April 3rd., 1924 Ireland

ommunity League will be held ome of Frank Kelly on Friday next. nd Mrs. Byron McClintock en-

d a few of their friends very ly on Thursday evening. R. Neshitt is on the sick list. making is the order of the not a very good run has been

l vet. J. W. Neshitt has returned om her daughter's, Mrs. Cecil Aylmer,

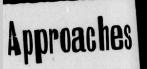
S. Nesbitt spent a day last with her sister, Mrs. J. R. Nes-I. Simmons spent a day in Ayl-

t week. F. Lewis spent the week-end at Ladies' Aid of Trinity church neet at the church, Wednesday here.

W. Hemstreet, Aylmer, spent Wallace Newell.

C. Moore has a carload of salt station. The farmers are gath-in a supply for future use.

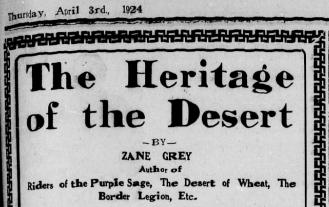
Speedy Relief



our energies for months ng our energies for moritan ifficient quantity of superior s of all kinds to supply this

esigned to enable the consuraded seed. The Act has been r making the grading still nsider it good business to go buy seeds with wild carrot, x eyed-daisy, sow thistle and dseeds? That is just what you on your own judgment in on your own-. This season the above cond than usual, as the average is very inferior and trashy as most of it. A lot of it is dear

ored seed and graded perfectly. ligh. We otbained our best seed ere along the Lake Shore from 1g Point Bay.



"Oh!" he cried, and beckoned for

Mescal. She ran to him, and Piute ty-

ing Black Bolly hurried after. "Look

look!" cried Jack. He pointed to a

ridge rising to the left of the yellow

crags. On the bare summit stood a

splendid stallion clearly silhouetted

against the ruddy morning sky. He

with long silver-white mane waving

own defiance to any horse, wild on

Jack chose the lowest edge of the

trail at the other end. Then

Silvermane."

proud,

and

barrier.

was an iron-gray, wild and

in the wind.

VII Silverman

Little dew fell on the night of July lst; the dews brightened without mists; a hot sun rose; the short mmer of the plateau had begun. As Hare rose, refreshed and happy, m his breakfast, his whistle was at short by the Indian. "Ugh!" exclaimed Piute, lifting a dark finger. Black Bolly had thrown

her nose-bag and slipped her halter, md she moved toward the opening in "Silvermane! Silvermane!" exclaimd Mescal. the cedars, her head high, her black "What a maginificent animal !" Iacl stared at the splendid picture for the "Bolly!" called Mescal. The mare moment before the horse moved back did not stop.

along the ridge and disappeared. Other "What the deuce ?" Hare ran forhorses, blacks and bays, showed above the sage for a moment, and they, too, ward to catch her. "I never knew Bolly to act that passed out of sight. way,' said Mescal. "See-she didn't tat half her oats. Well, Bolly-Jack bok at Wolf!" "He's got some of his band with him," said Jack, thrilled with excite-ment. "Mescal, they're down off the upper range and grazing along easy.

The white dog had risen and stood warily shifting his nose. He sniffeed the wind, turned round and round, and The wind favors us. That whistle was just plain fight, judging from what dowly stiffened with his head pointed Naab told me of wild stallions. He ward the eastern rise of the platcame to the hilltop, and whistled "Hold, Wolf, hold!" called Mescal. tame, that might be below. I'll slip

the dog appeared to be about to dash away. "Ugh!" grunted Pute. "Listen, Jack! Did you hear that?"

"Hear what ?" "Listen."

plateau rim where the cedars were the The warm breeze came down ir puts from the crags; it rustled into the cedars and blew fragrant whiffs thickest for his detour to get behind the wild band; he ran from tree to amp-fire smoke into his face; and tree, avoiding the open places, taking ntly it bore a low, prolonged advaptage of the thickets, keeping mile. He had never before heard away from the ridge. He had never its like before. The sound broke the gone so far as the gate, but, knowing me again, clearer, a keen, sharp where the trail led into a split in the crags, he climbed the slope, threaded a way over masses of fallen "What is it ?" he queried, reaching cliff, until he reached the base of the for his rifle.

