

## AN OUTLAW ESCORT

By KING KELLEY.

(Copyright.) "Halt!" came the clear, sharp ring of a voice as the lead team swung round a bend in the road.

"Hands up!" was the next command as a masked man stepped from behind a tree and advanced toward the wagon.

It was not a commonplace remark. Six pairs of hands groped skyward, nor waited to be told a second time.

"Throw out the sack with the brass lock, Driver!" issued firm and cool from under the handkerchief on the robber's face.

"Now get out and line up."

There had been big talk all morning in the two back seats about adventures with fierce wild animals and bad men, but no one lost a moment's time in getting in line. Nor did they essay to produce any of the guns with which they were so plentifully supplied; the respective merits of which they had each so vociferously argued.

June Cleveland was the only female occupant of the stage. As she fastened her eyes on the hostile gun-barrel and watched the steady, deliberate movements of the man behind it, there came over her, in place of fear, an admiration she could not define.

She was on the last ten of a ninety-mile trip by stage from the railroad to Jackson, Wyoming. Besides enduring the jolts and jars of the incommodeous wagon for two days, she had put up with four very uninteresting men and a grinning driver.

At the last stop a rumor was current that the school that had been partially promised her at Jackson had employed another teacher, and was now in progress. So to the woes of a long stage ride and the boasting talk of the elk hunters there was the added anxiety of a position already filled.

"You fellows shell out!" came the order; and they shelled. June and the driver offered their pocketbooks, but the robber declined with a shake of his head. One of the mighty hunters was ordered to rifle the mail-sack, which he did with great alacrity, kneeling in the dust in complete humbleness.

As the highwayman was stuffing the wads of bills into his pockets, a brown bear shambled out of the woods toward them. The horses snorted, reared, jerked the driver to the ground and dashed madly down the hill. The wagon went over and crashed against a tree a few rods away, and the free horses tore off down the mountainside.

The men, on being given permission to retire, hurried away to gather up their hunting outfits and search for the horses. The robber disappeared in the forest and June stood alone in the road. Tears of gratitude and despair blinded her eyes. She sat down by the mutilated mail-sack and tried to relieve her irritated mind.

Some one touched her on the shoulder. She looked up. The outlaw, now unmasked, stood beside her holding the reins of his saddle-horse. His face was young and firm and kind.

"You can ride my horse. We'll take a cut through the woods. I can't go all the way, but will take you in sight of the town."

June was only too glad to accept. She had been raised on a small ranch in the West, and did not share the common dread of outlaws.

He led the way over a dim trail to the east for a ways. Then they turned north and descended the long slope toward the valley.

At an open parklike flat on the mountainside they came upon a small bunch of horses. The outlaw concluded he wanted to ride. June sat on a bowlder and watched him rope.

She had seen the science of the lariat demonstrated many times, but this was the first man she had ever seen rope a horse by the neck, then throw a half-hitch over its nose with his own and the other animal on a swift run. This was the height of perfection, in her eyes.

He made a hackamore of the rope and slipped it over the horse's head. Then he helped her to mount and leaped on to the bare back. After a few minutes bucking, they rode off side by side.

"This is rather an exciting life you lead, isn't it?" she asked lightly.

"More exciting than profitable," he smiled.

"You seem to have done very well today."

"There is no such thing as winning at this game any more. This is one game in which the winner loses. In this country, the day for making a stake with a six-shooter has gone never to return. The very best of them—Ed Cassidy, Kid Curry, and many more of them have quit and gone away. If they couldn't make it win, others had better be careful."

"I believe that you couldn't win at most anything," she urged hopefully.

"No, I couldn't. The only trade I know anything about has been fenced out of business. Why, girl, I can't even read and write. All I know is the rope and branding-iron. I let all the good land get away from me. A quarter-section of land always looked as small as a town lot to me, anyway. Now there isn't even that much left."

"Many men have succeeded in business who had no education," June encouraged him.

"Not when they had a price on their heads, though," he returned a little bitterly. "Besides, it would be different

if a fellow had a wife so good that he wanted to make her proud of him."

