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A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

SYNOPSIS.

STEPHEN WOOD, a new arrival in Alaska, owns a small mining claim near Dawson City. One night in the town's favorite and most appropriately named saloon, "The Pistol Shot Inn," he mets

HENRY TALBOT, who has struck it rich and owns several claims. They become friends, and Talbot gives Wood a great deal of assistance and advice. They both met,

KATRINE PONIATVOSKY, daughter of the owner of the saloon, and a strong friendship springs up between Wood and Katrine.

In the course of time Stephen finds a claim that shows every indication of a rich strike. Stake jumpers try to get Stephen's claim, which is defended by Talbot and Katrine. In the fight that follows, Katrine is wounded, and as a result of her wounds, begins to lose health and spirits. Stephen is worried and appeals to Talbot.

Stephen did so, and found there was a reason for her apparent illness, which delighted and consoled him; but when Katrine flew into a passion, declared it was detestable, that it would take away her freedom and her power to ride and enjoy herself, Stephen was shocked and grieved, and said he was disappointed in her; whereupon Katrine replied she hated him, and Stephen quoted Scripture texts to her till she ran out of the cabin and rushed across to Talbot's in a passion of sobs and tears. At least, she knew he would not quote texts to her. Talbot did all he could to smooth out matters between the two, and after that Katrine spoke very little; she took refuge in a dejected silence, and grew paler each day. It was only when the men had gone out to work, and she was left alone with a great pile of things to mend—work which she hated—that she would go to the door and stand looking out over the gray waste under the snow-filled, lowering sky, with the tears rolling silently down her cheeks. From where she stood she could see, through the grayish air the men working far down at the other end of the claims, and the long line of trenches and the banks of frozen gravel; sometimes, in the light fog, made of the tiny sharp snow-flakes, sifting through the air, they would look misty, like ghosts or shadows; and sometimes the dulled click and scrape of the spades would reach her.

"Slaves, slaves, just like slaves!" she would think, watching the muffled-up figures continually bending over their work; "and they're digging graves, graves!" And she would think of Annie and the grave Will had been digging for her while he dug for gold. A red sun, dull as copper, hung above them, and sometimes the great Northern Lights would send up a red flame behind the horizon; and to Katrine it seemed like a blood-covered sword held up by Nature to warn them off a land not fit for men. One afternoon, when the sun looked more sullen and the sky more threatening than ever, and the men moving at the end of the claim looked no more than mere blots in the cold mist, she stood watching the steady red blade shoot up in the ashen sky, and began comparing its color to other things. "It's as red," she said to herself softly, "as hearts and diamonds;" and then her thoughts wandered to the cards themselves, and she thought of the hot saloons at nights crowded with faces, and the tobacco smoke in the air, and the jabber of voices, and the laughter of the miners, and their oaths and jokes and stories, and their friendly ways to her, and the admiration on their rough and sometimes honest faces, and the long tables and the spat, spat of the falling cards as they were dealt, and the chink of the glasses and the hot spirits burning your throat, and then the feeling of jollity, and then the warmth and life and cheeriness of it all. Her eyes brightened and her chest heaved a little as she leaned against the lintel. If she could have one night of it again! And here, what would it be when the men came back? Supper, and then Talbot and Stephen talking of their work, and the probable value of the claims, and the pans they could make, and what the dirt would run to, and then dismissing the whole subject as impossible to decide till the spring came and they could wash the gravel, and then having so dismissed it, they would fall to speculating again what the spring would show them the dirt was worth, and so on all over again from the beginning. Oh, she had heard it so often, nothing, nothing but the same topic night after night, and after that, cups of coffee, of which she was sick, or water, and then reading a chapter of the testament, and then going to bed, and Stephen too dead tired to give her a good-night kiss. If they had had a game of cards in the evening now, altogether, and become interested in that and forgotten to talk of the claims, and some good whiskey after it, or cleared out one of the cabins and had a dance there with some of the hands who lived near, and a man to whistle tunes for them if there was no other orchestra; but no! Stephen thought that cards were wrong and wouldn't have them in his house, and whiskey too, and dancing worst of all, and only the sin of avarice and the lust of gold was to be connived at there. As she stood there the thought slipped into her mind quite suddenly—so suddenly that it surprised herself—"why not go down to town and have a good time as she used?" Her heart beat quickly, and the old color came into her cheek. She glanced at the dull, coppery sun growing dimmer and dimmer behind the thickening snow fog, and the pink light flickering on the horizon, at the dim figures of the men and the gray waste on every side. There was a thick silence, broken only by a faint far-off click of a shovel from the trenches. There would be half an hour's more daylight, half an hour before the men returned to miss her. She would get a good start anyway. She turned into the cabin again, her face aglow and her eyes sparkling. She knew that Stephen would be fearfully angry with her—she had not been once to the town since her marriage—but she had a stronger nature than Stephen's, and felt no fear of his anger.

