THE SPOILERS

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

She looked up at him, embarrassed, and stepped back across the narrow trail, her head down again, so that he was free to pass. But instead of passing, she became aware that he had dismounted.

When she looked up, he was busily engaged in adjusting something about his saddle, with an expression of deepest concern in his blue eyes. His hat was on the ground and his yellow hair glistened where the band had pressed it about his head.

"It's that latigo strap," he remarked, in a tone of some annoyance. "I've had to fix it every five miles since I left Kanab!" Then looking up at her with a friendly smile: "Dandy most stepped on you, I reckon."

The amazement of it was that, after her first flurry at the sound of his voice and his half-seen movements up the trail, it should now seem all so commonplace.

"Oh, no, I was well out of his way."

She started again to cross the trail, stepping quickly, with her eyes down, but again his voice came, less deliberate this time, and with words in something less than intelligible sequence.

"Excuse me, Miss—but—now how many miles to—what's the name of the nearest settlement—I suppose you live hereabouts?"

"What did you say?"

"I say is there any place where I could get to stop a day or so in Amalon?"

"Oh—I didn't understand—I think so; at least, my father sometimes—but there's Elder Wardle, he often takes in travellers."

"You say your father—"

"Not always—I don't know, I'm sure—" she looked doubtful.

"Oh, all right! I'll ask him,—if you'll show me his place."

"It's the first place on the left after you leave the canyon—with the big peach orchard—I'm not going home just yet."

He stroked the muzzle of the horse.

"Oh, I'm in no hurry, I'm just looking over the country a little. Your father's name is—"

"Ask for Elder Rae—or one of his wives will say if they can keep you over night."

She caught something new in his glance, and felt the blood in her face.

"I must go now—you can find your way—I must go."

"Well, if you must go,"—he picked up his hat,—"but I'll see you again. You'll be coming home this evening, I reckon?"

"The first house on the left," she answered, and stepped once more across the trail and into the edge of the pines.

When she knew he must be gone, she came out again to her nook beside the stream where, a moment before, her dream had filled her. But now, though nothing had happened beyond the riding by of a strange youth, the dream no longer sufficed. In place of the moonlit balcony was the figure of this young stranger swaying with his horse down between the hollowed shoulders of the Pine mountains and reining up suddenly to sweep his broad hat low in front of her. She was surprised by the clearness with which she could recall the details of his appearance,—a boyish-looking fellow, with wide-open blue eyes and a sunbrowned face under his yellow hair, the smallest of moustaches, and a smile of such winning goodhumor that it had seemed to force her own lips apart in answer.

The picture of him stayed in her mind, the sturdy young figure,—rather loose-jointed but with an easy grace of movement,—and the engaging naturalness of his manner. But after all nothing had happened save the passing of a stranger, and she must go alone back to her dream. Yet now the dream might change; a strange youth might come riding out of the east, sitting a sorrel horse with a star and a white hind ankle, a long range neck and strong quarters; and he—the youth—would wear a broad, gray hat, with a band of silver filigree, a scarlet kerchief at his throat, a scarlet sash at his waist, and yellow dogskin "chaps."

Still, she thought, he could hardly have a place in the dream. The real youth of the dream had been of an unearthly beauty, with a rose-leaf complexion and lustrous curls massed above a brow of marble. The stranger had not been of an unearthly beauty. To be sure, he was very good to look at, with his wide-open blue eyes and his yellow hair, and he had appeared uncommonly fresh and clean about the mouth when he smiled at her. But she could not picture him sighing the right words of love under a balcony in the moonlight. He had looked to be too intensely business-like.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Gentile Invasion.

When she came across the fields late in the afternoon, the strange youth's horse was picketed where the bunch-grass grew high, and the young man himself talked with her father by the corral bars. She had never realized how old her father was, how weak, and small, and beaten, until she saw him beside this erect young fellow. Her heart went out to the older man with a new sympathy as she saw his feebleness so sharply in relief against the well-blooded, hard-muscled vigor of the younger. When she would have passed them, her father called to her.

"Prudence, this is Mr. Ruel Follett. He will stay with us to-night."

