



FINAL INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS: Ruth Warren, born and raised in an Eastern city, is willed three-fourth interest in the Dead Lantern ranch in Arizona. With her youthful husband, who is in poor health, and their small son, David, they come to Arizona to take up where Ruth's brother, reported killed in Mexico, had left off. They reach Dead Lantern, 85 miles from the nearest railroad, with the help of Old Charley Thane, neighboring rancher who also carries the rural mail. At the ranch they find the partner, Snavelly, and a huge woman, Indian Ann, who greet them suspiciously. As they trudge the 5 miles from ranch gate to the house they pass a huge rock in a gulch where a voice whispers, "Go back. Go back." Ruth's husband caught in a rain shortly after their arrival contracts pneumonia and passes away before medical aid can be brought. Ruth, penniless and without friends attempts to carry on but is balked at almost every turn by the crazy and plotting Snavelly. Despite obstacles of all kind, Ruth gives notes on her ranch interest to purchase cattle. She is assisted by Old Charley Thane and his son, Will Thane. A Mexican family has been hired to assist with the work. A peculiar sickness develops with the livestock. Snavelly calls it "liver fever" . . . and says he has a powder for the water to cure the disease. Ruth discovers trickery in Snavelly's tactics of poisoning her cattle, but says nothing, waiting for additional evidence. Drought is overcome by sinking a well in a ravine, getting water for the perishing stock. At the round-up Ruth has enough stock to sell to meet her notes.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Snavelly passed her on the run, shouting, "Pack my stuff!" She had left his riding horse at the saddle shed, and now Snavelly hurried into the shed, returning with saddle and bridle.

At the house Ann set about packing the horse. When she saw Snavelly getting into his chaps, she paused and watched him for a moment. Then her eyes turned toward the trail to Old Charley's. It would not be dark for some time—Miss Ruth could not have gone far. From the top of the first little hill one could see a long way along the trail; and the rifle would shoot a mile.

As Snavelly mounted his horse at the barn, Ann suddenly ran to the rifle, snatched it up, and disappeared around the southern side of the house. From there she crossed the small gully, and, stooping low, made her way to the trail and hid behind a large boulder.

Snavelly missed the rifle almost as he dismounted at the house. He called Ann in a furious voice. He looked about, ran cursing into the house and out again. Several times he slapped the two revolvers belted around his hips with an air of vexation—revolvers were only good at close quarters. He wanted the rifle. He would need it badly when a posse took his trail.

He soon gave up calling Ann and hastily finished packing the buckskin horse. The last thing he tied on was a half sack of rolled barley he had just brought from the barn. He would look after his horses always.

With the lead rope of the pack horse in his hand, he swung himself into the saddle. And as he mounted, his eyes came to rest on the country he was to ride. Slowly the man's eyes dropped until they rested on the trail which passed over the hill. A sudden tenseness came into his face; his lips fell to twitching and jerking without parting. With a wild insane

yell he dug the spurs into his horse, dropped the lead rope of the pack animal and started toward the trail. Ruth and David had taken.

Before he had crossed the little gully south of the house, he pulled up his horse with a jerk; Ann stood above him on the trail, the rifle to her shoulder. "You can't hurt them people! You got to take the other trail to Mexico."

Snavelly held his hands away from the guns at his hips; a mask of stony hatred settled over his face. He said nothing.

"Ride down to th' barn—you kin go afterawhile. But wait at th' barn. I doan want you here where you kin talk at me."

For a long moment the man looked at the woman above him; his face set, his eyes narrowed. Then he slowly reined his horse about, rode to the buckskin, and gathering up the lead rope, continued on to the barn.

As soon as he was beyond the point where he would dare try to use his revolvers, Ann settled herself on a rock beside the trail, and the rifle came slowly to rest on her knees. She was trembling.

Ruth had been gone half an hour. Ann decided it would be safe to let him go. Darkness was coming fast. Ann looked down at the rifle, then at the man by the trough. He would need this gun. Ann again looked at the rifle. Quickly she rose, and running with her body bent low, she reached the trail Snavelly would soon pass over. She placed the rifle across the path and returned, a slow smile on her face.

As she resealed herself she saw that Snavelly had already started; the tip of his hat bobbed along over the corral wall. She leaned forward, chin on palm, one huge leg thrust across the trail. Again she smiled slowly—he'd be right pleased when he came on that rifle.

