sitting alone in the shadow a short distance away. Some quality about him caught her attention; his face was not discernible, and his figure was too much in the shadow to more than suggest its outline, but she found herself regarding him with an intentness that set her pulses racing. Some strange attraction raised her from her seat; she took a step toward him, then steadied herself. Should she dare risk it again? And yet there was something. . . She had a sudden plan. She would make no inquiry, no apology; she would walk nearby and call him by name. If that name meant nothing to him he would not even notice her presence, but if it should be——

She was within three paces. Still she could discern nothing definitely, but her pulses were raging more wildly than ever. They had deceived her before; could it be that they were deceiving her again?

"Dave," she said.

He turned quickly in his seat; the light fell on her face and he saw her; he was on his feet and had taken a step toward her. Then he stopped, and she saw his features harden as they had on that dreadful occasion which now seemed so long ago. Would he turn on his heel? If he did she must rush upon him. She would tell him now, she must plead with him, reason with him, prevail upon him at all costs.

"Well?" he said. His voice was mechanical, but in it was something which quickened her hope—something which suggested that he was making it mechanical because he dared not let it express the human emotion which was struggling for utterance.

"Let me talk to you, Dave," she pleaded. "I have followed you around the world for this. Let me talk. I can explain everything."

He stood still so long that she wondered if he never would speak. She dared not reach her hands to him; she could only stand and wait.

"Irene," he said, "why did you follow me here?"

"There is only one answer, Dave. Because I love you, and would follow you anywhere. No one can stop me doing that; no one, Dave—except you."

And again he stood, and she knew that he was turning over in his mind things weightier than life and death, and that when he spoke again his course would be set. Then, in the partial shadow, she saw his arms slowly extend; they rose, wide and strong, and extended toward her. There was a quick step, and they met about her, and the world swooned and went by. . . .

"I can explain everything," she said, when she could talk.

"You need explain nothing," he returned. "I have lived the torments of the damned. Edith Duncan was right; she said if it were real love it would never give up. 'Endureth all things,' she said. 'All things,' she said. . . . . There is no limit."

She carressed his cheeks with her fingers, and knew by the touch that they were brown again as they had been in those great days of the foothills. "But I must tell you, dear," she said, "so that you may understand." And then she patched together the story, from what she knew, and from what Edith Duncan had told her, and Dave filled in what neither had known, including the incident earlier on that fateful evening. She could see his jaws harden as they pieced the plot together, and she knew what he was thinking.

(To be continued.)

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The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

practicability of music study and attendance at concerts is abundantly proved. The appreciation of music may begin in small ways. There is always a point of contact which the teacher may find. Individuals differ and therefore must be properly approached in order to give lasting benefit. The teacher is arranging musicales where small thing are well done, has opportunity to accomplish much.

The time for mention of the work of great artists and famous compositions is ever at hand. Even the most doubtful will accept guidance to concert halls if the matter be properly presented.

New Ones.

Ned—"What was the excitement down the street?"

Fred—"A man in a reverie ran into a woman in a tantrum."

Ned—"Both of 'em new makes to me."

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"Mornin', Hank! Whatcher doin' up thar?"

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Moving Picture's Library of Marvels.

Little remains unrecorded by the film-camera, either in the air above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth.

The latest contribution to the cinema's library of marvels is a new under-sea picture by the famous Williamson Brothers, who take scenic films—with a slight mixture of drama—on the ocean floor off the Bahama Islands.

The camera is operated from the interior of a bell-shaped chamber suspended from a flexible tube attached to the bottom of a specially-constructed barge.

The human actors work in divers' rig. The settings are coral grottoes, fantastic, but strangely beautiful, and waving forests of sea-fern, giving the whole scene the appearance of an etherealized Kew Gardens.

Tropical sunshine, aided, probably, by a submarine arc-light, shines through the crystal-clear water, and covers the scene with a mottled pattern of dancing light and shade.

Hundreds of fish dart to and fro and in and out of the coral grottoes. The explorers, keeping a wary look-out for octopuses, disturb a "moray," a fish with a powerful and stinging tail. It fights furiously in the ooze until secured and sent upwards.

The wreck of an old sailing vessel, lying half-buried on its side, comes into view round a coral bluff. It gives the spectator an eerie sensation to see the gaunt, rotting timbers of this forgotten wind-jammer sicking up out of the sea-bed.

