Warms you through and through —Hot Bovril

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

To Dave's surprise his visitor broke out in a ribald laugh. She had seated herself on a desk, and was swinging one foot jauntily. "It's all off," she said. "Say, Dave, you couldn't lose me in this burg. You don't remember me, do you? Well, all the better. I'm rather glad I broke down on this job. I used to be something of an actress, and I'd have put it over if it hadn't been for the kid. The fact is, Dave," she continued, "I was sent up here to decoy you. It wasn't fair fighting, and I didn't like it, but money has been mighty slow of late. I wonder—how much you'd give to know who sent me?"

Dave pulled some bills from his pocket and held them before her. She took them from his hand.

"Conward," she said.

Dave's blood went to his head. "The scoundrel!" he cried. "The low down dog! There's more in this than appears on the surface."

"Sure there is," she said. "There's another woman. There always is."

Elden walked to his desk. From a drawer he took a revolver; toyed with it a moment in his hands; broke it open, crushed it full of cartridges and thrust it in his pocket.

The girl watched him with friendly interest. "Believe me, Dave," she said, "if Conward turns up missing I won't know a thing—not a d—— thing."

For a moment he stood irresolute. He could only guess what Conward's plan had been, but that it had been diabolical and cowardly, and that it concerned Irene, he had no doubt. His impulse was to immediately confront Conward, force a confession, and deal with him as the occasion might seem to require. But his eye fell on the girl with his shock of brown hair and pleasant face.

"They have fastened on you first," he said, "and I'm your friend. Stay here till I come back. Don't let the spenders of this town know you are making money. Don't be silly."

"Pretty lonely out here, isn't it?" he ventured.

"Oh, no. There is a street light we can see in a little while; it is behind the hill now. We see it from the corner of our shack. It's very cheery."

"Fine business," Dave repeated to himself. "And this is how our big success was made. Well, the success has vanished as quickly as it came. I suppose there is a Law somewhere that is not mocked."

They were passing through a settlement of crude houses, dimly visible in the starlight and by occasional yellow blurs from their windows. Before one of the meanest of these the boy at last stopped. The upper hinge of the door was broken, and a feeble light struggled through the space where it gaped outward. Charlie pulled the door open, and Dave entered. At first his eyes could not take in the dim outlines before him; he was conscious of a very small and stuffy room, with a peculiar odor which he attributed to an oil lamp burning on a box. He walked over and turned the lamp up, but the oil was consumed; a red, sullen, smoking wick was its only response. Then he felt in his pocket and struck a match.

The light revealed the dinginess of the little room. There was a bed, covered with musty, ragged clothing; a table, littered with broken and dirty dishes and pieces of stale food; a stove, cracked and greasy, and one or two bare boxes serving as articles of furniture. But it was to the bed Dave turned, and, with another match, bent over the shrunken form that lay almost concealed amid the coarse coverings. He brought his face down close; then straightened up and steadied himself for a moment.

"He'll soon be well, don't you think, mister? He said he would be well when the holidays——" But Dave's expression stopped the boy, whose own face went suddenly wild with fear.

"He is well now, Charlie," he said, as steadily as he could. "It is all holidays now for him."

The match had burnt out, and the room was in utter darkness. Dave heard the child drawing his feet slowly across the floor, then suddenly whimpering like a thing that had been mortally hurt. He groped toward him, and at length his fingers found his shock of hair. He drew the boy slowly into his arms; then very, very tight. . . After all, they were orphans together.

"You will come with me," he said, at length. "I will see that you are provided for. The doctor will soon be here, or we will meet him on the way and he will make the arrangements for—the arrangements that have to be made, you know."

They retraced their steps toward the town, meeting the doctor at the broken bridge. Dave exchanged a few words with him in low tones, and they passed on. Soon they were swinging again through the city streets, this time through the busy thoroughfares, which were almost blocked with tense, excited crowds about the bulletin boards. Even the developments of the evening pressing heavily upon his mind, Dave could not resist the temptation to stop and listen for a moment to bulletins being read through a megaphone.

"The Kaiser has stripped off his British regalia," said the announcer. "He says he will never again wear a British uniform."

A chuckle of derisive laughter ran through the mob; then someone struck up a well-known refrain—"What the hell do we care?" Up and down the street voices caught up the chorus. . . Within a year the bones of many in that thoughtless crowd, bleaching on the fields of Flanders, showed how much they cared.

Dave literally pressed his machine through the throng, which opened slowly to let it pass, and immediately filled up the wake behind. Then he drove direct to the Hardy home.