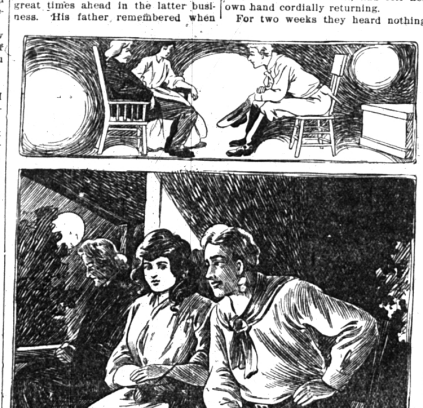
The sombrero was off again and she felt the blue eyes seeking hers, though she could not look up from the ground when she had given her little bow. She heard him say:

"I already met your daughter, sir, at the mouth of the canyon."

She went on toward the house, hearing them resume their talk, the stranger saying, "That horse can sure carry all the weight you want to put on him and step away good; he'll do it right at both ends, too—Dandy will—and he's got a mighty tasty lope."

At supper and afterwards Mr. Follett talked freely of himself, or seemed to. He was from the high plains and the short-grass country, wherever that might be—to the east and south she gathered. He had grown up in that country, working for his father, who had been an overland freighter, until the day the railroad tracks were joined at Promontory. He, himself, had watched the gold and silver spikes driven into the tie of California mahogany two years before; and then, though they still kept a few wagon-trains moving to the mining camps north and south of the railroad, they had looked for other occupations.

Now their attention was chiefly devoted to mines and cattle. There were great times ahead in the latter business. His father remembered when



He Paused to Take One of the Long Revolvers from Its Holster, Laying It Across His Lap.

they had killed cattle for their hides and tallow, leaving the meat to the coyotes; but now, each spring, a dozen men like himself, under a herd boss, would drive 5,000 head to Leavenworth, putting them through ten or 12 miles a day over the Abilene trail, keeping them fat and getting good prices for them. There was plenty of room for the business. "Over yonder across the hills," as Mr. Follett put it, there was a herding ground 400 miles wide east and west, and a thousand miles north and south, covered with buffalo grass, especially toward the north, that made good stock feed the year around. He, himself, had, in winter, followed a herd that drifted from Montana to Texas; and in summer he had twice ranged from Corpus Christi to Deadwood.

Down in the Panhandle they were getting control of a ranch that would cover 5,000 square miles, and some day they would have every one of its 3,000,000 acres enclosed with a stout wire fence. It would be a big ranch, bigger than the whole state of Connecticut—bigger than Delaware and Rhode Island "lumped together," he had been told. Here they would have the "C lazy C" brand on probably a hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle. He thought the business would settle down to this conservative basis with the loose ends of it pulled together; with closer attention paid to branding, for one thing; branding the calves, so they would no longer have to rope a full-grown steer, and tie it with a scarf such as he wore about his waist.

But they were also working some placer claims up around Helena, and developing a quartz prospect over at Carson City. And the freighting was by no means "played out." He, himself, had driven a six-mule team with one line over the Santa Fe trail, and might have to do it again. The resources of the west were not exhausted, whatever they might say. A man with a head on him would be able to make a good living there for some years to come.

Both father and daughter found him an agreeable young man in spite of his being an alien from the Commonwealth of Israel. He remained with them three days looking over the country about Amalon, talking with its people and making himself at least not an object of suspicion and aversion, as the casual Gentile was apt to be. Prudence found herself usually at ease with him; he was so wholly likable and unassuming. Yet at times he seemed strangely mature and reserved to her, so that she was just a little awed.

He told her in their evenings many wonder-tales of that outside world where the wicked Gentiles lived; of populous cities on the western edge of it, and of vast throngs that crowded the interior clear over to the Atlantic ocean. She had never realized before what a small handful of people the Lord had set His hand to save, and what vast numbers He had made with hearts that should be hardened to the glorious articles of the new covenant.

When he left he told them he was making a little trip through the settlements to the north, possibly as far as Cedar City. He did not know how long he would be gone, but if nothing prevented he might be back that way. He shook hands with them both at parting, and though he spoke so vaguely about a return, his eyes seemed to tell Prudence that he would like very much to come. He had talked freely about everything but the precise nature of his errand in the valley.

