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The Return of Gypsy

It Made the Foothills Look Natural Again.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

In the amethystine haze of an April morning on the Arizona foothills the cowboys of Circle H wheeled their bronchos into the gray dust of the trail.

There was a wild jangle of spurs, a clatter of restive hoofs, and they were off like one of the brown whirlwinds of their own desert to meet Gypsy and "the boss," who were coming to the ranch to spend a week.

They had derisively hurled "Adios, Layne!" at the bronzed young foreman as he leaned against the corral gate. They could not understand why he had persistently refused to join their reception committee.

It really was not the coming of Herington, "the boss," that was calling forth the unusual demonstration, but the return of Gypsy, their little comrade of the range, whom they had not seen for four years. It never entered their simple heads that two years of school in France, followed by two more of travel and society, might have changed their merry, fun-loving little pet.

She was coming back as she had promised—that was the dominant consideration—and off they went, whooping.

Ned Layne, however, knew differently. He had seen her a year ago, and the knowledge had come to him then. She was a young lady, and they—and he—were only cowboys. As he leaned against the gate he thought of the old days. He remembered her eyes and voice on the evening before she departed into the world and remembered how she had said to him:

"Goodby, Ned. Father is going to give you the place of foreman. Make the most of your opportunities and buy out the Bar T. Don't forget me, Ned," and her eyes had been moist when she suddenly dropped them.

"I'll never forget you, Gypsy," he had promised stoutly, pressing the hand that fluttered in his.

"When I come home to the ranch I want you to be here to meet me," she added.

"I'll be sure to meet you," he returned. Then the train had borne her away to the new life, so different from that among the boys on her father's ranch. Ned Layne and Gypsy Herington had been great comrades in those care-free days, and if now he was the only one not riding out to meet her it was because he felt that those old days were gone forever and would best be forgotten. There should be nothing on his part to remind her of old promises and old thoughts that could have no place in her life any more.

Just a year ago Layne had seen her once at a great hotel in New York, where the wealthy ranchman and his daughter were stopping. He had gone all the way to the far eastern city for no other purpose than to see her, but the result had been a sadly discouraging one, and he had said farewell to his dreams. Gypsy, dressed in a bewildering gown and moving with bewildering ease and elegance among the elegant throng that oppressed the ranchman, was on her way to the opera under escort of an immaculately clad young Englishman possessed of a big title, and Layne was left to be entertained by her father.

She had asked him to come back and breakfast with them, but her changed bearing and the cool treatment accorded to him by the condescending noble man had nettled Layne. He took the very next train back to the land of sunshine, where people were not proud and stuck up and did not forget old friends.

On his return the cowboys of Circle H had besieged him eagerly for news of their little chum of the ranch.

"Yes, I saw her," he answered, veiling the bitterness in his heart, "and she's a great belle in her society togs. She has a beau, Lord Percy Ellington, one of those plug-batted chaps, and she seems to like his attentions all right. The boss says he followed them back from Europe."

Having imparted this information to the news-hungry men, Ned had gone off by himself under the starlight and finally abandoned all his old plans and hopes.

Ever since that night the young man had been formulating a plan for his future, which he kept strictly to himself, resolved to execute the first step toward it when the owner of the ranch returned to his own again. Accordingly he mounted Muggins, his own pony, and rode rapidly away across the brown mesa before the party could arrive.

From an eminence his well-trained eyes caught the blur of rising dust far up the trail. Nearer approach enabled him to recognize the ranch buckboard driven by Bobcat Nick. Seated by the driver was the trim figure of Gypsy, while the stout form of Herington and a slender man wearing a derby occupied the back seat. Trailing behind or galloping proudly on either side of the vehicle rode the adoring cowboys, chatting merrily with their old friend.

At sight of the derby hat a frown crossed Ned's face, and, putting spur to the unoffending Muggins, the disgruntled young horseman rode off down the gulch.

"Ellington along!" he exclaimed. "Yet what right have I to be surprised

or care for that? No doubt Herington wants to show his prospective son-in-law what a fine ranch he has for his daughter."

When he had reached the live oak thicket, quite a distance away, he let Muggins rest. Throwing himself upon the ground, he surrendered his mind to a train of miserable thoughts.

He had lain there a long time, when suddenly he was aroused from his bitter reflections by the clatter of hoofs over the rocky trail.

Pushing back his sombrero from his eyes, he looked up into the smiling face of Gypsy, seated upon Slap Dash, her favorite pony.

"And this is the way you keep your promise?" she said reproachfully.

He scrambled to his feet and, throwing one arm across the saddle on his pony's back, leaned there till he could summon self-mastery.

"What do you care, Gypsy?" he finally interrogated, his eyes stubbornly refusing to meet hers.

Some of the brightness left the girl's face as she noted the misery on his.

"Tell me what it all means, Ned," she begged. "Why are you not yourself? Why do I find you so changed?"

"Changed? Heavens!" and he could not forbear a gesture of impatience. "You!"

