THE **KEEN-EDGED** KNIFE

By ROSE HENDERSON

(@ by Short Story Pub. Co.)

ELOW were the gray depths that lay siumbering and mysterious D beyond the cliff's ragged edge. Above was the clear, calm, interminable blue. Cuma Ventura crouched in the warm sand, leaning her head against the rough rock at her side. Behind her were thick short cactus bushes growing in scattered clumps and back of these the sides of the mountain rose, steep, jagged and barren. The rock was warm against her cheek though the sun was an hour below the Gaudaloupe peaks and the cactus shadows were growing darker on the long slopes. The air seemed heavy with stience. No bird sang. A vinegerone slipped under a stone at the edge of the cliff.

The girl sat quietly, her head bowed. The heavy, dark braids were bound with bands of glittering beads. Away in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of sheep-bells and the dull barking of a dog. At these sounds the girl raised her head. She snatched from her neck a small round locket, stared at the trinket a moment as it lay in her hand, and then flung it over the cliff into the chasm below. Her stim brown face was flushed; her eyes were large with pain but there were no tears in them

"So it meant not anything to himnot anything," she muttered. The truth was slowly becoming real to her and it came with the weight of death itself. It was hard to believe after the beautiful dreams, so hard. There would be nothing more to be happy about. She would have to marry l'etro as her father wished. Duro, her pony, and the new saddle would be his. He would beat the little Duro and her, too, he would beat her of course when he was jealous and

At the thought of the ugly Mexican sultor her face broke into quick angry She pulled her long braids over her shoulders. Pierre had patted them once as she rode beside him and she had blushed foolishly. She hated herself for those blushes. And when his hand had chanced to touch hers on the saddle-horn, or when he had leaned over her, helping her to read the English books, she had trembled with a new and delicious joy. She had taught him to know the

desert and the mountains. He was often reckiess in his ignorance. Once with her lips she had drawn the blood from a rattlesnake bite on his arm and Pierre had called her a brave little nurse. They had ridden for hours, for days together under the open sky. Often they had ant here among the rocks before the cliff He had called "the edge of the world." Once when she stood very near the perilous brink, he had caught her back suddenly, tenderly, and her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. Together they had felt the twilight come. She had listened to his talk of his own people, of the cold winters, the snow, the sleighing, and the strange noisy cities. She had listened with her heart beating fast, her eyes upon his face and her ears filled with the music of his voice. They had seen the stars come into the deep dark sky and | throat. had watched the blue and purple shadows that cling along the "edge of the world" after sunset. Once a mountain lion had crept upon them and Pierre had shot the creature with her gun. He was careless about weapons himself, and often went unarmed even after nightfall.

Then he had gone away. His letter came explaining his hasty leaving. He would come back soon. How she wept over the letter and the desolate loneliness that came with his absence. But he would come back, and she waited. She had borne her father's scoiding and Petro's hateful presence, and she had been happy through it all. Now the thought of her happiness was more bitter than the memory of her misery. He had come back and it meant nothing to He had played with her and then cast her aside, as she would gather a yellow poppy in the mountains and throw it away, thirsty and helpless, on the hot sand. The girl's breast heaved, her eyes glowed, little points of light scintillating in their still denths. She knitted her low dark brows and pulled the small silverhandled knife from her belt.

"He shall not go back," she said softly. Her fingers stole along the sharp blade, testing its keen edge, and her lips parted in a cunning smile. It was the kind of smile that often flashed across old Diego's heavy lips. Cuma had hated her father for that Once he had stabbed a halfbreed cow-puncher because the man refused to trade ponies with him, and Cuma watched the wretch reel from his saddle, cursing. She had forgotten the ugly horror of it now and remembered only the quick, soft thrust of the knife.

"He shall not go," she repeated. She sprang to her feet with a swift, easy grace. She was strong and supple and closely knit. Her slender, rounded figure was as full of life as an antelope's. It was this abounding vigor that had attracted the man she had grown to love. It had held him in spite of the difference in their Sometimes its grip was stronger than the call of generations of civilization and environment. She

was so simply and so wholly a woman. And her mind was ready, eager to fol-low his. Sometimes he had wondered if she might not learn his way of life, but that was only when he had grown delirious with the sense of her. When he weighed the matter in soberer moments he knew that this was impossible, that it would mean his coming to her level in the end.

