

# The Homesteader

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By  
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## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Harris told his story with such coherence as he could. He and his son had come up into the hills to arrange for the purchase of a property which they had become interested in through a third party, Gardiner. They carried with them a large sum of money as proof of the sincerity of their intentions. At this little cabin they were to be joined by Gardiner and by another, named Riles, who also was taking an interest in the property. As they waited in the cabin, and as he, Harris, slept after his long drive, they were suddenly set upon by outlaws. Allan shot one down—the body still lay in the doorway—but was himself badly wounded, and had not spoken since. Harris had encountered another, but after a severe fight the robber had escaped. The little black bag in which the money was carried was gone with all its contents. Although he had waited all night in great anxiety, Gardiner and Riles had failed to appear, and it could only be supposed that they too had met with foul play. But some hours after the assault one of the party had returned, dismounted from his horse at some distance, and stooped softly up to the shanty. Harris had followed him, and, taking him by surprise, had been able to make him prisoner.

Sergeant Grey looked from Harris to Allan, and then to the prisoner, who seemed to lie in a semi-conscious condition amid his bonds and gags.

"You were foolish to come into the hills with so much money alone," he said. "I would have been at your service for the asking, and this would not have happened. But now that it has happened, the first thing is to provide for the wounded man, and the next is to place this suspect in custody. I know a rancher's house a few miles down the valley where you and your son will have the best attention."

The mounted policeman made a brief examination of Allan, as best he could in the gray dawn, for the lantern now had no oil. "He has not bled very much," he said. "He has a strong frame and ought to have a fighting chance. I will just have a look at the scene of the crime, and then we will move him."

He made a hurried survey of the cabin, merely satisfying himself that the man in the doorway was quite dead, and then, with Harris' assistance, quickly found the horses and harnessed them to the buggy. He also found another horse near the roadway, saddled and bridled. "We will make the prisoner ride his own horse," he said, "while you take your son in the buggy."

They placed the wounded and still unconscious Allan in the buggy as gently as they could, and then Grey gave his attention to the prisoner. Having searched his clothing for weapons, he cut away the bonds that securely held his arms and feet, and released the sack from his half-choked throat. The man writhed and gasped for fresh air, and the policeman drew the sack away and revealed the face of Jim Travers.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Converging Trails.

Beulah Harris raised her arms above her head and drank in the fresh mountain air that flooded through the open window.

They had been great times—wonderful times—these weeks spent in the freedom and harmony of the Arthurs' household. Mr. and Mrs. Arthurs—Uncle Fred and Aunt Lillian, as she now called them—had opened their hearts and their home to Beulah from the first. Indeed, the girl was often conscious of their gaze upon her, and at times she would look up quickly and surprise a strange, wistful look of yearning in their eyes—a look that they tried very hard to hide from her. They wanted to leave her free to live her own life—to shape her career, for a time at least, wholly in accordance with her impulses.

The arrival of her mother at the Arthurs' ranch had brought fresh joy to Beulah's life. She saw the color coming back to the old face, the frame straightening up a little, the light rekindling in the eye, the spring returning to the step. She had not thought that her mother, after 25 years of unprotesting submission, had still the nerve to place a limit on that submission, and the discovery had surprised and delighted her. True, Mary Harris let it be known that she was only on a visit, and in due course would return to her home; but Beulah knew the die

had been cast, and things could never again be quite as they were.

And then a sound caught her ear, and up the trail she saw two men on horseback, a mounted policeman and another, and behind them other men driving in a buggy.

By intuition Beulah knew that a mishap had occurred. Quickly she drew on her simple clothing and hurried downstairs, but Arthurs was already at the door. The little party came into the yard, and the policeman rode up to the door. The other horseman sat with his back to the house; his hands were chained together in front of him.

"Good morning, Sergeant Grey," said Arthurs. "You're early out."

The sergeant saluted. The salutation was intended for Arthurs, but at the moment the policeman's eye fell on Beulah, and even the discipline of the force could not prevent a momentary turning of the head.

"I've a badly hurt man here," he said, "a man who will need your hospitality and care for some days. There was a shooting up the valley last night. His father is here, too, unharmed physically, but on the verge of collapse, if I am not mistaken."

"We will bring both of them in at once," said Arthurs. "Beulah, will you call Lillian, and your mother, too? They may be needed. But who is the third?" he continued, turning to Grey.

"A prisoner. It seems the older man overpowered him. Not let us get this poor fellow in."

The policeman beckoned and Harris drove the buggy up to the door. Arthurs glanced at him with a casual "Good morning," but the next instant



He Had Found His Fingers Threading Her Fine Hair, as They Loved to Do When She Was a Little Child.

his eyes were riveted on the visitor. "John Harris!" he exclaimed, taking a great stride forward and extending his long arm. "Man, John, I'm glad to see you, but not in these troubles."

Harris took his hand in a silent clasp, and there was a warmth in it that set his heart beating as it had not for years. "It's hard, Fred," he managed to say in a dry voice, "but it's good to have you by."

