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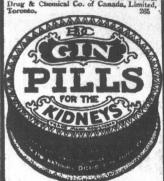
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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

## THE REMITTANCE MAN

A Story of a Partnership.

By IZOLA FORRESTER Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Crittenden stepped out of the post

office at Goldspur, with his usual monthly letter from London town in his pocket, In front of the store was Mollie

Owen, mounted on her brown pony. The sight was enough to make any man pause, but there was more than her beauty and grace to check the Englishman, for a moment later she began to cry. Beside her stood Lin Dewing, a grin

on his face and cheerful contentment fairly emanating from his personality. From a lounger at the door of the postoffice Crittenden caught a remark that sent the blood faster through his

"Lin's got her dead to rights. She can't meet the payments on the Upper Bend outfit, and he won't give her time. No fool woman can run the ranch, no matter how good looking she is. It needs a man!"

Nobody will ever know whether the spark of British chivalry collided with an instantaneous appreciation of Mollie's points or whether it was purely subconscious action regulated by fate's decree, sex attraction and opportune propinquity. Suffice it to say that some irresistible current turned Crittenden's footsteps in the direction of the brown pony and Mollie.

"I understand, Miss Owen," he began, with the delightful drawl that gave Goldspur gooseflesh, "that you need a foreman over at your place." Mollie met his eyes and stopped cry-ing. She liked his eyes. There was a glint of humor in them, and they were a relief after the little black slits that

furnished Lin's soul with loopholes.
"I'll take you if you want to try it," she flashed back, "What's your name?"
"John Crittenden."

Mollie felt a slight thrill of disturbance. She had heard of John Crittenden. . Everybody around Goldspur had. Rumor said he was a "remittance man" and rode in every month for the purpose of receiving a certain letter

from London. She said to Dewing: "I've got thirty days, haven't I, Mr. Dewing, if I can raise the balance? The interest is paid up to the 10th." "Yeh'm, you sure have," responded Lin happily. "And I hope you can raise it. If you can't, I guess I'll have to take the place off your hands."

Mollie smiled and tightened the reins. "All right. I'll be here on the 10th, then. You'll come over tomorrow, Mr. Crittenden?"

Next morning while the early mist still curled like low campfire smoke up the hillsides he rode to Upper Bend. Mollie was out feeding her chickens

"I've got three other men working here, but they aren't a bit of good," she told him. "Two look after the sheep, and one stays around handy to

What Then?—The Family Suf fers, the Poor Mothers Suffer-Mrs. Becker Meets This Distressing Situation.

Collinsville, Ill.—"I suffered from a nervous break-down and terrible headaches, and was tired all over, totally worn out and too discouraged to enjoy life, but as I had four in family and sometimes eight or nine boarders, I kept on working despite my suffering.
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There are hundreds of nervous, rundown, overworked women in this vicinity who are hardly able to drag around and who we are sure would be wonderfully benefited by Vinol as Mrs. Becker was.

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CASTORIA T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford,

is all run down. It needs a man's hand and point of view. I hope you'll get down to business and work a straight deal with me.'

"I will," said Crittenden. "That's what I came for." But be did not tell her how strange

it seemed, this buckling into harness after nearly two years of inertia. He himself hardly sensed the keen, buoyant spur of responsibility. One day Mollie stopped him as she

was riding "Things are picking up, John." She called him John quite naturally now. "I think we'll pull through. There's \$500 to pay by the 10th. I've got some saved toward it, and I heard today those new folks down the valley want to buy sheep. We could let a bunch go, couldn't we?"

"Would you mind taking in a partner here. Miss Owen?" asked Crittenden "I like it. and I think I could make a good thing out of it. I can put in my share, and that would pay off Dewing and give us a start."

The color rose in Mollie's face. She did not meet his eyes. It was not an easy thing she had to tell him, but she went ahead bravely. "John, I want to be frank with you,

I like you. You know that, don't you?" "No, I didn't," said Crittenden, and the look in his eyes almost made Mollie lose her courage. "You're a bully foreman," she added

"But would you stick? I've firmly. heard all about you, of course"-"What have you heard?"