Upon his return to the plains he had steeled his heart against her and she had felt the change in her first keen look. The desert wildness had not robbed her of the subtle intuitions of her sex. He did not see the fires of her hate. She hid them under the heavy-lashed eyelids, and she stiffled the hot pain in her breast. But the fires of her hate were burning and the pain in her breast was not dead. Twilight was creeping up the long valley and the girl's figure was blurred against the dull background.

"He shall not go," she said again and gazed over the edge of the cliff where the tiny gold locket had gone.

Then suddenly she stood erect listening. There was the quick, soft step of padded feet among the cactus bushes, a rustle, and a low growl that sent a chill through the girl's warm veins. She sprang to her feet, lithe, quick-eyed and alert. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a panther. She felt in anticipation the sudden crushing of mouth and claws upon her, and every muscle was nerved for resistance. But the beast seemed to be parrying an assault, and she peered into the cactus jungle at her back. Through the branches of a dwarf saguara she caught sight of a long. tense body crouched close above the ground. She watched it stealthily out of the tall of her eye. It was creeping forward with a sneaking, cat-like movement, but it was not coming directly toward her. The girl's head turned, following the animal's advance, but her body was still like the stiff, motionless cactus beside her. Her fingers tightened their grip on the knife and the breath came noise-lessly through her parted lips. In a flash her mind took in every detail of the situation, the yawning chasm a few feet in front of her, the ragged mountain at her back, and the crouching beast advancing stealthly over the sand. All the flerceness and cunning of the desert-born animal was reflected in the tense suppleness of her pose. Only one thing puzzled her, and that was the direction of the panther's advance. She was losing the yellow form in the deeper bushes at her back. Suddenly there was a scuffling and snapping in the shadows, a man's low curse and the ripping of the pauther's claws against coarse ciothing. In a moment two bodies rolled struggling on the ground beside the girl. She saw the man's arms shaggy breast. She saw his brown

"Pierre, Pierre," she cried, breath-

shoulders, the grinning mouth was pared and applied in strict accordance reaching for his throat, but the brown arms with their rigid muscles held the creature back. The man's strength was being tested to the uttermost trolling diseases, in the form of sun-His body swayed above the brute's light. Nearly all disease-producing His hands clutched the straining neck. germs are quickly killed by rays of They came nearer, almost against the the sun. So all barns should be built girl's feet. She saw the man's arms with plenty of windows to admit an bloody with cuts and scratches, his abundance of sunshine. face white, his teeth set; she could hear his hoarse breathing. As they imals healthy and comfortable. Anturned toward her she plunged the imals plustered with manure and fifth knife into the panther's taut, yellow show poor care. A dirty coat of hair

ders and sprang upon his new enemy. thrive much better. The girl crumpled under his weight the knife fell, her hands clutched Calving Cow Should Be blindly at the open jaws. The man jumped to his feet. The panther leaped forward against the girl's body and the two, struggling together, lurched over the cliff's edge and disappeared. The man flung himself on far over the inscrutable depths.

But the girl did not answer. Her last glimpse of the world was a confused blur, the jagged cliff's edge and the sky's duli crimson whirling madly, and then the blue and purple depths rushing upward as her feet left the earth. And on the sand at the rock's edge the silver-handled knife lay dusty and blood-stained.

Homing Pigeons Not Guided by Instinct

It is popularly believed that a hom-ing pigeon is able to find its way home from any distance merely by exercising this mysterious something called instinct. Nothing could be far ther from the truth. A young pigeon might love his home better than his life, but he could no more find his way back to his loft from a distance of 300 miles, if before being taken to that point he had not learned some intervening landmarks, than could an aviator, without perfect mechanical instruments and maps, find his way from New York to San Francisco.

Homing pigeons return to their lofts, says Jack O'Donnell, in the Saturday Evening Post, primarily because their loft represents love, food, warmth, kindness and comfort. It's home and through the herd. they are homing pigeons.

Mr. O'Donnell cites instances to prove that it is memory and knowledge of the country, rather than instinct, that takes the birds back to their homes.

