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ARNETT'S ranch, one of his chief amusements, lay at the head of a valley surrounding a spring which was the source of Wildcat creek. The buildings stood just where the ravine opened out upon a grassy meadow. It was a comforta-

CHAPTER III.

ble place, shielded from the desert winds by the low hills to the north, while a small artificial pond, graveled and rimmed with cottonwoods and willows, gave it enviable distinction among the bleak and barren farmsteads. It was known as the "Goldfish ranch," for the reason that at one time Barnett had filled the pond with ornamental fish.

At about 5 o'clock of a hot and windless July day a horseman galloped swiftly up the valley into the yard and was met at the door of the house by a | If you go, I go." tall, composed young fellow in broad hat and spurs.

"Hello, Perry!" he said quietly. "You made good time."

Perry, a young Mexican, showed a score of his white teeth in a grin. "Here is letter. Some people coming to rancho tonight."

long envelope and read the letter in silence. His face darkened. "Well, that's a nice case o' beans. So they're on the road, are they?"

"Yes; 'bout fo' miles back." The young foreman turned toward the house, from which the faint strains

of "Annie Laurie" came. A plump, light haired young fellow of about thirty sat tilted back in his chair, with one leg thrown across the corner of the table, playing a mouth organ. "Hello, Rob!" he called.

Raymond was in bad humor. "Put up your plaything, you monkey, and listen to me a moment." "What's up?"

Raymond pointed at the letter. "Read that. Nice thing the old man works on us." His indignation and disgust deepened into a growl. "This settles it. I'm going to pull out."

The other man composedly took up the letter. "What's he done now?" "Going to quarter a crazy kid on us,

a New York degenerate, who'll be a confounded nuisance every hour of the day. And that isn't all-the kid's sister is coming down to stay a few days"here his dismay was fairly comical-" 'to get the lad settled.' "

Baker's eyes widened, and his fat face lengthened. "Not comin' today?" "That's what!" "And us without no woman round."

Raymond broke forth again: "That's it, now. You'd suppose Barnett would at least read my letters. I told him last week that old Jonesy and his wife were going up to Skytown."

"Well, we're in for it. We can't turn a woman out on the plain. Jack, you slovenly whelp, set to work and clean up the mess you've made. Perry, go rope some snags for a fire. Hustle.

Baker began to read the letter aloud in a monotonous, painful way, while Raymond moved about the room, picking up the litter.

My Dear Rob-I'm sending you a new hand and a visitor. They are cousins and nice people. The lad is not very strong, and I'm sending him down to you to get an upward turn. He's crazy on the subject of wild animals and cowboys and is a very clever artist. He'll want to have you pose for him.

Raymond came over and seized the stove lid lifter as if to break Baker's head. "We're to cook and purvey like boarding house keepers and doctor like a nurse at a health resort, and in addition we're to pose for a delicate youth who thinks we're 'material.' That settles me. I'm going up to Sky and take a shy at mining."

Baker broke forth into a slow drawl, "Hadn't you better strike a few attitudes so's to be in practice when the boy comes?"

Raymond throttled him half in earnest. "I've a mind to wring your neck," he said through his teeth. Then, suddenly releasing him, he again commanded him to clear away his dishes. Baker was not yet finished with the letter. "Hold on. Don't be in a rush.

I hain't got to the girl yet. That's what interests me. 'Miss Rupert will only stay a few days to get the lad settled."

"She can't stay too quick to suit me." Baker's voice took on a little more expression as he read Barnett's appeal. "'Now, don't be cranky, old man. The Ruperts are good stuff, and on Mrs. Barnett's account' "-

"Ends up by laying me under obligation to his wife, knowing mighty well I'd do anything for her. Well, I'll do it, but I reckon the atmosphere won't bake a cake while she's here. I'll leave you and Dutch to do the talking. That'll chill her cold."

Baker began to show alarm. "Not by a hatful. Right here is where I take a sneak.

eyes threatened. "No you don't, my Christian friend and neighbor. You to cook."

"Great Peter, you mustn't do that! I can't carry it through. I'm no spieler."

"Play the mouth organ for her."

"Oh, see here, you're joshin'."

"You won't find it any 'josh.' You've been getting gay with me lately and need discipline. You pass for the foreman. Understand? You amuse the girl and pose for the boy, while I his horses." knock pots. That is settled. Now take the pail and rustle some water, and don't you peep."

armful of brush, called out, with quiet fell upon a little case of books in the joy, "The senora has come!"

Raymond seized him by the arm. "Listen here, Perry. The old man has written down to say that he has made Jack the boss. I'm going to cook a read Emerson and Burroughs. One of few days, and then I leave. You tell the other boys that Jack Baker is made name was on the fly leaf. foreman, and they've got to obey him. You sabbe?" Perry grew solemn of face. "I sabbe.

