

The Cow Puncher

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

By
Robert J. C. Stead
Author of
"Kitchen and
Other Poems"
Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Irene," said Mrs. Hardy, "what way is that to speak to Mr. Conward? You are out of your head, child! Such a scene, Mr. Conward! That cow puncher! I always knew it would come out some time. Oh, if the papers should learn of this!"

"That's all you think of," Irene retorted. "A scene, and the papers. You don't trouble to even wonder what was the occasion of the scene. You're afraid of the papers. I'm not. I'll give the whole story to them tomorrow. I'll tell that you insulted him, Conward, and how you stood there, a grinning, gaping coward under the muzzle of his gun. How I wish I had a photograph of it!" she exclaimed, with a little hysterical laugh. "It would look fine on the front page." She broke into peals of laughter and rushed up the stairs.

In the morning she was very sober and pale, and marks of distress and sleeplessness were furrowed in her face. She greeted her mother with cold civility and left her breakfast untouched. She gave part of her breakfast to Charlie; it was a saving balm to her to have someone upon whom she could pour affection. Then she went to the telephone. She called Dave's office. Nothing was known of Mr. Elden; he had been working there last night; he was not down yet. She called his apartments. There was no answer. Then she tried a new number.

"Hello, is that the office of the Call? Will you let me speak to—"

Her mother interrupted almost frantically: "Irene, you are not going to tell the papers? You mustn't do that. Think of what it means—the disgrace—a shooting affair, almost, in our home. Think of me, your mother—"

"I'll think of you on one consideration—that you explain what happened last night and tell me where Dave Elden is."

"I can't explain. I don't know. And I don't know—"

"And you don't want to know. And you don't care, so long as you can keep it out of the papers. I do. I'm going to find out the facts about this, if every paper in the country should print them. Hello! Yes, I want to speak to Miss Morrison."

In a few words she explained Dave's sudden disappearance, stripping the incident of all but vital facts. Bert Morrison was all sympathy. "It's a big story, you know," she said, "but we won't think of it that way. Not a line, so far as I am concerned. Edith Duncan is the girl we need. A sort of adopted sister to Dave. She may know more than any of us."

But Edith knew absolutely nothing; nothing except that her own heart was thrown into a turmoil of emotions. She spent the day and the evening downtown, rotating about the points where Dave might likely be found. And the next morning she called on Irene Hardy.

In spite of all efforts at self-control she trembled as she pressed the bell. She had never met Irene Hardy; it was going to be a strange experience, introducing herself to the woman who had been preferred over her and who had apparently proved so unworthy of that preference.

She had difficult things to say, and even while she said them she must fight a battle to the death with the jealousy of her natural womanhood. And she must be very, very careful that in saying things which were hard to say she did not say hard things. And, most difficult of all, she must try to pave the way to a reconciliation between Dave and the woman who stood between her and happiness.

Irene attended the door, as was her custom. Her eyes took in Edith's face and figure with mild surprise. Edith was conscious of the process of a quick intellect endeavoring to classify her—solitary, modest teacher, business girl? And in that moment of pause she saw Irene's eyes and a strange commotion of feeling surged through her. So this was the woman Dave had chosen to love!

No; one does not choose whom one will love; one loves without choosing. Edith was conscious of that; she knew that in her own life. And even as she looked this first time upon Irene she became aware of a subtle attraction gathering about her; she felt something of that power which had held Dave to a single course through all these years. And suddenly a great new truth was born in Edith Duncan. Suddenly she realized that if the steel at any time prove unfaithful to the magnet the fault lies not in the steel but in the magnet. What a change of view, what a reversion of all accepted things came with the realization of that truth which roots down into the bedrock of all nature!

"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 a-tremble all through Edith's heart.

"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 fem-

nine sense of danger which so seldom errs in dealing with its own sex, and is yet so unreliable a defense 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. 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." 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. 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—it wasn't in self-defense—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 that should happen—"

"You poor girl!" said Edith. "You poor girl!" And her arms found the



"Because I Love You, and Would Follow You Anywhere."

other's neck. "You have been hurt, hurt." And then, under her breath, "more than me."

"What has he done?"

"He had already been convinced that he should offer his services to his country, in these times. 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. 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."

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 at first, led her into a maze of confusion and disappointment. 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.

The organization of the military service commanded less enthusiasm than she felt 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 some degree 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.

At last one great fear had settled on her heart. 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 to it to break down? 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 intensity that set her pulses racing. 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 near by and call him by name. If that name meant nothing to him he would not even notice her presence, but if it should be—

"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.

"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."

"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 placed the plot together and she knew what he was thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Moving Picture.

The first real moving picture was produced by C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer at the treasury department, Washington, and shown by him at Richmond, Ind., his home town, on June 8, 1894. The picture portrayed a butterfly costume dance performed by a vaudeville artist named Annabelle, who received \$5 for her work.

