

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

Most of the events to which we look forward in life (and probably in death), either with desire or dread are curiously unlike our forecasts of them. A battle upon either a large or small scale is no exception to this rule. Men laugh in the crisis of a life and death struggle, and in the last South African war a volunteer, told off as one of the escort of a big gun, remembers only of Spion Kop that it was fought on a "jolly" day, that the weather and the smooth grass slopes suggested pink parasols and picnic hampers; that there was funny little balloon-like puffs rising at intervals from the ridge opposite to that on which he lay; that the sun was warm and comforting, and that some confounded fellow woke him up with the toe of a service boot when the battle was over and it was time to take the gun home.

It was with Rolt as it was with that yeoman.

After Al's departure he worked feverishly at the making of his burrow, expecting every moment to hear the hum of bullets through the scrub over head, but no bullets came, and at last, even with his jack knife, he had managed to scrape out a hollow ample enough to contain his body.

Then he lay in it and watched, until the minutes grew into an hour, and the dawn into young day, without any sign of life showing itself upon the landscape, except a coyote, snadowy and utterly noiseless, who came stealing down from the hills, until he was nearly midway between the pines and the cherry patch.

There he checked sharply, his nose went up and his brush dropped, and wheeling in his tracks, he went back at a lope to the nearest rising ground, on which he stood awhile reconnoitring.

Something in the country displeased him, for after a prolonged survey he looped back the way he had come.

The coyote's behavior was suggestive of suspicion, but a little broad-winged hawk which poised in the clear air or swung noiselessly overhead with a keen eye for mice or beetles, contradicted the habitually suspicious vagabond.

Rolt found it impossible to remain stung up to concert pitch for even in such an atmosphere of peaceful beauty, just as the half alarmed buck does, when pitted against the everlasting patience of his hunter, and was actually dozing when a voice behind him asked:

"Have you got your Holland along with you to-day, Boss?"

Rolt started, but though only half awake, had sense enough to lie still.

"Yes," he said, without turning.

"It's good for long shooting, ain't it?"

"It's sighted for five hundred yards."

"I guess that's good enough. Do you see that yallerish looking bunch of sage brush, the biggest in sight, away there to the right? Jest perforate it, will you?"

Rolt raised his rifle, and looked questioningly at old Al, whose head was now along-side his own.

The old man nodded, and Rolt adjusting his sights to the five hundred yards range, cuddled down on his rifle.

"High or low?" he asked.

"I guess it's most solid near the bottom," chuckled Al.

Then Rolt drew a long breath, for a moment there was absolute silence, and then a little puff of dust, fifty yards beyond the sage brush, recorded the fact that the foresight had been taken too full. A few sprigs of the yellow weed fell, but otherwise there was no sign from the bush.

"Sits stiller nor a fool hen," commented Al. "Try her lower still, Boss."

Rolt took the same head again, but this time he took it upon the very base of his target. At his second shot the bush which he had watched for an hour became alive. A horrid scream followed the impact of his bullet and in place of the little fountain of golden dust, a man's body sprang high into the air and then pitched headlong on the near side of the bush writing and tying itself into knots amongst the branches of the withered sage brush.

"Must be quite a holler ther; a most as good as this one of ourn. I seed him coming from the time he started. Holy smoke!"

Al's ejaculation was the result of a perfect blizzard of bullets which sud-

denly burst upon the cherry patch, cutting the feeble brush into ribbons and tatters and making the defenders crouch in their fairs like frightened rabbits.

"Fire a good many shots for fifteen Injuns," growled Al. "Liker fifty It's the hull Chilcoteen tribe, blank 'em," and then rising recklessly to his knees, he roared: "Turn it loose, boys. Don't let the beggars get away," and he emptied the magazine of his repeater with a rapidity which would have done credit to a machine gun.

Five minutes earlier the Boss had tired of watching the motionless sage brush over which the hawk had swung and from which that coyote had retreated so promptly, and now whilst the rifles rattled and the smell of powder tainted the air, there were a dozen wild figures dashing from it for the pine belt.