Keep Silence

Jud Tunkins says everybody ought fairly well cured, since green fodde to think before he speaks, and in many has a tendency to cause bloating or icases keep right on thinkin'.

FACTS ABOUT COSTS OF PRODUCING MILK

That feed forms more than 50 per cent of the total cost of milk produc tion, and that farms where cows are kept for a city milk-production service have much higher costs, are two of the items found in a recent two-year survey taken on 20 farms in Walworth county. This was done by men em ployed by the experiment station, says a writer in the Wisconsin Farmer.

In 1923 the average cost of produc ing 100 pounds of milk was \$1.96 and the cost of producing a pound of but terfat was 56 cents. The average price received that year by these pro ducers was \$2.30 per 100 pounds of milk and 68 cents per pound of butter fat, showing 23 cents margin on milk and 12 cents margin on fat over costs.

In 1924 the average cost of produc ing milk was \$2.25, and each pound of buterfat cost 62 cents to produce, while the dairymen received \$2.33 per 100 pounds of milk and 65 cents for a pound of butterfat. This cut their margins to six cents and three cents.

Good home-grown crops of grain and forages help a great deal to lower the expenses in the feed bill, and wise buying of the necessary additional feed items helps to reduce the cost some more. Labor amounted to about 25 per cent of the costs, and it was reckoned at only 26 cents an hour. Milk hauling and pasture costs amount ed to about 6 per cent of all costs.

Men conducting milk routes found it cost \$3.42 for each 100 pounds of milk, but the return was proportionate to costs in most cases. The cost of cow keeping was \$224 a head with one farm where milk was taken to a city route. The average cost of keeping a cow on all the farms was \$142 a year.

Cows averaging less than 200 pounds fat formed herds which were losers in this intensive dairy region. Those making 220 to 250 pounds and over were on the profit side for their owners.

Balanced Ration Quite

Necessary in Dairying Dulry cuttle, in particular, but all animals in general, require plenty of good feed. Unless this is provided, attention to other matters will be of no avail. Time spent in a study of the animals will teach the owner how to make up a balanced ration and entense and knotted against the beast's able him to feed animals more intelli-Successful dairymen have gently. found that it pays to remove waste from mangers. They keep all feed lessly. He, too, had been lingering at boxes clean and sweet by prompt re-the old trysting place. boxes clean and sweet by prompt re-moval of waste and by occasional The claws were buried in the man's washing with a liquid disinfectant prewith directions printed on the package.

Nature has generously furnished us with one of the best means of con-

Clean bedding helps in keeping an provides a favorable breeding place The angered beast whirled about for microbes and animal parasites, suddenly, dropped the man's shoul while, well-bedded, clean animals

Given Close Attention The cow, due to calve, should be confined nights in a clean, warm shed or box stall. During the day it is best for the cow to run with the herd. Northe ground and calling wildly, leaned mal conditions should be maintained as far as possible, but the safety of the calf and the health of the cow must be insured.

Just prior to calving the cow should be receiving only light laxative feeds such as bran, oats, and oil meal. Alfalfa hay is always good. If when pasture is accessible, the kind of the grain is not so important as the amount fed. Grain should be reduced by one-half a few days before calving

Dairy Hints

Cattle have the sharpest sight. horses next, dogs the poorest.

A well-ventilated and light barn is essential. Remove all litter twice a . . .

A too generous feeding of the calf for the first few days may result in scours.

It is a waste of time to try to feed

a calf from a bucket until he is good and hungry. Vaccination for pink eye will aid in checking the trouble from sweeping

The nervous temperament of the milch cow is much more highly de veloped than that of any other farm

Kafir put in the shock to be fed a fodder should not be fed until it is

FARM PORTLAND STOCK

SHEEP KILL WEEDS AND MAKE PROFIT

Sheep are first-class weed killers. They eat over eighty known species of weeds, and although not as good brush eaters as goats, can clean up light brush land in a very few years. Sheep can use profitably a lot of waste feed around the farm. They pick over stubble fields, make good use of beet tops and are often used to keep down grass and weeds on irrigation ditches and around fences or in orchards. Lambs make an ideal source of meat supply for summer use for people who live some distance from market and do not have a supply of fresh meat. Families that could not well dispose of even a small carcass of veal in warm weather can easily dispose of a small lamb carcass. There is nothing more palatable than the meat from a young lamb or yearling that has been properly killed and dressed and then well cooked.