TOMATO TRELLIS IS EASY TO CONSTRUCT

Features of One Shown Are Lightness and Durability.

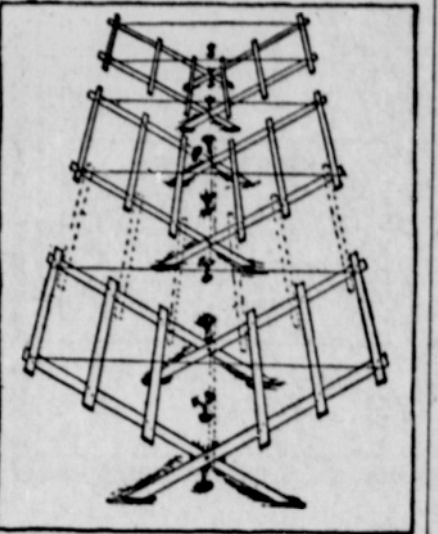
Device May Be Put Together With Any Material at Hand—Fruit Will Hang Low, but Not Enough to Touch the Ground.

The features of this trellis are lightness, durability and easy method of construction. It may be made of any material at hand, although materials of the following dimensions are just about right for a trellis that may be taken up and put away for use for many years.

The pieces that rest on the ground are 1½x3 inches by 4 feet long. The strips nailed on these are 1x2 inches by 6 feet long.

Where the pieces cross one nail is driven and clinched. As shown in the cut, the other pieces are nailed to hold the frame rigid.

The wire running from one side to the other is to hold the frame in position.



A Good Tomato Trellis.

tion. When the vines are dead and before bad weather in the fall the trellis may be cleaned and closed up and stored away for further use.

In setting the trellis in position along the row of tomatoes, they should be set five or six feet apart, so that strips, as shown in the cut by dotted lines, may be put on, thus saving one-half the number of heavy pieces.

The strip shown by dotted lines, lying in the fork of the trellis, is to tie the plant to first; then keep off all suckers but two on each side of the plant.

The fruit will hang low in great bunches; being shaded by the foliage and not touching the ground, it will be nice and clean.

CONCENTRATES MUST BE FED

Dairy Expert Advises Against Discontinuance of Grain Feed for Cows in Pasture.

L. V. Wilson of University farm, agent in dairying for the United States department of agriculture, advises against the discontinuance of grain feed when the cows are turned out first to pasture. Some grain must still be fed, he says, if a consistent milk flow and the average weight of the cows are to be maintained. Changing from grain feeds to pastures can be overdone, he adds, for the reason that it is impossible for the cows to get the same amount of nourishment from a day's grazing that they may obtain from two or more regular feedings of concentrates. "We usually notice," he says, "an increase in milk production following the change from barn confinement to the freedom of the green pasture. However, we are running the danger of reducing the weight of our cows, consequently putting a greater strain upon their system, if we do not tide them over through the first few weeks with some amount of grain."

"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."

"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 placed the plot together and she knew what he was thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The first real moving picture was produced by C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer at the treasury department, Washington, and shown by him at Richmond, Ind., his home town, on June 8, 1894. The picture portrayed a butterfly costume dance performed by a vaudeville artist named Annabelle, who received \$5 for her work.

Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF PRISON?

"OUR LIFE is twofold: sleep hath its own world," says Byron, and Joseph Glanville, that eminent seventeenth century divine and philosopher who is thought to have anticipated by his inventions the electric telegraph, says: "We dream, see visions—one half our life is a romance of fiction." Sir William Petty, the great ship-builder, proposed it to Pepys of the famous "Diary" "as a thing truly questionable, whether there really be any difference between waking and sleeping," while Ellis says, "Dreams are true while they last—can we at the best say more of life?"

This idea of duality of existence—a dreaming and a waking life, both of equal reality—is the basic ideas of Galderon's wonderful drama, "Life Is a Dream," which nobody reads nowadays, but which everybody ought to, for it is worth while. The hero of that drama is part of the time a prisoner and part of the time a king and cannot decide which part of his life is a dream.

The dream of being in prison is not an uncommon one, although it is not classed by the scientists as a "typical" dream. It could be easily interpreted by the disciples of the Freudina school, though they would require all the details of the dream in order to do so. As for the mystics in spite of its being a rather disagreeable dream, they nearly all account it to be one of favorable omen, an indication of good luck and happiness. To dream that you simply see a prison is regarded by some as indicative of luck. As to escaping from your dream-prison, the authorities are divided on that, some saying that it means temporary success, others danger. So if you find yourself in jail in your dreams, better stay there until you wake up—unless you are pardoned by some Dreamland governor, or dream that you have applied for such pardon, both of which are excellent omens.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

What we do makes us what we are. Better make palaces and live in a hut than to make huts and live in a palace.—Helen Campbell.

Corn Oil as Fat.