Only two of them fell, and one of these got to his feet again and was hauled into cover by his fellows.

"Blanked bad shootin'. Say, Boss, that shot of yours turned on the hull bloomin' orchestra. How many did you get?"

"I'm afraid I did not touch one of them."

"Guess you're better at sitters. Didn't you spot any of 'em before I told you to shoot at that brush? Lord! I've been watching that fellow over there for nigh on to an hour. It's lucky as I didn't wait for him to come in range or my old shootin' iron."

"Why, what difference would it have made?"

"All the difference between living and dying. They'd have rushed us in another ten minutes, and shooting as we did, they would have got in. But I reckon they won't try that game any more for awhile."

Rolt sincerely hoped that they would not, or that if they did old Al's eyes would keep watch for them. In his own eyes he had lost all confidence.

For a long time silence fell again between the pines and the cherry trees. There was no sound, but for the crack of an occasional twig as one of the defenders moved uneasily in his narrow shelter; no movement except from that twisted figure by the sage brush.

It was a long time before that became quite still, and Rolt was thankful when that time came.

Before the attempted rush the sage brush had been equally still, and the memory of that fact so worried Rolt that he now began to imagine enemies in the most ridiculous grass patches. He was beginning to lose his sense of proportion and imagination magnified the most absurd trifles.

It was a relief when a single shot broke the strain of long waiting. The bullet dropped about a couple of hundred yards from the cherry patch and ricocheted through the highest branches of it. There was a slight pause and then a second shot from the same spot in the timber, the bullet dropping this time a hundred yards nearer Al's screen.

"Jest so," muttered Al, who had again crawled to Rolt's side, "and the next will be nearer still. They are getting our range now. Had ought to have done that the first go off. I guess there'll be no room here for two now. Lie low, boys, it's goin' to storm again," and he crawled back to his own position just as it began again to hail bullets.

For a good quarter of an hour the Indians in the timber kept up a steady stream of independent firing, as if they would fill up that little hollow with lead or reap the thin cover in it with their concentrated fire, but though their bullets cut down the standing brush as if it had been slashed, riddled it, and left it in flying tatters, the men under ground remained untouched. Neither did they attempt to reply.

"Don't stir, boys, and don't shoot back," commanded Al. When they think they've killed every insect in this bloomin' brush patch; they'll maybe try some other racket. Then we'll get our work in."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Indians were very thorough in their work of destruction, and thanks to the looting of Rolt's store-house they had plenty of ammunition to spare, but at best even, they were satisfied.

The cherry patch looked like a field after a Manitoba hail storm, and there could have been little doubt in the Chilcoteen's minds that anything

that had sheltered in it was as dead as Julius Caesar. But being Indians they elected to run no risks. When the firing ceased a sound of chopping began, and Rolt who should have known better, imagined that the cold-blooded brutes were going to feed before picking up their birds, but he misjudged them. An Indian is sufficiently cold-blooded, but not on the hunting trail or the war path. Then he thinks a great deal less of his belly than does a white man under similar circumstances.

Before long a great tree crashed down and before the sound of its fall had died away, they saw the top of another lean slowly over, hang for a moment, and then disappear in a spray of shattered boughs and pine needles.

Three fell in all, and still the chopping went on. Then for the first time Rolt noticed what looked like a great saw log just outside the line of the pine trees, lying parallel with that line, and as he noticed it two more came to join it.

There was no doubt that they came; he saw them emerge slowly, like some footless monsters, moving sideways down the hill.

"Ah, here they come! They're gettin' down to business at last. That's more like Cree fightin'! I wouldn't have thought that they knew'd so much," muttered Al.

But at first Rolt, who had not Al's experience, did not understand, and the sight of those three great logs creeping down abreast, apparently by their own volition, was very horrible.

