



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold-up of a stage coach, with the driver, a press box in stolen before the bandits are scared off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden threaten a purchase of a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Croly, old-time partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintanceship with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a crime wave, which the marshal seems to overlook, Handy, in his newspaper demands a clean-up.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

I read; and I realized that Marcus had outdone himself. His literary faults and merits alike were, as a usual thing, those of the old-time mining-camp editor. He overladen his thought with words and figures of speech; he wrote in stock phrases. But this editorial was simple, explicit, as forceful and as straight to the point as a pistol shot. It recited, with the Curtis affair as a text, the present state of Cottonwood camps—holdups, robberies, brute fero cities and all. "Where are our schools?" It inquired. "Where is our fire protection? Does any sensible man doubt that a single fire in the heart of town would sweep Cottonwood off the map? Where is our provision for public health? The back alley of Main street smells as loud as our municipal morals. Where, above everything, is our protection against crime? Do the present authorities really want to suppress our epidemic of holdups and highway robberies? Have we here the greatest camp in the Rocky mountains?" The editorial trailed off into the gloom and possibilities of Cottonwood, and ended with a demand for a municipal government—"to replace the existing regime of weak, inefficient bluff."

I looked up from my reading, and my eyes must have told Marcus what I thought.

"It's the Rubicon, I guess," said Marcus; "may get me killed in the next twenty-four hours." And here, as though the weight had begun to lift from his spirits, he became his normal, dramatic self.

"Don't give a d—n if I do die," he chuckled. "By G—d, the sooner they kill me, the sooner we'll clean up Cottonwood."

I no longer concealed from myself that I loved Constance Deane, loved her with every kind of warm emotion that a man can hold toward a woman, but mostly—so young was I—as a devotee loves his saint. Like one who sinks by imperceptible degrees under a narcotic, I passed gradually into this torturing yet agreeable madness. And, like a madman, I fought the ether. According to the ethics upon which I had been reared, to love a married woman was a thing so genteel person so much as contemplated. When it happened—I had heard rumors of cases—only a whispering of the news to his intimates in the shocked tone with which one mentions hideous vices. For all our repressed exterior, we were a romantic lot in the circles of my origin, resolutely shutting our minds to such facts of life and lessons of experience as did not fit the picture we found in our sugary fiction. Somewhere there waited for you the One Being. Destiny would bring her down a flowery path to you. Of course, she would be unmarried; it was always arranged that way. There were soft passages at which the sickly imagination of youth grew sweetly faint. Then you were married. And afterward—but imagination halted there. Marriage did not come within the scheme of romance.

I first looked at the facts of this sentimental entanglement—ah, as round the edge of a door—when I had been for less than a week a boarder at Mrs. Barnaby's.

The presence of Mrs. Deane at that board had worked according to the shrewd Jim Huffaker's prophecy. Herself unconscious, she was bait to Mrs. Barnaby's fishing. Within two days, Mrs. Barnaby took no more transients. At twelve dollars a week—runous rates for those days—she filled her table with permanent guests. Even could she boast that she shared with Jim Huffaker "the best patronage in camp." As Jim drew the kind of man who in settled communities goes in for clubs, so we gathered up those with inhibited desire for the comfort and society of decent women. Hutchins, a dapper clerk at the bank, Michigan, chief owner in one of the most promising claims, Selden, the assayer, Barton, the mining broker, old Pop Eldridge, agent for the stage company—these, probably because they gave me most reason for incipient jealousy, remain most vivid in my memory. Mrs. Barnaby, it appeared, sternly erased from her waiting list

all other women than Mrs. Deane. Though, indeed, women of the class which any respectable boarding house would receive applied but rarely. So all threads of conversation at the table ran together, knotted themselves. In the person of Mrs. Deane, she had the gift of drawing confidence; her very reserve, backed as it was by a sense of vivid sympathy, seemed to spur the confessor on. When I think of her as she was in that rosy dawn of a stormy morning, I see her always as she sat at the head of Mrs. Barnaby's table, the lamplight drawing flecks of gold from the curl of golden-brown hair which tumbled across her shoulder, throwing from her brows shadows that could not veil the blue glint of her eyes, blurring to mystery the quick, whimsical expressions of her mouth. I hear her laughter running its gamut like a flute; the delicious pause and drip of her voice when she hesitated between syllables. And then over that vision rises always the vulgar, invidious glitter of Sam Barton.