A great shark suddenly swims past the camera and begins to toy kittenishly with a lump of fat, which conceals a hook lowered from the moving barge.. It plays coyly with the tempting object, but does not turn on its back when it bites.

Finally it lands on the hook, and is hauled, fighting strenuously, to the surface. There is a sensational "close-up" of its gaping mouth as it appears above the gunwale of the boat.

The photographic quality of these fascinating films is delightful, and the translucent waters in which they are taken give them a notable stereoscopic value.

Being a Son.

"It's two years since I joined the church," the young man said, and his tone was dull and spiritless as if he were speaking something too remote to interest him. "I was in earnest then, and I've tried, but it seems of no use. I guess I don't belong in the church. You know how it is, Mr. Rutledge, when a man holds an office he isn't fit for. It's better to resign than to wait till he's kicked out."

"I hope it isn't so bad as that, Tom," The elderly face was kindly. "What you've said about yourself reminds me of an experience I had when I was sixteen or seventeen years old. My father owned a small farm, but he was a poor man, and if I was to go on with my schooling I had to earn something for myself. I shall never forget the humiliation of the first summer I tried to work out. I wasn't ashamed to work, but I was ashamed of being a flat failure wherever I went. I think I was discharged eight times that season for sheer incompetence. I had always been fond of books and had never taken a sympathetic interest in farm work, and strangers wouudn't put up with my slack, bungling way of doing things.

"Father was always kind and patient when I came home. He never scolded me for losing my place, but pointed out the reasons why I was not a good farmer; he blamed himself as much as he blamed me. It was because of his encouragment that I tried again and again, and when it seemed useless to try any more he proposed that we take land the next year and work together. 'I guess your father can get along with you all right, Robert, even if the neighbors don't think you're much of a hired man,' he said in his homely way.

"I suppose I was poor help to the end of the chapter, but I was working for my father. His love overlooked the things I did amiss; he knew I was doing my poor best."

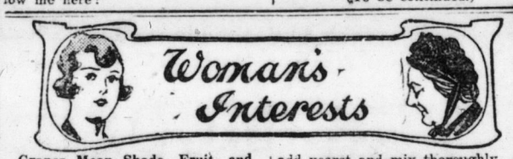
The old eyes were wonderfully tender and wistful as they met the younger eyes looking into them inquiringly. "Isn't it the same with our Heavenly Father, Tom? You didn't hire out to a hard master three years ago, Tom. You just took your place in God's big family, where God wanted you to be, where he wants you to stay. Hired men are discharged every day for incompetency, but it's rare for a son to be kicked out. That's against the nature of things, because the son belongs in his father's house."

The young man's eyes had softened. His lips moved unsteadily before the words came. "I want to stay if—if He—if He feels that way," he said brokenly.

In the Evening of Life.

If night should come and find me at my toil,
When all Life's day I had, though faintly, wrought,
And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil,
Were all my labor; shall I count it naught
If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?
"Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand
Thy work; the harvest rests with Him alone."

—Joel McCrae.



Grapes Mean Shade, Fruit, and Drink To Us.

If anyone were to ask me what I considered to be one of the best investments we ever made on our farm, I should say it was the long grape arbor we built back of the kitchen when we first went to housekeeping.

With the rapid growth of the vines, our arbor soon became an extra summer room for all the family. My chair and table are always there, and on the hottest days I can sit under its leafy coolness and do so much of my work—shell peas, string beans, and peel potatoes, or sew in all the comfort that it is possible to procure during suffocating weather.

On the sultiriest days I have often set out a cool luncheon on the table under the arbor for the men at noontime. Returning from the field hot and tired, they have certainly appreciated its grateful shade.

At the end of the summer I always feel that the grape arbor has indeed been a blessing, but the "half has not been told." For soon, in the golden days of late September and early October, we begin to pluck basket after basket of juicy bunches of grapes from the vines, and I store them down cellar, in glasses and bottles. Then, again, I marvel anew at the veritable riches hidden in our arbor.

Of course, I make grape jelly for layer cakes and school lunch boxes during the winter, but there are many other unusual ways of preserving the grapes that are equally delicious. Spiced grapes are most handy to have on the shelf to be used with cold meats, as well as some bottles of grape catsup.