From time to time a rifle spat redly from the timber, but for the most part the slow progress of the logs down the sloping prairie was made in absolute silence. The sun creeping across the heavens seemed to move faster than they did.

"We've got to get them other two over this side," said Al. "We can't stop them," pointing to the logs, "and when they get here there'll be a blanked hot time in the cherry patch."

"Can we spare them? Won't the Indians sneak round behind?"

"Not likely, and if they do we've got to risk it, I guess they'll wipe us out this time," with which cheering remark he crept away, returning with Toma.

"I've left the other galloos where he was," he explained. "He ain't no account as a rifle shot, but he's so plum scared that he'll make a pretty smart looking man. Hulloh! What's that log?"

The centre log had reached the spot where Al's hat lay, and as it passed over it, possibly one of the hands which propelled the log reached for the derelict "Stetson" which had been the old man's pride. At the same time the slope of the prairie increased suddenly, and this particular log had been trimmed absolutely round, it was a white pine and young, and therefore smooth and heavy, and the men which had trimmed it had taken all the limbs off close to the trunk.

The result was that though it had crawled as slowly as its companions up to this point, as soon as it left the sharper incline it began to turn over more freely, each revolution giving additional impetus, until it was obviously rolling.

Already it was twenty feet ahead of its companions, and then for a moment a brown hand showed above it. Al's rifle came to his shoulder, but he was too slow; the hand disappeared before he could press the trigger.

(To be continued.)

HUGE COST OF PRESENT WAR.

Europe's Conflicts From 1801 to 1914 Cost Only Half.

Wars cost Europe from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to August, 1914, about 65 billion francs, or not half of what the belligerent powers have already expended during the present conflict, according to statistics compiled by Edmund Terry, the French economist, and published in an article, written to indicate the progress of the cost of war.

The fifteen years of war waged by Napoleon increased the public debt of France by 538,000,000 francs, while the Crimean war alone cost the Republic 1,660,000,000, according to Terry. Great Britain spent 1,550,000,000 in the Crimean, while that war cost Austria 343,000,000, and Turkey and Sardinia together, 642,000,000 francs. France spent 650,000,000 francs on the Mexican war, he says, and 853,000,000 in the conflict against Austria for the liberation of Italy.

Prussia in her wars against Denmark and Austria spent about two billion francs, while the German States and France together spent about 15 billion on the war of 1870, including five billion francs indemnity paid by France to Germany. The war of 1877-78 against Turkey cost Russia about 2,700,000,000 francs, while she spent 6,800,000,000 in the war with Japan, as against 4,500,000,000 spent by Japan.

Prepare.

"I'm thinking of getting married, pa. What's it like?"

"You had a job as janitor once, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you had a position as watchman once, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you worked a while as a caretaker, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a combination of all three jobs—and then some."



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WAR BREAKS UP ENGLISH ESTATES

OWNERS FORCED TO DISPOSE OF THEIR HOLDINGS.

Bought by Men Who Have Grown Rich in Supplying Armies With Goods.

"Country life in England will undergo and is undergoing a revolution such as England has not witnessed since the Norman Conquest."

In these words Frank Hirst, editor of the London Economist and one of the leading authorities on economic subjects in England, summed up one of the most striking effects of the war. What he means is that the country gentlemen of the old school are disappearing, squeezed out by the high taxation, the death duties, and killed off in many instances in the service of their country. Their places are being taken by men who have grown rich in supplying goods that are needed by England's immense armies, or who are making tremendous profits out of the necessities of the people by taking advantage of the conditions created by the war.

"What will happen to the stately mansions of England after the war?" Mr. Hirst asks. He answered his question as follows:

"In individual cases the answer depends on the investments of the owners. A man who has invested in Brazil or Mexico is in a specially sad way, while the man who has put his money in ships or coal is very fortunate indeed. But on the whole the fate of the landed gentry and of the country seats depends on taxes.

Savings Swept Away.

