

Perfumed Epistles

By R. RAY BAKER

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Big Bruce Forrester was not a woman hater. He was not interested, that was all.

While the rest of the surveying crowd that was measuring the Low Ridge range for the coming of the railroad spent its spare time in receiving perfumed mail and answering it, Big Bruce sought solace in nicotine in the seclusion of his bunk or roamed the wilds of wilderness woods and communed with nature.

"Go to it, boys," was his advice. "Some day you'll learn better. Women are all right as parlor decorations and to consume surplus cash in candy and clothes, but as for me—well, I'm going to buy myself a farm some day, where I can have horses, dogs and cows and chickens. They're of some use in the world, and they don't go back on you when you're down and out."

Naturally, the others resented these outbursts. They defended the fair sex valiantly, and by sheer numbers forced Big Bruce to desist from his oral attacks.

"All right, I'll keep still in the future," he growled; "but you can't prevent a fellow thinking; and while you're fooling your time away with pens and ink you can let your minds dwell on the fact that I consider you're all confounded idiots."

Sunday was a day of rest in the woods as well as the places where civilization reigned, and also it was a day when a great deal of letter-writing was accomplished. In "Love's Lodge," which Big Bruce sarcastically christened the shanty where the surveyors were making their headquarters.

On one of these Sundays Bruce set out on a hike which he called a "relief expedition."

"I'm going to get relief from the perfumed air of this shack," he announced as he took an old walking stick he had carved from a tree branch, a package of sandwiches and a sanitary cup. "Here's hoping you all get married and settle down to blissful contentment—no excitement, no pleasure, no nothing," and he strode disdainfully from the shack into the woods.

It was not a case of envy with Big Bruce. He could have been admired by many girls had he chosen, for he was a good, healthy, handsome specimen who looked well either in hall-room or backwoods. However, Big Bruce had not met the right sort of women.

His mother died when he was a toddler, and when he grew up his father's financial standing threw him in with a lot of society buds who had no mission in life other than to look beautiful, sip iced drinks and play bridge. No, women held no interest for him. They were to him, as he had said, mere ornaments or playthings and not to be given consideration in a serious, busy world.

Big Bruce drew his lungs full of pure air as he swung along the ridge, heading for Lake Crescent, where he knew a flat-bottomed rowboat was drawn up on shore. It was well along in summer and vegetation was in full bloom, with birds chirping in the trees and insects buzzing merrily—and some of them stinging just as merrily.

Bruce expelled clouds of pungent tobacco smoke, drawn from a venerable pipe, and hummed a tune. He was enjoying himself immensely.

Getting into the rowboat, he propelled it across the lake, which was about two miles wide and five miles long. A stiff breeze ruffled the water into choppy waves, but Big Bruce's strong arms drove the scow through them without noticing the resistance. Arriving on the other side he drew the craft up on shore and continued his wanderings.

Suddenly, while walking along enjoying the solitude of the woods and thinking of his foolish friends back in "Love's Lodge," he felt a sharp, piercing pain in his right side. At the same instant the report of a rifle echoed through the forest. Big Bruce tumbled in a heap on the ground and almost lost consciousness.

For moments that seemed like hours the young man lay there helpless, the pain growing more intense all the while. With an effort he reached his left hand to the wound and withdrew it covered with blood. He felt nauseated and black dots swam before his eyes.

Realizing it would not do to lie there and allow his strength to ebb, he forced himself to crawl along the path on which he had been walking. It seemed that he had crawled at least three miles, stopping frequently to regain strength, when he came into a clearing in which some one was cooking over a fire.

With the knowledge that help was at hand, Big Bruce drifted into unconsciousness. When his eyes opened some time later, he looked up into a pair of black ones which were owned by a girl of about twenty, who was garbed in well-fitting buckskin clothes, with a short skirt, leggings and a wide-brimmed hat.

She had dark hair that fell in heavy folds around her neck, and she had white teeth and a pug nose and lots of freckles. She was attractive in some ways, but in others she was decidedly plain.

"I've got your wound fixed up," she told him. "Some fool man has been hunting out of season and got the wrong kind of game. If I had fired that shot it would have hit what it was aimed at."