"That you are a remittance man." Then Crittenden told her simply, without any show of repentance or excuse for the past. He had made a failure of life at home. He was no criminal, but he had been a spendthrift and general ne'er-do-well. He had come to the west to try to find himself, to learn his bent in life, to see whether there was a groove that

"I think I've found it here," he finished. "This suits me. The money I told you of is my own. I am not paid to stay away, as the men say. I have a small, a very small, income, but it keeps me going. The trouble has been that I ran into debt at home. Out here the outlook is wide. I will make a good partner, Miss Owen."

"Would you promise to be as faithful as you have been the past three "I'll promise anything if you'll let

me stay," he retorted, with sudden recklessness, and Mollie at once discontinued the personal circuit. II.

She took him at his word. Dewing was bought out the following week, and Crittenden became partner at the Upper Bend. Tacitly a new basis of friendship had been established between the two, however. He rarely came to the home ranch, but spent his time at the sheep camp. Mollie did not mind-not so very much.

One morning he rode back with a brown and vellow pansy in the button hole of his gray flannel shirt. The dusky petals reminded him of Mellie's

That evening Mollie went out in the moonlight and looked longingly up the valley toward the sheep camp, four miles away on the mountain side. She caught a glimpse of the possible future and bent to find another brown and yellow pansy, warming to her finger tips at her own thoughts.
Instead, she found Crittenden's latest

letter from London, carefully folded as it had fallen from his pocket. She sat down on the low stoop, chin

on palm, weighing her love's worth. In the clear moonlight Lin Dewing found her there. Mollie barely listened while he explained how he had ridden fifteen miles out of his way to see

"It's on account of this here Crittenden you've taken in as partner, Mollie." he told her. "You've turned the whole thing over to him, and he's made a mess of it. The boys won't stand for him any more. They're riding tonight to clear him out of the valley,

and Goldspur"-"What are you talking about, Lin Dewing?" gasped Mollie botly, crushing the letter in her hand. "You know he's never done a thing that was crooked!"

"He don't know the game nor the rules of sheep grazing. He's trespass-

ed on cattle land. The boys will make him see light!" "It isn't them-it's you, Lin Dew-

ing!"
Mollie caught up a lantern and started on a run for the corral. After her went Lin, his horse following leisurely. Neither spoke. He knew what she meant to do. As she seized the bridle and saddle from their hooks he caught

"Don't be a fool, kid! You can't stop them now. What do you want with him anyhow? I only pushed you hard on the payments because I wanted you to have to ask me for help." "Heaven help anybody who had to

ask you for help! You let me go!" "I won't Yell, yell all you want to?"

Mollie tore her wrist from his grasp and whistled. Lin swung around a the answering barks, but the big wolfhounds were on him, and he went down like a worried fox. "Watch him, Scraggs!" Mollie called. Easy, Monk, just watch him! Don't

let him get away!" The pony was on its way before her right foot had caught the stirrup, and she bent low, laughing recklessly, every nerve on fire at the thought of what lay ahead. She knew Lin Daw ing and his crowd of men. They would clean out the sheep camp without a qualm unless she could reach to time to warn Crittenden and the herders.

So it happened that when the raiders rode over the rim of the foothill and looked down at the sheep, close huddled in the moonlight, they met a surprise. Mollie had begged for a re-

"It's half my property and half my fight," she told Crittenden. "I want to

He gave her one. There was barely time to get the saddle off her steaming pony and sling a blanket across its back before Dewing's men came, but even in those precious moments he had managed to make her understand what her coming meant to him.