"Taxes have already risen high enough to make it certain that most large houses will be let or for sale, for most country people before the war had places which fitted their income, with a comfortable margin for savings or special expenditure. Most of them will have to move into smaller houses if they can find tenants or purchasers. The doubling and trebling of the income tax has swept away the margin, and the higher the flood of taxation rises the fewer country seats will remain unsubmerged.

"Evidently there will be a wholesale emigration and country life will undergo a revolution such as England has not witnessed since the Norman Conquest. Some of the finest estates, I expect, will be bought up by English and American contractors who have made fortunes out of the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions. Others will perhaps be cut up by the Labor Ministry and parcelled out among disbanded soldiers whose jobs are gone and for whom no other employment can be found.

"The present public expenditure of the government is supposed to be about equal to the whole of the private incomes of all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. If Alfred the Great had lived until now and had through-

out his long life of more than a thousand years burned one £5 (\$25) note of the Bank of England every hour of the day and night he would not have destroyed as much money as Mr. McKenna is adding every fortnight to the national debt."

Selling Their Estates.

Mr. Hirst's view is fully borne out by the men who are in close touch with the landed gentry. A member of a famous firm of estate agents through whose hands most of the sales of property of this description pass told me that hardly a week goes by that he is not called on to arrange the sale of some large country estate and that the smaller estates are being placed in his hands for disposal by the score, writes a London correspondent.

"The country gentlemen of England," he said, "simply cannot live under the new conditions. Most of them are dependent absolutely on their rents for their income. A man has a couple of thousand acres which have been in his family for centuries. He lets the land out to farmers, many of whom have been on the land as long as himself. The rents were fixed years ago when agriculture was depressed, and, although times are good for the farmers now, it is too soon to raise rents.

"No one knows whether the present high prices for agricultural produce will last, and at any rate the farmers have had a good many bad years to make up. The squire simply cannot raise the rents, and he cannot live on his income in the old style. The taxes now take more than a quarter of it, and the death duties, if the property should happen to change hands two or three times in quick succession, as may well happen and as has happened recently in many cases in these days of war, eat up the capital. What is the man to do but try to get rid of the property, which instead of a source of income has become a burden to him?"

Find Ready Purchasers.

"So far there has not been much difficulty in finding purchasers, for there are many people in this country who have made money out of the war, and the Englishman who makes a fortune is always in a hurry to acquire a country seat. There have been a good many American inquiries too, and some purchases by Americans, but not so many as one would have expected. I am told, however, that a good many Americans are likely to come into the market for English estates after the war is finished. They have an idea that prices may be lower then than they are now."

"Everything that this man says is supported by the advertising columns of the newspapers. The London Times this week had a full page advertisement of country properties offered by one firm of estate agents. These properties were situated in many parts of England. A significant feature of this page of advertisements was that many of the properties offered were comparatively country estates. Some of the great land owners have been parting with land recently, but these sales have been confined almost wholly to the sale of outlying portions of

their estates, and have not included the family seats.

One of the recent sales which excited considerable attention was that of the Amesbury Abbey estate, which includes the famous Stonehenge ruins. It has been the seat of the Antrobus family for centuries. It included 6,400 acres. Another historic estate which recently came under the hammer was the Stisted Hall estate in Essex, while an example of the sale of outlying lands by great noblemen was the sale of the Earl of Kintore's Aberdeenshire and Kincardineshire estates, comprising 25,000 acres and a rent roll of \$110,000 a year.

War Dogs Gold Collars.

Gold collars as awards for special services have been given by the French Society for the Protection of Animals to fifteen French war dogs, says the Journal des Debats. "Pyrame" especially distinguished himself. He and his master were scouting when he discovered Germans in ambush. He barked and made his master understand the danger. His leader did not move from his post, but sent "Pyrame" back to warn a battalion which was coming up. This dog has an inscription about his deed attached to his collar.

The Cruelty of Justice.

Ex-Prisoner—Surely you ain't going to turn me out of gaol in weather like this.

