The Bree Press Shart Stary

DEAD MAN'S GULCH

By MARIANNE C. GAUSS

'Now into' the square of light on the

ground, whining, and trying to lick her

A whine of distress was, the answer.

Ivan leaped about her, excitedly.

not stop, for Ivan had leaped the fence.

and was off like a bullet toward the

"Oh, you had dog, not to find, Mic-

OT very long after Mickey Temple | and went softly down the kitchen stairs. went away there came one of She opened the door and stood listening those wild, gusty afternoons very into the night. Little, crackling sounds return. common in the Rockles during the in the bushes greeted her ears and a spring. The blast tore about the dying puff of wind blew into her eyes mountain cabin he had abandoned and some sweet-smelling petals from the wild stiffened the clods in those fields he left half plowed. His sister, Martha, would plow this year.

Under her blue cotton dress and old shoes, came the hulking figure of the sweater, the heart of the tall, good- Russian wolf hound. The girl screamed, looking girl surged angrily. As she half in terror, half in expectation; and struggled to operate the corn crusher, the dog whimpered. "Ivan? Ivan Ivanher hands bled, for the machine was ovitch!" As she pronounced his name. old, and needed oiling so much that Mickey's dog sprang up to lay his paws much of the power of her strong young on her breast. "Where's Mickey, Ivan? arms was lost in friction. The iren Find Mickey." protested squeakily in very much the tone employed by members of the household when they were asked to do any work. Now and then there was a growl of discontent from its dusty throat, like Mickey's surly grumbling. It was impossible. Martha reflected, to get anything done without a quarrel.

Her brother especially was always house to call one of the twins to acgrumbling about the state of affairs. Maybe, she reflected resentfully, he had not going, and started away. Without left of which was a thorny grove of wild thought she enjoyed her hard work on the farm since father died .- Perhaps him. he thought she liked to give up college, and everything else.

Martha fed the stock. "Say, Martha," on a thin piece of wood, whittled into sight except that far below, through a piped the curly-haired twin, "I saw a shape like the sounding board of a that dog of brother's, 'way over by Dead Man's Gulch."

The indignant color mounted in the older girl's face. It was about Ivan Ivanovitch, that she and Mickey had their last quarrel the morning of the day he went away forever. He had paid | weed which had just burst into bloom, | Far away, she heard the call of a mouna price which she thought was too high lifted ghostly white candles of buds in tain lion. for the Russian wolf hound, and she the middle of the trail. The rough shoes There was nothing to do to-night, but had refused to allow the animal to come of the walker made a loud scuffling to-morrow the gulch must be searched. few years later with honors and into the doorward. Evidently it had not sound; but the great dog slipped along as A bit of gravel, disturbed by her foot, teacher's certificate. Mickey took his consistently high grade product. considered the place homelike either, for it had gone away. Martha answered her younger sister, sharply, "If Ivan comes around here, I'll shoot him."

.- The other twin lifted sweet, grave eyes. Do you hate Ivan, Marfa?" "Why, of course not," rebuked the curly-haired one. "She hates Mickey,

for goin' off; that's why she'd kill his 'The tall sister turned a startled face.

"I don't hate Mickey. What put that in your head, Eva?". "You acted like it when he was home." "Well, I certainly do not hate Mickey.

I only-only disapprove of his actions, running off and leaving me with the spring plowing. I'd shoot that dog because he's likely to kill sheep." The child's words rankled in Martha's

mind all day. The older girl thought of a time when Mickey had wanted to make himself a violin, and she threw the wood and other materials into the heap. In the evening when the three went into the kitchen, darkness was beginning to fall. Martha remembered her brother's dislike of burned meat. If some of the bacon was burned, she used to help him to that, because she disliked finicky people.

Mrs. Temple was looking ill to-night, fretting about her son. She refused to believe he had run away from them, despite the note Martha had found tucked away under the few rough clothes. in his trunk, saying that the family lived like cats and dogs and he was sick

Bessle, the lame sister, had thought of an explanation. "I do believe Mickey wrote that note months ago, but be cause he couldn't think about running away, he stayed on. I am afraid something dreadful has happened to him."