She snorted in disgust. An examination with his hands showed Bruce that his shirt had been cut away around the wound and a bandage put in place. The bandage was wet, but he ascertained that it was with water instead of blood.

"It's not serious—if I hurry you home," she told him, in business-like tones. "If you'll try to walk, and lean on me all you want to, we can make it to the canoe."

It was not a great distance, and somehow, in spite of the pain and his weakened condition, which became more pronounced when he essayed to walk, Bruce was almost sorry when they arrived at the shore and she helped him into the canoe.

It was growing dusk, but Big Bruce could see that there were white caps on the lake. He doubted the girl's ability to paddle through the savage waves, but he kept his own counsel.

Before pushing the craft into the water she filled his pipe for him, placed the stem between his teeth and lighted it. He was so amazed by this act of thoughtfulness that he came near forgetting to draw on the pipe.

Soon they were tossing on the lake. Big Bruce was somewhat apprehensive, but he knew he was powerless to help the girl who was seated in the stern paddling vigorously to keep the nose of the boat headed into the ridges of foam. If she faltered and allowed the oncoming waves to turn the canoe and sweep against its side there was no telling what would result.

However, she worked like a trojan, never uttering a word, and despite the fact that it was now so dark the shore on either side was blotted out, she seemed confident of being able to reach her destination, whatever it might be.

At last they were landed, and the girl surprised Bruce by dragging the canoe clear of the water with him in it, almost tipping him out.

"There," she breathed, rather heavily. "Now for the car."

She left him, and presently a flood of light from the spotlight of an auto surrounded him. Again she aided him to walk, and presently he was reeling in the tonneau of the car speeding over the road.

Soon they came to a branch road, which they followed for a short distance, stopping finally in front of a comfortable looking cottage, in which cheery lights were burning.

Half an hour later Bruce was in bed, a fresh bandage over the wound, the girl's brother having come to help look after the patient.

"Father will be back soon," the girl told him. "He's a doctor and he'll fix you up right; but I know you'll have to stay here three weeks. It's lucky we didn't go back to the city yesterday as we had planned."

Three weeks later Big Bruce was back in "Love's Lodge," practically recovered from his wound.

One day one of the boys came tearing into the shack with a packet of mail in one hand and a lone letter in the other.

"Help! help!" he cried, in mock distress. "Here's a letter for Mr. Bruce Forrester—and it's pink and got perfume on it."

Bruce took the letter, his face blanching, and retired to his bunk. The others gathered round and looked on in open-mouthed astonishment while he read to himself smiling the while.

Presently he finished perusing the missive and when he looked up he apparently noticed for the first time that he had an audience.

"What's the matter with you boys?" he snorted. "Can't a fellow fall in love if he wants to? Say, where in thunder's some ink, paper and pen?"

A Frightful Peril.

When the railway was first built in Germany, it was considered as a serious menace to health. In the archives of the Nuremberg railway, which was the first line constructed in Germany, a protest against railways has been found, drawn up by the royal college of Bavarian doctors. It declares: "Travel in carriage drawn by locomotives ought to be forbidden in the interest of public health. The rapid movement cannot fail to produce among the passengers the mental affection known as delirium furiosum. Even if travelers are willing to incur the risk, the government should at least protect the public. A single glance at a locomotive passing rapidly is sufficient to cause cerebral derangement. Consequently, it is absolutely necessary to build a fence, ten feet high, on each side of the railway." "Delirium furiosum" holds possession of not a few automobilists nowadays.

Smile Is Better Than Frown.

It has been proved that anger and violent emotion cause for the time being a poisonous condition of the blood which is injurious. It must be equally true that facing the passing hour with a mouth turned up at the corners and a mind alert for the best that the day offers is beneficial. This is a pretty decent old world after all, if we but treat it right. And surely if we face our obligations and our work not with frowns but with gladness, it will give us a more kindly greeting and a helping hand in return.—From the Three Partners.

Consoling.

Mrs. Cassidy—Norah Maguire is takin' on awful! Her husband's got three years, but he can get wan off for good behavior.

Mrs. O'Brien—Tell her to rest easy. Sure, an' he never behaves himself.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

SEARCH LONG FOR BURIED TREASURE

Hidden Fortune Has Lured Men to Toil for Half Century on Iowa Farm.