My dawning jealousy could find in the conduct of the rest no flaw to criticize. Never had queen more respect, never saint more reverence, than she from this tiny court of hers—all except Barton. He glinted, did Sam Barton—his diamond studs and rings, his heavy watch chain, even his too perfect teeth. Most of his profession and kind took meals at Jim Huffaker's, where passed all the gossip of the camp. In his presence at Mrs. Barnaby's I read a sinister meaning. When he looked at Mrs. Deane, his expression, as I defined it to myself, became sinister, oily, insinuating. Of course, I exaggerated. Still, reviewing Sam Barton after the intervening years, I cannot say that it was all imagination. He alone plied Mrs. Deane with open compliment; he alone sometimes introduced ideas considered in that time wholly inappropriate to the hearing of a lady. Which always caused a moment of embarrassed chill about Mrs. Barnaby's dinner table; a silence broken only when Mrs. Deane adroitly turned the subject.

"There's going to be an assembly hall," I announced one evening, as having got the floor, I retailed camp news.

"Guess I'll have to put on a clean collar and take Mrs. Deane! There, boys, got my bid in first!" said Pop Eldridge hastily.

"Aw, no fair—if you tried to dance at your age, you'd look plumb unseemly!" put in Selden.

"Guess I'll need an assistant," said Pop Eldridge. "In case Mrs. Deane gives me the contract. Boys, why don't we all take her?"

The one exclamatory "Sure!" exploded like a bunch of firecrackers round the table.

"It's selfish of me," said Mrs. Deane, "but you gentlemen have tempted me beyond my strength. I accept; it's understood, though, that Mr. Eldridge is head escort. So I'll go with you all—you, Mr. Michelson, and you, Mr. Selden—and you, Mr. Gilson—" Here she paused.

"I'm afraid I'll have to forego the pleasure," I said, trying to keep out of my voice the sickness I felt. "But I must drop in to report it." I added, exerting my self-control, "and if I may have the pleasure of one dance—"

But on the night of the ball, having seen Mrs. Deane at dinner with her hair newly curled for the event, having lived through a scattering fire of persiflage which turned me sick of soul, I sulked again. I told myself, as I walked furiously back to the Courier, that the ball could go hang; all the while knowing perfectly that I was lying to myself. And at about ten o'clock of an especially busy evening, I dropped a murder story half written and took the trail to Old Fellows' hall.

Couples were waiting furiously through the mist raised by their feet from a dusty, soft-pine floor. Two reflector lamps illuminated a background of pathetically sparse evergreen decorations tied up with tiny and sleazy American flags; in the corner, an orchestra of guitars and violins twanged drearily. Out of the crowd emerged Constance Deane, waiting. She was in blue brocade, a dress simple for those days. The throat opened in a lace-edged square to show a bosom full, yet virginal. . . . I caught my breath. When I was aware that Barton held her in his arms, held her all too close for current ideas on dancing. He was looking down on her with what I described to myself as his vulgar, insinuating smile. A surge of blood struck with the force of a tidal wave the base of my skull. I could have killed Barton. I hated him because—I loved Constance Deane. It was ridiculous, unprecedented, even disgraceful. But I loved Constance Deane. I loved. . . .

Now half a dozen men arrayed in every description of evening dress, swallow-tails to blue reefer jackets, surrounded her. Impulsively, I started to the group to claim my dance; but impulsively, I turned, left the hall, and went to the Courier. I could not bear in that moment to see anyone else so much as rest a hand upon her arm. I was jealous of Barton, jealous of the whole world, jealous beyond all things of that wedding ring.