Sugarfoot came to the back screen door of the ranch house and scratched. Ann grinned—it was supper time and nobody could fool that dog. "Here I is, Sugar—come up an' set a spell."

A rifle cracked from the direction of the trail to the west. Ann's hand flew to her side. She sat very straight for a moment, an expression of bewilderment on her face. Slowly her head



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dropped, the great body crumpled, slid from the rock and fell across the trail. Sugarfoot whined and licked the big open hand.

It was long after dark when Old Charley, Will and Ruth crossed the mountains and came among the lower foothills on the Dead Lantern ranch.

Old Charley rode first, his ancient forty-five on his hip and a Winchester in a sheath under his left stirrup. Ruth followed, then Will. David had been left behind with old Juan and Juana.

The riders were coming down the last hill when Old Charley suddenly halted. His revolver sprung into his hand, and he leaned forward, peering at the ground. "It's Ann!"

Sugarfoot stood guard, growling fiercely. He would allow no one to approach but Ruth, who did not heed him but dropped to her knees beside the giantess. "She's alive, I think—Ann! Ann!"

"Yes, little white girl," Ann whispered faintly, "I been waitin' fer you."

"Let's get her to the house," said Will. "Here, Dad—"

"Wait," cried Ruth. Ann was whispering; the girl bent her head lower. "Don't move me—I ain't got but a minute, little white girl. I jes' want to tell you—Mr. Snavelly an' me was

together long ago in Texas—he's my man—we ain't married. We got a little girl—at Saint Mary's Convent in town, she is—Martha Jackson—"

Ann rested for a moment. "Will you look after my little Martha? She—don't know—who her folks is—thinks good people. Don't tell her—no different. Mr. Snavelly don't want nobody to know—but he's been payin' fer her a little—I tol' him I'd tell if he didn't—"

Again the whisper died away for a moment.

"Ann," said Ruth, "I promise to always look after your little girl as long as she needs me."

Ann sighed.

"Was that where you went, dear, those times you used to go away from the ranch?"

"Yes—that was it. I seen her with the other girls—sometimes I could. But she never know'd nothin' 'bout me—don't tell her no different—she thinks I was good—"

Ruth was sobbing. "I won't."

"Then—if—you'll kinda look after Sugarfoot—where is you, Sugar?"

Ruth pulled the little dog's head down to Ann's cheek. There was a moment of silence, then a faint sigh. It was just after the fall round-up. David was down by the saddle shed putting the finishing touches to a racer boasting four wire wheels. Sugarfoot lay in the warm dust at a safe distance and watched with alert eyes. A few yards from the barn, old Don Francisco and Alfredo were laying pipes across a long pit, in preparation for to-morrow's barbecue. Just beyond them, under the shade of the big mesquite, Magda sat on a rawhide-covered chair. The small bundle lying so comfortably in her arms stared with great brown eyes into the lacy foliage above.

On the porch of the ranch house Ruth, Will, and Old Charley sat around a small table littered with papers. The old man laid aside his pen, scrutinized the last of three signatures on a legal document, blotted it, and removed his spectacles. "Now"—he raised his eyes to Ruth and Will—"who knows what's the next step in this business?"

"I guess the money comes next," said Will. "I'll write Ruth a check and then, as far as I can see, the Dead Lantern is legally sold."

Ruth nodded. "I think you'd better make out the amount in two checks; one for three-quarters and the other for one-quarter. Then I'll have my share and Snavelly's heir will have hers. I'm going to buy an annuity for Martha with her share; Judge Carson agreed that was the best thing I could do for my ward," Ruth smiled. "How is your yard?" asked Will.

"Just fine. One of the Sisters is bringing her out for the fiesta to-morrow. Martha's a dear."

"Now where are we?" asked Old Charley. "I wish Will had brought Martin along with his documents—this legal business comes too fast for me. As far as I can see, Ruth hasn't got a mite of interest left in the ranch."

"Not a particle," smiled the girl. "Mr. Will Thane is at this moment in entire possession of the Dead Lantern ranch. I have received the value of my interest and Martha, hers. But look at this—" Ruth solemnly tore her check in two pieces.

"Hey!" shouted Old Charley. Will smiled. That's all right, Dad. Ruth's just simplifying matters."

