



## The Cow Puncher

(Continued from Last Week)

"Well But what can I do?"

"Since I left home I've thought a good deal of the old ranch. I despised it in those prosperous days—those days we thought were prosperous—but the prosperity is gone and the ranch remains. It still lies out there, just as it did when you and your father motored down that afternoon a dozen years ago. I think you'll have to go back there, Reenie. I think you'll have to take the boy Charlie, and what other help you can get, and go back to the old ranch and raise something for the soldiers to eat. You can do it. There are good men to be had; men who can't very well carry a rifle, but can drive a plow. And believe me, Reenie, it's the plow that's going to win. Go back and put them at it. Think of every furrow as another trench in the defenses which shall save your home from the fate of Belgium's homes. It's not as easy as going to the front; it hasn't got the heroic ring to it, and I suppose there are many who will commercialize it. Let them. We shall need their profits after the war to pay our debts. But it's the thing that must be done. And you'll do it, won't you?"

"I'll do whatever needs to be done, Dave. I'd rather be by your side, or as near as may be, but if you say that my duty lies back on the old ranch I shall go back to the old ranch and raise food for my soldier. And when it's all over we shall ride those old hillsides again. . . . Up the canyon, you remember, Dave? The little niche in the wall of the canyon, and all the silence and the sunlight? . . . Forever. . . ."

### CHAPTER XV.

Any philosophy which accepts the principle that the great, overshadowing events of life are subject to an intelligent controlling influence must of necessity grant that the same principle applies to the most commonplace and every-day experiences. The course of the greatest stream of events may well be deflected by incidents so commonplace as to quite escape the notice of the casual observer.

Some such thought as this comforted me—or, at least, would have comforted me, had I thought it—when a leaking gasoline tank left me, literally as well as figuratively, high and dry in the foothills. The sun of an August afternoon blazed its glory from a cloudless sky; low in a valley to the left a ribbon of silver-green mountain water threaded its way through fringes of spruce and cottonwood, while on the uplands beyond sleek steers drowsed in the sunshine, and far to the westward the Rockies slept unconcerned in their draperies of afternoon purple.

All these scenes the eye took in without enthusiasm, almost without approval, and then fell on the white-washed ranch buildings almost in the shadow underneath. And in these days a ranch—almost any ranch—meant gasoline.

I soon stood at the door. My knock attracted a little chap of two and a half or three years; his stout hands shoved the screen back, and I found myself ushered into his company. There evidently was no one else about, so I visited, and we talked on those things which are of importance in the world of three-year-olds.

"Muvver's don to the wiver," he confided. "She turn back pretty soon."

"And father?" I asked. "Where is he?"

Into the dark eyes came a deeper look; they suddenly shone with the spirituality of a life only three years removed from the infinite. By what instruction, I afterward wondered, by what almost divine charm had she been able to instill into his young mind the honor and the glory and the pride of it? For there was pride, and something more than pride—adoration, perhaps—in his words as he straightened up and said in perfect English: "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

I looked in his little sunburnt face, his dark, proud eyes, and presently a strange mist enveloped the room. How many little faces, how many pairs of eyes! It was just fading away when a step sounded on the walk, and I arose as she reached the door.

"The Man of the House has made me at home," I managed to say. "I am shipwrecked on the hill for a little gasoline."

"There is plenty out in the field, where the tractor is," she replied. "You will find it without difficulty. Or if you care to wait here, Charlie may be along presently."

Her voice had sweet, modulated tones, with just that touch of pathos which only the Angel of Suffering knows how to add. And her face was fair, and gentle, and a little sad, and very sweet.

"He has told me," I said. There

seemed no reason why I should not say it. She had entered into the sis-



"My Father Was a Soldier—He Was Killed at Courcellette."

terhood—that universal sisterhood of suffering which the world has known in these long, lonely years. And it was between us, for we were all in the family. There was no occasion to scrape acquaintance by slow, conventional thrust and parry.

"Yes," she said, sitting down and motioning me to a chair. "I was bitter at first. I was dreadfully bitter at first. But gradually I got a different view of it. Gradually I came to feel and know that all we can feel and know here is on the surface—on the outside, as you might say, and we can't know the purpose until we are inside. It is as though life were a riddle, and the key is hidden, and the door behind which the key is hidden is called Death. And I don't believe it's all for nothing; I won't believe it's all for nothing."