The older sister could scarcely listen to this fantastic explanation. When Bessie and mother had worked themselves up to believe that Mickey . had met some terrible fate, she sniffed, and turned restlessly in her chair. "I dare say a hawk picked him up, cut in the hills or the cat got him, around the' barn. We'll never-see him againt' she exclaimed sarcastleally, "anyhaw, not till

he gets hungry." . A silence fell on the household, Martha could hear the wind which was hurling balls of last year's tumble weed at a furious rate across a clearing. The Wasekatchan River looked like blood in the sunset. Far away wound the wild trail toward the peak, along which one descended to Dead Man's Gulch. High on this path the pine trees fought the wind. Martha stole to the window and looked uneasily toward the gulch. Once, up yonder, a tourist had fallen into crevice and nobody ever knew what

became of him. The girl watched till the sunset faded. Once the blowing shadow of a tree deceived her into believing she saw a boyish figure coming along the path. "I'm going to bed, I have to be up at

four," she said. 'f' After a time Martha fell asleep, but she dreamed of Mickey. She had burned the bacon and he had gone away hungry. She was sorry then and went up and down the mountain, hunting him in vain. She awoke suddenly, and sat up in bed. From her window she could see the peak, gleaming white under the moon. The wind had gone down, and there was intense stillness over the world. The collie had waked her, barking indignantly as if there was an intruder about. Suddenty the yapping ceased as the animal dived under the

quietly as a shadow. The girl entered | went over the edge, and came to rest slippery with pine needles. Tvan was known there were any ledges. She not to be seen anywhere. To the left, paused again, listening to the tapping a fairly well-beaten trail led toward she had heard before. Then, suddenly,

the peak, which gleamed in its snows a great idea came to her. Mickey was above her. The other way, the ground at times subject to a kind of quinsy, shelved abruptly, and a path which soon | which used to take his voice. In a flash lost itself among the rocks, wound down- she had turned back to the brink of ward toward Dead Man's Gulch. Martha stood trembling, not knowing and shouted, "Oh, Mickey, are you on a

which way to go. Most likely Mickey ledge? Three taps for 'Yes.' Are you had tried to climb the peak. whistled and called, and the great dog receiving no answer, she called again, finally returned to her. Two bobcats "Wait: I'm climbing down to you." flashed, spitting at her, out of sight.

her hand in the dark? What would it with only b-burned biscuits to eat." touch? She cried out huskily when it It was the coil of rope Mickey had ed.

the ground. As she turned toward the key!" she repeated. The dog scrambled over a difficult further delay, then, the girl ran after fruit trees. Suddenly Martha following, saw, opening before her, a black, and She hurried across the ash heap, where jagged defile, and know she stood on old tin cans and rubbish were thrown. the verge of Dead Man's Gulch. The younger sisters came out while There was a little crash as she stepped chasm was almost impenetrable to the gash in the rock, moonlight slanted on

violin. Martha breathed hard, but did the dead tops of aspen trees. Martha. . The dog merely leaped about her, or whimpered shrilly at the edge Moonlight here made the path look as of the cliff. She peered over the edge. though it were covered with snow. A "Mickey! Mickey!" No answer came

the dark grove where the ground was on a ledge not far below. She had not The younger girls carried out their plans,

scold him all the time, too," Dead Man's Gulch. She leaned far over. She hurt?" after pausing a moment, and

She swung herself carefully, to the

carried that day when he went out to

in friction—scrapping." "I'm hateful, too-"

do extension work-" .

rift between them was closed forever. Martha graduated at the Normal too, and the farm seemed to improve

enviously commented a neighbor boy. "At our house we're always driven to death on account of that lazy Jacob. I Mickey and Martha listening, grin-