TRAGEDY WOVEN IN ROMANCE

Murder of Man 46 Years Ago Brings Strange Characters Into a Court—Mystery Yet to Be Solved.

Bedford, Ia.—The mystery of a hidden treasure, a mystery that has puzzled the people of southwestern Iowa for half a century, has been brought nearer solution by an investigation which has shown how a little group of picturesque characters of that section of the state toiled for years in quest of riches buried, according to tradition, on the Klondike farm.

Lying 15 miles southwest of Bedford, Ia. is the Huntsman farm, and adjoining it is the Anderson homestead. Pitted with holes and scarred with many excavations, the farms prove the arduous toil of men driven by dreams of gold. First it was Dr. C. R. Huntsman and his brother, Bates, who searched for the treasure. Now it is Bates and his two sons and their families.

Searching for the Treasure.

Samuel Anderson moved to Iowa in the early seventies. Soon after he located on the farm Anderson received a call from the Huntsmans, who told him that there was a lot of gold buried on the place and that they wanted to dig for it. Anderson was asked to aid in the work. For nearly a quarter century the three dug, plowed and excavated.

One day 17 years ago the searchers uncovered three stakes set in a direct line pointing to a spring. Anderson, inspired by the vision of his share of the fortune, dug on feverishly. He first came onto some white sand that he knew was not common to that part of the country. Anderson then uncovered a big rock, under which was a metal box. One of the Huntsmans told Anderson that he could go, promising him his share of the fortune when the money was counted. He never saw the box again nor learned of its contents.

Soon after the discovery of the metal box the elder Huntsman died suddenly. Samuel Anderson, wearying of long waiting for his share of the treasure he believed he had uncovered, filed a suit against Bates Huntsman, asking pay for his years of toil. So peculiar was his story that state officials became interested. An investigation followed, and other persons acquainted with some of the circumstances of the affair were found. One of these was Maria Collins Porter of Quitman, Mo., who spent her girlhood in the vicinity.

The woman's story seemed to throw clear light on the source of the treasure.

are the Huntsmans had sought so long. The story, too, seemed to link the treasure with the hoard found in the cabin of old Dr. A. M. Goldiday of Bedford, whose body was found in his cabin 11 years ago. It was a story of a murder gang, of stolen thousands, of a crime committed so far back in time that even the identity of the victim was a matter of uncertainty.

Held on Murder Charge.

Following swiftly upon the story of Maria Collins Porter came the arrest of Bates Huntsman, Sam Scrivner, a rich farmer, and John and Hank Danewood. They were charged with the murder of a man of unknown identity, presumably a rich cattle buyer from Missouri, 46 years ago. Even before the trial began speculation as to the identity of the murdered man became rife. Although there were found to be many contradictions in the evidence presented by some of the witnesses the case of the state might have proceeded further but for one of the primary technicalities of the law of homicide. The state could not establish the existence of the man alleged to have been killed. The young attorney for the aged defendants only had to move that the case be dismissed to have this action taken.

CATCHER GETS FORTUNE



Peter Noonan, former star catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics and for the last year or more a Knights of Columbus secretary, has inherited a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000.

JOBS SCARCE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS

Officer, Honored by King George, Finds It Impossible to Get Work.

MAY COME TO UNITED STATES

Reports Come From All Over the Country of Difficulty Demobilized Officers Have in Obtaining Employment.

London.—From all parts of the country come reports of the difficulty demobilized officers are having to find jobs. Those former officers with wives and families to support are in many cases living on meager pensions.

One of the most remarkable cases of unemployment is that of a Cambridge university graduate who for the greater part of the war held an important command in the army and subsequently a temporary post of great responsibility in a government department. He is armed with a letter from the war office thanking him for his services and adding: "There are few people with greater organizing ability, more charming manners, greater tact and drive than yourself."

Another letter to him from Sir Auk-

land Geddes, president of the board of trade, expresses "warm personal thanks for your loyal and devoted co-operation in very difficult work." King George bestowed on him the order of Commander of the British Empire.

