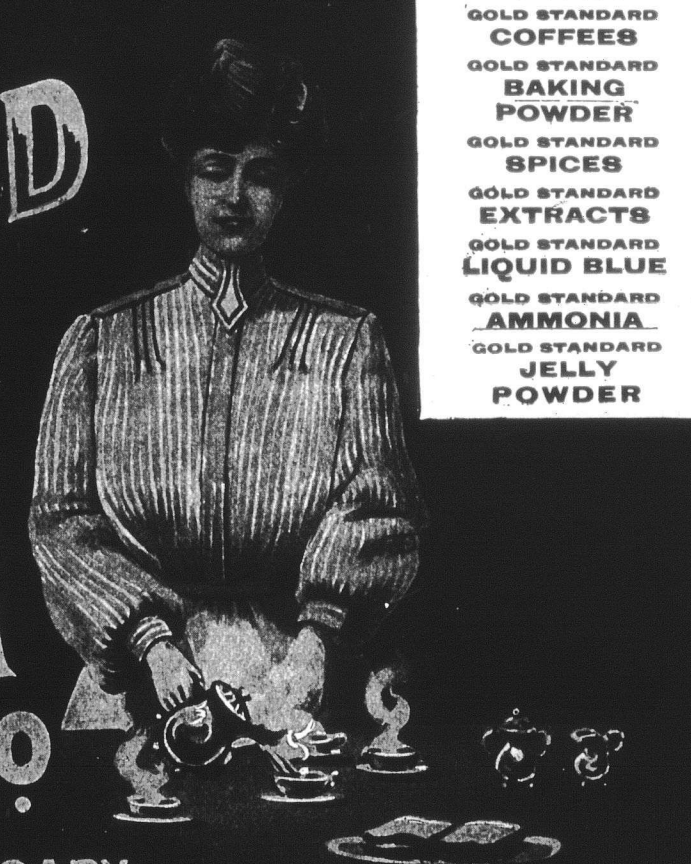


# GOLD STANDARD TEA

## CODVILLE & CO.

BRANDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY.



WE MANUFACTURE

**GOLD STANDARD COFFEES**

**GOLD STANDARD BAKING POWDER**

**GOLD STANDARD SPICES**

**GOLD STANDARD EXTRACTS**

**GOLD STANDARD LIQUID BLUE**

**GOLD STANDARD AMMONIA**

**GOLD STANDARD JELLY POWDER**

Celebrated for their Purity. Ask your Grocer for these Goods.

## Domingo's Undutiful Daughter.

Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly.

Gibb, after a long day's ride through the gap, reined in his pinto at the point where the trail skirting the precipice was at its narrowest. Shrugging his shoulders, he remarked "Good Lord, here's the jumping-off place!"

The next moment he braced himself, for he had heard the thud of hoofs on the trail in front of him—and these were the parlous days of Murietta and Vasquez.

Round the bend came a girl in a man's saddle on a neat little bronco. The girl was a stunner. She wore a faded fawn bodice, a short red skirt, and buckskin leggings. Her slender, corsetless figure, swaying slightly with the motion of the horse, was held proudly erect.

Gibb dragged off his hat, and, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, stuttered, "Excuse me, but can you tell me how much farther it is to Domingo's?"

The girl had pulled her bronco to his haunches. She now regarded Gibb calmly from under her wide flapping sombrero.

"It no is very far. Yo' wish to stay there tonight?"

"I'm to meet a friend, Mr. Monte Simmons. Reckon he's at Domingo's?"

The girl reflected, and shook her head. "He no has come. I am Pepita!" she added, as one might say. "I am the empress! Kowtow, fall on your noses!"

### II.

Domingo's was a low adobe huddled beside the road. Three Mexicans were lolling in the verandah as Pepita and Gibb rode to the patio—old Domingo, the younger, and a well-descript, boyish young fellow. Gibb followed his host into the kitchen, play-

ing him with questions concerning the absent Simmons.

Domingo shook his head and appealed to his son. There had been no one there answering to that description, no one.

"Well, I'm"—Gibb remembered the presence of a lady—"annoyed, greatly annoyed!" Whereupon old Domingo called upon all the saints with tears.

At this point, raising his head, Gibb

beheld Pepita, a pale apparition behind her father. She gave him a long look, but without a suggestion of coquetry; on the contrary, apprehension was written big upon her face.

The senor would wish to sleep when he had eaten? No? Doubtless he was weary and would not press on. Requena's was a good four miles, and the trail was rough. The senor's friend would arrive before midnight, or, peradventure, in the morning.

Did Pepita really make a sign of dissent? Gibb checked an involuntary movement of his hand towards the precious belt he wore inside his flannel shirt. Hang it, he was full of notions!

He decided to sleep at Domingo's, come what might.

Domingo the younger thrummed a guitar in the veranda, and Pepita leaned nonchalantly on the railing, making derisive observations on the eccentricities of the gringo, whereat the Mexicans smiled under their thin little mustaches.

### III.

Gibb sauntered out to the corral to look after his pinto. It was true that Domingo's had rather a bad name. He remembered the rumors Monte and he had heard, and laughed at, not a week before. What had become of



A FEW PONOKA SPORTSMEN'S BIRD NETS, THE RESULT OF A DAY'S SHOOT.