

The Ranch at the Wolverine

By E. M. BOWER

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Continued from last week.

CHAPTER XV.

The Hookin'-Cough Man.
BILLY LOUISE waited another minute or two, weighing the possibilities. She saw Ward's fingers drop away from the gun, but they remained close enough for a dangerously quick gripping of it again, if the whim seized him. Still—surely to goodness, Ward would never get crazy enough to hurt her! Perhaps her feminine assurance of her hold on him, more than her courage, kept her nerves fairly steady. She bit the pencil absently, watching him.

Ward turned his head restlessly on the pillow and coughed again. Billy Louise got up quietly, went close to the bed, and laid her hand on his forehead. His head was hot, and the veins were swollen and throbbing on his temples.

"Brave Buckaroo got a headache?" she queried softly, stroking his temples soothingly. "Got the hookin'-cough, too? Got every measly thing he can think of. Even got a grouchy against the Flower of the Ranch-oh!" Her voice was crooningly soft and sweet, as if she were murmuring over a sleepy baby.

Ward closed his eyes, opened them, and looked up into her face. One hand came up uncertainly and caught her fingers closely. "Wilhelminah!" he said, in his hoarse voice. His eyes cleared to sanity under her touch.

Billy Louise drew a small sigh of relief and reached unobtrusively with her free hand for the gun. She slid it down away from his fingers, and when he still paid no attention, she stooped it up quite openly and laid it against the footboard. Ward did not say anything. He seemed altogether occupied with the amazing reality of her presence.

"You've got a terrible cold; and from the looks of things, you've had it for about six months," said Billy Louise. Her eyes went comprehensively about that end of the cabin, with the depleted cracker box, the half-empty boxes of peaches and tomatoes, and the buckets that were all but empty of water. She was shocked at the pitiful evidence of long helplessness. She did not quite understand. Surely Ward's cold had not kept him in bed so long.

"Well, this is no time for mirth or laughter," she said briskly, to hide how close she was to hysteria. "since it looks very much like the morning after." First, we've got to tackle that fever of yours." She picked up a water pail and started for the door. As she passed the foot of the bunk, she confiscated the two revolvers and took them outside with her. She had no desire to be mistaken again for Buck Olney.

When she came back Ward's eyes were wild again, and he started up in bed and glared at her. Billy Louise laughed at him and told him to lie down like a nice buckaroo, and Ward, recalled to himself by her voice, obeyed. She got the washbasin and a towel and prepared to bathe his head. He wanted a drink. And when she held a cup to his lips and saw how greedily he drank, a little sob broke unexpectedly from her lips. She gritted her teeth after it and forced a laugh.

"You're sure a hard drinker," she bantered and wet her handkerchief to lay on his brow.

"That's the first decent drink I've had for a month," he told her, dropping back to the pillow, refreshed to the point of clear thinking. "Old Lady Fortune's still playing football with me, William. I've been laid up with a broken leg for about six weeks. And when I got my leg and thought I could handle myself again, I put myself out of business for a while, and caught this cold before I came to and crawled back into bed. I'm—sure glad you showed up, old girl. I was—getting up against it for fair." He coughed.

"Looks like it," Billy Louise held herself rigidly back from any emotional expression. She could not afford to "go to pieces" now. She tried to think just what a trained nurse would do, in such a case. Her hospital experience would be of some use here, she told herself. She remembered reading somewhere that no experience is valueless, if one only applies the knowledge gained.

"First," she said cheerfully, "the patient must be kept quiet and cheerful. So don't go jumping up and down on your broken leg. Ward Warren; the nurse forbids it. And smile, if it kills you."

Ward grinned appreciatively. Stek as he was, he realized the gameness of Billy Louise; what he failed to realize was the gameness of himself. "I'm a pretty worthless specimen right now," he said apologetically. "But I'm yours to command, Bill-the-Conk. You're the doctor."

"Nope, I'm the cook, right now. I've got a hunch. How would you like a

cup of tea, patient?"

"I'd rather have coffee—Doctor William."

"Ten, you mean. I'll have it ready in ten minutes." Then she weakened before his imploring eyes. "You really oughtn't to drink coffee, with that fever, Ward. But, maybe if I don't make it very strong and put in lots of cream— We'll take a chance, buckaroo!"

"How much sugar, patient?" Billy Louise turned toward him with the tomato can sugar bowl in her hands.

"None. I want to taste the coffee, this trip."

"Oh, all right! It's the worst thing you could think of, but that's the way with a patient. Patients always want what they mustn't have."

"Sure—get it, too." Ward spoke between long, satisfying gulps. "How's your other patient, Wilhelminah? How's mommie?"