But these credentials have been of no avail in his quest for suitable employment in this country, and, in despair, he says that he is going to America next month.

Ex-officers have discovered that the business world regards long military service as a disadvantage rather than an asset. An infantry captain, 45 years old, with wife and three children, said: "I have farmed in South Africa, served with the Natal mounted police, and prospected for gold. I want an outdoor job connected with agriculture, with a minimum salary of \$1,250. I cannot get one and I have applied for a small holding, but am told I may have to wait twelve months."

Another former officer reported his firm would take him back at half his prewar salary, saying "that was the best they could do, as trade was so bad."

"Some companies don't know there has been a war on," commented a job-seeking ex-officer who before he went into army was the head clerk in an insurance office. "My people have offered me \$450 a year, and I am 26."

PERSHING GIVES TO FRANCE

More Than \$10,000 Donated by General and Staff to Red Cross for Orphans.

Washington.—General Pershing's final days in France contained an incident which is disclosed in a report just reaching national headquarters of the American Red Cross from Paris.

It was a gift of \$4,625.40, France more than \$10,000 from General Pershing and the officers of his staff to the Red Cross.

Several weeks ago, it now is revealed, a chaplain attached to General Pershing's headquarters visited American Red Cross headquarters in Paris, asking to be shown the various phases of the work being carried on.

The check, bearing Pershing's signature, was the result, reaching the Red Cross the day the general bade farewell to France.

A letter accompanying the donation stipulates that the money be placed in the "Stars and Stripes" war orphan fund, which, assisted by the Red Cross, has "adopted" thousands of French children whose fathers were killed in battle, insuring for them support and the means of educating themselves.

that Italy and Roumania "could be compensated afterward for not having been consulted beforehand."

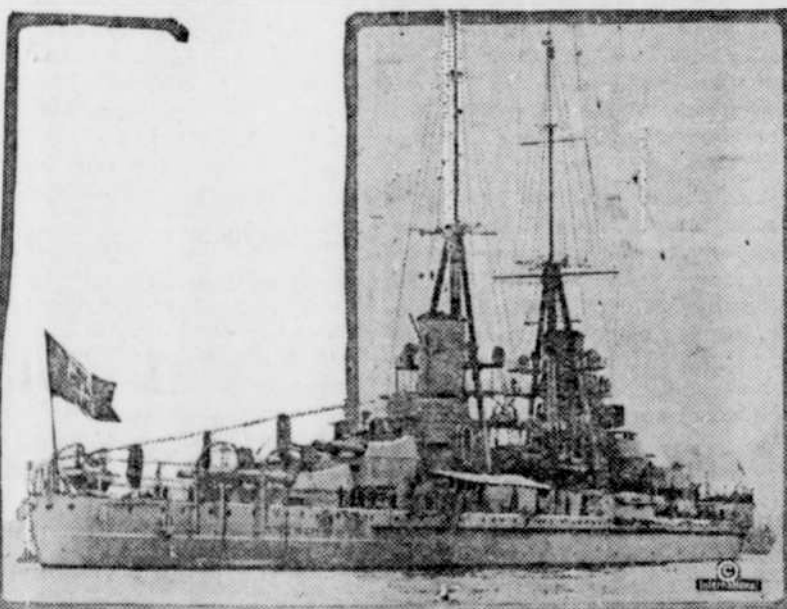
Count Stephen Tisza, then Hungarian premier, opposed the war, demanding that diplomatic action be taken first and then that an ultimatum of an acceptable nature be sent. Only in case both failed would he have resorted to arms.

Count von Berchtold thereupon said: "Now is the right moment because Germany is ready to assist."

Count Tisza again warned against the danger of a general European war as a result of steps which were contemplated, whereupon Count von Berchtold said: "The opportunity is so favorable that immediate action is necessary."

Finally a resolution was adopted that such far-reaching demands as made of Serbia that she could not fulfill them and thus a way would be opened to a resort to arms.

ITALIAN DREADNAUGHT VISITS NEW YORK



The Conte di Cavour, one of Italy's four great superdreadnaughts, riding at anchor in New York harbor. The battleship is making a tour of American Atlantic ports. The crew of the Conte di Cavour was entertained extensively during the stay in New York.