After some delay Irene met him at the door, and Dave explained the situation in a few words. "We must take care of him, Reenie," he said. "I feel a personal responsibility."

"Of course we will take him," she answered. "He will live here until we have a—some place of our own." Her face was bright with something which must be tenderness. "Bring him upstairs. We will allot him a room, and introduce him, first, to—the bath-room. And to-morrow we shall have an excursion down town, and some new clothes for Charlie—Elden."

As they moved up the stairs Conward, who had been in another room in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, followed them unseen. The evening had been interminable for Conward. For three hours he had awaited word that his victim had been trapped, and for three hours no word had come. He had smoked numberless cigarettes, and nibbled impatiently at his nails, and tried to appear at ease before Mrs. Hardy. If his plans had miscarried; if Dave had discovered the plot; well—— And here at length was Dave, engrossed in a very different matter. Conward followed them up the stairs.

Irene and Dave chatted with the boy for a few moments, trying to make him feel at home in his strange surroundings; then Irene turned to some arrangements for his comfort, and Dave started downstairs. In the passage he was met by Conward. Conward seemed at last to have dropped the mask; he leered insolently, triumphantly, in Dave's face.

"What are you doing here?" Dave demanded, as he felt his head beginning to swim in anger.

Conward leered only the more offensively, and walked down the stairs beside him. At the foot he coolly lit another cigarette. If he was conscious of the hate in Dave's eyes he hid his emotions under a mask of insolence. He held the match before him and calmly watched it burn out. Then he extended it toward Dave.

"You remember our wager, Elden. I present you with—a burnt-out match."

"You liar!" cried Dave. "You infamous liar!"

"Ask her," Conward replied. "She will deny it, of course. All women do."

Dave felt his muscles tighten, and knew that in a moment he would tear his victim to pieces. As his clenched fist came to the side of his body it struck something hard. His revolver! He had forgotten; he was not in the habit of carrying it. In an instant he had Conward covered.

(To be continued.)

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Woman's Interests

Poultry a Food Not a Luxury.

Poultry meat has dropped in price to such an extent that its general use should be more seriously considered. Viewed from the economic as well as the scientific standpoint of nutrition it is worthy of a higher place and more frequent use in the daily diet than it has been accorded. It should be regarded as an essential part of our diet rather than as a luxury.

The question of the value of poultry meat for food has been given attention by chemists at various times. Results of their researches have been published from time to time. Analyses have been made of the flesh of practically all kinds of domestic fowl and these furnish a basis for comparison of poultry meats with other articles of human food. A comparison of poultry meats with beef, veal, lamb and pork show that the refuse in poultry is somewhat less than in the other meats. Furthermore, the carcass of fowl can be used as soup stock, thus rendering available a large amount of nourishment which would otherwise be lost and which in the case of other meats is often discarded. The amount of water is about the same in poultry as in other meats but the amount of indigestible nutrients in poultry is small. Summing up these differences poultry shows a slightly higher proportion actually available for nourishment than other meats. As fats furnish more heat per unit weight than proteins or carbohydrates and since poultry meat is somewhat lower in fat than other meats its fuel value is correspondingly less. To state this in another way, poultry meat furnishes more tissue forming but less of the heat forming elements and it must be borne in mind that as a rule the former are the more expensive.

Common or domestic fowl contains more refuse than average poultry, is about average in protein but richer in fat. Turkey contains relatively little refuse, about 2 per cent. more protein and the same proportion of fat. Goose shows the lowest proportion of refuse of the poultry meats, a lower proportion of protein but much higher fat content. Combined with this is a certain prejudice against goose which has a tendency to lower the market price. This has resulted to make goose one of the cheapest, most wholesome and nutritious foods on the market. Duck contains relatively large amounts of refuse, little protein and large quantities of fat.

Poultry as a whole (especially chickens and geese) with the low price and high muscle-forming properties, the easily digested and palatable qualities makes the ideal meat food for everybody, particularly for those in offices and for invalids and children.

Labor Saving Hints.

How many stew pumpkin in the old way of cutting up and peeling while raw? I have solved the problem by cutting up in pieces small enough to be laid into a kettle and nearly covered with water. Put on cover and let cook until tender. Drain, cool and peel off thin skin. Mash with potato masher and pumpkin is ready for use.

For lamp chimneys I take a damp cloth and dip it into powdered window cleaner and smear chimneys inside and out. Later in the day when I find time I polish with a dry cloth in about a quarter of the time needed to dry a wet chimney.

