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"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER THREE

(Continued From Last Week)

The bedded herd was a huge, dim blot. The sound of deep-breathing steers mixed with the distant yapping of a coyote.

Webb and Hank Roberts rode around in one direction, the two other riders going the other way.

"We got 'em," Webb said in a quiet voice to the two men he met. And he took the guard watch handed him.

Out across the sleeping herd, a cowboy was singing a lonesome, lilling song.

There is an indefinable spell about night guard. It creeps into a cowboy's heart like a plaintive melody. It is on starry nights, when the herd is quiet, that the cowboy dreams as he rides, singing his song to his cattle. Always his song carries that note of lonesomeness that is the cowboy's lot. These night hours are when he remembers bits of things, things that go to make a cowboy's life.

He rides around at a swinging walk, eased in his saddle. He thinks, perhaps, of town and its brief pleasures at shipping time. He thinks of home, a home he left to drift along a lonesome trail. Past pleasures, past regrets. The stars overhead and a good horse between his legs. A sweetheart who waits for him. So he sings his song to his cattle.

Old Hank Roberts had chosen his hour for talk. Wise in more than one way was that grizzled old sheriff of Rimrock.

"If I cared a heap for a woman," he began. "I'd do all I could to make her happy. I wasn't more than about your age, Webb, when I met the girl I married. She was teachin' a little old cow-country school and boardin' with some ranch folks. I was workin' for the old Circle C at the foot of the Little Rockies. The outfit had sent me out to rep for 'em with the Circle Diamond. I was on my way to the outfit, which was camped north of Milk River, hazin' along my string of ponies, when I stopped at this ranch for the night.

"It was a Saturday night; no school of a Sunday. Now, my night horse was a plumb gentle, biscuit-eatin' feller. A black-and-white paint horse called Blackfoot. I laid over and took her horseback ridin'. Monday morning' I rode on to where the Circle Diamond wagon was camped. But I was shy a night horse. Blackfoot stayed there at the ranch. When we got married at the end of the round-up, the old gent at the Circle C give her that fat paint pony. Yep, we got married. I quit spendin' my money over the bar, quite gamblin'.

"The old gent talked me into runnin' for sheriff and I got elected. Settled down and stayed thataway. Yep, when a man cares about a woman, he's got to quit his fool cowboy ways and act like he was human. Take a young feller your age, for instance, with one of the finest and gamest little girls that ever lived, a-carin' for him so much she can't sleep nights for worryin' about him. If that feller was smart, he'd quit tryin' to go bronco. He'd quit herdin' with outlaws and he'd quit buckin' a losin' game. He'd sell out and marry that girl and take her to a new range and make a home for her. He wouldn't go chargin' around all over the country packin' a gun and huntin' trouble.

Webb Winters stared straight ahead when he answered the sheriff. "You're talkin' through your hat, Hank. Talkin' loco. You don't savvy the layout. Mae don't care about me like that. Man, she was goin' to marry Bob Anderson. Bob just naturally worshipped her. He's kep' me awake many a night tellin' me how he was goin' to make their home so that she'd be content to live on a ranch. Bob and me had planned on addin' a big room to his cabin. A big stone fireplace and some Injun rugs and bear hides on the floor. Real dishes instead of the ones he had.

"I helped him pick the furniture out of the catalogue. Fancy dishes, a whole set of 'em. Crockery and new cookin' hardware. A real stove. A sofa and easy chairs for the big room. A talkin' machine with a fancy horn. We put in half the nights last winter markin' out in the catalogue what he'd need. The catalogue and the list is in Bob's cabin right now. I never saw a man care for a woman like Bob Anderson cared for Mae.

"Then the damned skunks murdered him. Bob is dead. I'm goin' to live long enough to pay 'em off in their own kind of money. Bob was my pardner."

Webb Winters had spoken quietly. Too quietly to suit old Hank Roberts, who knew how to read men. He caught that note of finality and he knew that nothing he could say or do would alter Webb's plans. He made one last effort, however.

"Webb, son, did you ever ask Mae to marry you?"

"No."

"But you thought a heap of her?"

"So did Bob. Hank, he just plumb worshipped Mae."

"And you rode off and let Bob do his courtin'. I don't reckon it ever struck you that it was you, not Bob Anderson, that she cared most for. I don't reckon it ever got through that thick skull of yourn that she was marryin' Bob because she figured that you'd never come around, courtin'.

