



The COW PUNCHER

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ENTER EDITH DUNCAN.

Synopsis.—David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his ranch-cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and the over-bearing leg of Doctor Hardy but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and brings a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping. Dave and Irene get well acquainted during her enforced stay. They part with a kiss and an implied promise. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Conward teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Fortunate fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, designed that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and backed them up the long, narrow driveway leading to the family coal chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shoveled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish, wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face, Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation. "You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"

"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember." "You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town." "Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You might get sick of it." "Did you get sick of it?" Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that disarmed suspicion.

"Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick? . . . So I beat it for town." "And I suppose you are attending church regularly now, and night school, too?" Dave's quick temper fired up in resentment, but again the kindness of the man's manner disarmed him. He was silent for a moment, and then he said:

deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, unaccustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost before he knew it he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in backing his team to the coal chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shoveled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal except as something to be shoveled and shoveled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of nature—how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new land in coal resources, and how the wheels of the world, traffic and industry and science, even, were dependent upon coal and the man who handled the coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. He had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until tonight had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume and a young man a little older than Dave entered.

"Edith," said Mrs. Duncan. Dave arose and shook hands. Then Mr. Allan Forsyth was introduced. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him." It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear he could afford to be friendly.

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How Mr. Forsyth was introduced. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him." It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear he could afford to be friendly.

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"No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intendin' to get an education, an' I've never got even a start at it, except for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. There always seems to be something else—in ahead." "There always will be," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start." "But how's it to be done?" Dave questioned with returning interest. "Schools an' books cost money, an' I never save a dollar." "And never will," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start. But I think I see a plan that might help, and if it appeals to you it will also be a great convenience to me. My wife likes to go driving Sundays, and sometimes on a weekday evening, but I have so many things on hand I find it hard to get out with her. My daughter used to drive, but these new-fangled automobiles are turning the world upside down—and many a buggy with it. Well—as I saw you driving in here I said to myself, 'There's the man for that job of mine, if I can get him'; but I'm not rich, and I couldn't pay you regular wages. But if I could square the account by helping with your studies a couple of nights a week—I used to teach school and haven't altogether forgotten—why, that would be just what I want. What do you say?"

younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fall him in the strain of after life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson.

As soon as Dave had learned to read a little Mr. Duncan took him one day to the public library, and the young man groped in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of indignation came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked. "Yes, of course. Why?" "When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit, crates and crates of it, and cartloads more in the warehouse?' Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now just apply the same sense to your reading. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met downtown, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

The climax seemed to be reached when Mr. Duncan invited Dave to accompany him to a dinner at which a noted thinker, just crossing the continent, had consented to speak.

"It will be evening dress," said Mr. Duncan. "I suppose you are hardly fitted out that way?" "I guess not," said Dave, smiling broadly. He recalled the half-humorous sarcasm with which the Metford gang referred to any who might be seen abroad in their "Hereford frocks." He had a sudden vision of himself running the gantlet of their ridicule.

But Mr. Duncan was continuing. "I think I can fix you up," he said. "We must be pretty nearly of a size, and I have a spare suit." And almost before he knew it it was arranged that Dave should attend the dinner.

It was an eventful night for him. His shyness soon wore off, for during these months he had been learning to accept any new experience gladly. And as he sat among this company of the best minds of the town he felt that a new world was opening before him. His good clothes seemed to work up in some way through his subconsciousness and give him a sense of capability. He was in the mental atmosphere of men who did things, and by conforming to their customs he had brought his mind into harmony with theirs, so that it could receive suggestions, and—who knows?—return suggestions. And he was made to think, think, think.

CHAPTER V.

The summer was not far gone when Dave, through an introduction furnished by Mr. Duncan, got a new job. It was in the warehouse of a wholesale grocery, trundling cases and sacks of merchandise. It was cleaner than handling coal, and the surroundings were more congenial and the wages were better—fifty dollars a month to begin.

