

Better than
a hotwater bottle—
a cup of Hot Bournil

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)
I took the better and read:

"I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underneath it, running through it in some way I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper than pain that it must be joy.

"You will already have been advised that David Eiden was among those who fell at Courcellette. It is true to say that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war, and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can deprive you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever manhood is valued at its worth.

"A new Order has been born into the world—the Order of Suffering. Not that it is new; rather, it has been with us since the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental; a matter of the individual; a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept it enter into the new Order, and wear its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it.

"But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice that will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and I am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night, as it is every night.

"We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but still in the danger zone of artillery fire. Night had settled in; all was darkness save for occasional distant flares. I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying

to get my location I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground.

"I knelt beside him and turned my torch on to his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood in it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile.

"Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come."

"I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt, and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

"He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half untraveled. 'Oh, it's you, Edith,' he said, when he had taken me in. 'Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming.'

"I questioned him again about his wound, and began feeling his hair. 'It's not there,' he said. 'Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Shrapnel, in the body. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance.'

"I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis, and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten on it.

"'I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave.' We'll see it out together."

"That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time.

"'I've often wondered what was on the other side,' he said at length. 'I shall know presently.'

"'You are not afraid?' I whispered.

"'No. Only sort of curious. And—reverent. I guess it's reverent. You know, I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?'

"'In one word—sacrifice.'

"'I walked out of church once because of some doctrine about sacrifice,' he continued. 'I couldn't go in. And yet—there may be something in it. It's sacrifice here, Edith. War is sacrifice. Sacrifice for other people. It's not all on the surface. There's something deeper than we know.'

"'He that loseth his life shall find it,' I quoted.

"'He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them splattered on his face.'

"'Presently he chuckled. It was an eerie sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man—who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle.

"'That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the stream, and the harness broke, or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie?' I could only say 'Yes' and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails.

"'He became suddenly sober. 'And when Brownie was killed, he went on, 'I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. 'Perhaps there are compensations worth while.'

"His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words.

"'I'm going—out,' he said. 'Kiss me, Reenie.'

"And then I kissed him—for you.

"'Suddenly he sat up.

"'The mountains!' he exclaimed, and his voice was athrill with the pride of his old hills. 'See, the moonlight—on the mountains!'

"'When his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back. And he did not speak any more.'

"'And what can I add? Dear, it is not defeat. It is promise. It is hope.

"'Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency; not in bitterness; not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious; and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice?

"'I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope.'

"'Edith Duncan.'

"I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. 'Won't you let me tell the story?' I said at

length. "The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow words, and perhaps turn it into hope—as this letter does."

She hesitated, and I realized then how much I had asked. "It is the story of my life—my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help—"

"Without names," I hastened to explain. "Without real names of places or people."

And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate. And if you should chance that way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-old, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it,

"My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

(The End.)

Explores' Premonition.

A strange story is told by Mr. Howard Carter, who recently won fame by discovering, with Lord Carnarvon, the tomb of King Tutankhamen, who died about three thousand five hundred years ago. He says he owes his success to a curious premonition.

For more than thirty years Mr. Carter has been searching for relics such as those he has now found. He met with failure until the idea came to him that he would find what he wanted in a certain spot, and he acted upon this impression with remarkable results.

He felt certain that the tomb for which he was searching was under one piece of ground. Superstitious Egyptians living near the tomb firmly believe that it was the ghost of the dead king that led Mr. Carter to the spot.

Another strange story of this romantic find concerns Mr. Carter's canary. The day the tomb was opened he found a gold crown in the form of a serpent. That night, as Mr. Carter was at dinner, a disturbance was heard. Going outside, he found a serpent in the canary's cage. The bird was already dead, and Mr. Carter soon killed the reptile.

The natives interpreted this story in just the opposite way to the first. They said it was a sign of the king's anger at the breaking open of his tomb.

A Ship's Knees.

Did you know a wooden ship has knees? American Forestry tells us that a ship-knee is a right-angled wooden brace used to give strength to the framing, and is fashioned from the natural crook of a tree formed by a heavy, shallow, horizontal root and a section of the trunk. Knees when finished are sometimes as much as six or seven feet high. The timber preferred is second-growth Douglas fir, found growing in shallow soil so that the roots turn off at right angles to the trunk and thus give the proper shape.

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Betrayed by Pores.