But lying awake that night with the whoops, the rattle, the music of Cottonwood flowing in discordant waves through the chinks of our cabin, I spawned a rosy hope which became, as my stimulated imagination played upon it, a reality. Widows also wear wedding rings. I had even read in

stories of maidens going to far, perilous places, who assumed for protection the title and symbol of marriage. That was it; that must be it; I could float away now on the enchanted river of my dreams.

It did not seem so plausible when I woke early—for me next morning, with the brilliant mountain light streaming through my window. I must know. An hour ahead of the dinner time which was my breakfast, I went over to Mrs. Barnaby's and to that tent where Mrs. Deane lodged.

She came at my call through the flap, faced me with no halt or embarrassment of manner, not even the touch of an emotion like fear. And I realized it was not going to be so easy.

"I saw you at the ball last night," she began. "It was most interesting! Though I must admit I'm tired this morning. You wild Westerners are energetic dancers, Mr. Gilson." "Why didn't you claim your dance?"

I forced a laugh. "I noticed you dancing with Barton. You seemed to be enjoying yourself." I said; and my ill-natured mood must have shown through these simple words. For Mrs. Deane's head came up straight, and her eyes became for a moment, serious. Then they twinkled.

"Barton at least has enterprise," she said. "You mean—if I'd had the enterprise—" I began. But her laugh cut me off.

"You are to be punished by not understanding what I mean!" she said. "I think if I gave you the chance, you'd be very naughty!"

The charm of her was creeping over me again like a spell. "It's an hour yet before my breakfast and your dinner," I said. "Will you suspend sentence long enough to go with me for a walk? That is—if you have nothing better to do."

Mrs. Deane hesitated just a moment. "I never have anything really urgent to do just now," she replied. "Wait until I get into my things, won't you?" There were suggestive feminine rustlings within the tent before she emerged, a little bonnet crowning with blue flowers the glory of her hair, her fingers fluttering like a flock of lovebirds over the business of putting on her gloves.

Up from the hill where Cottonwood was building its residence district ran a shallow gulch wherein no miner



Out of the Crowd Emerged Constance Deane, Waiting.

had as yet found sign of ore, no lumberman a tree large enough to be worth cutting. Even the little brook which had gouted it out from the hills ran unpolluted, heavenly-clean, over entanglements of fern and water-cress. Toward this, as by common impulse of youth and holiday, we turned. She was walking at my right hand; the single great, coiled curl in which her hair was dressed that morning fell over her left shoulder. It gave out a faint perfume, which sent my blood beating; so that I could not trust my voice. A little shelf of rock guarded the approaches to the trail up the gulch. As I helped her across it, I felt that my own hand, at the warmth radiating through her glove, at the soft, yet firm grasp of her fingers, was trembling. She too must have perceived that; for suddenly she withdrew her hand and slipped lightly down into the trail. The very embarrassment of this pulled me together. I controlled my voice and clutched at the first commonplace which popped into my mind.

"Mrs. Taylor was asking about you last night. She was very enthusiastic—called you a radiant creature or something like that. I think Mrs. Taylor is preparing to call. You'll become at once a member of the elite, associate with the wives of the mining engineers."

"A dazzling prospect, certainly!" exclaimed Mrs. Deane. Then suddenly the laughter died from her eyes. "Did Mrs. Taylor tell you she was going to call?" she asked, her voice a trifle muffled.

"Oh, no! That was merely my inference. Only I can see that you're elected. Mrs. Taylor is the outward and visible sign—like an accolade or a royal proclamation."

"If she says anything about that to you, discourage it," Mrs. Deane had slackened her pace. "I'm not sure I wish to belong to the camp aristocracy—there are so many other interesting things here, after all—and I may not stay long enough to make it worth while."

"Then you're going soon?" I exclaimed; and my voice, in spite of my will, was sharp.

"That depends on many things. Oh, I must have some of those daisies!" replied Mrs. Deane. I knew perfectly that she was changing the subject deliberately, and that I was rebuffed. She had dropped on one knee at a bed where mountain asters, pink and blue, fringed the stream. I knelt beside her; we picked two double handbells, fringed them with fern from the bunchy bouquets being then the fashion in flowers—with wisps of dandelion stalk.