"The first thing is to get out of the deadline," said Mr. Duncan. "I ain't hoping that you will have found destiny in a wholesale warehouse, but you must get out of the deadline. As long as you shovel coal you will shovel coal. And you are not capable of anything better un if you think you are." "But I've liked it pretty well," said Dave. "As long as I was just working for my wages it was dull going, but it was different after I got to see that even shoveling coal was worth while. I suppose it is the same with groceries, or whatever one does. As soon as you begin to study what you handle, the work loses its drudgery. It isn't a man's job that makes him sick of his job; it's what he thinks of his job."

A light of satisfaction was in his teacher's eyes as Dave made this answer. Mr. Duncan had realized that he was starting late with this pupil, and if there were any short cuts to education he must find them. So he had set out deliberately to instill the idea that education is not a matter of schools and colleges, or courses of reading, or formulae of any kind, but a matter of the five senses applied to every experience of life. And he knew that nothing was course or common that passed through Dave's hands.

Edith becomes interested in Dave.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Soldiers' Hat Cords. The colors of the cords on the hats of soldiers stand for distinctive branches of the army. Blue is for infantry; yellow, for cavalry; red for artillery; red and white, for engineer corps; salmon and white, signal corps; maroon, medical corps; black and red, ordnance corps; buff, quartermaster corps; gold and black, commissaries officer.

How Squirrels Earned and Continue to Earn Right to Live and Rejoice in Life.

"In creating the squirrel family nature performed one of her most gracious and beneficent acts," writes Arthur F. Rice in an article on "Four-Footed Folk" in Boys' Life. "She made the striped squirrel for the very small boy, the red squirrel for the larger boy and the gray squirrel for the big boy from fifteen to seventy years of age, and threw in flying squirrels and black squirrels and fox squirrels as an evidence of her generous disposition to please everybody. She decorated the stumps and mossy rocks with tiny, beautiful forms and added picturesque life to the rail fences and stone walls with a charming race of busy little creatures whose graceful motions and interesting habits contribute much to the entertainment of all mankind.

"It was in the eternal fitness of things that the squirrels should do something for nature in return for the gift of a joyous existence; so they set about helping her to plant her garden. The chipmunks buried beech nuts and chestnuts and acorns in the ground, and thus did their part in the scheme of scientific forestry. The red squirrels dropped hazelnuts, butternuts, cherry stones and pine cones along the walls and fences and straightway there sprang up along these avenues of squirrel travel fruitful shrubs and luscious trees where other squirrels find a feast, where the birds build their nests and under which the cattle enjoy a grateful shade. So the squirrels earned, and continued to earn the right to live and to rejoice in life."

Graphic Chart Shows That Human Life Appeared Late in the Quaternary Period

A geologist, writing to the Scientific American, describes by means of a graphic chart the comparative lengths of the different periods of the age of the earth. He places the age of the earth arbitrarily at 72,000,000 years, represented by a clock dial of 24 hours—3,000,000 years to each hour.

On the above basis the first six hours of the clock represents Azale time, the earliest conjectural period of the earth's formation—18,000,000 years; the next six hours Eozole and the next eight Paleozole time—18,000,000 and 24,000,000 years, respectively—periods of mineral and vegetable formations. In the next three hours animal life developed—Mesozole time, 9,000,000 years—that is, from the twentieth to the twenty-third hour. Thus the last hour of the 24—3,000,000 years of geologic time—represents Neozole time, which includes the appearance of human life in the Quaternary period.

This last division of the 24 hours, the Quaternary period, is shown as only 10 minutes—in other words, 500,000 years. The existence of human life on the earth, therefore, bears the same relation to the age of the earth as 10 minutes does to 24 hours. But since the period of written history is estimated roughly at only 6,000 years, this last division is not shown on the chart, since it would only be 12 seconds in duration.

THE MIDDLE AGE

Our youth began with tears and sighs, With seeking what we could not find; Our verses were allthrenodies, In elegiac still we whined; Our ears were deaf, our eyes were blind, We sought, and knew not what we sought, We marvel, now, we look behind; Life's more amusing than we thought!