Arthurs bent over Allan, who was half sitting, half lying, in the buggy. His face was sapped and gray in the growing light. Tenderly the three men lifted him out. "Take him straight upstairs," said Arthurs. "It will save moving him again." Both spare rooms in the house were occupied, but Arthurs led the way into Beulah's, and they laid the wounded boy on the white bed.

Arthurs heard Beulah in the hall. "Take off his clothes, Grey," he said, and turned to the doorway. "Where's your mother, Beulah?" he asked in a low voice, closing the bed room door behind him.

"Dressing." The girl looked in his face, and drew back with a little cry. "What's the matter, Uncle Fred? What's wrong?"

"A friend of mine has been hurt, and an old friend of your mother's. She must not see him just now. You will arrange that?"

"Yes. But I must see him—I must help."

Beulah hurried to the room where her mother was rapidly dressing. "A man has been hurt, mother," she said, with suppressed excitement. "We need

hot water. Will you start a fire in the range?"

Mary Harris mistook Beulah's emotion for natural sympathy over a suffering creature, and hurried to the kitchen. Mrs. Arthurs was whispering with her husband in the hall, but a moment later joined Mary at the range.

Then Beulah entered the room. The policeman was speaking to Arthurs. "I must go into town now with my prisoner," he was saying. "I will send out a doctor at once, and in the meantime I know you will do everything possible."

Beulah turned her eyes to the bed. A man was lying there, and an old man was sitting beside it. At the second glance she recognized him, but in an instant she had herself under control. She walked with a steady step to the bed and looked for a full minute in her brother's face. Then she looked at her father.

"What have you done to him?" she said.

He threw out his hand feebly. "You do well to ask me that," he said. "I take all the blame." He raised his face slowly until his eyes met hers. They were not the eyes she had known. They were the eyes of a man who had been crushed, who had been powdered between the wheels of fate. The old masterful quality, the old indomitable will that stirred her anger and admiration were gone, and in their place were coals of sorrow and ashes of defeat. For a moment she held back; then, with arms outstretched, she fell upon her father's breast.

And then he felt his strength return. He drew her to him as all that remained in the world; crushed her to him; then, very gently, released her a little. . . . He found his fingers threading her fine hair, as they had loved to do when she was a little child.

She sank to her knees beside him, and at last she looked up in his face. "Forgive me, my father," she whispered.

He kissed her forehead and struggled with his voice. "We all make mistakes, Beulah," he said. "I have made mine this 25 years, and there—there is the price!"

His words turned Beulah's thought to Allan, and the necessity for action brought her to her feet. "We must save him," she cried. "We must, and we will! Is the policeman gone? We must have the best doctors from Calgary." Looking about she found that Grey and Arthurs had left the room. They had slipped out to leave father and child alone with their emotion, but she found them at the front of the house.

She seized the policeman by the arm. "You must get us a doctor—the best doctor in the country," she pleaded. "We will spare nothing—"

"My guest, Miss Harris, Sergeant Grey," said Arthurs, and the policeman deftly converted her grasp into a hand shake.

"Mr. Arthurs has told me the injured man is your brother. He shall want for nothing. And the sooner I go the sooner you will have help."

So saying he rode down to the gate, thanked the cowboy who had been keeping an eye on the prisoner, and the two started off at a smart trot down the trail.

Beulah returned to the house to minister to her brother, but Mrs. Arthurs stopped her on the stairs.

"Your mother knows," she said. "They are both in the room with Allan."

Her first impulse was to rush in and complete the family circle, but some fine sense restrained her. For distraction she plunged into the task of preparing breakfast.

At length they came down. Beulah saw them on the stairs, and knew that the gulf was bridged.

"Allan is better," her mother said, when she saw the girl. "He has asked for you." And the next minute Beulah was on her knees by the white bed, caressing the locks that would fall over the pale forehead.

"How did I get here, Beulah?" he whispered. "How did we all get here? What has happened?"

"You have been hurt, Allan," she said. "You have been badly hurt, but you are going to get well again. When you are stronger we will talk about it, but at present you must lie still and rest."

"Lie still and rest," he repeated. "How good it is to lie still and rest!"

Later in the day the pain in his wound began to give much discomfort, but he was able to swallow some porridge with pure cream, and his breath came easily. His father stayed about the house, coming every little while

to look in upon son and daughter, and as Allan's great constitution gave evidence of winning the fight a deep happiness came upon John Harris. He was able to sleep for a short time, and in the afternoon suggested a walk with his wife. Beulah saw that they were arm in arm as they disappeared in the trees by the river.

"I haven't told you all yet," Harris said to her. "I have done even worse than you suppose, but in some way it doesn't seem so bad today. Last night I was in Gethsemane."

It was strange to hear a word suggestive of religion from his lips. Harris had not renounced religion; he had merely been too busy for it. But this word showed that his mind had been traveling back over old tracks.

"And today we are in Olivet," she answered, tenderly. "What matters if—if everything's all right?"

"If only Allan—," he faltered.