When our bouquet was done, she asked for the time, found that it lacked but ten minutes of the dinner hour at Mrs. Barnaby's. We stood by

the flap door of her tent now, and the question I had come to ask her had been parried. I could not face the next twenty-four hours without some satisfaction of my inflamed curiosity.

"Did you say you might be going away soon?" I asked.

"Perhaps."

Then I blundered boldly toward the heart of the subject.

"When Mr. Deane comes for you?" She was laying her hand on the tent flap. It stopped, frozen, and she shot out one quick glance before she answered:

"Call it that if you wish."

Already convicted in her eyes of impertinence and curiosity, I might as well have begged for an old sheep as a lamb. So I pursued the subject.

"There is a Mr. Deane, then—a living Mr. Deane?"

"Yes. Do I seem like a widow?" she asked rather sharply, and was gone inside the tent.

Yet when ten minutes later she entered the dining room and took her accustomed seat, her manner toward me had neither warmed nor chilled. It was a crumb of comfort to perceive that if she had changed toward anyone, it was Barton. Somehow, she broke that day his monopoly of conversation; the more readily as Barton showed less than his usual disposition to converse. He boarded out his week with Mrs. Barnaby, and was seen among us no more. I suspected then what a dramatic revelation afterward confirmed—that he had taken too much for granted the night before. So exit Barton from the board; only a pawn in the game fate was playing with me, but a pawn whose single move had served—and was to serve again.

She was married. Constance Deane was married. I tried, as I walked downtown, to resolve that I would move from Mrs. Barnaby's and never see her again, and, even while making this resolution, knew that I was deceiving myself.

CHAPTER VIII

I looked up through the hazy but brilliant light thrown by the edge of the mountain shadow—for it was late afternoon and already sunset in that gulch. The trail, as it wound its sinuous course upward toward Forty-Rod, curved round a castle-like shoulder of striated rock and crossed a hillside. A moment visible as a black patch against the electric-blue sky, in a moment hidden by a little hogback of intervening rock, appeared a horse at a slow walk. He bore a side-saddle; the rider was a woman. Just as she disappeared, she leaned forward, laid her hand on the horse's neck as though steadying herself for the descent or arranging something at the pommel.

In a world of women, I could never mistake that motion. It was Mrs. Deane. She was coming down the trail; I should encounter her, ride with her! The mere fire story which was taking me to Forty-Rod might go hang. I kept my own horse at a walk, prolonging the delicious anticipation.

Her horse's head emerged above the gray barrier of rock. She had dropped the reins on his neck; as he walked, he was cropping at the bushes by the roadside. She still leaned forward, her hands resting on the pommel. Resting—my, clutching. We were so near now that my horse stopped because hers was blocking the trail. And looking straight at me, through me, was the face of a Constance Deane which I had never seen before. Those blue eyes were set and hard, yet abashed. It was as though she were sleep-walking toward some challenging, repulsive vision. The lines of her face were all fallen, the corner of her expressive mouth drawn downward. Misery or hate or anger—whatever this emotion was—it held her with devastating, overpowering force. All this I saw in a wink of an eye before my rather independent little roan plunged forward and nipped at the intruder in his path. At that awakening motion, she gave a hysterical start, so violent that she bent backward over the cattle of her saddle; she stared at me with round, terrified eyes, and mouth. Then, before I could utter a word of reassurance, she dismounted in one swift motion, stood in the roadway, gripping a horn of her side-saddle with both hands. And the terror was still upon her face.

I dismounted in turn; stood facing her there in the road.

"What is the matter—are you ill?" I asked.

Something of the normal Constance Deane began to come back into her face. It lightened now; but yet I felt that her smile was forced.

"No—you frightened me coming upon me so suddenly," she said. Then the smile went, driven away by a tense expression. She stared at me a moment before she asked with a catch in her voice:

"Why did you—are you—following me?"