BIOLOGICALLY TESTED FISH OILS IN POULTRY FEEDING

Ivan dashed after them, and it was bough of a cedar. For a moment Martha - Fish liver and body oils are the most some time before she could get him to found herself hanging, poised above a efficient practical sources of Vitamins A in about half an hour. The police were black chasm. Then her body spun and D which are essential to growth and clearing the plaza before the old City first chill winds of the Economy wave. Now he led her to a little arroyo, around as her foot searched for the normal bone formation respectively for Hall of New York, and captains were it was applying the brakes to the wheels where it was very dark, and there was a trunk of the tree. In a moment she poultry. In addition the complete ab- stationing their men at strategic places of trade. It is going to take plenty of drip and tinkle of water. Here he stop- had crawled down the tree far enough sence or serious depletion of the former to control the crowds, while professional ped suddenly, whimpering. He was to set her foot carefully on a jutting from the ration of growing or mature announcers tested the amplifiers. standing beside something in the black rock. She made her way to the place birds brings about a condition known as "The crowd is not as big as on former, shadow of a fallen tree. The girl's heart from which the choking sound was avitaminosis, which may have serious similar occasions," a man remarked to throbbed until her breath came gasp-, again coming. Mickey lay there unable results and will cause loss of health and me. Subsequently, I learned that it ing tones about this and that method ingly. She felt for matches, but could to move. "Oh, Mickey, Mickey," sobbed production and finally death. Similarly, compared very well with the former re- of saving our country. When he has find none. Could she bear to put out the sister, "you've been here two days avitaminosis. D causes rickets in young chicks with consequent cessation of de-"I was more interested in quantity velopment and death and in mature fowl fell on something cold—Ivan's nose. He than quality. You gave me a beap of less often a ricketic condition, cessation was pointing out a hard, stiff object 'em, Martha." The boy's head fell back, of production and depletion of the skelewhich Martha now drew into the light, as he was trying to laugh. He had faint- tonal structure. The importance of these vitamins to normal well being and pro-The girl rubbed his face with snow ductivity of poultry will be readily ap- Atlantic. Our curiosity is always on the make the mistake of not realizing that until he returned to consciousness. Then preciated, particuarly in view of the alert for something now. The more we those who listen to these talks are hu-At she left him to get men who could lift demands made upon utility poultry tothis command, the big dog scrambled up the helpless boy to the top by means day. It is essential therefore that an "Shall I go with you, Ivan? Shall we into the monlight, where he stood in of ropes and stretchers. When Martha adequate source of these vitamins be becoming very active in our direction; present. find Mickey?" The dog bounded against tall grass, mariposas, and the painted had seen to this, she rushed home to supplied. The vitamin A and D content but his last words lingered. Martha again, almost throwing her to cup growing around him. "Find Mic- have beef tea prepared, and blankets of fish oils varies greatly according to the season of the year, the type of food | want." He did not refer to the amass-

Mickey was too exhausted to talk available to the fish from which the oil company her, the dog thought she was slope covered with loose rock, on the when he first arrived home, but later he comes and the care given to the oil in ever new sensations. If the new thrills and his sister had a good long chat to- handling and refining. The only accurgether. "I've been thinking, Mart," the ate method of determining the vitamin former said, "you've had it pretty hard, content of these oils at the present time think our house has been like a bum is through the biological test, which conmachine. We've lest a lot of our power sists in determining the ability of a re-"You've been the best sister in Al- certain levels of feeding to young rats or the time to ponder the miracle until supposed, on the widower, but really berta, and I was wondering. Sis, if we preferably to chicks: Since these oils we exclaimed, "How wonderful are the on the Brown whose boat was lost." "Which way now, Ivan?" begged all pulled together, couldn't you go to represent the most expensive ingredient works of man," and in the next breath "I'm sorry to hear of your great college? You might start right soon, of the ration, although fed only in small prayerfully, "How wonderful are thy loss," she said. new, go a term, stay home awhile and amounts, it may be poor economy to buy works. O God," we would have taken "And you could take violin in town!" logically tested poultry oils are available. bid and shallow curiosity that is always Brother and sister beamed, and the If biologically tested oils are not used it eager to skip from thrill to thrill. is recommended that oil be obtained a from one or other of the reputable manu- activ of appreciation, and enabled our my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I'm a facturers of poultry oils, who produce a hearts to meet the next marvel with had my eye on old Tom Ross' for som

MAYBE THEY'RE FIVE DAY ...

A teacher gave the following problem to her pupils: If a woman gathers five eggs a day, how many eggs would she gather in a week?

After studying for a few minutes. William, with a puzzled brow, inquired "Teacher, do hens lay on Sundays?"

By Arthur B. Rhinow

Amelia Earhart was expected to arrive is doing.

comes to celebrities." I said.

want " because v) never really have it. presentative sample of any oil to support heads, we stood still and stared. It was the other lost his boat at about the some normal growth and bone development at amazing. If then we had only taken time. The vicar's wife called, as she oils of uncertain vitamin content if bio- a long step toward overcoming the mor-

OR

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK? By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

The city that amounts to something is the city that makes better business for

local concerns its chief industry. It is said that in ancient China, and even in parts of modern China, the head of the family only pays the family physician so long as the household remains in good health. When illness prevails

payment. Not a bad idea! Carrying the gospel of your city into new fields, as well as reviving interest in your old ones, is what this newspaper

or when a patient dies, there is no

When the country was faced with the newspaper advertising to get them into motion again.

