The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"I guess I'm all right," Dave answered, "but I got a job on—an important job on. I must get it done. There is not time——"

But her woman's intuition had gone far below his idle words. "There is something wrong, Dave," she said. "You never looked like this before. Tell me what it is. Tell me, Dave; not that I want to know, for knowing's sake, but just that I—perhaps I—can help."

Dave was silent for a moment, watching her. She had changed her position, and he could see her face. Suddenly it occurred to him that Edith Duncan was beautiful. If she had not quite the fine features of Irene, she had a certain softness of expression, a certain mellowness, even tenderness, of lip and eye; a certain womanly delicacy——

"Edith," he said, "you're white. Why is it that the woman a man loves will fail him, and the woman he only likes—stays true?"

"Oh!" she cried, and he could not guess the depths from which her cry was wrung. . . . "I should not have asked you, Dave," she said. "I'm sorry."

They stood a moment, neither wishing to move away. "You said you had something must be done at once," she reminded him at length.

"Yes," he answered. "I have to kill a man. Then I'm going to join up with the army."

Her hands were again upon him. "But you mustn't, Dave," she pleaded. "No matter—no matter what—you mustn't do that. That is the one thing you must not do."

"Edith, you are not a man. You don't understand. That is the one thing I must do."

"But you can't fight for your country, then. You will only increase its troubles in these troubled times. Don't think I'm pleading for him, Dave, but for you, for the sake of us—for the sake of those—who care."

He took her hands in his and raised them to his shoulders and drew her face close to him. Then, speaking very slowly, and with each word by itself, "Do you really care?" he said.

"Oh, Dave!"

"Then come to my room and talk to me. Talk to me! Talk to me! For God's sake talk to me. I must talk to someone."

She followed him. Inside the room he had himself under control again. The street lights flooded through the windows, so he did not press the switch. He motioned her to a chair.

And then he told her the story, all he knew.

When he had finished she arose and walked to one of the windows and stood looking with unseeing eyes upon the street. For the second time in his life Dave Elden had laid his heart bare to her, and again after all these years he still talked as friend to friend. That was it. She was under no delusion. Dave's eyes were as blind to her love as they had been that night when he had first told her of Irene Hardy. And she could not tell him. Most of all, she could not tell him now. . . . Yes, she was very sure of that. If she should tell him now—if she should let him know—he would turn to her in his grief. He would be clay in her hands. And afterwards he would despise her for having taken advantage of his hour of weakness. She had waited all these years, and still she must wait.

Dave's eyes were upon her form, silhouetted against the window. It occurred to him that in form Edith was very much like Irene. He recalled that in those dead past days when they used to ride together Edith had reminded him of Irene. When she stood silent so long he spoke again.

"I'm afraid I haven't played a very heroic part," he said, somewhat shamefacedly. "I should have buried my secret in my heart; buried it even from you; perhaps most of all from you. I should have faced the world with a smile, as one who rises above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. People do that kind of thing in books; perhaps some do in real life. I suppose you can't tell from the outside what may be carried within—even by your closest friend. But—you can advise me, Edith. I will value whatever you say."

She trembled until she thought he must see her, and she feared to trust her voice, but she could delay a reply no longer.

"You are right, Dave," she said at length. "You never can tell what other people are carrying; perhaps, even, as you say, your closest friends. The first thing is to get rid of the idea that your experience is unique; that your lot is harder than that of other people. It may be different, but it is not harder. When you get that point of view you will be able to pass sane judgments.

"And when you can pass sane judgment you may see that the evidence is not, even at the worst, very conclusive. Why should you take Conward's word in such a matter as this?"

"I didn't take Conward's word. That's why I didn't kill him at once. It wasn't his word—it was the insult—that cut. But she tried to save him. She threw herself upon me. She would have taken the bullet herself rather than let it find him. That was what—that was what——"

"I know, Dave." She had to hold herself in check lest the tenderness that welled within her, and would shape words of endearing sympathy in her mind, should find utterance in speech. "I know, Dave," she said "The next thing, then, is to make sure in your own mind whether you ever really loved Irene Hardy."