The smooth delicate flavor of the oil made from corn may be used in many dishes in which butter is used and in others to take the place of olive oil. Cakes, puddings, salad dressings and even pastry are commonly made with corn oil as fat in place of lard.

Pastry.

Take two cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, seven tablespoonfuls or one scant half cupful of oil, and one-fourth of a cupful of cold water. Sift the dry ingredients, add the oil, mixing it with a fork, then the water and roll out. This recipe makes a covered pie and one extra crust.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Beat the yolk of one egg in a deep bowl, set in ice water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of mustard, a few dashes of cayenne; add a tablespoonful of corn oil and beat vigorously; add another and a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar; beat vigorously again, then add more oil until a cupful is used and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat until thick and creamy. The dressing should be stiff enough to keep its shape when dropped on a salad. Use whipped cream to thin dressing when it is mixed with the salad. Various vegetables may be added to give flavor and variety such as finely chopped onion, peppers, parsley, chives or capers. For further seasoning add Worcestershire sauce, catsups of various kinds, tabasco sauce and chili powder.

White Loaf Sugar.

Take one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of oil, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one-fourth cupful of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and vanilla with the whites of four eggs. Mix the sugar and corn oil, sift the flour and baking powder, salt and cornstarch, add the milk alternately with the dry ingredients, then the oil, and fold in the whites the last thing. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

For frying in deep fat, for shortening and griddle cakes, gems and hot breads of various kinds, the corn oil may be used as any other fat.

Nellie Maxwell

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Fate of an Evil-doer.

"About the crookedest community in this region," remarked Cactus Joe, "is Gravelville. A stranger sat into a game there and they concluded that no man could win steadily without usin' marked cards and dealin' off the bottom."

"Did they run him out of town?" "No, they didn't. But he has had to quit gamblin'. Them fellers come sneakin' around to his shack and paid him anything he wanted for givin' lessons."

CUCUMBERS ARE EASILY INJURED

It Is Not Advisable to Plant Until All Danger of Frost Has Passed.

RICH SOIL IS RECOMMENDED

Frequent Shallow Cultivation Should Be Given Until Vines Fill Space Between Rows—Netting Keeps Away Harmful Bugs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The soil for cucumbers should be rich, and it is a good plan to apply well-rotted manure under the rows or hills. If planted in rows open the furrow and scatter the manure along the furrow, turning fresh soil over the manure before planting the seeds. If the seeds are planted in hills confine the application of manure to the area occupied by the hills.

Easily Injured by Cold.

As cucumbers are easily injured by cold it is not advisable to plant until all danger of frost is over and the ground has begun to warm up. For very early cucumbers the seeds should be planted in a hothed in old straw, berry boxes, plant boxes, inverted soda, or directly in the soil of the bed. By starting the plants in hotheds the cucumbers will be ready for the table two or three weeks earlier than if started in the open. For the main crop drill the seed in rows five feet apart, and after the plants reach a height of three or four inches thin them to stand twelve to eighteen inches apart in the row, or plant the seeds in hills four feet apart each way and thin to three or four plants to the hill.

Cucumbers should be given frequent shallow cultivation until the vines fill most of the space between the rows; after this very little attention will be needed, except to pull out weeds by hand. Do not allow any fruit to ripen on the vines until the end of the picking season, as new fruits will not form while the older ones are ripening.

Beetle Does Much Harm.

Young cucumber plants are often destroyed by the cucumber beetle. It is possible to protect the plants by covering them with small wooden frames



Cucumbers.

over which mosquito netting has been stretched or a square of mosquito netting dropped over a peg set in the middle of the hill, the edges of the netting being covered with earth to prevent the netting from blowing off, may be used. Air-slaked lime sprinkled over the small plants is an added protection against the cucumber beetle.

The varieties recommended are White Spine, Davis' Perfect and Emerald.

POULTRY EGGS VARY IN SIZE

Range From Small Ones Laid by Bantams to Those Laid by Such Breeds as Light Brahmas.

The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds; thus, hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as Light Brahmas, according to the United States department of agriculture. On an average, hens' eggs are 2.27 inches in length and 1.72 inches in diameter, or width, at the broadest point, and weigh about two ounces each, or eight eggs to the pound (1.5 pounds per dozen). Generally speaking, the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old birds, those of guinea fowls about two thirds the size of hens' eggs, those of ducks somewhat larger, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger.

BARNYARD MANURE IN FAVOR

Liberal Application Should Be Made in Garden—Broadcast Before Turning the Soil.

If barnyard manure is available give a liberal application to your garden. If you have only a small supply, it is best to put in the drill and thoroughly mix with the soil. If plentiful, apply broadcast before turning the soil.

AVOID TOO MUCH BULKY FOOD

Hens Have Small Crops and Cannot Handle Great Amount of Roughage to Advantage.

The feeder must be careful not to supply too much bulky feed to the hens, as these fowls have small crops and cannot handle a great amount of roughage as can cows and other animals which ruminate their feed.