But the fight was his own. Brief as it was a keener sense of enjoyment swept over him than he had known in years. He was fighting for more than Mollie's rights-for his own new hopes and ambitions. When it was over he sent the herd-

ers to look after the three silent figures that lay on the moonlight splashed hillside and turned to Mollie. She saw his eyes and the great longing in them and handed him the letter from her "I found it by the pansy bed, John,"

she told him with her old directness. "I didn't read it, but it bothered me. I thought that when we went into partnership you stopped all this sort of

"Yet you rode tonight to save me, all the same!" "To save the sheep," corrected Mollie, avoiding his eyes. "I must get home. Lin may be chewed to mincement if he

"I'm going with you," said Critten-She turned at that, one hand on the pony's back, her lips parted.

tries to get away from the dogs."

"But why?" "Why?" He reached for her suddenly. "Because I have the right or mean to have from tonight! Your eyes were the spur that started me on the new road, Mollie. I've been trying to keep the trail since. That letter was only in answer to one of mine ordering the disposal of the property that brought me in the little income I told you of. I'm not going back any more, and I don't want any ties to hold me. Thank God, I can stand alone now!" Mollie's lashes brushed his cheek.

"Not all alone, John!" she whispered.

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Germany on North Sea. The border of Germany on the North sea, from the easternmost corner of Oldenburg to the northernmost point in Schleswig, measures some 200 miles. The Kaiser Wilhelm (Kiel) canal is sixty-one miles long and cost \$40,000,

Idle Curiosity. For no reason at all we have wonder ed and wondered and wondered what moths ate before Adam and Even went in for dress reform.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Where life is more terrible than death it is the truest valor to dare to Hre-Browne

### As Nervous as a Kitten\_\_\_

"I woke up last Sunday morning feeling like a piece of chewed string," said a Travelling Salesman.

"My wife had my favorite breakfast ready for me, but I couldn't eat a bite. 1 was all shaken to pieces, and as nervous as a kitten. "Poor old Bill!' said my

wife; 'you're all in, aren't you?' 'Yes, and then some,' I replied. Well, sir, she put on her hat and slipped out to the Drug Store—then she handed me a glass of something that put me right in 10 minutes. Now I wouldn't be without Turner's Invalid Port for a fortune."



J. W. HAMMOND Esc Scotland, Ont., Aug. 25th. 1913 "Fruit-a-tives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruita-tives". I cannot say too much in

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GENUINE CA The Kind You

Canada's Wheat Sup

OTTAWA, March 9, 1915 .-

In Use

bulletin issued to-day by the Cer Statistics Office gives the resu special inquiry for the purpose (taining the stocks of wheat in Ca February 8, 1915. The inquiry, out by direction of the Hon. Sir Foster, Minister of Trade and Co and conducted by the Census and tics Office in conjunction with partment of Trade and Commettee Board of Grain Commission effected by means of scheduler a the Board of Grain Commission effected by means of schedules a to elevator, flour mill and railw panies and to crop-reporting corrents for the estimation of quan farmers' hands, Compilation of turns received shows that the ar wheat, and of wheat the equiv flour, in Canada on February 8. 79,130,593 bushels, or, if allow made for a small proportion replies, an aggregate in round replies, an aggregate in round of 80 million bushels. The total of 80 million bushels. The total 130,593 bushels is distributed as terminal elevators 2,853,679 bushels way elevators 1,213,952 bushels elevators 26,776,246 bushels, flo 6,160,840 bushels, in transit by 571,876 bushels and in farmer 29,554,000 bushels. The resul 29,554,000 bushels. The result inquiry shows that the quantity of in Canada should be amply suffi meet all requirements between in the next harvest. For seediffers in the next harvest. For seed the next harvest in the next harvest inquiry took no account of quan wheat flour in the hands of whole retail vendors in towns and throughout Canada, nor of quan wheat in local grist mills. Thes tities, although relatively small is idual cases, amount to a consaggregate, tending to show the estimate of 80 million bushels is

Children Cr FOR FLETCHER'S CASTOR

A painful accident happened a

cessive.

Wallace's saw-mill, Thamesvil Friday morning, when a log roll Alf. Keeley's right foot, crush Many w



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