"Then there is the suffering," she continued, after a pause. "I don't know why there should be suffering, but I know if there were no suffering there would be no kindness. It is not until you are hit—hard hit—that you begin to think of other people. Until then all is selfishness. But we women—we women of the war—we have nothing left to be selfish for. But we have the whole world to be unselfish for. It's all different, and it can never go back. We won't let it go back. We've paid too much to let it go back."

It was hard to find a reply. "I think I knew your husband a little," I ventured. "He was a—a man."

"He was all that," she said. She arose and stood for a moment in an attitude of meditation; her fingers went to her lips as though enjoining caution. Then with quick decision she went into an inner room, from which she returned in a moment with a letter.

"If you knew him you may care to read this," she said. "It's very personal, and yet, some way, everything is impersonal now, in a sense. There has been such a common cause, and such a wave of common suffering, that it seems to flood out over the individual and embrace us all! . . . So this is really, in a sense, your letter as well as mine."

I took it and read:

I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underneath it, rushing through it in some way I cannot explain, is a joy so much deeper than pain that it must be joy.

You have already been advised that David Elden was among those who fell at Courcellette. It is true to say that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can deter you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever mankind is valued at its worth.

A new Order has been born into the world; the Order of Suffering. Not that it is new, either; it has been with us since the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual, a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept it enter into the new Order, and wear its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it.

But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice which will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and I am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night—as it is every night.

We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location, I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground.

I knelt beside him and turned my torch on his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead.

there were smears of blood on it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile.

"Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come."

"I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half unraveled. "Oh, it's you, Edith," he said, when he had taken me in. "Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming."

I questioned him again about his wound and began feeling his hair. "It's not there," he said. "Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance."

I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten on it.

"I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave. We'll see it out together."

"That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time.

"I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said, at length. "I shall know presently."

"You are not afraid?" I whispered.

"No. Only sort of—curious. And—reverent. I guess it's reverent. . . . You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?"

"In one word—sacrifice. He that loseth his life shall find it," I quoted.

He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them splattered on his face.

Presently he chuckled. "It was an awfully sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle."

"That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the harness broke or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie?"

I could only say, "Yes," and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails.

He became suddenly sober. "And when Brownie was killed," he went on, "I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the—the compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while."

His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words.

"I'm going—out," he said. "Kiss me, Reenie."

And then I kissed him—for you.

Suddenly he sat up. "The mountains!" he exclaimed, and his voice was a thrill with the pride of his old hills. "See the moonlight—on the mountains!"

Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back, and he did not speak any more.

And what can I add? Dear, it is not defeat. It is promise. It is hope.

Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency, not in bitterness, not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice?

I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope.

EDITH DUNCAN.

I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. "Won't you let me tell the story?" I said, at length. "The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow words, and perhaps turn it into hope—as this letter does."

She hesitated, and I realized then how much I had asked. "It is the story of my life—my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help—"

"Without names," I hastened to explain. "Without real names of places or people."

And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate.

And if you should chance that way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-old, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it:

"My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

THE END

Tears.

She was crying unrestrainedly. Not a sound came from the pretty trembling lips, but the great tears rolled down her cheeks.

The man seemed to enjoy the sight. A sarcastic smile played about his cruel mouth as he watched her; indeed, he looked as if he could never have smiled any other kind.

The girl's beautiful eyes looked up pleadingly to his. His tongue seemed to lash her like a whip as a torrent of words came hissing from his mouth. Then she crumpled up and gave way entirely to her grief.

"Fine, fine!" the man cried to her. "Two hundred feet of that is enough. Now we'll shoot a little of the next scene, where you hang by one foot from a five-story building."

Whereupon the lovely girl chuckled the onion overboard.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## LONG-DRAWN-OUT ELOQUENCE

Speeches That Occupy Day May Be Brilliant, but Are Apt to Be Somewhat Tiresome.

There was a commercial case of great magnitude the other day in England, in which it was expected that one at least of counsel would take eight days for his speech. With all respect for a learned professor, but in amicable candor, it is hard not to commiserate any judge that may have to listen to a speech of this length. It may be made by the cleverest and most eloquent of men, but the fact is that by the eighth day, the facts and the tropes of the first are pretty well faded. The value of these long speeches by counsel consists largely in the notes that the judge has taken. In the notes that the judge has taken, which is by no means always the case. We have, to be sure, the splendid performances at Warren Hastings' impeachment, where we are assured that ladies of the most exalted station swooned in sheer admiration and awful wonder at the genius displayed. So be it; they swooned, though we have to point out that swooning at that period was a pretty general accomplishment; nevertheless, it is fair to say that Burke and Fox and Sheridan in point of fact were rather above the average counsel in eloquence, though Sergeant Saunders could have made any of the three "look foolish" on his own ground.—Christian Science Monitor.