"He thinks I am a reformed character," she mutered contemptuously to herself, as she put on her thick rubber boots. "Well, I told him there was only one chance to reform me, and that was to take me away from here, and he wouldn't do it."

She built up the fire in an enormous bank, and left the men's slippers and dry socks beside it. Then she slipped into her long skin coat, and crushed the fur cap down on her eyebrows and pulled it over her ears. As she went out, she took a long look at the claims—the men were still busy there. "Slaves!" she muttered. She closed the door with a sharp snap and left the key hanging on it, as was usual when she was inside. Then she turned her face to the town trail and set off at a long steady stride through the dead, silent air. The town was within easy walking distance for her, and though it would be dark before she reached it, that mattered very little; her eyes were strong and almost as good as a wild cat's in the dark. On every hand the sky seemed to hang low and threatening over the earth, and the air had the grip of iron in it; but Katrine pushed on at the same even pace without even an apprehensive glance round. Her spirits rose as she walked. She felt the old sense of gladness in her youth and strength and health, and in her freedom, and as she bounded along over the hard, glittering snow, full of a mere irresponsible animal pleasure, such as moves the young chamois in his bounds from rock to rock. Darkness had come like a blot upon the earth before she had gone half the distance, but now she had the twinkling lights and the reddish haze of Dawson before her. Her eyes brightened as she caught sight of them, and she hastened her steps. By the time night had fairly settled down she came into the side streets of the town. Dawson is an all-night town, and things were all in full blast—saloons, shooting galleries, dance-halls, and dog-fights going on just as usual. She noted with satisfaction that nothing seemed to have altered a little bit since she saw it last, and as she turned into Good Luck Row, to walk down it for old acquaintance' sake, a big, disreputable old yellow dog she had fed through last winter came bounding up and leaped all over her in delighted recognition. Katrine was pleased at this welcome, and spent quite a time at the corner with him, asking how many dog-fights he had had lately, and being answered with short, triumphant barks that she took to mean he had demolished all the small dogs of that quarter. Then she went on and passed her own former house, and saw to her surprise it was vacant, and so was Annie's next it. That looked as if Dawson was not pressed for space. As she was turning out of the row she saw ahead of her another old acquaintance; this was a human one, and Katrine felt as if she had quite slipped back into her own life as she hailed him.

"Sam!" she called, gently. "Halloo, Sam!"

The miner turned, and as soon as he saw her a broad, genial smile overspread his countenance and stretched his mouth from one edge of his fur ear-laps to the other.

"Why, Katey, you down here again; "you've cut the parson fellow, eh?"

"Oh, no," said Katrine, hastily, reddening a little, "I'm just in town for a day or so. How's your wife?"

"Well," answered Sam, slowly, as he put himself at her side and slouched heavily along the sidewalk with her. "She's all right—leastways I reckon she ought to be; she's in 'eaven now."

"Oh, Sam!" said Katrine in a shocked voice, "is she dead? How did she die? When?"

"Why, I reckon it was the cold like—she kind o' froze to death. When I got home one night the fire was out, and she was just lay'in' acrost the hearth; the room was awful cold, and there warn't no food, neither—I 'spect that helped it. I'd bin away three or four days, and the food give out quicker than I thought, and the firin'. I arst a doctor here wot it was, and he said it was sincough or sumthin'."

"Syncope?" suggested Katrine.

"Yes, that's what 'e said; but I sez it was just the cold a-ketchin' of her heart like, and stoppin' it."

"What were you doing?" asked Katrine.

"Why, I was out arter gold, o' course."

Katrine shivered. They passed the Sally White at that moment, with its flaring lights and noise of merriment within.

"Let's go in, Sam, and get a drink. Your tale has pretty nearly frozen me."

They turned in, and as Katrine pushed open the door there was a shout of recognition and welcome from the men round the bar. The door fell to behind them, shutting out the icy night.