In her walks to the canyon she thought much of him when he had gone. She could not put his face into the dream because he was too real and immanent. He and the dream would not blend, even though she had decided that his fresh-cheeked, clear-eyed face, with its clean smile and the yellow hair above it was almost better to look at than the face of the youth in the play. It was not so impalpable; it satisfied. So she mused about them alternately, the dream and the Gentile—taking perhaps a warmer interest in the latter for his aliveness, for the grasp of his hand at parting, which she, with astonishment, had felt her own hand cordially returning.

For two weeks they heard nothing of the wandering Gentile, and Prudence had begun to wonder if she would ever see him again; also to wonder why an uncertainty in the matter should seem to be of importance.

But one evening early in June they saw him walking up in the dusk, the light sombrero, the scarlet kerchief against the blue woollen shirt, the holster with its heavy Colt's revolver at either hip, the easy moving figure, and the strong, yet boyish face.

He greeted them pleasantly, though, the girl thought, with some restraint. She could not hear it in his words, but she felt it in his manner, something suppressed and deeply hidden. They asked where his horse was and he replied with a curious air of embarrassment.

"Well, you see, I may be obliged to stop around here a quite some while, so I put up with this man Wardle—not wanting to impose upon you all—and thanking you very kindly, and not wishing to intrude—so I just came to say 'howdy' to you."

They expressed regret that he had not returned to them, Joel Rae urging him to reconsider; but he declined politely, showing a desire to talk of other things.

Then he spoke of adventures with the Indians while freighting over the Santa Fe trail, and of what a fine man his father, Ezra Calkins, was. It was the first time he had mentioned the name and her ear caught it at once.

"Your father's name is Calkins?"

"Yes—I'm only an adopted son."

Unconsciously she had been letting her voice fall low, making their chat more confidential. She awoke to this now and to the fact that he had done the same, by noting that he raised his voice at this time with a casual glance past her to where her father sat.

"Yes—you see my own father and mother were killed when I was eight years old, and the people that murdered them tried to kill me too, but I was a spry little tike and give them the slip. It was a bad country, and I like to have died, only there was a band of Navajos out trading ponies, and one morning, after I'd been alone all night, they picked me up and took care of me. I was pretty near gone, what with being scared and everything, but they nursed me careful. They took me away off to the south and kept me about a year, and then one time they took me with them when they worked up north on a buffalo hunt. It was at Walnut creek on the big bend of the Arkansas that they met Ezra Calkins coming along with one of his trains and he bought me of those Navajos. I remember he gave 50 silver dollars for me to the chief. Well, when I told him all that I could remember about myself—of course the people that did the killing scared a good deal of it out of me—he took me to Kansas City where he lived, and went to law and made me his son, because he'd lost a boy about my age. And so that's how we have different names, he telling me I'd ought to keep mine instead of taking his."

She was excited by the tale, which he had told almost in one breath, and now she was eager to question, looking over to see if her father would not also be interested; but the latter gave no sign.

"You poor little boy, among those wretched Indian! But why were your father and mother killed? Did the Indians do it?"

"No, not Indians that did it—and I never did know why they killed them—they that did do it."

"But how queer! Don't you know who it was?"

Before answering, he paused to take one of the long revolvers from its holster, laying it across his lap, his right hand still grasping it.

"It was tiring my leg where it was," he explained. "I'll just rest myself by holding it here. I've practiced a good smart bit with these pistols against the time when I'd meet some of them that did it—that killed my father and mother and lots of others, and little children, too."

"How terrible! And it wasn't Indians?"

"No—I told you that already—it wasn't Indians."

"Don't you know who it was?"

"Oh, yes, I know all of them I want to know. The fact is, up there at Cedar City I met some people that got confidential with me one day, and told me a lot of their names. There was Mr. Barney Carter and Mr. Sam Woods, and they talked right freely about some folks. I found out what I was waiting to know, being that they were drinking men."

He had moved slightly as he spoke and she glanced at the revolver still held along his knee.

"Isn't that dangerous—seems to me it's pointed almost toward father."

