

# The Homesteader

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By  
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## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"No, I mean that we'll come through—and they'll come after us. My idea is not to take any chances, but to sell the property, or as good as sell it, before we buy it. So I sent a government report on it to this syndicate, as I heard they were looking out for coal lands in the West, and I just took the liberty of offering it to them for a cool quarter of a million, and gave them until tonight to accept or refuse, by wire. I'm a little anxious for an answer, although if they don't take it others will. You see, the old fellow that owns it simply hasn't any idea what it's worth. He has lived in the hills until he looks like one of 'em, and a satchel of money in real bills will simply dazzle him. A check wouldn't serve the purpose; he'd be suspicious of it, and he'd come down to investigate, and some one would be sure to crimp our deal."

"And suppose I don't like the look of the mine when I see it?"

"Then you bring your money back down with you and put it into farm lands, or anything else that takes your fancy. After you look it over, if you don't want to go in on it, Mr. Harris, perhaps Riles and I can raise enough ourselves to swing the deal, but you see we thought of you from the first, and we will stay with our original plan until you have a chance to decide one way or another."

"Well, that sounds fair," said Allan, and his father nodded. "But we haven't sold the farm, and until we do I guess there isn't much money in sight."

"Bradshaw'll sell the farm quick enough if I send him word," his father assured him. "He may not get it all in money, but he'll get a good part of it, and he has ways o' raisin' the balance so long's the security is good. I've half a mind t' wire him t' close 'er out."

At this moment there came a knock on the door, and a boy presented a telegram for Gardiner. He opened it, read it, and emitted a whoop like a wild Indian. "They're coming through!" he shouted, "coming through! How does half of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars look to you, Mr. Harris?"

Harris reached out eagerly for the telegram, while Allan, his arm thrown over his father's shoulder, read it in boyish excitement:

"If investigation confirms government reports we will pay two hundred fifty thousand. Our representative leaves at once for personal interview."

The name at the end of the telegram was unknown to either Harris or his son, but Gardiner assured them



"They're Coming Through," He Shouted, "Coming Through!"

It was one to conjure with in the financial world. Riles' excitement was scarcely less than Allan's. Gardiner choked a flood of questions on his lips with a quick imperative glance. Even Riles did not know that the telegram had been written a few doors down the street by a stoutish man in a pepper-and-salt suit.

"I'll take a chance," said Harris, at last. "I'll take a chance."

"Chance nothing!" interjected Gardiner, with momentary abruptness. "It was a chance a minute ago; it's a certainty now. It's the clinch of a lifetime."

"Where's some paper?" asked Allan. "Let's get a telegram away right off."

Gardiner produced a notebook and, at Harris' dictation, drafted a telegram to Bradshaw, directing him to dispose of the farm at once along the lines of the instructions already given him. He was to cash the agreement and wire the proceeds to Harris.

Then followed long anxious days. Fortune seemed to hang on Bradshaw's success in making an immediate sale of the farm. It was a large order, and yet Harris felt confident a buyer would be found. The price asked was not unreasonable, especially when it was remembered that the crop would go to the purchaser, and was now almost ready for the binder. Bradshaw was in constant touch with well-to-do farmers from the South who were on the lookout for land, and his own banking facilities would enable him to forward the cash as soon as a sale was assured, without waiting for actual payment by the purchaser. So Harris was confident in the midst of his anxiety.

A gentleman's agreement had been made with Gardiner and Riles that not a word was to be said concerning their investment until it was a completed fact. Gardiner dropped in occasionally to learn if any word had come from Plainville, but it was not until the afternoon of the fourth day that the fateful yellow envelope was handed in at the hotel. As it happened, Gardiner and Riles were present at the moment. They slipped into the back room and waited in a fever of expectation for Harris to announce the contents.

Harris and Allan read the message twice before speaking; then Allan repeated it aloud:

"Twenty thousand dollars proceeds sale goes forward by wire your bank. Correspondence follows. Will explain failure to get price asked."

### "BRADSHAW."

Harris was torn between emotions, and his face worked with unvoiced nervousness as he struggled with them. That Bradshaw should have sold the farm for half the price he had stipulated seemed incredible. It was robbery; it was a breach of trust of the most despicable nature. On the other hand, if the amount available would enable them to buy the mine, the huge profit assured from that investment would much more than offset the loss on the farm. Gardiner and Riles, too, were visibly downcast when they heard the amount, but Gardiner promptly grappled with the situation.

"It's less than we figured on," he said, "but perhaps we can get through still. The thing to do is to get out to the mine at once with this money. It will be sufficient to prove the genuineness of our intentions, and induce him into town. Then Riles can put up some and I can put up some, and that, with the twenty thousand, should hold the deal until Riles can realize on his farm. Within a very short time we can turn the whole thing over to the New Yorkers, and take in the profits."