Every day we hear over the radio some ceptions, but for the time being I was in-exhausted all the words in his vocabuclined to agree with my new acquaint- lary to describe all the sins being committed by the opposition party against "They are getting used to these wel- the country, he turns to his stock of fairy tales and, skillfully using thick "Yes." he nodded, "they are getting layers of blarney, exquisitely renders a used to it. Even a solo flight across the picture of his side of the question. They man; they have ears and minds and With that we separated, the police they do not forget the near past and

The man that likes everybody is usually the man that everybody likes. Opportunities for great savings are ing of wealth, but to our craving for found in the advertising columns of this

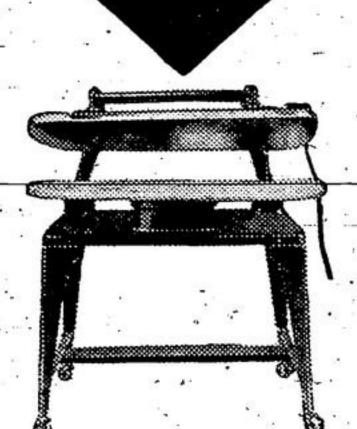
NOT MUCH LOSS

There were two Browns in the village When the first aeroplane flew over our both fishermen. One lost his wife and

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the reply. "She wasn't up to much." "Indeed!" said the surprised lady.

"Yes," continued Brown. "She was That would have deepened our cap- a rickety_old thing. I offered her co

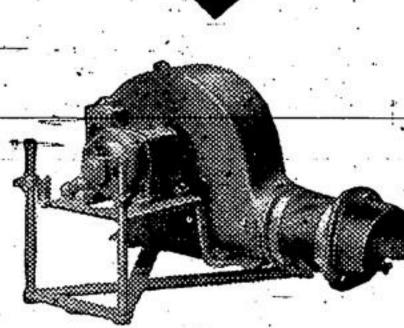
THIS



You, save \$42 on this wonderful ner everything from lace to bed sheets. Presses clothes like an expert cleaning house. With furnace deal you get it for half price.

Regular Price \$85.00.\$42.50



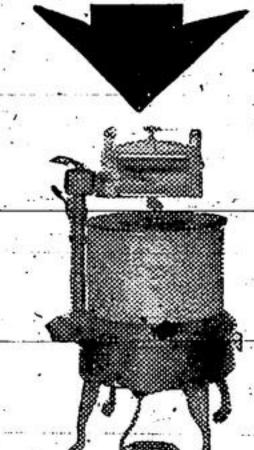


You save \$57.50 on this Magic Coa save 50% on coal bills and get ther-

price with furnace deal.

mostat controlled heat. Set it and forget it. You get this blower for half

Regular price \$115.00. \$57.50



THIS

You save \$67.50 on one of the finest washer's ever made. Porcelain tub, extra large, soft wringer, silent direct power -a gem in color and beauty. Get it ... for half price with this furnace deal.

Regular Price \$135.00. \$67.50

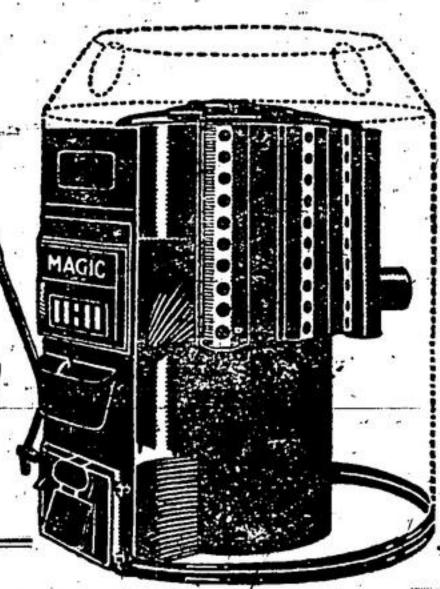


THIS

You save \$124 on this Snowbird Electric porcelain, extra large capacity, quick reezing control, wonderfully quiet.
Realize your wish for an Electric
Refrigerator NOW—get one for half
price with this furnace deal.

Regular Price \$248.00. \$124.00

at HALF PRICE



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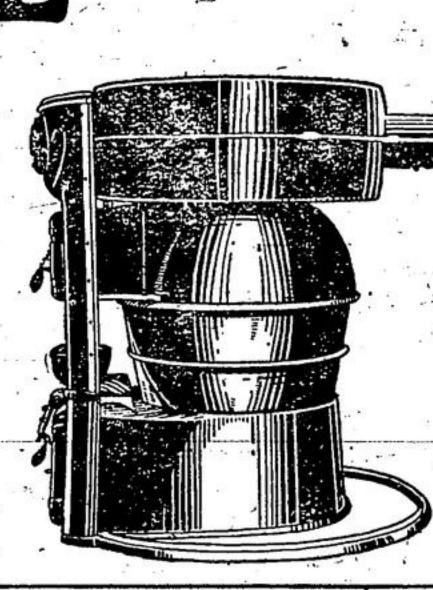
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