"Yeah? That's nice," replied the old man dubiously.

"Sure"—Will pulled another document from his pocket—all she has to do is to sign this and she comes in with us for the value of her original interest in the Dead Lantern."

"Oh, yes," Old Charley lapsed into thought.

"Now there's another thing," said Will. "Since the ranches are combined we ought to decide on a brand for all the stock. As it is, part of them are carrying the Dead Lantern iron and the rest have ours. We ought to have a new deal all around. Don't you think so, Dad?"

"Eh? Oh, sure. Yes, everything ought to be under a new brand."

Three pencils began making fanciful scrawls on as many pieces of paper.

At last Ruth pushed a design to the center of the table. "Wouldn't that do?" she asked.

The two men regarded it for a moment. "It would," said Old Charley. Ruth had drawn the outline of a lantern, identical with the Dead Lantern except that in the center she had placed a small half moon with downturned horns.

"It's lit," said Will. "Ruth has lighted the Dead Lantern."

"She sure did," observed Old Charley, thoughtfully. He teetered back on the legs of his chair and fell to



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stuffing his pipe. With only half a mind he listened to the voices of the young folk; his eyes wandered over the distant valley. The voices faded from his thoughts. After a time he awoke from his dreaming; David was plodding toward the ranch house, proudly dragging a wobbling contraption on wire wheels behind him. From the boy his eyes dropped to the bent heads of the young people: "—great idea in the world, Will; we can move the south pasture fence half a mile east—" "Fine; then with the old line fence and just a bit of new fence we'll have a wonderful holding pasture."

There was a shrewd light in the old man's eyes as he regarded the studious young faces. Rising, he sauntered over to meet David, the gray smoke from his pipe drifting in the air.

While down in the gulch a soft Arizona breeze stirred to flute a harmony of peace and happiness in the cavern of whispering rock.

THE END

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Eb Crocker has ben a telling all of his frends about the girl he has ben threatenin to marry for the pass to or 3 yrs. and he sed he was very mutch in love with her and her with him in fact they was very mutch in love with 1 another and yesterday he brung her home and now evry buddy witch has saw her says he must of married her for her Money.

Saturday—Zimri Tallon told pa to-day he never had to buy gassolene for his ottomobeel enny more becuz all ways by the time he got the enjin started it was time to go home enny ways so they woodent go no place.

Sunday—Constable Jim Hooks a rested a fella frum over the crick las nite and give him the 3rd Degree and made him confess that he had stole a hawg witch blonged to Farmer Green whom lives on the county Line and then cum to find out it wassent a hawg but a Sheep. so now Hooks has got to go threw all his wirk over agen.

Munday—Ma envited some Co. for supper at are house tonite and she Hired a girl to wait on the table and the girl which she hired to wait on the table all ways was very very careful to sirve on the Left handed side of each 1 of us and then tuk the plates away on are right. Aunt Emmy kep looking at her and when the meal was over she told pa she Hated to see ennybuddy as Sooperstishus as that girl was.

Teusday—Little Carry McComas was up here at are house las nite and sed her muther and Father was Xpacking a Blessed event and this mornings paper had a peace in about her muther getting a devorce frum her Father.

Wensday—well we tuk a long ride this evning but not very far. We hit a chuck Hole and broke a rear Axel and pa tried fer to hours to borry a rear Axel frum sum one but nobuddy woodent lone him none. It was late when we got home finely.

Thirsday—Joe Brett has resined frum the Navy becuz he sed he wassent able to see as much of the world as he thot he wood. He says he is a going to rest up this summer and then he is thinking of having a try at the Noter Dame futbol team.

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

Due to the shortage of good grain seed in many sections, Ontario farmers are advised to locate and purchase their supplies early.

Use Local-Grown Oats
According to Arthur H. Martin, Departmental Official, it is considerably safer to sow well-cleaned local grown oats, even though the quality be rather poor, than to take a chance on sowing western feed oats.

Feed oats were never intended for seed and, even when reclaimed, may contain sufficient weed seeds to seed the farm to one or more weeds previously unknown in the community.

Seed Potatoes Scarce
Inasmuch as the 1933 Ontario potato crop fell short of the demand by approximately one million bags, reports J. T. Cassin of Alliston to the Ontario Marketing Board, there will be a shortage of certified seed. This, of course, is due to the fact that much of the certified seed crop has been marketed as table stock.