"Say, Gardiner," said Allan, speaking as one who had been struck by a new and important thought. "Where do you come in on this deal? Is your old gink up in the hills coming through for half?"

"Not a cent," said Gardiner. "As for where I come in, well, dealing with old friends like Riles and the Harrises, I considered that a secondary matter. I fancy that when they feel the profits in their pockets they will be disposed to be not only fair, but generous, and, of course, if I put up part of the money I will expect my share of profit. But I'm not asking for any assurance; I'm just going to leave that to you."

"Well, that's decent, anyway," Harris agreed. "I haven't as much money as I expected, but if we can pull it through it may be all right yet. Of course, you remember that I haven't promised to put up a dollar unless I like the looks of the mine when I see it." Harris still had qualms of hesitation about entering into a transaction so much out of his beaten path, and he took occasion from time to time to make sure that an avenue of retreat was still open.

"That's the understanding, exactly," Gardiner assured him. "You're the man with the money, and if you don't like it, don't pay."

Harris at once visited the bank, and returned shortly with the information that the amount, less a somewhat startling percentage for transmission and exchange, was already deposited to his credit.

"Then let us lose no more time,"

said Gardiner, with enthusiasm. "You will need a team and rig, and you better pack a couple of blankets and some grub. Make the stableman throw in a couple of saddles; you may have to ride the last part of the trip. Riles and I will make it the whole way on horseback." Gardiner then remembered that it would be necessary for him to go back to the ranch and change horses, but he described in detail the road they should take, and assured them they could not miss it. It was the main road up the river valley—up, and up—and if they drove hard they would reach that night a spot where an old, deserted cabin stood back in a clump of poplars. It would be a good place to spend the night, and Riles and Gardiner would meet them there, if, indeed, they did not overtake them on the road. Neither Harris nor Allan had any fear of a strange trail; they had been bred to a sense of direction and location all their lives, and were confident they would find no difficulty in reaching the rendezvous.

"Better make your own arrangements about the horses," Gardiner



He Handed the Gun Over the Counter and Allan Examined It With Interest.

whispered as they left the room. "We can't be too careful to keep our business secret."

As they stood for a moment in the waiting room it occurred to Allan that some shooting might be found in the mountains. "You haven't got a gun you could lend me, I suppose?" he said to Gardiner.

"What do you want a gun for?" Gardiner demanded brusquely.

"Might get a shot at a partridge, or something. No harm in having one along, is there?"

"Oh, no, but I don't expect you'll see anything to justify the trouble. Anyway, I haven't got one."

## HOPE INSTEAD OF DESPAIR

Inscription Suggested for Portal of British Institution Would Seem Peculiarly Happy.

Above the entrance to the prison on Dartmoor, Eng., which is now to be done away with, two Latin words are cut into the stone, which may be rendered "Spare the vanquished," and it was in this spirit the French prisoners in the Napoleonic wars as well as American prisoners in the War of 1812 were received and treated, and in time allowed to live on parole in the neighboring villages and towns.

Stories of these refined and charming hostages have delighted the heart of youthful readers of many generations, and the work done by them in carving and carpentering is still carefully treasured in many a home in Dartmoor to the present day. Little could they have imagined that the fine air would make Dartmoor as famous a resort as some of the highlands of Switzerland, and that after having become a convict prison about 60 years ago, the place of their incarceration would be turned into an institution for training lads on the Borstal system. The boys will have freedom, and will be acquiring a knowledge of farming and reclamation work, as well as other means of gaining a living and

"There's a shotgun here," said the hotel clerk, who had overheard the last remarks, "if that would suit you. A Ch.illy who was taking a short course in poker put it up a few days ago as a standoff on his ent score. There's ten bones against it; if it's worth that to you, take it."

He handed the gun over the counter, and Allan examined it with interest. He recognized an English weapon of a value out of all proportion to the price asked.

"I'll take it," he said, and paid down the money. There was a momentary darkening of Gardiner's face which nobody noticed.

The little party then moved out to the street. Gardiner had regained his smooth manner, and gave some lucid directions about the road.

"Oh, we'll find it all right," said Allan, in high spirits, "and we'll beat you to the shanty unless you've some faster nags at home than any I see you driving. So long."

"So long," called Gardiner. "So long, and good luck."

"So long, an' good luck," repeated Riles. He was trying to play the game, but, as Gardiner often reminded him, he had no imagination. It would have been quite impossible for Riles, on his own initiative, to have thought of wishing the Harrises "good luck" on the journey they were about to commence. . . . They were interesting types of villains—one, gentlemanly, suave, deep and resourceful; the other, coarse, shallow, slow-witted and brutal. The offense of one against society was wholly intellectual; of the other, almost wholly physical. Gardiner fully appreciated the difference, and in his heart he felt a contempt and loathing toward Riles which he concealed only as a matter of policy. And he had worked out in his mind a little plan by which Riles, when his usefulness was ended, should be shuffled off without any share in the booty. At present he tolerated him because of necessity. There was work before them for which Riles was peculiarly qualified.