"Why should I follow you? You said I might not ride with you." I replied, at a moment plucked; yet taking since the defensive as a man always will with the woman he loves.

"Yes," breathed Constance Deane. And what she meant by that simple monosyllable I could not tell, except that it expressed pain. She straightened up, took hold of the saddle as though to mount. Instinctively, I stepped forward to help her. She turned, laid her hand on my outstretched arm, trying weakly, it seemed, to fend me away. And it was as though that light touch pulled a trigger which had been restraining an explosion of passion. I did the thing which, one minute before, I would have thought impossible.

"Constance!" I said. "Constance!" I had never called by that name before. And I took her into my arms, at once the defensive against me. She lay for a moment inert in my embrace. Then her hands dropped from the saddle, went round my shoulders. And I kissed her—long, long, in ecstasy.

Is Gilson getting into deep water? What will happen when Mr. Deane puts in his appearance?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Avoid Injecting Serum Into Hams

Veterinarians Urged to Be Careful in Immunizing Against Cholera.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Veterinarians and others are cautioned by the United States Department of Agriculture against injecting serum and virus into the hams when immunizing hogs against cholera.

Frequently infectious material is carried into the ham by a contaminated hypodermic needle and damage results through the formation of abscesses at the point of the injection. When such abscesses are discovered at the packing house they are condemned as unfit for food, but in some instances the abscesses are so deep-seated in the meat that they cannot be detected at the time the hams are trimmed and inspected preparatory to curing. Instances have been reported where the presence of such abscesses was not revealed until after the ham had reached the consumer.

Heavy Loss to Packers.

In July, 1923, the Department of Agriculture called to the attention of those who administer the anti-hog cholera treatment the heavy losses to packers through this sort of damage. A case was cited where abscesses were found in 40 out of 110 hams as the result of ham injections of serum. There has been a marked improvement since 1923, but recent reports indicate that some operators continue the old damaging practice.

More Suitable Places.

Immunization can be accomplished just as effectively when the serum is injected into the axillary space under the shoulder (corresponding to the armpit in man), where no damage will result should an abscess form. The same applies when the virus is injected under the skin at any place where the conditions are favorable for absorption. Losses can be avoided if hog raisers will refuse to allow either serum or virus to be injected into the hams when their hogs are being immunized against cholera.

Orchard Requires Care

to Return Good Profit

"Environment and man must co-operate to produce fruit," says Prof. R. J. Barnett of the horticulture department of the Kansas State Agricultural college, and many men would fail as fruit growers even if placed in the Garden of Eden as once befell one of our eminent ancestors.

The home orchard of Kansas has, between the years 1910 and 1920, practically disappeared. Professor Barnett attributes this to diminishing soil fertility, drought, failure to conserve soil moisture as was available, and attacks of pests. Kansas, once a state producing a surplus of apples, must now depend on other states for a portion of its supply. The question is, could the home orchard be brought back, and would it be profitable? Professor Barnett answers "yes," but he accompanies his answer with a great many "ifs."

Pails With Small Tops Preferred for Milking

The ordinary milk pail is usually about ten inches high, much wider at the top than at the bottom and holds from twelve to sixteen quarts. An exceptionally well arranged vessel for catching all the foreign matter that may fall from the cow's udder, flanks or belly. Intelligent farmers and dairymen are abandoning the old time pails for the more sanitary small top pails. Pails with small openings in the top reduce the bacterial content approximately 50 per cent. Such pails are not expensive and will last as long as the old style. All milk vessels should be of good material, well tinned and have all the crevices well filled with solder. It is quite difficult or almost impossible to thoroughly clean and sterilize a milk vessel that has deep crevices along the seams.

Farm Hints

The loss to farmers from infertile eggs is more than \$15,000,000 each summer.

Sudan grass is an excellent hay crop and a few acres should be planted on every farm.

Horses aren't human but they get thirsty and overheated in hot weather just the same.

A cow cannot eat enough pasture grass to supply nutriment for 25 pounds of milk.