They were now within plain sight of the village. The afternoon was about gone. The sun was dropping low over the mountains and the shadows of the Tetons were stretching off toward the east.

As they were passing the stage barn at the entrance to the village, a dozen armed men, including the mighty hunters, sallied out and surrounded them.

"That's the man all right!" one of them shouted out. "I recognize the chaps!"

The outlaw said nothing. One of his hands hung close to his gun, and his eyes roved carelessly around as though picking out the six he wanted to kill.

It was a dreadful moment to the girl. A dozen gun-barrels gleamed in as many nervous hands. Death was crouching for the spring.

In another moment many souls would pass from the shadow of the Tetons. She knew that this end was inevitable; that the outlaw would not throw up his hands when ordered.

"Wait!" she cried in time to check the pull of the outlaw's gun. "This man is not the robber. He's just a cowboy who came along and helped me to the town. You don't think the highwayman would have deliberately walked into a trap, do you?"

"He's the man who got my money, all right," one of the hunters persisted. "I can tell him by his clothes."

"Search him and see," another big game man put in.

"Stranger," drawled a tall, bronzed westerner, who gladly put away his own gun, "it's customary in these parts to take a woman's word. We ain't civilized enough yet to dispute ladies."

The two rode on, leaving the tall man to further instruct the hunters in the old ethics of the West to which he seemingly liked to cling. June imagined that the steady eyes of her companion had much to do with this revival in the Westerner's mind. He had probably heard guns bark death before, and concluded that he hadn't lost any outlaws.

At the hotel her companion dismounted, pulled the hackamore from his horse's head and coiled it up.

June swung out of the saddle and offered her hand.

"I never see you again, little girl, except in fancies; for I'm going away to Argentina. Yes, that's the only safe place an outlaw can bury himself nowadays. I never cared for the reward that hangs over my head before, I rather gloried in it. You've done more to make me white than all the courts in the land could do. I'm going to start all over again in a new place with one object—to deserve a good woman's respect.

"Many cowboys have gone there already, and I'll not be a stranger. It's a fine place, they say. The grass never dies there and no fence ever breaks the cowboy's ride. The cattle roam at will, and the herders dream by the laughing waters. And as I ride in that far land where the moon shadows fall toward the south, I'll see your face in the purple dawn, in the glowing midday, and in the blood-red sunset."

She looked from the open window of her room a few minutes later and saw a horseman stop on the crest of a hill a mile or so to the east.

She waved a handkerchief. A hat waved back in reply. Then horse and rider passed on down into the gloom of the gathering night.

## BY NO MEANS NEW DISCOVERY

Ancients Were Well Aware of the Value of Perfumes in Treatment of Diseases.

It was recently announced, as a discovery in medical science, that nausea, after a surgical operation under ether, could be prevented by patients inhaling a favorite perfume. This may be new as a post-operative treatment, but it is an old palliative for travelers afflicted with mal de mer on land or sea, for train sickness is almost as common as seasickness. Numerous "headache colognes" as well as favorite perfumes have been found efficacious as a preventative of nausea at sea. Many travelers find that even the aroma of an orange or lemon helps them over a threatened attack of seasickness. One need not peel or eat the fruit. The desired result can be secured by merely scratching at the skin and thus liberating its aromatic essence.

History states that perfumes were used by the ancients both as medicaments and as instruments of injury, so it would appear again that "there is nothing new under the sun." Certain groups of colognes have peculiar effects; for instance, the fruit essences by blending produce the odor of any fruit. Their use is inhibited by the fact that they irritate the respiratory organs, producing coughing and headaches. Other perfumes have sedative effects, and their use is recommended for nervous people. The employment of perfume as a preventative of nausea would therefore seem to be merely a variation of the principle of using colognes in the treatment of peculiar ailments, with perfume the appeal being made through the sense of smell.

Kathleen Hills in *Leslie's Weekly*.

Going the Limit.

"Drat the luck!" howled the ex-bachelor as his teeth crashed into a case-hardened biscuit.

"Go on," rejoined his wife, sweetly.

"I suppose you are getting ready to say I'll drive you to drink."