"Oh, Ward! She's dead—mommie's dead!" Billy Louise broke down unexpectedly and completely. She went down on her knees beside the bed and cried as she had not cried since she looked the last time at mommie's still face, held in that terrifying calm. She cried until Ward's excited mutterings warned her that she must pull herself together.

"You be still!" she commanded brokenly, fighting for her former safe cheerfulness. "I'm all right. PITY yourself, if you've got to pity someone. I—can stand—my trouble. I haven't got any broken leg and—hookin'-cough." She managed a laugh then and took Ward's hand from her hair and laid it down on the blankets. "Now we won't talk about things any more. You've got to have something done for that cold on your lungs." She rose and stood looking down at him with puckered eyebrows.

"Mommie would say you ought to have a good sweat," she decided. "Got my ginger?"

"I dunno. I guess not," Ward muttered confusedly.

"Well, I'll go out and find some sage, then, and give you sage tea. That's another cure-all."

She did not spend all her time picking sage twigs. A bush grew at the corner of the cabin within easy reach. She went first down to the stable and led Blue inside and unsaddled him. Ward was lying quiet when she went in, except that he was waving her handkerchief to and fro by the corners to cool it. Billy Louise took it from him, wet it again with cold water, and scolded him for getting his arms from under the covers. That, she said, was no nice way for a hookin'-cough man to do.

Ward meekly submitted to being covered to his eyes. Then he wriggled his chin free and demanded that she kiss him. Ward was fairly drunk with happiness because she was there, in the cabin.

"Ward Warren, you're a perfectly awful hookin'-cough man! There. Now that's going to be the only one—Oh, Ward, it isn't!" She knelt and cursed an arm around his face and kissed him again and yet again. "O love you, Ward. I've been a weak-kneed, horrid thing, and I'm ashamed to the middle of my bones. You're my own brave buckaroo always—always! You've done what no other man would do, and you don't whine about it; and I've been weak and—horrid; and I'll have to love you about a million years before I can quit feeling ashamed." She kissed him again with a passion of remorse for her doubts of him.

"Are you through being pals, Wilhelminah?" Ward broke rules and freed an arm, so that he could hold her closer.

"No, I'm just beginning. Just beginning right. I'm your pal for keeps. But—"

"I love you for keeps, lady mine." Ward stifled another cough. "When are you going to—marry me?"

"Oh, when you get over the hookin'-cough, I s'pose." Once more Billy Louise, for the good of her patient, forced herself into safe flippancy—that was not flippant at all, but merely a tender pretense.

"Now it's up to you to show me whether you are in any hurry at all to get well," she said. "Keep your hands under the covers while I make some tea. That fever of yours has got to be stopped immediately—to once."

She went over and busted herself about the stove, never once looking toward the bed, though she must have felt Ward's eyes worshipping her.

She hunted through the cupboards and found a bottle of turpentine; slippery and yellowed with age, but pungent with strength. She found some lard in a small bucket and melted half a cupful. Then she tore up a woolen undershirt she found hanging on a nail and bore relentlessly down upon him.

"You gotta be greased all over your lungs," she announced with a matter-of-factness that cost her something; for Billy Louise's innate modesty was only just topped by her good sense.

Ward submitted without protest while she bared his chest and applied the warm mixture with a smoothly vigorous palm. "That'll fix the hookin'-cough," she said, as she spread the warm layers of woolen cloth smoothly from shoulder to shoulder. "How does it feel?"

"Great," he assured her succinctly, and wisely omitted any love making.

"Will your game leg let you turn over? Because there's some dope left, and it ought to go between your shoulders."

"The game leg ought to stand more than that," he told her, turning slowly. "If I hadn't got this cold tacked onto me, I'd have been trying to walk on it by now."

"Better give it time—since you've been game enough to lie here all this while and take care of it. I don't be-

lieve I'd have had nerve enough for that, Ward." She poured turpentine and lard into her palm, reached inside his collar and rubbed it on his shoulders. "Good thing you had plenty of grub handy. But it must have been awful!"

"It was pretty lonesome," he admitted laconically, and that was as far as his complainings went.

Billy Louise then poured the water off the sage leaves she had been brewing in a tin basin, carefully fished out a stem or two, and made Ward drink every bitter drop. Then she covered him to the eyes and hardened her heart against his discomfort, while she kept the handkerchief cool on his head and between times swept the floor with a carefully dampened broom and wiped the dust off things and restored the room to its most cheerful atmosphere of livableness.