He sprang to his feet. "Loved Irene!" he exclaimed, and she was in a turmoil of fear and hope that he would approach her. But he paced his own side of the room.

"Edith," he said, "there is no way of explaining this. You can't understand. I know you have given yourself up to a life of service, and I honor you very much, and all that, but there are some things you won't be able to understand. You can't understand just how much I loved Irene."

"I think I can," she answered quietly. "You have kept your love faithful and single for a dozen years, and I—I think I can understand. But that isn't why I asked. Because if you loved Irene a week ago you love her to-night."

"Have you never known of love being turned to hate?"

"No. Other impulses may be, but not love. Love can no more turn to hate than sunlight can turn to darkness. Believe me, Dave, if you hate Irene now you never loved her. Listen:

" 'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!' "

"Not all things, Edith—not all things."

"It says all things."

Dave was silent for some time. When he spoke again she caught a different sound in his voice; a tone as though his soul in those few moments had gone through a life-time of experience.

"Edith," he said, "when you repeated those words I knew you had something that I have not. I knew it, not by the words, but by the way you said them. You made me feel that you were not setting a higher standard for me than you would accept for yourself. You made me know that in your own life, if you loved, you would be ready to endure all things. Tell me, Edith, how may this thing be done?"

She trembled with delight at the new tone in his voice, for she knew that in that hour Dave had crossed a boundary of his life and entered into a new and richer field of existence. She knew that for him life would never again be the empty, flippant, selfish, irresponsible thing which in the past he had called life. He was already beginning to taste of that wine of compensation provided for those who pass through the valley of sorrow.

"In your case," she said, "the course is simple. It is just a case of forgiving."

He gazed for a time into the street, while thoughts of bitterness and revenge fought for domination of his mind. "Edith," he said at length, "must I—forgive?"

"I do not say you must," she answered. "I merely say if you are wise you will. Forgiveness is the balm of our moral life, by which we keep the wounds of the soul from festering and poisoning the spirit. Nothing, it seems to me, is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The popular idea is that the whole benefit of forgiveness is to the person who is forgiven. Really, there is a very much greater benefit to the person who forgives. The one who is forgiven may merely escape punishment, but the one who forgives experiences a positive spiritual expansion. Believe me, Dave, it is the only philosophy which rings true under the most critical tests; which is absolutely dependable in every emergency."

"Is that Christianity?" he ventured.

"It is one side of Christianity. The other side is service. If you are willing to forgive and ready to serve I don't think you need worry much over the details of your creed. Creeds, after all, are not expressed in words, but in lives. When you know how a man lives you know what he believes—always."

"Suppose I forgive—what then?"

"Service. You are needed right now, Dave—forgive my frankness—your country needs you right now. You have the qualities which make you extremely valuable. You must dismiss this grievance from your mind, at least dismiss your resentment over it, and then place yourself at the disposal of your country. The way is so clear that it cannot be misunderstood."

"That is what I had been thinking of," he said. "At least that part about serving my country, although I don't think my motives were as high as you would make them. But the war can't last. It'll be all over before I can take a hand. Civilization has gone too far for such a thing as this to last. It is unbelievable."

"I'm not so sure," she answered gravely. "Of course, I know nothing about Germany; but I do know something about our own people. I know how selfish and individualistic and sordid and money-grabbing we have been; how slothful and incompetent and self-satisfied we have been, and I fear it will take a long war and sacrifices and tragedies altogether beyond our present imagination to make us unselfish and public-spirited and clean and generous; it will take the strain and emergency of war to make us vigorous and efficient; it will take the sting of many defeats to impose that humility which will be the beginning of our regeneration. I am not worrying about the defeat of Germany. If our civilization is better than that of Germany we shall win, ultimately, and if our civilization is worse than that of Germany we shall be defeated, ultimately—and we shall deserve to be defeated. But I rather think that neither of these alternatives will be the result. I rather think that the test of war will show that there are elements in German civilization which are better than ours, and elements in our civilization which are better than theirs, and that the good elements will survive and form the basis of a new civilization better than either."