"Allan will get well," she said. "When he could withstand the first shock he will get well. Of course, he must have attention, but he is in the right place for that."

"The Arthurs are wonderful people," he ventured, after a pause. "Mary, they have found something that we missed."

"But we have found it now, John. We are going to take time to live. That is where we made our mistake." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PROFIT GOES TO UNCLE SAM

All Paper Money That Goes From the Treasury and Fails to Return Is "Velvet."

If you subscribe to the philosophy that one man's loss is another man's gain, to whom do you suppose, does the profit accrue when you forget to take your package from its hiding place in the parlor stove before lighting the fire in the fall? If you drop a dollar bill and it blows into the gutter and is never recovered, who profits?

If you fall into the river and drown and your remains take their place permanently in Davy Jones' locker, who is to the good to the extent of the modest roll in your vest pocket?

The answer to one and all of these questions is, Uncle Sam. Every piece of paper money that goes out from the treasury and fails to return, profits the government to the extent of its face value. If it is a gold or silver certificate the metal which was placed in the treasury for its redemption is never called forth.

If it is a federal reserve note or a national bank note, the securities that have been deposited as a guarantee at the time of its issue, or their equivalent, remain in the treasury. So is there solace to the patriot who so loses his wallet that if it is not found by another its contents are applied to the expenses of the government.

Japanese Ivory Carvings. In Japan no carvings are made in factories. The artist works in his own studio. At the bottom of the piece when it is finished the maker carves his name, initials or sign. In due time this distinguishing mark comes to have a commercial value with art dealers, just as the name of a great writer has with editors and publishers. In Tokyo there is an art school in which an average of about 500 pupils a year study art under different masters. In ivory carving there are native teachers, but in this the Japanese are but following out the rule which governs their conduct in all matters of education and progress. That is, the person who is best fitted for the professorship is given the chair.

## Island Kingdom for Rent.

If any person should wish for an island kingdom dotted over with the ruins of Scandinavian forts he might obtain a lease of the Tires. This is the island of the Hebrides group which Doctor Johnson in his famous visit in 1773 described so prosperous as to attract many beggars, who were finally kept away by a formal compact signed by the islanders in which they obliged themselves to "grant no more relief to casual wanderers because they had among them an indigent woman of high birth whom they considered as entitled to all they could spare."

## Movement of Solar System.

Astronomers agree on the fact that the sun is moving through space toward a point in Lyra with a velocity of about 12 miles a second. The whole solar system is necessarily involved in this motion.

## But It's Less Popular.

Doctors are fond of sending their patients for a rest cure. In the majority of cases a work cure would do them more good.—Dean Inge.

## Three Results.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

## The Preference.

Professor—"There are some pleasant walks in life." Student—"I'd rather take the automobile spins."

# Horticultural News

## SMALL FRUITS IN ORCHARDS

Currants and Gooseberries Do Better if Grown Where There Is Partial Shade.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is possible to plant between apple trees, when set 32 feet apart, smaller growing trees, such as the peach or plum, placing one between each two trees in the row, as well as planting a row in the center of the spaces between the tree rows. This is a temporary arrangement, however, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say, since the apple tree will eventually need all the space. Before crowding begins the interplanted trees should be removed.

Currants and gooseberries commonly do better, especially in the southern limits of their range, if grown where there is partial shade. This sometimes can be provided by planting them between fruit trees. Rasp-



Bush Fruits Growing Between Rows of Trees in a Newly Set Orchard.

berries and blackberries are sometimes planted between trees, but the practice is not advised unless the soil is naturally moist and fertile.

Vegetables may also be grown between trees while the latter are small and do not shade the ground very much. Some of the early maturing vegetables may even be grown between rows of strawberries during their first season. One or more rows of strawberries may be planted in the middle of the space between two rows of trees and continued for a time.

# BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

## KNOW YOUR CITY

The Birmingham (Ala.) Junior Chamber of Commerce is doing a great deal to aid scouting by a contest known as "I Know Birmingham." One hundred questions have been suggested by the different civic organizations covering the historical, geographic, population, climate, industrial, transportation, public utility, municipal, educational, financial, real estate and general phases of the city. The scouts who successfully pass one of the examinations which are held each quarter receive a bronze bar, bearing the words "I Know Birmingham." And as soon as the scout earns this bar, his record in civic service is then kept by his scoutmaster and when he has rendered 100 hours of such service, a small bronze civic service medal is suspended by chains from this bar; then when his record, as certified by the scoutmaster, shows he has rendered 500 hours of civic service, a silver medal is substituted for the bronze; and then when his total reaches 1,000 hours, he will receive a gold medal in place of the silver.

This contest is stimulating much interest, not only among the scouts but among the citizens as well. In addition to this award, the 16 boys who pass the highest grades during the year are taken on a truck trip over some of the old southern battlefields and points of interest along the way. The 16 boys who take this trip will meet 16 men from the Junior Chamber of Commerce on the night before they leave, and hold a meet along the lines of the old-fashioned spelling match with these questions forming the basis of competition in place of the spelling of words.