Maybe the Next Batch of Pets Will Be Skunks

Portchester, N. Y.—It will not be possible to keep goats in tenement houses hereafter if the board of health has its way. After pigs were barred from dwellings during the influenza epidemic last fall, families adopted goats as pets. According to Sanitary Inspector Blitz, the animals are kept on second, third and even fourth floors. He suggests that they be licensed, the same as dogs.

Farmer Gets \$900 Pearl.

Vincennes, Ind.—While digging muscels in the Wabash river recently Martin Straw, a farmer, found a pearl which he sold to a Mt. Carmel, Ill., jeweler for \$900. Mr. Straw had only dug one pound of shells when he started cooking them and made the \$900.

AUSTRIA FORCED WAR

Minutes of Mutiny of Privy Council Reveal Secret.

Count Von Berchtold Solely Responsible for Outbreak of Hostilities.

Vienna.—There were made public from the archives of the former Austro-Hungarian government minutes of the meeting of the privy council on July 7, 1914, at which it was virtually decided to begin war on Serbia.

According to this publication the ministry of Austria-Hungary, especially Count Leopold von Berchtold, foreign minister, was solely responsible for the outbreak of hostilities.

The minutes show the meeting to have been opened by Count von Berchtold, who pleaded for an immediate resort to arms against Serbia, stating

LIVE STOCK

GIVE HELP TO FALLEN HORSE

First Unhitch Him and Alay Fears by Talking to Him—Provide Suitable Footing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When a horse fails in harness he almost immediately struggles to regain his feet. A strong, healthy horse will not remain down voluntarily, but in his efforts to rise he may become frightened. If the driver will give the right kind of first aid he can prevent serious injury to the animal.

Held down by the harness the horse seldom has sufficient freedom to rise to his feet, though enough to struggle and injure himself by pounding his head on the ground. Accordingly the driver should calm the horse first by speaking in a reassuring tone and, by placing his knees upon the animal's neck just back of the ears, endeavor to prevent injury from struggling or from bruising his head. An intelligent horse quickly learns to place great confidence in the voice of a good driver.

The traces and breeching straps should be unfastened and the vehicle rolled back from the fallen animal. If the horse is in double hitch, the traces and yoke strap should be unfastened and the pole, vehicle, and working mate moved a short distance away. An injured horse will then regain his feet readily if he has suitable footing. In case the ground is icy, scatter some fine sand, sawdust, or straw under and in front of him. If nothing of this kind is available, spread a blanket or burlap bagging on the pavement to give him better footing as he attempts to stand.

In case the horse needs more help and encouragement, and especially if he lies broadside, roll him on to his chest, with the hind legs under the belly. Then work both front legs forward until the feet are firmly on the ground and knees flexed. If after repeated efforts and good footing he continues to fall back upon the ground there is possibly some injury to the hind parts, such as a fracture of the hip or leg, which should be examined by a qualified veterinarian.

In all efforts to assist a fallen horse do not forget that in rising to his feet he raises the head and fore



Keep Only the Best Mares and Breed Them to Sound, Pure-Bred Stallions of Same Breed.

parts first. This is directly opposite to the habit of the cow, which elevates the hind parts first.

Injuries to horses are common during the winter months in cities where snow becomes packed and forms an icy coating on the pavement. In most cities above the frost belt there are times when pavements are slippery.

Asphalt is especially troublesome and when covered by a very light sleet or snow makes a very treacherous footing for horses. The milkman or baker, who drove upon a clean pavement the night before, may find the streets at 4 a. m. so nearly impassable from a coat of smooth ice as to delay his deliveries very greatly or even prevent them entirely.

In country districts horses remain sharp or rough shod for a considerable time. But if they are driven much on city streets paved with stone, cement, or asphalt, from which the snow has been removed, their shoes quickly become smooth and it is difficult for the horses to keep their feet.

When the front feet slip backward a horse is likely to fall and injure his knees, while side slipping generally causes him to come down broadside. Shoeing with rubber pads, or the use of emergency appliances may lessen the chance of slipping, but as there is always the possibility of a horse falling, even when well shod, careful driving and precautions against overloading are important additional means for reducing these accidents and injuries to a minimum.