"Here," she interrupted in the scolding tone of her privileged girlhood, "we come all the way from New York to pay you a visit at Circle H, arrive and find this on the table," and she held up a letter. "What do you mean by resigning? Why do you want to leave father's ranch? He is wild over it and sent me to find you."

"I should think Ellington might object to your riding after me," he remarked, his bronze cheeks reddening with scorn.

"Ellington?" Then a light broke over her face. "That funny lord? Why, Lord Percy is in England long ago. Finding me too loyal an American to buy a foreign title, he ended the long siege and departed."

"Who came with you and your father, then?" he inquired.

"Oh, that was Cousin Cyril, who is just out of college and needs the tonic of our mountain ozone."

Slipping lightly from the back of Slap Dash, she came over to Ned and in her old way put both hands on his strong young shoulder.

"Now, Ned," she said, "you won't leave Circle H, will you? Father needs you."

"Why did you treat me as you did in New York?" he moodily demanded, evading the question.

"Before a stranger—and Lord Percy at that?" asked she, laughing roguishly. "If, sir, you had come to breakfast next morning I—I might have treated you otherwise."

He turned, facing her squarely. With one of his strong hands he imprisoned both of hers and held them against his breast.

"What would you have done if—I had come?" he said breathlessly.

Her lovely face went very crimson under the searchlight of his eyes, but she answered bravely, "Ned, I'd have kissed you right out."

The foothills looked natural again. The sun shone with its old-time glint and shimmer upon the gray desert sand. He had no longer the feverish desire to get away to fresh scenes.

"I'll stay at Circle H always, Gypsy, since you wish it," and, taking his written resignation from her, he tore it into fragments. "Say, sweetheart," he added, putting an arm tenderly round her waist, "I'll buy out Bar T tomorrow and we'll run both ranches together."

City of a Thousand Theaters.
Scattered throughout New York city's five boroughs there are between 1,000 and 1,050 theaters and moving picture houses. Early in the summer the number of licensed places for the exhibition of motion pictures was about 750, of which 223 were open air affairs. At the beginning of the year there were more than a thousand moving picture places of one kind or another, but stricter city regulations have caused many concerns to go out of business.—Gas Logic.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Colic.
The word colic is often used to describe any severe pain in the abdomen, but it is, of course, true that pain in that region has many causes. The pain that simple colic causes may be very severe, and it may be attended by vomiting, profuse sweating and the partial collapse of the sufferer. If the pain does not quickly abate call a doctor, for the condition may in that case be serious. Colic of the simple sort will usually yield to home treatment and is quickly relieved by the removal of the cause of offense. There are one or two signs that will help the family to determine whether or not they ought to call a physician. In simple colic the patient usually moves about restlessly and tries first one position and then another in order to gain relief. If, on the other hand, the pain is caused by some grave organic trouble or if there is real intestinal obstruction or peritonitis the patient can hardly keep still enough. The expression of the face is also a guide to diagnosis. The expression in simple colic may be agonized, but it is a very different thing from the pinched and anxious pallor that accompanies serious abdominal trouble.

OUR ARTISTS NEGLECTED?

John Lane Says Canadian Connoisseurs Go To Far Aboard.

Mr. John Lane, the eminent English publisher and connoisseur, who was in Toronto a few days ago, saw most of the private collections of pictures in Toronto and in Montreal, and expressed the greatest admiration of the taste and discernment of Canadian collectors. But there is, he says, one thing lacking in all of them—the work of Canadian artists. Mr. Lane wonders that these native artists, who rank, as a whole, with the modern Dutch school, do not receive more recognition. Such artists as Horatio Walker, Homer Watson, Edmund Morris, Gagnon, William Brynner, and James Frazer, have no peers in their own field.

Mr. Lane visited the galleries of Sir William Van Horne, Lady Drummond, and Mrs. Angus, in Montreal, and of Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edmund Osler, Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and Mr. Chester D. Massey, in Toronto.

"These connoisseurs have fine representative collections of the modern Dutch and French schools," said Mr. Lane. "There is a sprinkling of the work of British artists, such as Hornel, McTaggart, Swan, Melville, and Lavery. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding more of the British school, and so few pictures of Canadian art as Canadians show to their great humorist, Prof. Stephen Leacock."

Speaking of Leacock, Mr. Lane said that perhaps the professor's early recognition in Canada might be due to his endorsement by England and America!

Mr. Lane has noticed a great increase in Canada's demand for English books. There has been an awakening in this country's interest in the life and letters of England and Europe, and not only English fiction, but English biography and English essays and political writings are being called for in surprising numbers.

Just at present, fewer serious books are being published owing to the sudden demand for books relating to the war in all its phases. Books that have long lain dead, books of obscure modern history and diplomacy, of description of the various countries involved in war, are being revived. One volume that was suppressed by the Kaiser, and which had a doubtful popularity there, is "Life in a Garrison Town," by Lieut. Bille— is now receiving world-wide interest, as being a true picture of military and civilian life in Germany under the military regime. Books like "The Iron Year" and "When William Came," novels that had indifferent success heretofore, are now among the "best sellers." "It is interesting to note," said Mr. Lane, "that the most notable contribution to serious literature this year is the work of a Canadian, the study of the economic history of Russia by Prof. James Mavor, of the University of Toronto."