"Worse than that, woman," retorted the innocent victim of wife's first attempt.

"You'll drive me to the free lunch counter."

## GERMANS USE SLEIGHS AS AMBULANCES



The Germans are said to be having a hard time in the snowy lands of the eastern theater of war. They use sleighs and sledges as ambulances to convey the wounded to hospitals.

## FIVE-CENT-LOAF FOR TEN CENTS WOULD COST UNITED STATES \$1,375,000,000

Rise in the Price of Wheat Lays a Tax on the People of This Country Which Makes the War Tax Look Small—Increased Demand for Other Cereals Causes a Rise in Their Price, Too—Means "Clover" for the Agriculturist.

New York.—The rise in the price of wheat is laying a tax on the people of the United States which makes the "war tax" of \$100,000,000 look small. The standard "five cent loaf" has gone to six and even seven cents in many cities, and predictions of a ten cent loaf are numerous in responsible quarters.

What does this mean to the American housewife?

George S. Ward, member of a great bread-making concern, figures that Americans consume on the average a barrel of wheat flour a year. From each barrel 275 standard five cent loaves of bread can be baked. For each rise of one cent in the price of the loaf every American must pay \$2.75 a year. The census department figures that the population of the United States passed the 100,000,000 mark some time in January. So each one cent rise in the price of the loaf means a tax on the country of \$275,000,000. A rise from 5 to 10 cents will cost us \$1,375,000,000.

But this will not be the total cost. With the rise in the price of wheat there is an increased demand for other cereals—barley, rye, oats and corn—and these rise in price, too. A further tax is laid on the consumers of rye bread, who are very poor; and it costs more to eat "cornpone" also.

The hogs are fed mostly on corn, and if the farmers' corn is worth more, they will get more for pork and meat prices will rise in consequence. So we are in for an era of high prices; what those who were of mature age in 1861-1865 will remember as the "war prices."

For the farmer it will be "clover." We raised \$91,000,000 bushels of wheat this year and a larger area will be seeded next year. When wheat rises from \$1 to \$1.50 the farmers of the country get \$445,500,000 more without any extra effort, and if prices rise \$1 the vast sum of \$891,000,000 will drift into the farmers' stockings.

## Good Prices for Grain.

In addition, the farmer is getting most gratifying prices for corn, oats and barley—in fact, almost everything except apples, which are plentiful and cheap. This \$445,500,000 which a 50 cent wheat rise brings will buy more than a million substantial automobiles. No wonder the agriculturist breathes an atmosphere of gasoline.

The high prices for wheat are based more on expectation of shortage than actual shortage. Well informed men say that if the European war were speedily terminated it would take at least two years for Europe to get on its old wheat production basis. And there appears no prospect of peace.

Here are the figures showing there is no actual wheat shortage. Exports at the present rate of 8,000,000 bushels a week can continue practically up to the time of harvesting the 1915 crop without depleting the adequate supply of wheat in this country. The United States department of agriculture figures there is an increase of 4,100,000 acres in the amount of winter wheat planted for harvesting this year. The weather has been good for winter wheat and last year's enormous yield of 19 bushels an acre may well be exceeded.

Figuring conservatively on a 15 bushel yield, however, \$1,500,000 additional bushels of winter wheat alone should be harvested this year. Crop experts say that with average good fortune the spring wheat yield should be increased 40,000,000 bushels. The total for 1915 should be 1,000,000,000 bushels, or 100,000,000 more than last year's record crop.

This is enough to supply America and furnish a surplus of about 416,000,000 bushels for export.

Government computations show last year's crop was \$91,017,000 bushels, which, with a surplus of 77,000,000

bushels from 1913 gives a total available supply of 960,000,000 bushels. It takes five bushels of wheat for a barrel of flour, so the consumption is 500,000,000 bushels. Then 84,000,000 bushels are needed for seed, making total requirements of 584,000,000 bushels. Thus this year we had 316,000,000 bushels available for export.