"Webb, that girl is worryin' her heart out these days. She looks peaked and she cries when she's alone. Her eyes give her away. She thought a heap of Bob Anderson because he just sort of worshipped her. Bob got killed and she'll never quite git over it, because he always treated her so great. But it was you she wanted to marry all the time.

(Continued Next Week)

Pretty as a little dress can be! One straight piece right down to hem, shirred at top, shirred at the waist or held in with a huge sash. Just add ruffles and ties!

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IN INDIANAPOLIS, a couple's kitten made its disappearance at about the same time their car developed a strange squeak. It was the lost kitten, hungry and with a frost-bitten tail.

FATHER'S DAY

"I Know It's A Dream—BUT DON'T WAKE ME UP!"

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

Since last week I have learnt a little more about painting and a lot more about birds. When I left you last week I was painting the hall and also watching three little robins in a nest over the front door. My, how those little birds grew! Ten days and they were all feathered out and getting ready to leave the nest. And by that time they had become nice looking wee things with bright speckled breasts. They kept Mother and Father Robin busy from dawn to dark satisfying their hungry needs and the parents knew with unerring instinct just what the little birds could digest. For the first few days they were fed tiny pin-size worms and grubs, then, as the birds grew bigger Mr. and Mrs. Robin brought bigger and better worms, twirled around their beaks for convenience in carrying. After her babies had been fed Mrs. Robin often got into the nest behind them, pecked away for a few minutes and then fly off again. What is she doing, I wondered? To find out I watched more closely. Now what do you suppose was happening? Well, believe it or not, Mrs. Robin was housekeeping! Her method was to hunt for the droppings of her offspring, then pick them up in her beak and fly away with them. If only chickens could be trained that way! Another thing I found out . . . when little birds are feathered out Mrs. Robin leaves them to themselves all night. But come the dawn, she is back again with an early breakfast. And indeed, these robins grew so fast there was no room in the nest for mother anyway. When they were about eight days old the young robins began making chipping noises and sometimes they would stand up in the nest and flap their sturdy little wings. One time one little fellow hopped on to the ledge, but soon got nervous and cuddled down in the nest again. That is, until today. Today was their big day . . . and mine, too. The parent robins, hour after hour, flew around from tree to tree, and back and forth to the ledge near the nest, chipping, chipping, all the time—calling to their babies in bird language — "Come, it is time you left the nest. Spread your wings, little fledglings. Come out here in the open —we will take care of you. We will show you where the best worms are found and the safest trees and bushes in which to hide until your wings are stronger."

So one by one the little fledglings, chipping nervously, flew down to the nearest tree. When the first one made the grade the parent birds left the less venturesome ones still in their nest while they enticed the first adventurer away from the house—away from slinking cats and a playful pup. That done, they would return again and start chipping as vigorously as ever. The little birds that were left in the nest would answer shrilly in return. It took quite a lot of coaxing to get the last one to leave but finally it took to its uncertain wings. Now they are all away; the cosy, rather shaggy nest is deserted, and, believe it or not, I feel quite lonesome without my little birds. But then, I have also finished the lower hall, so I wouldn't have had them constantly under observation much longer anyway.

Yes, soon I shall be starting on the upper hall—in England we used to call the upper hall "the landing" —if that is of any interest. However, before I start out with the paint brush again there is a two-weeks' wash that has to be attended to and other work to catch up on.

I mentioned having learnt a little more about painting—that was in the mixing. For the floor of our hall I had chosen an enamel that called itself "leather brown." Maybe newly tanned leather would look that colour and be attractive in some rooms but on our hall it was horrible. I did one strip and it made me feel billious to look at it. And then, company came to call and that finished my painting for that night. But I went to bed and worried about it. I felt I couldn't live with that paint and like it. But what to do about it . . . the only other shade was dark brown which I didn't want. Next morning I looked over my paint supply with a view to trying a mixture—maybe a bit of black would do the trick. Or this gray porch paint—what colour would grey and brown produce "Well, there's only one way to find out," said I to myself. So after stirring the quart of grey enamel I dumped half of it into my quart of leather brown. Result —a nice, soft shade of brown, about the colour of fumed oak.

It is rather fun mixing colours, never being certain what the outcome will be. But halfway measures are no good—if you start mixing you have to mix enough to finish your job—or put up with a patch work effect.