Compromise Report.

At one time a great many years ago so much counterfeit money was in circulation that business men found it advantageous to use a counterfeit banknote detector.

A storekeeper in a Nova Scotian village came into possession of a banknote which he strongly suspected to be counterfeit, so he sent it to a nearby city in charge of an old stage driver for examination.

On two successive trips the old fellow forgot this particular errand. A third time he was charged with it in terms unmistakably strong. Again he forgot. Fearing to confess his carelessness, he resolved to brave it out somehow.

"Well," said the storekeeper anxiously, "did they say it was a bad bill?"

"Why, no," responded the stage driver deliberately, "not exactly."

"Not exactly?" ejaculated the other. "What do you mean? Was it good?"

"No, not exactly that either," and the old man brightened a little. "They said they guessed it was 'bout middlin'."

Origin of Canada's Name.

There is a great deal of dispute as to how Canada came to get its name, but many are disposed to believe that Canada is a perverted Spanish phrase. The Spaniards visited here previous to the French and made search for gold and silver, and, finding none, they often said amongst themselves, "Aca nada," meaning, "There is nothing here."

The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. Then came the French, and the Indians, who did not want them, supposing they had come on the same mission as the Spanish, kept pouring into their ears the Spanish sentence, "Aca nada." The French, who knew as little of the Spanish language as they, supposed that the incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and ultimately christened it Canada, which it has borne ever since.

McGill To Pass Soldier Boys.

Following the example of several of the English universities, the faculty of arts at McGill will grant degrees to fourth year students who enlist with the Canadian expeditionary forces before the conclusion of the present college term. Students of the first, second and third years will be given credit for a full term academic work. On their return they will be admitted to the class immediately above that in which they were enrolled previously to their enlisting.

Million More Acres Sown.

It was learned at the Ontario Agricultural Department that Ontario is seeding down one million more acres of wheat this fall than ever before in her history. This follows: the appeal of the Federal and Provincial Governments for the expansion of cereal production in view of next year's demand from Europe. Definite figures are not yet obtainable.

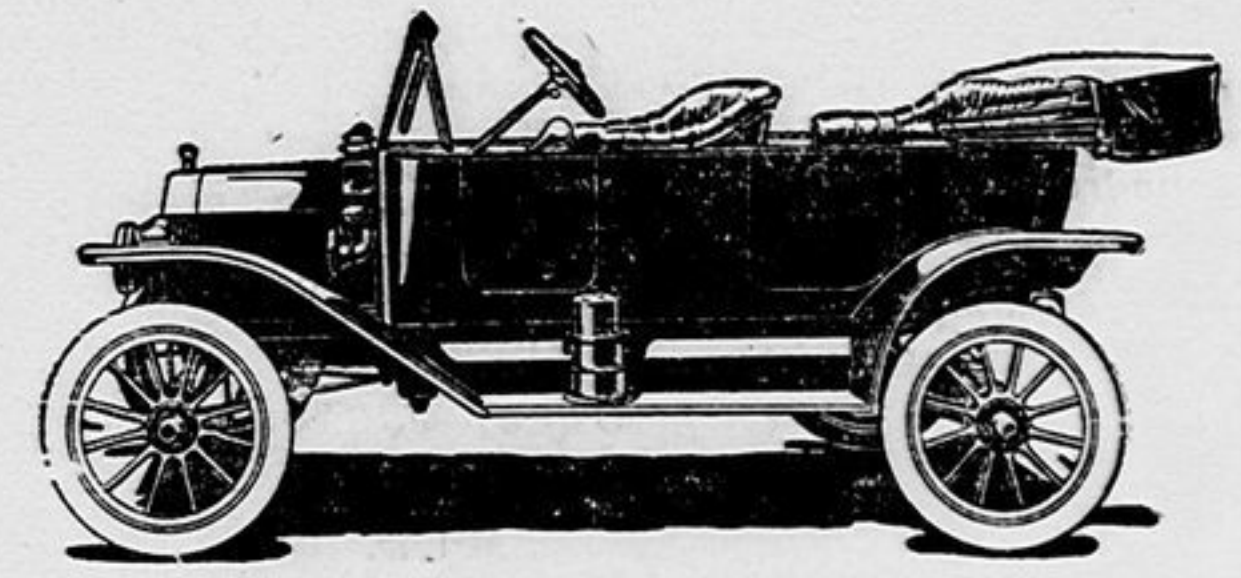
YOUR BLOOD

is the canal of life but it becomes a sewer if clogged up. All life consists of building up and tearing down and just in the same manner that the blood carries to the various parts of the body the food that the cells need for building up, so it is compelled to carry away the waste material that's torn down. These waste materials are poisonous and destroy us unless the liver and kidneys are stimulated into refreshed and vigorous life.

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