Of great economic importance is the fact that wool is one agricultural product of which we do not produce enough for our own use. America uses annually about 560,000,000 pounds of wool, of which 320,000,000 pounds are imported. Since tariff laws were made to encourage home industry. wool receives the benefit of a protective tariff and is one of the few agricultural products selling for better prices in 1924 than in 1913, estimated in terms of goods that it will buy. Consequently it affords an opportunity for the farmer to put some of his land and labor into a well-protected industry, rather than into the growing of products, the prices of which are low because they are govhardly necessary to re-emphasize the need of live stock on the farm to use up unsalable products and restore fertility to the soil. The sheep has been said to possess "a golden hoof," because of its ability to clean up waste land and restore fertility to worn-out soil. There is a great deal of unused land on farms in Colorado 304, "Sheep Production in Colorado." known no less than 300.

Alfalfa Gaining Favor

Among Horse Breeders Many farmers have looked with suspicion on alfalfa hay as a feed for horses. "This, however, is no longer true," says H. R. Coz, agronomy spe-cialist at the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, "for actual trial has convinced most farmers that alfalfa is safe and good when certain precautions are taken."

Farmers early found horses to be so fond of alfalfa that if the manger is kept full the animals are very apt to eat too much. Accordingly their first precaution was to feed alfalfa in moderate amounts, not more than a pound to a hundred of live weight. Excellent results are now secured by straw. This generally does away with the danger from overeating alfalfa.

A second precaution now taken by farmers is not to feed dusty or moldy hay to horses, since they are more susceptible than cattle to ailments caused by spoiled hay, which sometimes produces heaves and other troubles. Because alfalfa is apt to have a little more dust or mold in it than grass hay, special care is taken in harvesting and storing it.

A large crop of alfalfa was produced on many farms in New Jersey this year and, though primarily for cattle feed, it will form a substantial part of the horse ration on these

Pigs at Weaning Time Should Be Given Grain

Pigs at weaning time should be getting all the grain they will eat. The ration should include tankage or skim milk. With a good pasture to run on the pigs should be coming right along and getting a good start for market weight. Pigs that are do-

ing well should make a pound a day gain in weight. Self-feeders are a convenient means for feeding corn and tankage, and the use of self-feeders results in as good and often better gains than the hand-feeding method. Look the selffeeders over before you need to start using them to be sure they are in good working order. A self-feeder should keep the feed dry, insure that

free running of feed. Crowd the Fall Pigs

feed is before the pigs at all times, and prevent waste by leakage or too

Fall pigs will make as satisfactory growth and development as spring pigs f farrowed early, started right and fed a properly balanced ration. They should be farrowed in worm-free quarters and have access to pasture as late as possible in the winter. They should be vaccinated at eight weeks old, and wenned when ten weeks old. They should be crowded as rapidly as possible from the time they begin to ent. After weaning they should have onethird pound of tankage daily.

OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE

Portland, Oregon.

VAUDEVILLE PHOTO-PLAYS

Complete Change Saturday

Adults, Week day Matinee 20c; Evenings, 35c. Continues 1 to 11 p. m. Children 10 cents all times

Have your New Year's Dinner Here.

When In Portland

MULTNOMAH HOTEL



Your Headquarters

Where the best is offered at reasonable prices, and employees are

Note:—You and your family will enjoy our Special New Year's Turkey Dinner—two dollars per person. You are invited.

Courtesy Title.

"Reverend" was generally used throughout England in the Fifteenth century as a title of respect. A young man would address his senior or superior as "Reverend Sir." The habit was continued in respect to the clergy and by the Seventeenth century it was generally used as a title. It was established by custom, not authority, and belongs to no special denomination.

Bible Never Wears Out.

The Bible, however, never wears out; it never loses its appeal; it claims a wider audience with every century; the plain man who knows life at first hand often understands it better than the philosopher; and all of us get more vital help from it than erned by cheap European labor. It is from all the philosophers we ever read.-Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Many Kinds of Oak.