Pores are more important than finger prints to the crime investigator. The science of "poroscopy" is now called in when Bertillon methods fail.

The new science, discovered by Dr. Edmond Locard in 1912, has taken eleven years to develop to perfection.

The shape of the pores, not easily recognizable in the case of finger prints obtained by printers' ink, on account of the roughness of these records, is found to be very varied when colorless prints or those revealed by a method employed by Dr. Locard are examined.

Tree-Repairing.

Many tree-owners do not realize the importance of regularly inspecting their trees. Immediate attention to new injuries, or to any defects that may appear in repair work already done, will reduce materially the time, labor, and cost that will be required to make these repairs later. Too often the owner believes that, having paid the repair bills, his tree cares are over for all time. Unfortunately, this is seldom the case, for tree repairs are something like dental repairs. In both, frequent inspection and prompt attention will do much to prevent extensive repairs and large bills.

—Tree-Repairing, Bulletin No. 73, Forestry Branch, Ottawa.



She—"Did you hear Smith was married?"

He—"Why no, he told me he had quit all games of chance."

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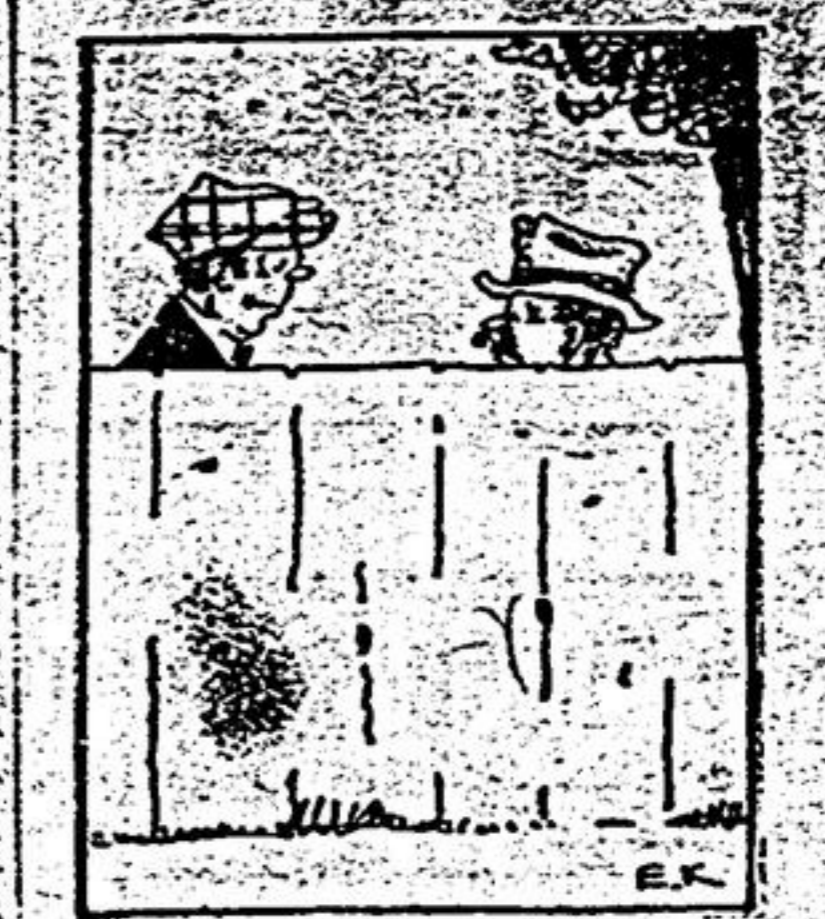
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Sad But True.
Subbubs—"Your new cook is very tall, isn't she?"

Neighbor—"Yes, but she isn't likely to stay long."

An Island of Churches.

One of the most remarkable islands in the world is Patmos, where St. John wrote the Book of Revelation. It was always the destination of thousands of pilgrims, and in the old days the rich man wished to expiate his sins usually did so by building a church. The result is that this tiny island contains the ruins of no fewer than 300 churches.

The entire population numbers about 4,000, and it is considerably larger now than it was when most of the buildings were founded. As there are only 700 houses on the island there is almost a church for each two families.

The people are Greeks, whose only occupation is sponge-fishing, though there used at one time to be a trade in the manufacture of stockings.

Curiously enough, though the island lies quite close to Turkey, there has never at any time been a mosque upon it. Possibly the Mohammedans could not find room for one.

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