"Never mind that. Get out there and help take care of the team, and, Jack, you go too." He laid a hand on his back and pushed him through the doorway just as the two seated hack rounded the corral and drew up to the door.

"Oh, isn't this fine!" called a clear, boyish voice, and a moment later the The young man tore the end from the | cool, deliberate voice of a girl replied: "Oh, what a blessed relief after the hot sun of the plain!" Then Baker was heard to say, with

elaborate courtesy: "Shall I help you out, miss? I reckon you are the friends of the old man-I mean Barnett." And a moment later the young girl stood in the doorway looking out at the plain. Raymond gave her but one glance from the corner of his eyes, but her firm, well balanced body and calm, high bred face touched him with admiration. His resolution to be disagreeable weakened, though he kept about his work. "I never knew how grateful the shade

of a tree could be," Ann said partly to Louis and partly to Baker. Is it always so fiercely bright here?"

"Oh, no; this is an unusual spell. I mean it is rather"-

She was now aware of Raymond moving sullenly about in the gloom wherein the store sat. He was dressed in a howely fitting shirt and brown trousers without braces. His spurs rattled at his heels as he walked to and fro, lithe and powerful. He did not look up-did not appear to notice what was going on, but came and went at his work, deft and absorbed. Louis was instantly delighted with the room. "Isn't this ripping!" he exclaimed as he studied its furnishings. "Won't this make a strong background

for an illustration? Only that stoveisn't it too bad?-that's all out of key. Why don't you have a fireplace, Mr. Raymond?" he asked, turning to Raymond gave Baker a glance, and the plump one waded in: "Too little

wood in this country. Cook, draw up a chair for the lady."

menace, but he did as he was told, and as he put the chair down for Ann he dusted it with his hat. Louis was husky voiced with joy.

"Did you see that, Ann? I'll have to work that in somewhere." Baker continued, in the same tone,

company, Jack?"

Baker, who was gaining self control, turned to Ann. "We have to humor our cooks out here. They're scarce and mighty uncertain in their minds-stop and shy at nothin', like a locoed steer."

Louis clapped his hands. "Oh, isn't the talk good, Ann? And these chairs -aren't they fine?" "Cook made 'em," said Baker. "He's I cook in self defense."

handy as a bootjack with tools." Ann ignored the chairs, but studied cance of this phrase. "Then you don't

the cook, whose curiously absorbed, do it as a-a business." sullen yet deft movements interested her. He appeared to be about thirty you like prunes and rice?" he asked years of age, and his lean, powerful hastily. youthful. His eyes she had not yet You don't mean they're cooked to-

Raymond, on his part, was fairly abashed by the grace and youthful charm of his visitor. She reminded him, as she stood there calmly looking about the grimy walls, of the stories he had read of princesses visiting the huts of their peasantry. She was of good height, but the proud lift of her head made her seem taller than she was, and the cut of her gown, the color of her gloves and hat, told of good taste and the service of the best tailors and milliners. "Great Scott!" he said to himself. "She's an up to date beauty. What will I do to feed her?" And, imperturbable as he looked, his heart sank within him, and if he could have fled henorably he would have done so

instantly. Raymond took no pains to be noiseless or dainty in his work, but every Raymond's brow darkened and his moment told. He sloshed out the coffeepot and sliced the bacon and stirred up the fire, all with a grace and quiet remain right here and do the honors, dignity which opened Ann's eyes in an You will pass for the boss. I've got effort to understand him. His hands were noticeably fine, and the poise of his head expressed strength and pride. I know when I am out of place. He was very brown, almost as brown as the leather cuffs he wore on his arms.

Once, when he passed out of hearing, HOW TO GET CHEAPER PHONES, she turned to Baker suddenly and asked: "Why does your cook wear spurs? An affectation, I suppose."

Raymond called to Perry, who was government of the seated on the doorstep. "Perry, jump lities, but, while we have been talking, the glory, the fierce delight of being seated on the doorstep. Manitaba is setting notably in the barn in a sharty and marks wood snag. This brush is of no sort matter of government control of the of use. I want a hot fire."

just like Walter Owen's heroes."

of Raymond, interposed: "He's a little ership. hard at first, but reel sociable when you git him started. He's shy as a rabbit when they's any company round." Raymond uttered a cough which made Baker start. "I guess I'll go out

and see what that driver has done with

don't mind, sis," As Ann looked round the low ceiled policy. Perry, entering at the door with an room in which the flies buzzed her eyes corner. For lack of something better to do, she rose to inspect them. Sh was surprised to find them mainly essays, and wondered who of these men them was a book of verse. Raymond's



"It sure makes a filling combination."