(To be continued.)

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"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little stomach is upset, tongue coated, or if your child is cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Woman's Interests

Maple Sugar Candy.

Delicious maple candy or maple wax may be made any place where there is a cold snap with plenty of newly fallen snow, a can of pure maple syrup and a knowledge of how they make maple candy and "sugar off" in the woods.

One day, there were fully three feet of snow banked against our back door. A can of maple syrup was in the cellar. The know-how had been stored in my head for thirty years.

Mother Nature, as expressed in the sugar maple, needs no vanilla, or butter or milk in order to produce candy. She needs nothing but heat; heat to make the sap run in the tree, heat to boil it into syrup, and heat to boil the syrup still more until the candy stage has been reached.

I poured a full quart of maple syrup into a pan and while it heated, I stepped outside to prepare my snow bed and get my candy tester. My thirteen-year-old-son, unaccustomed to sugar camps or maple candy making, watched eagerly as I pounded the newly fallen snow into a compact mass for a full square yard of the pearly drift.

A honeysuckle vine that had trailed up the porch, furnished the "blower" or tester. A piece about eighteen inches long was clipped and the tip curled until it formed an oval about one inch long and half an inch across. A piece of thread tied the vine and assured me of an oval hole that would stay put. In the sugar woods, the tender sap-laden maple or birch or beech twig would permit a knot to be tied in its tip.

The little tester takes the place of that portion of a candy recipe which says "drop in water and when it forms a hard ball." As the boiling syrup thickens, the oval of the twig is inserted for an instant, raised to the lips and a gust of air blown through the slight film stretching across the opening in the twig. When the candy is ready to be poured on the snow, a slight blow through the hole will throw an immense balloon-shaped bubble from the stick. Sometimes half a dozen bubbles of candy will appear before the film has been exhausted. This is the method used by the men of the northern sugar camps.

When this stage is reached, the candy should be taken immediately to the prepared snow bed and poured over the surface thinly. It hardens almost instantly, and in a moment may be lifted and broken into pieces of desired size by sharp blows with a knife or small hammer.

The resulting candy can be compared with no other. It is in a class by itself—Nature's own candy. Only those who have visited the sugar woods or who are willing when the first snow storm visits them to bring the sugar woods to them, can imagine the flavor of pure maple candy. And the children can eat it freely.

Luncheon Sets.

Practical and attractive luncheon sets are made of Japanese crepe in yellow, green, blue, pink, rose and lavender. The lunch cloth is one yard square; the napkins twelve inches.

The edges are raveled one and one-half inches deep to form the fringe. To prevent the fringe from raveling, the sets are overcast in black and white embroidery floss. The corners are left plain or one corner is decorated with a clever little cross-stitch motif. Square dolly sets are finished with narrow hems and cross-stitched in blue.

Muslin Shades.

Use heaviest grade of unbleached muslin or brown domestic. If impossible to buy same width as window, sheeting may be used and cut to fit.

Allow for shrinkage. If you have worn-out shades, and rollers are in good order, these may be used, otherwise new rollers may be bought. In cutting allow about eight inches more than length of window and one inch for hem on sides, as a hem makes them more substantial and less likely to wrinkle when being rolled up and down.

The lower end of shade may be either plain or scalloped. If scalloped, use any size scallop you prefer, pressing down raw edge of material and finishing with ball fringe tape, stitching same on machine. Unless you are an expert on stitching, better baste fringe to shade before stitching with machine.

A stick such as is used at bottom of shades should be placed about six or eight inches above scallops. A casing same width stitched on material may be used for this.

For top of shade make a hem to fit close over roller, slip roller in this, using one tack at each end of pole.

When soiled, shades may be laundered. They must not be starched.

Cost of shade for ordinary window is about 50c.

Tassel is made of any heavy crochet cotton or carpet chain.

Shades like these are, of course, substitutions for better ones to come, or are used in kitchens or other rooms where a makeshift is desirable. For kitchen windows they are very good because they can be kept clean by frequent tubbings to remove the inevitable smudge that arises where much cooking is done.