"Wild mustangs," said Mescal. wall. The tracks of the wild-horse "No," corrected Pute, vehemently having his head, "Clea. Clea." band were very fresh and plain in the yellow trail. Four stout posts guarded "lack, he says 'horse, horse.' Its a the opening, and a number of bars lay ready to be pushed into place. horse.' He put them up, making a gate ten Athird time the whistle rang down rom the ridge, splitting the air, strong feet high, an impregnable This done, he hurried back to camp. trenchant, the fiery, shrill chal-"Jack, Bolly will need more watche of a stallion.

ing to-day than the sheep, unless I Back Bolly reared straight up. lack ran to the rise of ground above let her loose. Why, she pulls and mp, and looked over the cedars. strains so she'll break that halter." THE AYLMER EXPRESS

"She wants to go with the band. Isn't that it?" "I don't like to think so But Fathe Naab doesn't trust Bolly, though she's the best mustang he ever broke." "Better keep her in," replied Jack,

remembering Naabs warning. "I'11 hobble her, so if she does break loose she can't go far." When Mescal and lack drove in the

sheep that afternoon, rather earlier than usual, Piute had returned with August Naab, Dave and Billy, a string of mustangs and a pack-train of burros.

"Hello, Mescal," cheerily called August, as they came into camp. "Well Jack-bless me! Why, my lad, how fine and brown-and yes, how you've filled out !" He crushed Jack's hand in his own broad palm, and his gray eyes beamed. "I've not the gift of revelation-but, Jack, you're going to get well."

"Yes. I-" He had difficulty with his enunciation, but he thumped his breast significantly and smiled. "Black sage and juniper!" exclaimed August. "In this air if a man doesn't

go off quickly with pneumonia, he'll get well. I never had a doubt for you Jack-and thank God!" He questioned Piute and Mescal

about the sheep, and was greatly pleaswith the report. He shook his head when lask spread out the grizzly-pelt and asked for the story of the killing. Jack made a poor showing with the tale and slighted his share in it, but Mescal told it as it actually happened. And Naab's great hand resounded from Jack's shoulder. Then catching sight of the pile of coyote skins under the stone shelf, he gave vent to his surprise and delight. Then he came back to the object of his trip

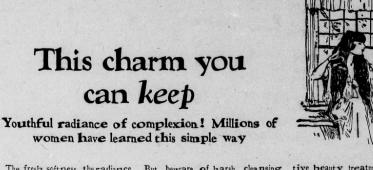
upon the plateau. "So you've corralled Silvermane? Well, Jack if he dosen't jump over the cliff he's ours. He can't get off

any other way. How many horses with him?" around through the cedars and block the trail leading up to the other range and you and Piute close the gate of our "We had no chance to count. saw at least twelve." Piute down to tell Naab we've got "Good ! He's out with his picked

band. Weren't they all blacks and bays?" "Yes."

"Jack, the history of that stallior wouldn't make you proud of him. We've corralled him by a lucky chance. If I don't miss my gues he's after Bolly. He has been a lot trouble to ranchers all the way from the Nevada line across Utah. The stallions he's killed, the mares he's led off! Well, Dave, shall we thirst him out, or line up a long corral?" "Better have a look around to morrow," replied Dave. "It'll take a lot of chasing to run light. him down, but there's not a spring on the bench where we can throw up a trap corral. We'll have to chase him.

"Mescal, has Bolly been good since Silvermane came down?" "No, she hasn't," declared Mescal, and told of the circumstance." "Bolly's all right," said Billy Naab "Any mustang will do that. Keep her



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"Silvermane would care a lot about that, if he wanted Bolly, wouldn't he?" Dave said in quiet scorn. "Keep her roped and haltered I'd say." "Dave's right," said August. "You can't trust a wild mustang any more than a wild horse." August was right. Black Bolly broke her halter about midnight and escaped

into the forest, hobbled as she was. The Indian heard her first, and awoke August, who aroused the others. "Don't make any noise," he said as

Jack came up, throwing on his coat. 'There's likely to be some fun here presently. Bolly's loose, broke her ope, and I think Silvermane is close Listen sharp now." The slight breeze favored them, the

camp-fire was dead, and the night was clear and starlight. They had not been quiet many moments when the shrill neigh of a mustang rang out. The Naabs raised themselves and looked at one another in the star-

"Now what do you think of that?" whispered Billy. "No more than I expected. It was

Bolly," replied Dave. "Bolly it was, confound her black hide!" added August. "Now boys, did she whisteled for Silvermane, or to

warn him which?" "No telling," answered Billy. "Let's lie low and take a chance on him coming close. It proves one thing-

you can't break a wild mare. That spirit may sleep in her blood, maybe for years, but some time it'll answer his father.

band of frightened horses and musangs clattered after them. "It's one on me," remarked Billy, That little mare played us at the finish. Caught when she was a yearling, broken better than any mustang we ever had, she has helped us to down many a stallion, and now she runs off with that big white-maned brute!"