Painted floors and small rugs for bedrooms save a lot of hard work and backache. I use an old worn-out garment, put on the mop-stick and occasionally saturate it with furniture polish to keep all the lint and dust down, which is so hard to clean from rugs and carpets.—A. B.

The handiest and most labor and timesaver I have is a built-in woodbox. It holds one-third of a cord of wood and can be filled from the back room or outside. It closes with a door, and besides being a labor and timesaver, it saves my temper considerably because it keeps the litter and dirt out of the kitchen. My matches, oil and old papers are kept on a shelf inside the woodbox. I can start a fire in short order, and I made this woodbox all myself.—Mrs. H. R. B.

Now that the snappy days are here, they require an ample supply of heavy socks for the men and boys. I eliminate darning by buying dark outing and making feet, having the heels and toes well covered. These I sew over the sock feet, and when worn they can be ripped off and replaced by new. By doing this the socks wear for several winters.—Mrs. M. M.

When polishing my kitchen range, I find I can get a much better gloss and it will also stay on longer by using five or six drops of vinegar in the blacking.

When my silver needs cleaning I place it in potato water while I go ahead with some other task. I am always very much pleased with both of these labor-savers.—Mrs. R. F. C.

If you wish to remove the shell of boiled eggs easily, break the shell a little with the edge of a spoon as soon as the eggs are out of the boiling water. Then cover with cold water and let set a short time before shelling. This saves time and labor and also leaves the eggs smooth.—Mrs. F. N.

How Do You Pronounce It?

Your grocer calls it en-dive (accent on the first syllable), with the sound of "i" is in "light." Probably you do, too, from force of habit. Don't do it, though; say en-div (accent on first syllable), giving the sound of "i" as in "tin."

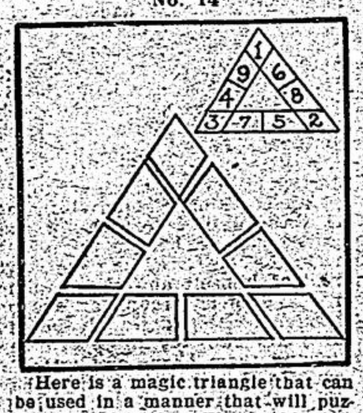
Building of a Sky-Scraper.

Beyond my window, lifting high
Their lusty arms against the sky,
With swinging crane and muscles' strain
Of girders strong, with shout and song,
While the noon suns their bronzed arms gild,
Their structure still they build, they build.

In my small room I build—I, too—
Steady as they, the long days through,
Of precept, word and answering
The wide eyes' troubled questioning,
With pondering and patience mild,
I build the strong soul of my child.

Thou Carpenter from Bethlehem,
Thy blessing give to me and them;
And may Thy strong hand, firm and skilled,
Unseen, beside our weak hands build.
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

EASY TRICKS
The Magic Triangle
No. 14



Here is a magic triangle that can be used in a manner that will puzzle your friends. The problem is to place the numbers from 1 to 9, each in one of the little compartments in the triangle so that each line of the triangle will total 17.

It is not so easy as it seems although it can be done if the experimenter will keep trying. The smaller diagram will show you just how the numbers should be arranged. There are, of course, several solutions because certain of the figures may be transposed.

To keep the arrangement of the figures in your mind so that you can do the trick quickly after your friends have decided that the task is rather difficult, observe the location of "1," "2," "3" and "4." The rest will fall into place without much trouble.

A more advanced puzzle is to discover how the figures may be arranged to form other totals.

(Clip this out and paste it, with others of the series, in a scrap-book.)

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

More Fog.

The teacher had been working very hard in order to impress a few elementary geographical facts upon her rather dull pupils. At the end of the lesson she asked a few questions.

"Now, Johnny," she said, "what is London noted for"

"It is noted for its stupidity, miss," answered Johnny, more brightly than usual.

"Whatever makes you think that?" inquired the teacher.

"Why, miss," was the reply, "you said yourself that the population of London is very dense!"

A Wonderful Cow.

This advertisement appeared in a suburban newspaper the other day:

"Wanted, a steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and milk a cow who had a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

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Last Thing It Takes.

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It wouldn't go at all.

"I can't think what's the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Henry. "'Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."

A Born Diplomat.

The shoe dealer was hiring a clerk.

"Suppose," he said, "a lady customer were to remark while you were trying to fit her, 'Don't you think one of my feet is bigger than the other?' what would you say?"

"I should say, 'On the contrary, madam, one is smaller than the other.'"

"The job is yours."

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