The sign by which all oaks may be recognized is the acorn. All acornbearing trees were given a name long years ago by the Britons, and in our modern language this name is oak. that could be put to profitable use As time went on and settlement of raising sheep.—Charles I. Bray, Colo- the world was extended many kinds rado Agricultural College in Bulletin of oaks were found, and there are now

Pat Reply.

In a Wexford church, the minister announced his, text "Paul we know and Apollos we know, but who are showing two strangers into a pew, so for each year of a child's age until it in an audible whisper he said: "Two, is old enough to plant trees for itself. commercial travelers from White's hotel, your reverence."-Western Christian Advocate.

Wonder of Nature.

A feather, one of the world's most perfect structures, has been growing perfect for possibly a million years. says Capper's Weekly. A single pinion from an eagle's wing has nearly a million different parts. The whole wing making alfalfa furnish about half of is a sail that strikes the wind firmly where the rub comes.—Boston Tranthe roughage, the rest being furnished yet elastically, not letting the air by timothy hay, corn stover, or even through the web, and yet not being script. broken. It enormously increases the bird's power of rowing in the air, and yet how little it adds to weight.

Recompense.

Ad in London Times-"Two thousand golf balls for sale. Advertiser lives on the boundary of a golf club and would sell these sliced balls as the only way of recompensing himself for broken windows and ruined flower beds."-Boston Transcript.

Classics.

One of the movie advertisements speaks of a "laugh classic," naturally suggesting the weep classic, the thrill classic and the custard-pie classic.

The Master.

"We are not going out this eve ning," said the husband very emphatically, and suiting action to the word they went out for the evening.

Her Cogitative Ear.

From a story—"And on and on she chatted, while I tried to listen politely with one ear and think about my own dinner with the other."

Relative Sorrows.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic, because indistinct.-Euripides.

Minority Has It. If the majority really rules, the lo

comotives would have to stop at the crossings for the flivvers.-Arkansas

Summer Hard on Paint.

Careful government experiments

have determined that exterior paint wears most rapidly in summer.

Leap-Frog Shoes. Shoes with springs on the bottoms have been invented for children who want "leap-frog" with a thrill.

CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL DESIGNS

WE BUY Hides, Pelts, Wool, Mohair, Tallow, Cascara Bark Horse Hair.

Send us your shipments. We mail you check the same day we receive goods.

PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO. TOO UNION EVENUE NORTH, POSTLAND, ORESON.



NORTONIA HOTEL

Safe and Central-Reusonable Rates. Excellent Cafe. Special Weekly Bus Meets all Trains. 11th and Stark. PORTLAND, OREGON

Children and Coconuts.

In Rarotonga, the most populous of the Cook islands in the Pacific ocean, law compels the head of each family these? Just then the verger was to plant and cultivate a coconut tree

Trouble Brewing.

Mollie-"Oh, mummy, do make Johnny stop. He's breavin hot breffs on the 'mometer and making the room so hot we're all being suff'cated."-Passing Show, London.

Limited Unanimity.

"Nearly every man agrees with himself that he's a wonder," says an ex-

Be Sure of Land Title.

Never buy a piece of land unless you get an abstract of title or a title insurance policy. A Torrenized title is one of the safest.

Affliction's Lead.

Affliction teaches a wicked man to pray; prosperity never .- Ben Johnson,



A HEALTHY New Year

THE Happiest Resolve you can make is to be rid once and for all of your Piles or other Rectal and Colon ailments. My treatment is so scientific, so certain, so complete, so conclusively proved by thousands of successful cases that all doubt is eliminated. Further, I will give you a WRITTEN GUARANTEE to cure

your Piles or refund your fee. Write today for my new 100 page, illustrated, FREE book of information. CHAS. J. DEAN, M.D. Inc

You Want a Good Position Very well-Take the Accountancy and Business Management, Private Becretari-al, Calculator, Comptometer, Stenogra-phic, Penmanship, or Commercial Teach-ies' Course at

Behnke-Walker

The foremost Business College of Northwest which has won more ace twards and Gold Medais than any school in America. Send for our Su Catalog. Fourth Street near Mor-Portland, Or. Isaac M. Walker, Pre-

P. N. U.