Oh, foolish youth, untimely wise! Oh, phantoms of the sickly mind! What? not content with seas and skies, With rainy clouds and southern wind, With common cares and faces kind, With pains and joys each morning brought? Ah, old and worn, and tired we find Life's more amusing than we thought!

Though youth "turns spectre-thin and dies," To mourn for youth we're not inclined; We set our souls on salmon flies, We whittle where we once repined, Confound the woes of humankind! By heaven we're "well deceived," I wot; Who hum contented and resigned, "Life's more amusing than we thought!" —Andrew Lang.

Big Men Who Are Unusually Bright Are in the Minority

It is generally accepted that great development of the powers of the brain is usually accompanied by only moderate animal or physical life. In those cases where high development of both is found, it is emphatically marked by shortness of existence or defective vitality in the structures of organic life and low organization. Mental celebrities of large stature have been in a noticeable minority, and the standard of health very low; in fact, according to John o' London's Weekly, from Alfred the Great to Schiller the physical defects have been painfully apparent, and the roll of deathless names seems to be the list of a gathering of invalids and cripples.

Care of Toys.

Always examine your children's toys before allowing them to play with them. The paint may come off with sucking, or there may be rusty projecting nails in them.



Why are WRIGLEY'S

flavors like the pyramids of Egypt? Because they are long-lasting.

And WRIGLEY'S is a beneficial as well as long-lasting treat.

It helps appetite and digestion, keeps teeth clean and breath sweet, allays thirst.

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

Sealed Tight—Kept Right



Good Times. I suppose no one has looked more industriously or in more places, for a good time than I have. Results have been so meager that I have concluded that a good time is more or less of a phantom.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

A Basket of Eggs. Patalina, center of the largest poultry district in the world sent to the California industries and land show a basket holding 72,528 eggs. The basket was 15 feet long, 5 feet high and 8 feet wide.

Truest Sympathy. The noblest and the most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tear, the echoed sigh, the answering look; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.—Exchange.

They Suffer for Other's Sake. "Looking up an anarchist," said Bill the Burg, "is good for him. But it's kind o' tough on the other fellows that have to live in the same jail."

The first auto mail service in the Orient has been introduced in Madras, India.

NAME 'BAYER' MEANS ASPIRIN IS GENUINE

Safely stop headaches as told in "Bayer packages"



Millions of men and women have proved "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, the quickest, most, safest relief for their Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia, Tooth aches, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis. Pain seems to fade right away. Buy only a Bayer package containing proper directions. Always say "Bayer." Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

It Works! Try It Tells how to loosen a corn, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

No 'humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, loosen right up and lift out without a particle of pain or soreness. This drug is called freezezone and a compound of ether discovered by Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezezone, which will cost a trifle, but is sufficient to rid you of every corn or callous. Put a few drops directly upon sore, tender, aching corn or callous, instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug freezezone doesn't eat on the corns or callouses but shrinks them without even irritating the surrounding skin. Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist doesn't have freezezone have him order it for you.—Adv.

"Water Chestnut" the Latest. From China has been obtained the "water chestnut," the tubers of which eaten raw or in stews, are a source of much gratification to the palate of pig-tailed epicures. They are sliced and shredded for soups.

A Kind Provision. Apparently the men who talk at the time never grow dumb, but those who are compelled to listen all the time have a tendency to deafness. Nature protects her children ultimately.—Houston Post.

Vital Step. "I have crossed the rubicon," announced the woman who had just quarreled with her red-faced cook.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Health is the fashion. Take Garfield Tea, the herb laxative which purifies the blood and brings good health. Adv.

Wedding Superstitions. The superstition that it is bad luck to get married on a rainy day comes from the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." There is another old superstition that "snowy wedding prophesies wealth."

Frequently three crops a year are raised in Abyssinia. Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then is needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.