They are just the thing, too, for odd-corner windows in back halls or pantry, attic, store closet, any place where it is not convenient to have the regulation shades.

Dye Any Garment or Old Drapery in Diamond Dyes

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Sure to Succeed.

Original men are not content to be governed by tradition; they think for themselves, and the result is often that they succeed where others fail.

Now a certain photographer never says to a indy customer, "Look pleasant, madam, if you please." He knows a formula infinitely better than that.

In the most natural manner in the world he remarks, "It is unnecessary to ask you to look pleasant; I am sure you could not look otherwise."

Then click goes the camera and the result is never in doubt.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds.

France is now buying German cinematograph films, with the result that her imports of American films have decreased by one-third.

Raisins in Tins

with the

Freshness of Fresh Fruit

HERE'S a *new package* of Sun-Maid Raisins that you will want to try—dainty, tender, juicy, seeded fruit-meats *packed in tins.*

The tin keeps all the flavor in. No matter when or where you buy them, these raisins have the freshness of fresh fruit.

Especially delicious in a cake or pie—and all ready, too.

Try them next time you buy raisins. See how good they are.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.

Sun-Maid Raisins

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Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a fine content of food iron—good food for the blood.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on *Sun-Maid* brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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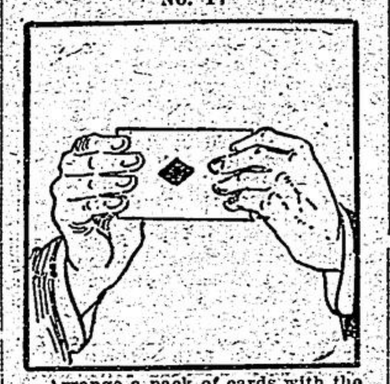
EASY TRICKS

The Changing Ace

No. 17



Arrange a pack of cards with the three of diamonds on top—faces of cards uppermost—and the ace of diamonds just beneath it. Show the three and declare that you will cause it to change its nature and appearance.

Put the cards behind your back. Utter a magic phrase which you can make up to suit yourself and bring out the cards quickly, holding your fingers over the ends of the face card as in the illustration.

"You see! The trey has changed into the ace!"

There will be a strom of protest. Everyone will think that you have changed the trey to the ace by the simple method of hiding the end spots with your fingers. Pretend to misunderstand their protests until everyone is certain that you have been caught napping. Then move your fingers and show that the card really is the ace.

By that time, everyone will have forgotten that in the moment the cards were behind your back you had ample opportunity to slip the top card—the trey—into the pack, exposing the ace.

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

GUGFSKI

Knew From Experience

Man—"Hello, give me Central 1234."

Operator—"Br-r-r-ng. Here's your party."

Man—"Is this Main 5678?"

Voice—"Yes."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.

When Dickens Read.

When Dickens decided to give public readings, when he appeared face to face with the public for the first time, England was in a turmoil. The halls were packed and jammed; enthusiasts climbed up the pillars or crept under his platform simply to be able to hear their beloved poet. In the United States, in the bitterest winter weather, people brought along mattresses and slept in front of the ticket office, waiters brought them food from nearby restaurants; but the crush was beyond control. Every hall proved to be too small, and finally a church was secured in Brooklyn. From the pulpit he read the adventures of Oliver Twist and the story of little Nell. Fame for him was not capricious. It pressed Walter Scott to one side; it overshadowed Thackeray's genius for a whole lifetime; and when the light went out, when Dickens died, the entire English speaking world felt it like a blow. On the streets foreigners remarked to one another that London was as depressed as though some great battle had been lost.

A Thought.

Wishing star that shines to-night,
Do not smile on me,
Look you toward some lonely child
Who in the dark may be.

Bluebird, sing not at my door,
But be you swiftly flown,
To where perhaps some little child
In silence sits alone.

Roadside berries, red in June,
Change your place to grow,
For fear some lonely little child
May empty-handed go.

—Hulda A. Schafer.

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEY'S to aid digestion.

It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

The Great Canadian Sweetmeat