* * * * *

When the light failed, and the night had come down on the claims like a black curtain let fall suddenly, the men left the ground, and stiff with cold, their muscles almost rigid, plodded slowly and silently back to the cabin. The hired men dispersed in different directions, some going down town and some to their cabins near. When Stephen and Talbot entered they found the fire leaping and crackling as if it had just been tended, and both men sat down to change their boots in the outer room. The door into the bedroom was shut, and they supposed Katrine was within. They were too tired and frozen to speak, and not a word was exchanged between them. After a time Stephen got up and went into the inner room; there was no light in it, and the door swung to behind him. Talbot, with a white, drawn face, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

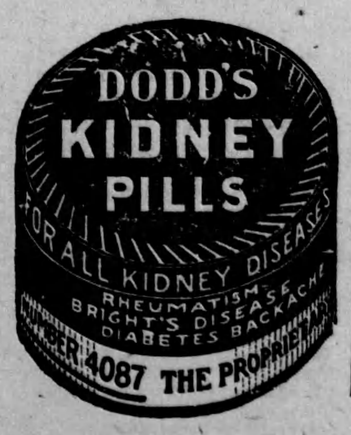
When Stephen entered he thought Katrine was probably asleep upon the bed, and crossed the room to find a light. When the match was struck and a candle lighted, he stared round stupidly. The room was empty! He looked at the bed. Katrine was not there; then his eyes caught a little square of white paper pinned on to the red blanket. He went up to it, unpinned it slowly, and read it with trembling fingers. Talbot, waiting in the other room, hungry and thirsty, got up after a time and began to lay the supper. This done, he made the coffee, and when that was ready and still Stephen had not reappeared, he rapped at the door. There seemed a muffled sound from within, and Talbot pushed the door a little open. Inside, he saw Stephen sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the paper in his hand.

"What's the matter?" said Talbot.

Stephen handed him the paper in a blank silence and Talbot took it and held it near the candle. This is what he read:

"I have gone down to the town to get a little change and to relieve the dreadful monotony of this life. Don't follow me; just leave me alone, and I'll come back in a day or two. There is no need to be anxious. You know I can take care of myself."

(To be continued.)



THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Simple Diet.

The late pope is said to have lived on a very simple diet, as simple as that of the poorest tradesman. In the morning he drank a cupful of coffee, at noon he took a little soup and meat and for supper vegetables and meat. His favorite food was the Italian national dish, polenta.

HAD A GUARANTEE.

(Boston Transcript.)

Newrich (showing treasures)—This picture is by an old master.

Critic—Indeed! I would never have guessed it.

Newrich—It is, though. The man I bought it from gave me a written guarantee that the painter was past seventy before he did a stroke of it.

Always look out for the sunlight the Lord sends into your days.—Hope Campebll.

EARLY FALL CARE OF THE FLOCK

Effects of Different Feeds Should Be Considered During Mould.

A reasonable amount of care with the farm flock during the late summer or early fall will perhaps return a larger profit in the following months than the same amount of work given at any other time of the year.

With the prices of feedstuffs still very high it behooves the poultryman to have his flock in shape to produce the greatest number of eggs during the months when prices are highest. Spring and summer being the natural period of production for the hen are the seasons when prices rule lower, consequently the flock that is in proper shape to produce results in the results in the early winter months will return the largest interest on the money invested.

THE MOULT AN INFLUENTIAL FACTOR.

One of the main factors influencing early winter production is the moulting period. The drain on the hen's system during the feather forming period makes it practically impossible for her to both produce feathers and eggs at the same time.

It requires six weeks for a tail or wing feather to grow to maturity, and as the feathers are usually dropped a few at a time it is easy to realize the length of time that is wasted during the moulting period. Then, again, all the hens do not moult at the same time, which is a decided disadvantage as the feed ration best suited for a laying hen will not give the best results to a flock in the moult.

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT FEEDS.

It has long been known that certain feeds have a bearing on the early development or the retarding of the moult. It is an advantage to have all the hens moult at the same time and it is advisable to have the period over with before the cold weather sets in.

Any change in the feed ration should be brought about gradually The best method is to confine the hens to a yard where the ration can be controlled supplemented with some fattening food such as corn on buckwheat, which should be increased until it is pactically the only gain feed used. The corn ration should be fed for about two weeks. The heating action of the feeds used will tend to loosen the feathers. However, to complete the moult it will be necessary to discontinue the feeding suddenly; in fact almost starve the hens for a short period. The feathers will drop at once, and the poultryman should exercise care to gradually increase the feed ration when the desired result has been obtained. The ration should be changed and the corn and buckwheat entirely omitted and wheat substituted. A dry mash should be kept before the hens at all times, consisting of wheat bran, middlings, and ground oats.