"How handsome the cook is!" was her inward exclamation as she returned to her seat. She was not one of those who sit in silence when they wish information, and, lifting her voice a little, she said:

"I understood Mr. Barnett to say that you had a woman to cook for you?" Raymond shifted a stove lid. "We

"Where is she?" "Gone-a week ago."

one but you."

"Isn't there any woman about the place?" He peered into the coffeepot. "No

Ann sat in silence for a moment. "I didn't understand. Mr. Barnett said"-Raymond straightened and looked at Raymond's eyes flashed with a silent her somberly. "If Barnett paid a little more attention to his ranch and less to polo- I wrote him, more than a week ago, that Jonesy was pullin' his freight." He returned to his cooking.

Ann composedly went on, "Was Jones the name of the foreman?" "No, he was assistant; but he was "Can't you rustle a little grub for the married, and his wife was our dough twister. He's gone to Skytown gold

Raymond curtly replied, "I'll try camp. The whole country is full o' the Ann, with a note of sympathy in her voice, said: "I don't like to see a big, strong man cook. Do you get extra

pay for it?" "Not a cent. We all take turns at it, to tell the honest truth."

"I hope you're the best cook?" "That wouldn't be saying much, lady. Ann opened her eyes at the signifi-

"Not by a whole row o' steers. Do

figure dignified the rough and dust Ann looked into the dish which he stained clothes he wore. His profile held out toward her and gravely rewas stern and manly, but his chin was plied: "I don't think I ever ate any.

> "That's what. It sure makes a filling combination," said he, dishing some

out before her. "I can well believe it," she replied with a humorous intonation. "Let me taste it. Perhaps I'll like it." As she nibbled a little of the mess from the spoon she glanced up at him with s queer little smile that made the room whirl before his eyes. "It seems a nu

tritious mixture." He recovered himself. "Oh, it's a hearty mess, all right. My cooking isn't fancy"-"I beg your pardon," Ann hastened

to explain, "I didn't mean to criticise. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I'm sure it's a very tasty dish." "Oh, I don't blame you; but, you see, we're not running a summer hotel ex-

fortable as we can while you stay."

didn't say that, lady." "But you meant it. I'm not obtuse. shall fiee tomorrow."

(To be Continued.)

Toronto World, Sept. 19-We in Ontario sometimes pride ourselves on poor wretches who were born rich, Louis beamed on Ann. "He's talking telephone expert, with twenty-five Baker, quite ready to take a fall out effect the policy of government own-

few exceptions, there is no reason suburbs and getting your lumber and why every farmer in Manitoba should your bricks and your shingles tonot have a telephone for one dollar a gether bunch by bunch. He never month, but no compiny looking for knows the delight of digging that large dividends and an enormous cellar. And the trees-to carry them surplus would furnish these at that home from the nursery or the forest Louis sprang up. "I'll go, too, if you figure; therefore, it is in the people's and plant them in your own soil. interest to support the government's while the girl you love holds them

every farmer in Ontario should not born rich ever had fun like that. also have his phone at a cost of one dollar a month. We cannot do better than follow the lead set us by and plants is that a plant has to Manitoba in this matter. The thing remain a plant. A ragweed is born to do is for Ontario to engage the ragweed, and a ragweed it must live services of an expert like Mr. Dagger, and die. The ragweed can't help and to do it now. This is either a itself. A poor boy may be born in a good thing to do, or it is not. t is hovel. His parents may be drunk.

either in the interests of the people or it is not, and no sane man will say it is not in the interest of the people. If it is a good thing to do in the interest of the people, why postpone doing it?

Premier Whitney could not pursue a wiser course in this matter, nor do bush but if he wills it he may some the public, who have suffered long at the hands of the Bell Telephone monopoly, a better turn than to take a plebiscite on this question of provincial and municipal ownership and control of lines in Ontario. The time is ripe for action. Everything is to be gained and nothing lost by this course. Strike while the iron of public sentiment is hot.

While on the subject of government ownership of telephones, it might be in order to ask where are Or you can be a sunflower, or a the Liberal journals that have been making such a how! about government ownership of public utilities? Now is the time for them to talk out who revivify. The man born rich loud. Perhaps theirs was only an never knows the glory and exciteacademic campaign; but if they mean what they have been saying, now is tumbledown, let-her-sliver business the time for them to urge such a and straighten it out and revivifying campaign as we have suggested upon it till it is the best property in town. the Ontario Government.