The Harrises went at once to a livery stable, where they arranged for a team and outfit. They then bought some cartridges for the gun, and a small handbag in which to carry the money.

When Harris presented himself at the bank wicket and asked for the full amount to his credit in cash, the sallow-faced teller turned a trifle paler still and slipped into the manager's office. A moment later the manager himself appeared before them.

"That's a pretty heavy order on a country bank, Mr. Harris. Of course we could give it to you in exchange, but to pay twenty thousand dollars or thereabouts in bills will drain us to almost our last dollar. Can't you use a marked check, or a draft on a Calgary bank?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**True Business Precepts.**  
To rise in the world you must keep on doing. See that you have enough irons in the fire to keep you busy. Add a new one as you become skilled to do faster and better work. Keep them all hot and use the hammer with trained eye and hand. Keep at it. Let others tire if they must. There will always be enough work to keep you busy and the busier you are the more you will learn to accomplish. Don't be afraid of new things. Every one who attempts to rise has them. The way you attack them will reveal your fitness for bigger things and as you succeed interested watchers of your efforts will pass on the story of your activity thereby advertising your worth and helping you rise to your rightful place in the world. So whatever you do use the right means and keep your irons hot.—Grit.

In order to get into society you must have plenty of money and be unable to remember how you got it.

fitting them to become valuable members of society. The boys will be merely hostages, and another legend should be carved over the gateway, this time something more suitable to the occasion, such as "Take hope, all you who enter here."—Christian Science Monitor.

**At the Butcher's.**  
My little nephew was sent to the butcher shop for some meat, writes a correspondent, but as the butcher did not have the meat he went for he returned home without any, whereupon his mother asked why he did not bring the meat. In reply he said: "Well, mother, they didn't have just what you wanted, but they have the cutest little brown doggie hanging up."

**She Knew Her Proper Plates.**  
Mistress—Mercy, Hilda! You mustn't clean the plates with your handkerchief!  
Hilda—Oh, that's all right, ma'am; it's only a dirty one. —Karlagaturen (Christiana).

**Paper From Bark.**  
Government scientists in India have succeeded in making paper from three new materials—leaves of a West Australian plant, timber from East Africa, and a bark of a tree found in Rhodesia.

## POULTRY CACKLES

### DISINFECTING DOES NOT KILL

Painting Roosts and Dropping Boards of No Value in Destroying Chicken Parasites.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There have been many advocates of the theory that chicken lice can be killed by painting the roosts and dropping boards or the whole interior of the poultry house with various oil mixtures, the idea being that the vapors or gases arising from these points penetrate the feathers of the roosting fowls and kill the lice. This method has been given a very extensive trial by specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, and not one of the 42 different preparations tested was found to be of any value. These preparations contained one or more of



Dusting is Most Satisfactory Method of Killing Vermin.

the following ingredients: Phenols, tar oils, hydrocarbon oils, creosote oil, carbon disulphid, wood-tar distillate, benzol, nitrobenzene, naphthalene, anthracene oil, and pyridine.

In these experiments the roosts and dropping boards or the whole interior of the house were thoroughly painted or sprayed just before the fowls went to roost, and all doors, windows, and ventilators were closed during the first night. Five badly infested fowls were used in each test, and at the end of one week examination was made for living lice. Although an occasional dead louse was found on the dropping boards, in no case was the treatment of any practical value. Since many of these preparations were found to be effective when used as fumigants in small boxes, it is apparent that the ineffectiveness of house treatment is due to the fact that the fumes do not become concentrated enough to kill the lice. Tests were also made with lime-sulphur applied in the same way; this also was found to be of no value.

## GIVE CHICKENS FREE RANGE

Growing Fowls Are Enabled to Obtain Quantities of Bugs, Worms, Green Feed, Etc.

When the garden crops have reached maturity or are far enough developed to suffer little damage from chickens the flock should be given free range. There are times in late summer and early fall when the benefit received by the poultry will exceed the slight injury some garden products may incur.

Free range enables growing chickens to obtain quantities of green feed, bugs, worms and other things. The chickens therefore require less grain and are less liable to sickness or disease. Exercise and ability to range for even a few hours a day is beneficial to a flock that has been kept in confinement during spring and early summer.

## CONTROL OF LICE AND MITES

Dust Bath Will Aid Materially, but Should Not Be Depended Upon Entirely.

While it is well to provide a good dust bath for chickens, it cannot be depended upon for louse and mite control, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is far better to eradicate the pests completely. The main difficulty about depending upon dust baths is that some fowls seldom dust themselves, and those which dust freely never completely free themselves of lice. The dust bath should be kept under cover and may consist of fine road dust with coal ashes added.