Certified Ontario cobbler are scarce and seed requirements should be secured as soon as possible. While it is early in the season for setting prices, it is Mr. Cassin's view that holders of seed could not miss making contact with purchasers as they need supplies.

Problems of Winter Feeding
Feed scarcity has become a pressing problem in Ontario. Very little concern was felt in the fall, even though hay crops had been short in parts of the province. With cattle in the stable almost a month earlier than usual and below zero temperatures in December and January, the situation has changed. Agricultural representatives in half a dozen counties report barely enough to support the animals until spring and in a few cases actual scarcity. It requires somewhat heavier feeding to enable the live stock to endure the cold and keep in condition. Purchases of hay will have to be made—twenty carloads in one district. Fortunately there are supplies available though prices are likely to advance.

There is a better demand in Eastern Canada for mill feeds and grain for feeding and where the local supply is short, purchases are being made from the West.

Corn Varieties for Ensilage
Success in the production of corn for ensilage depends largely upon the choice of a suitable variety. According to the Dominion Agrostologist, recent tests have shown the following varieties to be most suitable for Eastern Canada generally: Dents—Wisconsin No. 7, Golden Glow, Leaming and Bailey; Flints—Compton's Early, Longfellow, Salzer's North Dakota.

Dent varieties sucker very little, if at all, while the flints sucker very freely. The flints usually yield slightly lower than the dents but since they can be harvested seven to ten days earlier they should be given preference in districts where the season is somewhat short for using the dent varieties.

Extenuating Poultry Mites
Of all the many varieties of vermin that infest fowl, red mites are the most troublesome. One of the very best disinfectants, to use against mites is made as follows:—Dissolve one pound and a half of concentrated lye in as small a quantity of water as possible. (It will be necessary to do this two or three hours before the lye is required as it should be cold when used). Put three quarts of raw linseed oil into a five gallon stone crock and pour in the lye very slowly, stirring meanwhile. Keep on stirring until a smooth liquid soap is produced, then gradually add two gallons of crude carbolic acid or commercial cresol, stirring constantly until the resulting fluid is a clear dark brown. Use two of three table-spoonfuls of the mixture to a gallon of water. The disinfectant may be applied with a hand spray pump, or, if such is not available, a brush will do, but in either case the fluid should be used liberally after the house and roosts have been thoroughly cleaned out, flooding every crack and crevice.

Health Service
OF THE
Canadian Medical Association
Edited by
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THE TUBERCULIN TEST
The growing child comes into contact with an increasing number of people, and, as a result, he will likely sooner or later, pick up the germs of tuberculosis. This does not mean that the child will develop the disease we now as tuberculosis; indeed, we know that most children do not develop this disease.
The tuberculin test which was first used by Koch, who discovered the germ of tuberculosis, is a reliable and practical test which shows the presence or absence of tuberculosis germs in the body of the person tested. A positive test means that these germs are present; it does not mean the disease, tuberculosis.
When a child has a positive test, the question naturally arises as to where the germs came from, or more exactly, from whom did they come? In the vast majority of children with a positive test, a careful search will reveal an unsuspected case of tuberculosis among the adults in the home, or who frequently visit the home, with whom the child is often in contact.
From the point of view of the child, it is most important that the responsible source be discovered. If the child is left in contact with the source, it is practically certain that he will develop the disease. Provided the child is removed from further contact, and attention given to keeping him in good health, with particular emphasis on rest and diet, he will, most likely, not develop the disease.
The value of the tuberculin test lies in the positive test which indicates that someone has given the child the germs of tuberculosis. This "someone" may then be looked for. Because adults appear well, it does not mean that they may not be chronic cases of tuberculosis. The older person with a chronic cough, which he calls bronchitis, may be tuberculous.
The tuberculin test is not to be confused with any method of treatment. It is simply a test for the presence of tuberculosis germs, that and nothing more. It is not used alone in deciding as to the condition of the child. The doctor making the examination of the child uses the tuberculin test to assist him in estimating the health of the child, just as he uses other tests and the X-ray.
Tuberculosis occurs in children. The protection of children demands that they do not live in the home with an active case of tuberculosis, one who has germs in his or her sputum. This means, in practice, that the case or the children must be removed from the home so as to break the contact.
Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

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