## SUSPENDED PAYMENT IN CASH

How British Government Saved the Situation When Country's Financial Solvency Was Threatened.

In the great war which England commenced with France in 1793, the first four years saw £400,000,000 added to the national debt, without any material advantage being gained. So much coin had left the country for the payment of troops abroad and as subsidies to allies that the bank, during 1796, began to feel a difficulty in satisfying demands made on it. At the close of the year people began to hoard coin and to make runs upon the county banks. These applied to the Bank of England for help, and the consequence was that a run upon it commenced in the latter part of February, 1797. This great establishment could only keep itself afloat by paying in sixpences. Immediate insolvency was expected, when on February 26, the government stepped in with an order in council authorizing the notes of the bank as legal tender until such time as proper remedies could be applied. This suspension of cash payments was attended by the usual effect of raising the normal prices of all articles.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

For the week ending June 5, 1920, the following deeds were recorded in Polk county:

Albert N. Robinson to J. S. and Mazy L. Myers, 3 lots in block "K" Falls City, w. d., \$1000.

N. S. Butler et ux to Joseph Mortimer et ux, 21 plus A. T. 8 S. R. 4 W., w. d., \$2730.

Alice B. Catron et vir to Joseph Mortimer et ux 17 plus A. T. 8 S. R. 4 W., w. d., \$2210.

Ray A. Stevens, unmarried, to Grace B. Hampton, 4 lots in Falls City, w. d., \$10.

C. H. Woodcock et ux and H. Feltenbaum et ux to Marion Wood, 271-069 A. T. 10 S. R. 5 W., w. d., \$10.

F. O. Byerley et ux to Otto Byerley et ux 90.50 acres Sec. 7 T 7 S R 4 W, w. d., \$10.

Lynn B. Belcher et ux to Jacob Baker et ux land in Hood View Add. to Falls City, w. d., \$1000.

G. L. Guild et ux to Emil Braxling et ux land in Sec 7 T 7 S R 4 W, w. d., \$15,145.

Alfred Simpkins et ux to Fred Wagner land in block 8, original town of Dallas, w. d., \$1500.

Adeline F. Rogers, widow, to G. C. Skinner et ux land in Henry Hills' town of Independence, w. d., \$2500.

D. K. Brannan et ux to Isiah Elbert 5 acres in Fair Oaks, w. d., \$10.

C. E. Taylor et ux to Mrs. E. Guild, land in Henry Hills' town of Independence, w. d., \$1.

Letha Staats et vir to Catherine and Helen M. Nickel, 12 plus acres T 8 S R 5 W, w. d., \$4550.

Clara G. Fuller, unmarried, to Ole Frykberg et ux lot in Improvement company's add. to Dallas, w. d., \$900.

The City of Falls City to E. C. Richardson, land in Falls City, w. d., \$495.

Jemima Murphy, widow, et al to

Fountain Murphy, 80 acres Sec. 11 T 8 S R 6 W, deed of release \$1.

## SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS

JUNE 21 AT COLLEGE

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Teachers, extension workers, students desiring either collegiate or college entrance credit, and all interested in the practical arts of home making, field, shop and office work, will find their opportunity to renew their first strength and get new facts and inspiration in the summer session at O. A. C. which opens June 21 and ends July 31.

Experts in Agriculture, home economics, commerce and the industrial arts, will be present both from the college and federal and practicing concerns, to teach and demonstrate the latest methods of oper-

ation and instruction.

"Federal support given the Smith-Hughes act has made the teaching of agriculture, home economics and other vocational subjects an extremely well branch of the profession," says M. Elwood Smith, director of summer sessions. "The next year see a still further advance in aries paid under the act."

The Oregon board for education has designated the cultural college to train teachers for their vocational work. Year of college degree work are to give full and adequate preparation for it, but the summer session is a good opportunity for teachers to do a great deal toward fitting themselves to meet federal requirements.

Dr. Duganne, Dentist, office at Independence National Bank.

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