

DRICE FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS. An unsuccessful... CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Don't try that again!" he warned... CHAPTER VI.



"One moment, if you please," she... CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

and instantly risk his life in proof of the forgiveness... CHAPTER VIII.

"I think I know what you wish to say... CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.



CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOULD NOT HAVE MOVED

Story of a Man Who Was Making Good, but Roving Fever Got the Best of Him.

On May 4th, 1915, the St. Paul Farmer's Dispatch contained a very interesting account of the experiences of a man from Staples, Minn. Realizing that he was not making much headway, he decided to look up a homestead in Canada. With \$250 he and his wife took up a homestead near Outlook, Saskatchewan. After recounting his experiences of a few years, in which they had undergone hardships which were likely to be unavoidable, with a small amount of capital, he continues the story by stating that in the fall after a fair summer's work on his 100 acres cropped, he cleaned up nearly all his debts, having now four good horses, a complete set of farm machinery including two wagons and a "Swell" top buggy and eleven head of cattle. He continues, "However, I was not satisfied. I had been reading of the splendid homesteads that were to be had in Montana. Wheat was cheap and I thought it would get cheaper, so I began to think that homesteading as a moneymaking proposition was better than farming. I did not stop to consider that wheat was not the only thing; as a matter of fact I had sold pork for 14 cents a pound. Eggs and butter had kept up in groceries and more, we had now four milk cows, two heifers coming in and more growing up. We had a cream separator, and some hogs. We had a quarter section of land that could raise an abundance of small grain, roots and grass for feed, but I could not see all that; I had the 'moving' fever, and decided to sell. I set the price on the land at \$3,000 cash. I could not find anyone with that much money, however, so I came down until I finally sold for \$1,400. We had an auction and sold the personal property. On the sale we got just about enough cash to pay the auctioneer; the rest was all notes. The horses brought about two-thirds what they were worth. The implements sold for hardly one-third of what they had cost. The cattle brought a good price. Must Make Another Start. We now have a homestead in Montana, but we find that after moving here and getting settled, what money we had did not go far. We have three horses, about all the implements we need, and a little better buildings than we had on our former place. We have no cattle, though we had to build much fence to keep ranch stock out of our fields. We have about \$500 worth of honest debts. True, we have a half section in place of a quarter, but that is no good to us, as long as we have not the capital with which to work it. In summarizing it all up I see where I made a mistake. It will take fully five years to get into as good circumstances as we were before we made the change. It is five years lost. My advice to anyone contemplating a change of location is to think twice before you act, and if your present circumstances are not too bad, stay by your beach till you pick it clean."—Advertisement.

MADE THE CEREMONY BRIEF Marriage Service as Conducted by Missionary Was Binding if It Was Not Lengthy. Rev. R. R. Dodge is a missionary at Maui, one of the Hawaiian group of islands. He is a most resourceful man in his dealings with his charges, as his part in the following incident serves to show: Recently a Japanese couple came to Mr. Dodge with a request in sign language. They could not talk English understandingly, and Mr. Dodge could not talk Japanese, so he conducted the ceremony as follows: "You like this wahine?" "Yes." "Bimeby no kikout?" "No." "You like this kane?" (To the woman.) "Yes." "Bimeby no kikout?" "No." "Pule." "Paa." And the ceremony ended. "Wahine" is Hawaiian for woman, "kane" for man, "pule" for pray, and "paa" for enough.—Kobala Midget (Maui).

EVEN CAT WAS CONTRIBUTION Kitty, in Her Own Language, Testified to the Generosity of the Mayo Brothers. An Indianapolis woman who recently returned from Rochester, Minn., where she was taking treatment of the Mayo brothers, tells the following story of a farmer who was visiting in the city: "And this park was given to the city by the Mayos?" he exclaimed. "And the Mayo was given this library to the city, and this church was built by the Mayos, and the money for this school was contributed by the Mayos," informed his host, as they spoke about the city seeing the sights. "Well, that is wonderful," said the farmer. "They certainly have made Rochester. Here comes a cat, I suppose that belongs to the Mayo, too. Let's stop and ask it." "Say, Kitty, who do you belong to?" "Me-ow," replied the cat.—Indianapolis News.

Might Not Be in It. "Shall I announce that I am in the race for congress?" "Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that you are a candidate," said the boy.



Griswold Knew That the Leveled Pistol Meant Surrender or Death.

fore you get tired, pitch the thing into the river and go about your business. If you open it, it'll conjure you worse than any Old-man you ever heard of. "No, suh! I ain't gwine open hit, Cap'm—not if dey's cujah in hit; no, suh!" "Well, there is—the worst kind of conjure this old world has ever known. But it won't hurt you if you don't meddle with it. Keep your wits about you and be ready to grab it and run. Here we go." The pilot had found his wharfage and was edging the Belle Julie up it. The bow men paid out slack, and Griswold and the black, dropping from the swinging stage, trailed the end of the wet hawser up to the nearest mooring ring. Griswold bade the negro keep watch and knelt to knot the hawser in the ring. While the negro sentinel was stammering, "Li-lookout, Mars' Cap'm!" the trap was sprung. In deference to the upcoming passenger from the Belle Julie, the two man catchers tried to do their job quietly. But Griswold would not have it so, and he was up and had twisted himself free when a blow from a clubbed pistol drove him back to his knees. Half stunned by the clubbing, he still made shift to spring aloft again, to drop his handkerchief bundle and kick it aside, and to close with his assailants while the negro was snatching up the treasure and darting away among the freight pyramids. After that he had but one thought; to keep the two plain-clothes men busy until the negro had made his escape. Even this proved to be a forlorn hope, since the smaller of the two instantly broke away to give chase, while the other stepped back, spun his weapon in air, and leveled it. Rage-blinded as he was, Griswold knew that the leveled pistol meant surrender or death. When his captor had handcuffed him and was walking him toward a closed carriage drawn up before the nearest saloon in the river-fronting street, he ventured to ask what he was wanted for. "You'll find that out soon enough," was the curt reply, and nothing more was said until the carriage was reached and the door had been jerked open. "Get in!" commanded the majesty of the law, and when the door was slammed upon the captive, the plain-clothes man turned to the driver, the plain-clothes Irishman with a face like a shriveled winter apple. "What time does that New Orleans fast train pull out?" Griswold heard the reply: "Sixty-fourty-five, sorr, and something in the thin, piping voice gave him fresh courage. Through the open window of the carriage he saw his captor glance at his watch and begin an impatient sentry beat up and down under the electric transparency advertising the particular brand of whisky specialized by the saloon. He was evidently waiting for his colleague to bring in the negro, and time passed. The spring evening was raw and chilly, and the open doors of the saloon volleyed light and warmth and a beckoning invitation. Griswold's gift, prostituted to the service of the changed point of view, bade him read in the red face, the loose lip and the bibulous eyes the temptation that was gripping the plain-clothes man. By a careful contortion of the manacled hands, which seemed suddenly to have become endowed with the crafty deftness of the hands of a pick-pocket, he found his working capital in a pocket of the short-sleeved coat. It had been diminished only by the hundred dollars put into John Gavitt's hands, and the twenty he had given

over the other end. The down clings to the strings; but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground. The price of down at the farm is about two dollars and fifty cents a pound.—Sunday Magazine.

Playing Out of Doors. This is the time of year when a man has within him a strong desire to play out of doors and play.

Good Night! He that is not interested in the night is not interested in the day.