"They'll make a team, and if they get out of here we'll have to chase them to the Great Salt Basin," replied Dave. "Mescal, that's a well-behaved mustang of yours," said August : "not

only did she break loose, but she whistled an alarm to Silvermane and his band. Well, roll in now everybody and sleep."

At breakfast the following day the Naabs fell into a discussion upon the possibility of there being other means of exit from the plateau than two trails already closed. They had never run any mustangs on the plateau, and in the case of a wild horse like Silvermane, who would take desperate chances, it was advisable to now the ground exactly. Billy and Dave, taking their mounts from the sheep corral, where they had put them up for the night, rode in opposite directions around the rim of the plateau. It was triangular in shape and some six or seven miles in circumference; and the brothers rode around it in less than an hour.

"Corralled," said Dave, laconically "Good! Did you see him? What kind of a bunch has he with him?" asked

"If we get the pick of the lot it will be worth two weeks' work," replied Dave, "I saw him, and Bolly too. I believe we can catch her easily. She was off from the bunch, and it looks as though the mares were jealous. I think we can run her into a cove under the wall and get her. Then Mescal can help us run down the stallion. And you can look out on this end for the

2403 .

best level stretch to drop the line of cedars and make our trap. The brothers, at their father's nod,

rode off into the forest. Naab had detained the peon, and now gave him orders and sent him off.

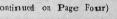
"To-night you can stand on the rim here, and watch him signal across to the top of Echo Cliffs to the Navajos," explained August to Jack. "I've sent for the best breaker of wild mustangs on the desert. Dave can break mustangs, and Piute is very good; but I want the best man in the country, because this is a grand horse and intend to give him to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Hare. "Yes, and if he's broken right at the start, he'll serve you faithfully and not try to bite your arm off every day, or kick your brains out. No white man can break a wild mustang to the best advantage."

"Why is that?"

"I don't know. To be truthful, have an idea it's bad temper and lack of patience. Just wait till you see this Navajo go at Silvermane !"

After Mescal and Piute drove down (Continued on Page Four)



Page Three

ario Variegated, absolutely free Ve anticipate and have prepared on's trade in Alfalfa. For the first be near the price of high-grade eed contains no Sweet Clover.

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a woman driver would respond, "Because I can drive it so easily."

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hear, "Because I can buy two or Some would say, "Because they three or four Ford Trucks for the seem never to wear out;" others would answer, "Because they cost so little." Many would reply price of one big truck. Wherever you might inquire you would hear expressed these basic "Because I can get service anyreasons why Ford predominates where;" and just as many, "Because it is the only car I can -why, year after year, Ford sales equal the total sales of all other afford to own."

All would tell you," Because they

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cars combined.



Shut up-listen," interrupted Dave. Jack strained his hearing, yet caught no sound except the distant yelp of a coyote. Moments went by. "There!" whispered Dave.

From the direction of the ridge came the faint rattling of stones.

to-

"They're coming,' 'put in Billy. Presently sharp clicks preceded the rattles, and the sounds began to merge into the ruglar rhythmic tramp. It sofented at intervals, probably when the horses were under the cedars, and strengthened as they came out on the harder ground of the open.

'I see them," whispered Dave. "A black, un dulating line wound out of the cedars, a line of horses approaching with drooping heads, hurrying a little as they neared the spring. "Twenty-odd, all blacks and bays," said August, "and some of them are mustangs. But where's Silvermane? -Hark!"

Out among the cedars rose the peculiar halting thump of a hobbled horse trying to cover ground, followed by snorts and crashings of brush and the pound of plunging hoofs. The long black line stopped short and began to stamp. Then into the starlit glade below moved two shadows, the first a great gray horse with showy mane ; the second, a small, shiny black mustang

"Silvermane and Bolly!" exclaimed August, "and now she's broken her hobbles."

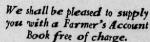
The stallion, in the fulfilment of a conquest such as had made him king of the wild ranges, was magnificent in action. Wheeling about her, neighing, and plunging, he arched his splen-did neck and pushed his head against her. His action was that of a master. Suddenly Black Bolly snorted and whirled down the glade. Silvermane whistled one blast of anger or terror and thundered after her. They vanished in the gloom of the cedars, and the



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