THE SHY GIRL

tongue tied, though she regrets it, up the shattered fences, the disreneed not despair of popularity. No- putable barn, and the forsaken-lookbody is socially more disagreeable ing house. and more dreaded than a woman who talks too much, monopolizing the conversation and giving no one else a chance to speak. People fly from this overgifted and aggressive talker. A mere chatter box is equally disliked. A good listner is always sure of appreciation. If you can but ma ter its his native town when there is an the fine art of listening to each per- old boys' reunion and takes a walk son with an air of deep interest, just through the ancient streets and as if there were nobody else at the views the homes of the people who moment in the wide world and as if looked down on him when he was a our greatest wish were to under- boy, and knows now that he could and what the other is trying to tell buy the whole shooting match and vou, you will have the effect of talking well. All that is really necessary is not to let your attention wander and at the right moment in the right places make some brief rejoiner or affirmation. You need never fear that you will be thought too silent if you listen well and say yes or no at proper intervals. A good listner is never a bore, while a great talker frequently gains that unhappy distinction. Girls are sometimes tonguetied because of indifference. A bashful manner, up to a certain point, is attractive, but when it has lost its root in a hampering self-consciousness which makes one awkward and clumsy or suriy or defiant is fatal handicap.

Varney.

(Intended for last week.)

Will Clark, Jim Hoy and Bob Pettigrew make a good threshing gang. They did some good work on Wednesday before the Show. They threshed out four different farmers. Bob Eden, Bill Long, Dick and Max Allen. Who can beat that?

We hear that some around here go with a bag on Sunday on to another man's farm to get butternuts. think they would be better at church. The hammar that was connected with an oil can would have came in handy to crack the nuts had they gotten

Robt. Petty has Bert Willis at his house with the paint brush, and I tell you he is making it look fine. Bert is a good workman.

Two of the Miss Browns and their little brother, all of Grand Valley, are visiting at their aunt's, Mrs. H. W. Leeson.

Mr. Wm. Allen took charge of the actly. Still, we'll make you as com- Epworth League on Sunday evening. shows why Scott's Emulsion is The subject was on Temperance. Mr. of so much value in all cases of "By which you mean to hint you hope Allen is very enthusiastic on this scrofula and consumption. More I won't stay long." She was frankly subject. There were a lot out to fat, more weight, more nourishhear him, and I am sure they were He became very sincerely grave. "I | well pleased,

A Mr. Dickson, from the West, has been visiting at Mr. Wm. Lauder's for some time, and on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buchan, of Durham, and a Mr. Briber, from Mt. Forest, were guests of Mr. Lauder.

SORRY FOR THEM

I have always been sorry for the Baker flushed and stammered. "Well, being the leaders in progress and re- They have missed half the joy of no; he has to help with the cattle once forms in this country. Ontario have this world. They never know the been talking for some time about delight of earning their first dollar Raymond called to Perry, who was government ownership of public utiland of laying it by. They don't know born in a shanty and working your way up to a palace. It is the law of telephone service. Mr. F, Dagger. a compensation. The man born rich never knows how it feels to put your years' experience, has been retained first \$100 of hard earned savings in. Ann silenced him. "Hush! He'll hear by the Manitoba Government in an to the bank and then walk past it advisory capacity, and to put into every Sunday afternoon, c_relesslike, and feel that it is there. The man born rich knows not the pleasure of Mr. Dagger has stated that, "with buying a vacant lot way out in the erect as you tramp in the soil around What is applicable or practicable in the roots. And naming them-what this regard in Manitoba should be ap- fun! This is Gertrude, and this is plicable and practicable in Ontario, Mary Ellen, and this is Muriel, and and there is not the least reason why this evergreen is Tommy. No man

One big difference between people ards. or thieves, or "poor whites," as Old Twilight calls them. But the boy need not always live in a hovelnot in this country. Nor he need not be a drunkard or a thief or a poor white. He may be born a ragweed: he may end up by being a rose of Sharon. He may be born a thorn day be a giant pine, a spiendid land. mark towering far above his fellows. Can any man ask a grander career than to start out a brier and attain the dignity of a mighty tree?

And you have such a picking choice. You may choose to be a basswood, a very useful tree indeed, or you may be a hickory, or a walnut. If you are a girl, you can be a vine, or a honey locust, or a peach, chrysanthemum, in preference to lamb's quarters or milkweed.

It is the men who are born poor ment of taking hold of some rickety, The man born rich does not know the fun of taking hold of a poor run down farm that breeds nothing but thistles and wild mustard, and making that same farm fat with grain. The girl who knows herself to be He does not know the charm of fixing

Too often the rich man's son comes into this world a full-blown rose (Rosea Splendiferous) and goes out of the world a poison ivy (Rhus-tox; codendron).

It is the boy born poor who revisnever miss the money.

If ever I have boys of my own I should prefer to have them born poor -and, by the look of things, I am liable to have that wish gratified .-The Khan, in Toronto Star.

A Scotchman in Glasgow at an evangelistic meeting sat unmoved when an urgent invitation was given to "all who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up." The evangelist pointed to him solemnly, and shouted: "Don't you want to go to heaven?" "I'm gangin'," said the Scotchman deliberately, "but no' wi' a personally conducted pairty."

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