Ten Rules for Better Chicks.

Here are ten cardinal points in raising young chickens:

1. First feed the chicks when thirty six hours old. Provide them sharp sand or clean grit. Give them dry bread and sweet milk, mixed with chopped boiled eggs and dry bread or cracker crumbs. Feed this once every three hours for two or three days, then once a day for ten days or two weeks.

2. Don't overfeed. Give only what the chickens will eat up eagerly in a few minutes.

3. Exercise aids digestion and assimilation and keeps the chickens contented in confinement.

4. Give a scratch feed consisting of finely cracked grains, as well-seasoned corn, wheat, steel-cut oats, millet seed, etc., or commercial chick food in a light litter, such as hay chaff.

5. Feed a mash rich in protein which contains 5 per cent. beef scraps after the chicks are two weeks old, and 10 per cent after they are three weeks old, or give a mash of finely ground grains, corn meal, oat meal or wheat bran.

6. Give an abundance of green food, as short grass on the sod, young oats or rye, lettuce or cabbage leaves.

7. Keep the surroundings free from filth. Clean coops and yards frequently to prevent droppings, from contaminating the food.

8. If you can get sour milk regularly feed it. Do not alternate sweet and sour milk. This will put the digestive system out of order in a few days.

9. Keep off lice by a liberal use of insect powder. Grease the head slightly with cottonseed oil, vaseline or lard. Don't overdo at any one time.

10. Remember you can do more toward making a good fowl during the first ten days of its life than during any forty days afterward.—University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.

The Kaiser's Fate.

The Kaiser's horoscope, as well as that of the Czar and King George, is cast in a new book entitled "Stars of Destiny." "Astrological prediction," it says, "is almost universal in forecasting humiliation and defeat for the German Emperor." The unfortunate sign that double-crosses the Kaiser's career is said to have been present also in the natal charts of Napoleon and of Philip of Spain (of Armada celebrity).

Glass That Won't Splinter.

Glass that will not splinter when broken is being made in France by pressing together under heat two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid between them.

POULTRY

Remove the Male Birds from the Flock. Leaving the male birds with the flock after the breeding season is over causes a yearly loss of many thousands of dollars to poultrymen of this country. This loss could easily be prevented. Fertile eggs deteriorate very quickly when subjected to a temperature of around 100 degrees F. A few hours of this temperature either in the nest or in a basket is sufficient to start the germ developing, and make the egg unfit for human consumption. It is natural for hens to hide their nests, and frequently a week or more may elapse before the nest is found and the eggs gathered. Such eggs are spoiled for table use if they are fertile. If they are infertile they are little injured, although they cannot grade firsts. During the summer months, when poultry run at large on the farm, it is very difficult to find all the eggs every day, and every egg in which the germ starts to develop is spoiled for commercial purposes and is a direct loss. The frequency of a few bad eggs occurring in crates has had the effect of lowering the market for all eggs. Now that buying on a quality basis is being generally practiced, the careless poultryman is the only loser. In the nest is not the only place where the fertile eggs become unfit for use. Too frequently the egg basket is left in the pantry window where the temperature is sufficient during the day to incubate the eggs, but the cool nights cause the germ to die and the eggs spoil. Many eggs become unfit for use after they reach the local merchant. If they remain long beside any disagreeable odor they have a tendency to take on that odor. Having had bad eggs served them several times has prejudiced many people against eating eggs during the summer months. A stale egg is very uninviting food.

In the average flock the male birds are only kept one season. They are disposed of some time during the fall or winter. It costs ten or twelve cents per month to feed a bird, and, as a rule, it is no fatter in October than it was in June. There are four months feeding with no returns, except that more care must be taken in gathering and storing eggs in order to keep them in a marketable condition. There is nothing to lose but considerable to gain by getting rid of the head of the flock in June. If the bird is to be kept for use the next season he should be penned off from the main flock during the hot summer months.—Farmer's Advocate.

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