"Wan' a drink," mumbled Ward, with a blanket over his mouth and a raveled thread tickling his nose so that he squirmed.

Billy Louise went over and laid her fingers on his neck. "I can't tell whether it's grease or perspiration," she said, laughing a little. "What are you squinting up your nose for? Sure! To goodness you don't mind that little, harmless raveling? If you wouldn't go on breathing it wouldn't wriggle around so much!" Nevertheless, she plucked the tormenting thread and threw it on the floor.

"Gimme—drink," Ward mumbled again.

"There's more sage tea—"

"Waugh!"

"I suppose that means you aren't crazy about sage tea! Well, I might give you a teenty-weeny speck more of coffee. You can't have water yet, you know. You've—got to get to sweat like a nigger in a cotton patch first."

Ward granted something and afterwards sniffed that he would take the coffee and call it square.

The next time she went near him he was wrinkling his lean nose because beads of perspiration were standing there and slipping occasionally down to his cheeks.

"Fine! You're two niggers in a cotton patch now," she announced cheerfully. "And Mr. Hookin' Cough will have to hunt another home, I reckon. You weren't half as hoarse when you swore last time."

It was physically impossible for Ward to blush, since he was already the color of a boiled beet; but he looked guilty when she uncovered the rest of his face and wiped off the gathered moisture. "I didn't think you'd hear," he grinned embarrassedly.

"I was listening for it, buckaroo. I'd have been scared to pieces if you hadn't quessed a little. I'd have thought sure you were going to die. A man," she added sententiously, "always has a chance as long as he's able to swear. It's like a horse wiggling his ears."

The comparison reminded her that she intended to shut Rattler in the hay corral; she dried Ward's hands hastily, pulled the wolf-skins off the bed, and commanded him to keep covered until she came back. She ran down bareheaded to the stable, saw Rattler industriously boring his nose into the stack, and put up the gate.

When she went into the cabin again, Ward gave a start and opened his eyes like one who had been dozing. Billy Louise smiled with gratification. He was better. She knew he was better. She did not speak, but went over to the stove and pretended to be busy there, though she was careful to make no noise. When she turned finally and glanced toward the bed, Ward was asleep.

Billy Louise took a deep breath, tiptoed over to the bench beside the table, sat down, and pilloved her head on her folded arms. She wanted to cry, and she needed to think, and she was dead, dead, dead!

(Continued next week)

and docketed in the Office of the Clerk of said Court on the 29th day of April, 1918, and said Execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the state of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 168 feet west of the Southwest corner of Lot Number 3 of Sherwood's Addition to Cottage Grove, as platted and recorded on page 367 of volume 25 of the deed records of said County, and running thence North 50° East 13 1/3 rods or 229 feet to the South line of Lot 4 in said Addition, thence west on said line 99 feet, thence South 229 feet, thence east 99 feet to the place of beginning.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, and in compliance with said Execution and Order of Sale, and in order to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 8th day of June, 1918, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to-wit: at one o'clock p. m. on said day, at the Southwest corner of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale for cash, subject to redemption, all the right, title and interest of said Defendants, Ellen B. Metcalf, C. R. Metcalf, Lillian Currier and M. S. Currier, or any of them or any person or persons claiming by, through or under them, in and to the above described real property.

D. A. ELKINS,
Recorder, Sheriff Lane County, Oregon.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

Mary A. Sherman and David Sherman, Plaintiffs, vs. Fingal Hinds, Effie Hinds, F. L. Dolzal and Mrs. F. L. Dolzal, his wife, first and full name unknown, and Harry Munnixma and Mrs. Harry Munnixma, first and full name unknown, wife of Harry Munnixma, Defendants.

To Fingal Hinds, Effie Hinds, F. L. Dolzal and Mrs. Dolzal his wife, first and full name unknown, and Harry Munnixma and Mrs. Harry Munnixma, first and full name unknown, wife of Harry Munnixma:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 31st day of May, 1918, said date being six weeks from the date ordered for the first publication of this summons, to-wit: six weeks from the 19th day of April, 1918, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, namely, for a decree for the sum of \$712.18 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from the first day of February, 1918, for the further sum of \$996.78 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from the first of February, 1918, for the further sum of \$63.77 taxes and interest paid by plaintiff with 10 per cent per annum interest from February 1, 1918, and for the further sum of \$100 attorney's fees, and for costs and disbursements of this suit, also for a decree foreclosing on certain real estate mortgage particularly described in exhibit "A" in plaintiff's complaint.