Canned grapes also—canned just as you would can any other fruit—are fine for making grape pie. It is a good idea, too, to have plenty of grapelade, a great delicacy.

There is nothing, however, that the grapes offer to the household that means quite as much as the bottled grape juice I always put up. We find it strengthening and satisfying to drink all through the winter, for it adds the iron content and the other mineral salts that are necessary in any well-balanced diet.

The grape juice, too, diluted with water or mixed with a lemon punch, is simply unequaled for use as refreshment at winter festivities. Many a time, upon the arrival of unexpected guests, when I have passed around grape juice and cakes or crackers, I have added a winter blessing to my summer blessing of our ever-helpful and indispensable grape arbor.—Mrs. F. F. R.

Tested Recipes.

Cinnamon buns—½ cake yeast, 1 ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup lukewarm water, ½ cup melted butter, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 4 cups flour, 2 cups hot milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup softened butter, 2 eggs, additional flour for kneading 1 cup seedless raisins. Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Pour milk into mixing bowl and when lukewarm add yearst and mix thoroughly. Stir in flour and beat until smooth. Cover, set in a warm place and allow to rise over night. In the morning add beaten eggs, sugar, salt and melted butter. Turn out on well floured board and knead until smooth and elastic, using as little flour as possible. Moisten top with milk. Cover and allow to stand in a warm place until double in bulk. Turn out on floured board and roll to ½-inch thickness. Cream ¼ cup of softened butter with cinnamon and ½ cup of brown sugar. Spread dough with this mixture and sprinkle with raisins. Roll like jelly roll. Cut off in pieces 1 ½ inches long. Cream remainder of softened butter with rest of brown sugar and spread in deep pan. Stand rolls on end in pan and allow to rise again until double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out of pan immediately, before sugar hardens. This makes 18 buns.

Caramel raisin apple—½ cup seeded raisins, 6 tart apples, 1 cup light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-3 cup water. Pare, care and halve the apples, and arrange in a broad saucepan or aluminum frying pan. Cover with the raisins, then sugar; add the butter, cut into bits, add water and stew gently until apples are tender and the butter and sugar have formed a rich caramel. May be served hot or cold, with or without cream, or as an accompaniment to plain boiled rice.

Raisin cake—First take one cup of butter, all golden, pure and sweet, then two cups of white sugar, and these together beat, three eggs, all lightly foaming; of good, sweet milk, one cup. Put in a little soda to lightly raise it up. Then two teaspoons cream tartar, and grate a lemon rind—'twill give a pleasnt flavor, I'm sure that you will find. Then add one cup of raisins, and just four cups of flour, and set it in the oven, and bake it just an hour. I know 'twill be a nice one, if but just right it bake; I know 'twill please your husband, when he shall taste the cake. Three teaspoons baking powder may be used in place of the soda and cream tartar. Always flour or plump the raisins.

Almond and raisin bread—½ cup brown sugar, 2 cups graham flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ¾ cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ¾ cup hot water, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup blanched and chopped almonds, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins. Pour water over sugar, add molasses and milk. Mix flour sifted with baking powder, salt and soda and add graham flour, mix together and stir them into the milk mixture. Add butter, raisins, and almonds and mix well. Turn into a well greased pan and bake in a moderate oven for one and one-half hours. Sufficient for one medium sized loaf.

Cultivating Appreciation for Music.

That music is entertainment and a diversion is a false conclusion. A visit to an art gallery is not amusement, though it is enjoyment, bringing with it profitable education. In beautiful paintings one sees design, harmony and the mingling of colors, all of which one also enjoys when hearing good music. The latter, having less material accompaniment presents a more perfect harmony. Cultivation of a proper appreciation of music, in common with other arts gives one poise, refinement, and true joy. The

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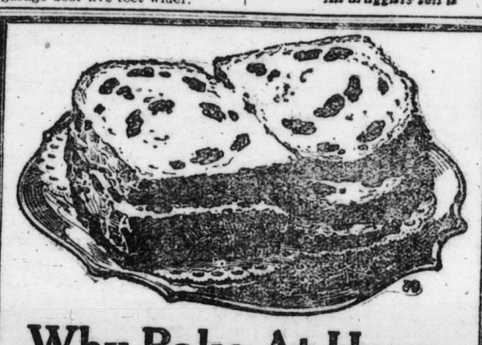

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