At this time of the year some of the dairy feeds can be bought very reasonably. It might be wise to make a dairy budget.

Cattle on pasture need to be salted regularly.

Cost accounts point the way to the most profitable pursuits and throw the spotlight on the doubtful ones.

Dairy farming conserves fertility as about three-fourths of the fertilizing elements found in a dairy cow's feed are voided in the solid and liquid manure.

This is the proper time of the year for all shepherds to dip their flocks for ticks or lice. If sheep are not dipped it means the feeding of high-priced grain to ticks.

Do not feed poultry sour milk or buttermilk in metal containers, as the acid in the milk acts on them to form a poison, fatal to chicks. New galvanized iron utensils are particularly bad.

The New York state college of agriculture at Ithaca, has a new bulletin on the Bang abortion disease in cattle. It is of interest to every dairyman, and anyone can have a copy who will ask for B 137.



CAP AND BELLS

WHAT HE LOOKED FOR

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?"

"Excellent. Some of the best people in town live in this section."

"That may be, but what I want to know is: Can they afford to have things that we can't afford? I'm tired of keeping up with other people; I want to try living somewhere where I shall set the pace."—Toronto Globe.

NOTHING BUT SPACE



Friend—What is your son taking up in college this year?

Dad (disgustedly)—Space, nothing but space!

Not That It Matters—

I can say truthfully—I've never seen a girl Who chewed gum gracefully.

Doesn't Last

"What became of the scheme to stamp the date on eggs before they were put into cold storage?" asked Fogey. "I haven't seen a stamped egg for five years."

"No," said Grouch. "The ink fades six or seven years after it is stamped on the egg."—Public Service Magazine.

The Way Today

"I don't like these newfangled doctors."

"Now?"

"Now. Went to one the other day and I had to tell my symptoms to a sassy-looking girl at a desk. And she put 'em down just like you'd take down a grocery order."

Driller by Birth

"Have you been a dentist very long?"

"No, I was a riveter till I got too nervous to work up high."

Tonnage

"You buy old paper in quantities?"

"Yes."

"What am I bid for a telephone directory and a mail-order catalogue?"

Doesn't Follow

"Strange that with your liking for the fair sex you never married."

"Oh, I don't know. A man may love flowers and not care to be a gardener."

AN ELECTRICAL DIALOGUE

Bert—I'm a live wire.

Bess—I'm shocked.

Refused to Climb

Mary drove her little fiver "Neath green trees and sunny skies. Her car refused to climb a pole. That's why she's now in such a hole.

Appropriate

Laura—Could you suggest something suitable for a girl's birthday?

Clerk—How about these book ends?

Laura—Just the thing! She always reads the ends before she does the beginnings.

She Married Well

"Did Liza Jane get a good man when she married down in Memphis?"

"She did! Ma'ied him right 'outen de jailhouse. He didn't have no time 't git in no trouble."

Fatal!

Davenport—You say you were married by accident? How did that happen?

Clark—I got a cinder in my eye when on the train, and the woman across the aisle thought I was winking at her.

Chaff Before Dinner

"Waiter, I've been thinking of you a long time."

"Yes, sir?"

"Ever since I gave you my order."

Didn't Pass Fast Enough

Joyce—Tom used to boast that his love for pretty girls was just a passing fancy, but I hear he's married now.

Jack—Yes, he lingered too long in passing the last one—Stray Stories.

His Status

Man (to young clerk behind counter)—Are you the head of this business?

Clerk (who is the grocer's son)—No, I'm not the heir of the head.

QUEEN VICTORIA LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Two Famous Women Born the Same Year

In the year 1819, two babies were born whose lives were destined to have influence. One was

born in a stern castle of Old England, the other in a humble farmhouse in New England.

Queen Victoria through her wisdom and kindness during a long and prosperous reign has become enthroned in the hearts of the

British people. Lydia E. Pinkham through the merit of her Vegetable Compound has made her name a household word in many American homes.

One of the many women who praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Mrs. Adolph Bratke of 4316 South 13th St., South Omaha, Neb.,