DRUGS SPOIL CHEESE

Wisconsin cheesemakers have had trouble with milk in their vats during the curding process. The trouble has been traced to cattle that were being treated with penicillin or aureomycin for mastitis, an udder disease. Dr. W. V Price found that the drugs halt the growth and upset the normal bacteria necessary for good cheese production.

AFTER ESCAPING serious injury in a collision, a Newark motorist was bitten three times by his dog, which had been riding with him. When an ambulance arrived to take him to hospital, it caught fire.

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ANNE HIRST

"Dear Anne Hirst: Two years ago I gave my husband a divorce, so he could marry a woman he went with all the time we were married. I thought he would tire of her and come back to me and the children.

"Instead, they are happier now than ever! All my friends tell me about their new home, their car, and other luxuries. When he has our children, they can't do enough for them, andd the youngsters like the wife fine. When he comes after them, I nearly die!

"I still love him. Surely he must think of me, the mother of his children?

"Do you think I could talk to him and get him to come back to us?

"After all, this woman took him from us. Why not give her some of her own medicine?

"S. K."

RISE ABOVE IT

To want to "pay this woman back" and wreck her marriage, is the first reaction of a disappointed wife. But even if you could accomplish this, surely you are too fine a person to try.

You took a chance in divorcing your husband.

You lost.

Why not admit it, and lose like a lady?

You could not persuade your husband to come back to you, you know. You have learned how entirely happy he is with his new wife. To attempt to destroy that happiness could only leave you with new humiliations, and an inconsolable regret that you ever tried.

You say you love your husband. I do not doubt that. But isn't it the real truth that you want him back—wheher he wants to come or not? If he has wanted to, he would have told you long ago.

When we know true love, we want the other's happiness more than we want our own.

Your husband is happy now. Can't you quell your jealousy, and come to rejoice that he, at least, is geting what he wants out of life?

When you accomplish this, you will know the consolation of peace. Rid of this harrowing jealousy, you can approach life with the assurance that you are a better Christian, and through new faith in yourself, conquer your loneliness and make a good life for yourself and your children.

Seek help in this through your church. I think your minister can help you in your struggle, and bring you peace.

When you have been hurt almost beyond bearing, your emotions will not let you be fair. That is why it is wise to ask Anne Hirst to help you find peace. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

HELP FOR WEAK EYES

A device which will permit poor eyes to read ordinary newspapers, magazines and books is now in the final testing stage. This new instrument, known as a "projection magnifier," was developed at the Franklin Institute Laboratories for Research and Development. The projection magnifier weighs a little more than 17 pounds, measures 21 inches high, 14 inches wide and 27 inches deep and contains two 40-watt bulbs, with a pair of 100-watt bulbs as alternates. When a page is placed on a movable tray at the bottom and a lens lowered against it, an illuminated magnification appears on a ground glass slanted at the correct angle for a reader in a chair. If vision is very slight it is still possible to read by moving closer to the screen.

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Now you have Fleischmann's Fast Dry Yeast, forget about the oldtime hazards of yeast baking! Always at hand—always full-strength and fast rising! Keep a month's supply in your cupboard! Make this delicious Chelsea Bun Loaf—cut in slices for buttering, or separate the buns.

CHELSEA BUN LOAF

Make 3 pans of buns from this one recipe—dough will keep in refrigerator for a week.

Scald ¾ c. milk, ¼ c. granulated sugar, 1½ tsps. salt and ¼ c. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 mins., THEN stir well. Add cooled milk mixture and stir in 1 well-beaten egg. Stir in 2 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 2½ c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead on lightly-floured board until smooth and elastic. Cut off ⅔ of dough, knead into a smooth ball, place in greased bowl, grease top of dough, cover and store in refrigerator until wanted. Shape remaining ⅓ of dough into a smooth ball, place in greased bowl and grease top. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Cream 3 tbs. butter or margarine and blend in ½ c. brown sugar (lightly pressed down), 1½ tsps. ground cinnamon and 3 tbs. corn syrup; spread about ⅓ of this mixture in bottom of a greased loaf pan (4½" x 8½") and sprinkle with pecan halves. Punch down risen dough and roll out into an 8" square; loosen dough. Spread with remaining sugar mixture and sprinkle with ½ c. raisins. Loosely roll up like a jelly roll. Cut roll into 6 slices. Place in prepared pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25-30 mins. Let stand in pan for 5 mins. before turning out.