## Surplus Not Exhausted.

Since July 1, 1914, at the end of which month the war started, the United States had exported 208,000,000 bushels of wheat up to February 1. Thus 108,000,000 bushels are left for Europe. Some statisticians make the amount 144,000,000. Taking the lower figure, if we export at the rate of 8,000,000 bushels a week, the surplus will not be exhausted until some time in May.

This computation is very interesting and is used by many persons as basis for an argument that the prices of wheat are fictitious and based on some sort of a conspiracy. But it is to be remembered that the whole idea of production is to anticipate future shortages; and a world shortage seems probable, despite the bright prospects this holds out for the United States farmers.

The Italian government has been buying heavily at Chicago, it is known, and many believe other European states are directly responsible for much of the spectacular rise. The French and English fleets have not yet been able to force the Dardanelles, and 150,000,000 bushels of Russian wheat stay tied up in Black sea ports. Russia is unable to ship this food to her allies of the West, France and Great Britain.

If the United States chose to keep all her wheat for herself, prices would be very low in this country, certainly below \$1 at Chicago and quite probably 75 or 50 cents, which would mean bankruptcy for the farmers.

In many sections of the country, however, sentiment is growing for an embargo act. There is the precedent of the war of 1812 for this. Then an embargo was laid on the exportation of all foodstuffs in order to try to starve out Great Britain, then our enemy. Officials of the department of justice at Washington say that the right to do this exists in congress under the federal Constitution.

Several senators and representatives have declared themselves in favor of limiting the export of wheat, among them Representative Farr of Pennsylvania, who favors a partial embargo on the export of wheat and flour because he believes the standard loaf will go to eight and then ten cents in price before two months more of the great war have passed.

## Advocate an Embargo.

Another strong exponent of an embargo is Mrs. Julian Heath of New York city, president of the Housewives' league, which represents 1,000,000 American women. Mrs. Heath says that the Housewives' league has realized for some time that increased prices for bread were inevitable and has been sending notice to its members to make no effort to attack the bakers, because the latter are not responsible, but are forced to charge more because their flour costs them more.

"The average housewife would do well to learn more of the use of cornmeal," says Mrs. Heath. "The price of cornmeal has not gone up to any appreciable extent as yet, and, even though it did go up, it would remain a cheap and very nutritious food, and could be made to take the place of a part at least of the weekly bread supply needed by a family."

Another measure of relief which is widely advocated in the closing of the produce exchanges. Many believe

this would end speculation and would cause the price to rise much more slowly.

Every telegram from Chicago has a new tale of fortunes made by the traders in wheat. "Killings" unequalled for many years are reported. Joseph Leiter, famous for his attempted corner of 1898, is again "in the market" and is said to have made \$500,000 already, with prospects of much more. He bought heavily when wheat was around \$1.28, May option, in Chicago. C. B. Livermore, a New York stock trader, has turned to wheat this winter and made great winnings, it is said, and C. W. Partridge, a Chicago merchant, has amassed a comfortable fortune. A. J. Lichstern and John Barratt are others who have profited exceedingly. These successful traders have believed firmly from the first that the great war meant high prices for grain. They have history to back them. During the American revolution wheat selling at 93 cents in 1776 gradually rose to \$3 a bushel. High prices continued because of the Napoleonic wars in Europe. When the Crimean war broke out wheat went into a kiting. It had been 38 cents in 1854 and by 1855 it was \$1.85. Wheat was 62 cents in 1861 and it climbed to \$2.85 in 1867. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871 saw prices go from 74 cents to \$1.60 and then crash to 92 cents.

In 1876, when the Russo-Turkish war began, wheat brought 83 cents. It went to \$1.76 and broke to 77 cents when peace was concluded. In the course of the Russo-Japanese struggle of 1904-1905 wheat went to \$1.21 and then slumped to 69 cents in 1906.

## AT LAST THE RABBIT CAT

They Hop Like a Rabbit and Their Cry is Something Like a Cat's.

Bay Minette, Ala.—Two freak kittens belonging to the home of John Mann who resides a short distance west of this place, are attracting considerable attention. The kittens have many characteristics of the rabbit and appear to be a cross between a cat and a rabbit. They have front feet