By using this method the moult should be nearly completed in six or seven weeks, but care should be taken not to force the hens with a laying ration too soon after the moult.

It must be remembered that the progress of forcing a hen to moult should be undertaken with care; the poultryman needs to keep a watchful eye on the flock and make sure that the process is not overdone, as in that case much vitality will be lost and the production impaired during the following months. However, if the practice is followed and the proper results achieved the added value of the eggs, produced when egg prices are highest, will more than reward the keeper for the time employed.

FATTENING THE TURKEYS.

Turkeys as a whole reach the market in much better fleshing than the general run of other fowl. Perhaps this is because the turkey is such a good forager, going to any part of the farm that offers a meal. Most of the receipts on central markets, however, would be improved by better feeding during the last few weeks. Turkeys cannot be subjected successfully to the two-week cramming process that is commonly followed with other poultry. Such a process would result in a large mortality. The feeding period must be extended over a period of six weeks. During this period their run may be restricted to a fenced yard or a good sized shed with a wire front.

During the first month of feeding they may be fed either grain or mash composed of oats, barley and corn, and during a part of this period they should be on free range. The change to seclusion and heavier feeding at the same time would be too radical. A method followed by many is to feed whole grain morning and night, and a mash composed of cornmeal, chop, bran and some coarse sand mixed with milk at noon. Cooked mashed potatoes mixed with milk is supposed to produce a whiter flesh, and towards the end of the fattening period beef scrap or cooked meat will hasten fleshening.

FOW LAS GLEANERS.

A well-known poultry man found a way to save the wheat that is dropped in the stubble incident to shocking and removing the sheaves. When the sheaves were drawn away from the field, which is at a distance from the farm home, the same evening a small, portable hen house in which the young fowl were confined while moving, was placed on a skid and drawn up and placed in the centre of the wheat-stubble. In the morning the doors of the house were opened, and, presto! the birds found themselves in a veritable Eldorado, and proceeded at once to eat. The plentiful supply of grasshoppers this season formed a fine ration for the chicks.

Plenty of fresh water is supplied daily, near the portable house, in sanitary utensils, and the chickens enjoy this mode of life, which the youngsters term "camping out," and always refer to the fowl up the field as the chickens on "their holidays." This is the easiest and only way to save all the choice loose-wheat. When the field is gleaned the house and hens are again put on the skid and taken to other stubble fields or brought back to the home yard.

COLD NOT GOOD FOR LAYERS

"Because of the long cold winters, the open-front poultry house has not proved satisfactory in this section," writes a poultry expert of a northern town. The first long laying house, constructed by a certain breeder, was of this type, but after several years' experience he has discarded it for the modified plan recommended by Prof. A. C. Smith, of the Minnesota Agricultural College. Instead of having large openings at regular intervals, the college plans call for small openings above each window. These openings are fitted with a frame covered with light cloth so arranged that they can be opened at any angle desired. The ends, back wall and roof, and sealed inside and out. The space between the rafters is filled with sawdust, which acts as a non-conductor, keeping the heat in and the cold out.

The house is the result of the careful experiments carried on by the poultry department of the college.

"It is much warmer than my other house," says the poultryman. Yet there is never any moisture or frost on the wall. By leaving a number of small openings near the roof sufficient ventilation is provided to keep the air reasonably pure and fresh. The way these hens laid last winter proved to the producer that he had been making fresh-air fiends of his hens at the expense of his pocketbook. In a milder climate the open front is all right, but it doesn't fit our conditions.

STANDARD-BRED FOWLS

A pure bred, whether it is a hen or a cow means that the animal comes from a definitely recognized breed and that the parents were pure-bred animals of the same breeding, which can be definitely proved, and thus making the animal eligible for registration, it is then a pure-bred animal. There is the added stipulation that an animal must be healthy, vigorous and a creditable specimen of its breed in order to be pure bred.

In reference to poultry breeding, perhaps the best terms of all to indicate 100 per cent. blood is the expression "standard-bred." This means that the fowl referred to as standard-bred is one which conforms to the standards of form, color, markings, weight, etc., for the various breeds under the Standard of perfection of the American poultry association. Standard-bred is a term which is growing in popularity among those doing business in the pure-bred poultry field, and is perhaps a more distinctive expression than any other which might be used with reference to poultry.

1000 Eggs in Every Hen

New System Of Poultry Keeping—Get Dollar A Dozen Eggs—Famous Poultryman.