You are further notified that the date of the order for publication of this summons was made on the 10th day of April, 1918, and the day upon which you are required to answer said complaint on or before the 31st day of May, 1918. That the date of the first publication of this summons will be made on the 19th day of April, 1918, and the date of the last publication thereof will be on the 31st day of May, 1918.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in The Cottage Grove Sentinel, a newspaper published in Cottage Grove, Lane County, State of Oregon, and of general circulation therein.

H. J. SHINN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Richard B. Woolley, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Martha A. Woolley has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for Lane County, appointed executrix of the estate of Richard B. Woolley, deceased, and that all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as the law requires, at the law office of H. J. Shinn, in Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice, to-wit: within six months from the 12th day of April, A. D. 1918. MARTHA A. WOOLLEY, Executrix.
H. J. SHINN, her attorney a12-m10

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Lena Lurch, deceased, has filed in the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, his final account as executor of said estate and that Saturday, the 11th day of May, 1918, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day has been set by the County Court as the time hearing objections to said final account.

BENJAMIN LURCH,
Executor of the estate of
Lena Lurch, deceased.
a12-m3e
Try the want ad. way.

Why Is Oregon's Self Appointed Boss Afraid of Stanfield?



Believing that the Republican voters of the state of Oregon would not look with favor upon Oswald West naming the Senatorial candidate for the Republican party,

And inasmuch as I have received many thousands of letters and other assurances from the Republican voters assuring me of their support, I must respectfully decline the proposal of Mr. West that all other candidates withdraw and give a clear field to C. L. McNary.

I feel that I have the confidence of the Republican voters and the people of this great state that I will serve them honestly and efficiently as a Senator and at this critical time they are inclined to support a man from the business walks of life.

Oswald West has heretofore asserted that he only desired to be a candidate that he might oppose me if I should be successful in defeating McNary in the primaries.

His interference is intolerable to me, as I believe it is to the Republican voters of the state, and I will welcome the opportunity to oppose him in the general election if he should be successful in defeating his Democratic opponent, Mr. King.

R. N. STANFIELD.

Mr. Stanfield makes the above reply to the proposal of Oswald West that all candidates for Senator withdraw in favor of Mr. West's candidate. The whole activity of the Democratic machine in attempting to stem the tide of dissatisfaction against their candidate now in the Senate is laid bare in this last supreme attempt of Mr. West to bolster up a forlorn hope.

The question is do the people and the Republicans want this sort of bossism in Oregon, or do they want 100% Americans and 100% Republicans such as Mr. Stanfield, a successful, energetic, patriotic, self-made man whose every act has added to the progress and growth of Oregon, a man who gets results, accomplishes something, who has worked and knows how to work and who will work.

Stanfield is 100% American and 100% Republican and he would support the President in winning this war.

WHICH DO YOU WANT—A MAN WHO CAN STAND ON HIS OWN FEET OR ONE WHO CANNOT?

Paid ad. by Stanfield Senatorial League, 203 N. W. Bank Bldg., Portland

Ralph E. Williams

REPUBLICAN

Candidate for National Committeeman

Ralph E. Williams, of Portland, native son of Oregon and present Republican National Committeeman, is a candidate for renomination and election. All Oregon knows that Mr. Williams was the chief factor in bringing about the reunion of the Republican and Progressive parties in the state in 1916, resulting in Oregon being the only state in the West to cast its electoral vote for Hughes. That Mr. Williams did splendid work in harmonizing the various elements of the Republican and Progressive parties is also recognized nationally, is attested by strong letters of endorsement, written by William R. Wilcox, retiring chairman of the Republican National Committee, George W. Perkins, chairman of the executive committee of the Progressive party, and Will H. Hays, recently elected chairman of the Republican National Committee. These letters refer not only to the state and national campaign of 1916, but also to the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee at St. Louis, where Mr. Williams' activities materially aided in establishing the spirit of cooperation and harmony which now prevails in the party throughout the United States.

A descendant of Oregon pioneer stock, his parents having crossed the plains to Oregon in 1845, Ralph Williams' Americanism has found an abundant expression since the outbreak of the war by participation in all patriotic war activities.

As is generally known, seniority in service gives prestige and influence on the Republican National Committee in the same measure as on Congressional committees. At the present time he is ranked as to seniority on the National Committee by two members only. This puts Mr. Williams in a position of power and distinction such as no new member of the Committee could hope to attain.

His reelection will insure to the State of Oregon all the added benefits which will naturally accrue from his increased standing.

THOS. H. TONGUE, JR.
CLYDE G. HUNTLEY,
WILLARD L. MARKS,
WALTER L. TOOZE, JR.
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F. H. POVEY
Members Hughes Campaign Com. (Republican-Progressive).
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