TELLS HOW

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short" says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry Success.

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen; how to get pullets laying early; how to make the old hens lay like pullets; how to keep up heavy egg production all through cold winter months when eggs are highest; triple egg production; make slacker hens hustle; $5.00 profit from every hen in six winter months. These and many other money poultry secrets are contained in Mr. Trafford's "1,000 EGG HEN" system of poultry raising, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader of this paper who keeps six hens or more. Eggs should go to a dollar or more a dozen this winter. This means big profits to the poultry keeper who gets the eggs. Mr. Trafford tells how. If you keep chickens and want them to make money for you, cut out this ad and send it with your name and address to Henry Tarfford, Suite 831n, Tyne Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., and a free copy of "THE 1,000 EGG HEN" will be sent by return mail.

Goodness of Apples.

Because we like apples we use them, but apart from that we use them because they contain healthful acids, needed minerals including iron, line and sulphur, many calories of energy, and some real nutrition. True, an apple is eighty-five per cent water, but so is milk, and the apple has thirteen per cent. of sugar and starches.

The ostrich hides its head in the sand on the same principle that inspires the fellow who is head over ears in debt to feel out of sight.

DRAWING ON YOUR RESERVE STRENGTH

This is What Thousands of People Throughout the Country Are Doing.

Thousands of Canadian housewives are working from day to day on their nerve. They are daily drawing more and more on their reserve strength, knowing full well that they are using up that vital force which often means life or death in the crisis of disease. They are the victims of a feeling of hopeless exhaustion after the performance of even the small tasks which were once the simplest and easiest parts of the day's work. They find the appetite failing, sleep is disturbed and unrefreshing; they lose weight, and always feel tired and depressed. Often the trouble will have progressed to a point which makes full recovery slow, but the treatment should be persisted in and renewed health and activity will be the result.

The case of Mrs. W. Schooley, R. R. No. 2, Tillsonburg, Ont., well illustrates the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of health breakdown, through weak, watery blood. Mrs. Schooley says: "For upwards of five years I felt my strength declining, until at last I could not do light chores around the place. Then a doctor was called in, and after doctoring about a month he said that only an operation would help me. I did not feel like going through this, and decided that in any event I would wait a while. I had no appetite, often had headaches accompanied by dizzy spells; several times I had fainting spells, and my legs would swell, and I could not even sweep a floor without resting several times. Again a doctor was called in and he said the trouble was general debility and nervous breakdown. The treatment, however, did not help me, and then one evening as my husband was reading the paper, he came across a case in many respects similar to mine, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The next day he got me a supply of the pills, and to their continued faithful use for several months, I owe my present splendid health. I may say that soon after beginning the use of the pills I felt a gradual improvement in my condition, my appetite improved, I began to feel rested after a night's sleep and I gained in weight. My friends were continually expressing surprise at my improved condition, as it was generally believed I had become a chronic invalid. I always take a delight in telling them that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are responsible for my present good health, and as they have been a real blessing to me I shall always continue to praise them."

If you are suffering from any condition due to poor, watery blood, or weak nerves, begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now, and note how your strength and health will improve. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IT IS A ROYAL HOUSEMAIDS STRIKE

The Royal housemaids in Buckingham Palace are demanding the right to "live out," following the action of the majority of girl shopworkers and domestic servants in London. In their petition to Queen Mary they asked for an eight hour day with permission to live out if they so desired.

The King and Queen granted the eight hour day, though it involved the employment of a dozen extra maids, but they declined to grant the demand for the privilege of living out.

The petition was similar to one presented to Queen Alexandra by the maids at the Marlborough House. Alexandra granted the request, but Queen Mary again refused. All the housemaids have tendered a month's notice of this intention to give up their positions unless the request is conceded.

MURDERED.

Put right out of business, a whole family of corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. No pain or sore if "Putnam's" is used. Refuse substitutes, 25c, per bottle at all dealers.

I had rather have a fool make me merry than experience make me sad.—Shakespeare.

ROOFING

SAVE 50c to 1.00 per roll

Prompt Shipment

YOURSELF THE JUDGE

We ship on approval to any station where there is an agent. We save you 50c to $1.00 a roll on Ready Roofings of guaranteed quality, yourself to be the judge after inspecting the Roofing at our risk. Samples free by mail, also free catalogue with prices and full information. Send letter or post card, "Send me free samples and price of Ready Roofing and particulars of Free Delivery Offer."

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