"Oh, not a bit dangerous, and it rests me to hold it there. You see it was hereabouts this thing happened. In fact, I came down here looking for a big man, and a little girl that I remembered, whose father and mother were killed at the same time mine was. This little girl was about three or four, I reckon, and she was taken by one of the murderers. He seemed like an awful big man to me. By the way, that's mean whisky your Bishop sells on the sly up at Cedar City. Why, it's worse than Taos lightning. Well, this Barney Carter and Mr. Sam Woods, they would drink it all right, but they said one drink made a man ugly and two made him so downright bad that they just as lief tear his wife's best bonnet to pieces as not. But they seemed to like me pretty well, and they drank a lot of this whisky that the Bishop sold me, and then they got talking pretty freely about old times. I gathered that this man that took the little girl is a pretty big man around here. Of course I wasn't expecting anything like that; I thought naturally he'd be a low-down sort to have been mixed up in a thing like that."

He spoke his next words very slowly, with little pauses.

"But I found out what his name was—it was—"

He stopped, for there had been an indistinct sound from where her father sat, now in the gloom of the evening. She called to him:

"Did you speak, father?"

There was no reply or movement from the figure in the chair, and Follett resumed:

"I guess he was just asleep and dreaming about something. Well, anyway—I—I found out afterwards by telling it before him, that Mr. Barney Carter and his drunken friend had given me his name right, though I could hardly believe it before."

"What an awful, awful thing! What wickedness there is in the world!"

"Oh, a tolerable lot," he assented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Souls That Are Misfits

Does Nature Employ Second-Hand Ones, and So Make Trouble?

Miss Effie Bathe writes to the editor of the Daily Mail to inform him that he is in rebuke may be reversed, for sex of soul is totally distinct from sex of body. This," Miss Effie thinks, "accounts for certain types of masculine women and feminine men that exists."

Here, indeed is food for serious thought. Is it possible that nature can be so desperately mean as to use up all the old souls instead of serving out nice clean ones? And is it possible that nature can be so humorous as to fit a feminine soul into a male body?

This is not a matter that one may dismiss with a smile. For the development of the soul, one may take it, is never arrested.

For the soul of a murderer, for example, may live again in the body of a dear little pink-and-white girl. She will have blue eyes and golden hair and a skin of velvety softness, and yet will be constantly meditating on the possibility of running a carving knife into her nurse.

Again, the soul of a bishop may find its way into a baby girl of more than ordinary beauty whose ultimate distinction is the lyric stage.

The subject is an engrossing one, but I doubt whether it can be pursued without the risk of disturbing one's mental balance.—London Sketch.

MATTERS FEMININE.

TO ATTAIN GRACE

SIMPLE EXERCISES THAT WILL AVAIL MUCH.

Symmetrical Curves Demanded by Fashion's Whim—Good Offset to Conditions Brought About by Sedentary Living.

While the ideal figure in the world of art and fashion to-day is tall, slender and willowy, there is an utter absence of angles.

Merely because a woman has good height and is sparsely built does not place her in the fashionable class. Her figure must not only be of symmetrical proportions, but possess those long, graceful, sweeping curves which characterize the ideal figure.

Starting at the shoulders, the line passing over the bust must be full and round, tapering to the waist, then gracefully curving over the hips and sweeping away to the feet. The exquisite beauty of such figures is best appreciated when studying the lines from the back or profile.

The right kind of exercise and proper nourishment are the two mediums that will accomplish the ideal figure, both for the angular, undeveloped woman and her sister who is burdened with her too weighty avoirdupois.

Leanness is due to a lack of stimulation by properly diversified movements—exercise.

Of course, there are constitutionally slender and stout people, which is usually a question of inheritance, but not always. Yet both classes may work up to an ideal figure when each pursues a course according to its needs.

A very simple exercise is to rise on tip-toe, holding this position for a few seconds, then lowering the body again. Try this alternately, first with one foot, then with the other, and finally both. This exercise, if persisted in, will certainly do much for developing and rounding the calf muscles and is so easy that it may be performed almost anywhere.

Walking upstairs when properly done, is an excellent means of developing these muscles, so also is mountain climbing, but it will be some months before we are able to scale the giddy heights.

The tip-toe exercise makes the feet and ankles supple and corrects an awkwardness of gait that some women possess. Try it, taking deep inhalation before your open window in the morning.

Many women complain of that tense, tired feeling about the waist. Various causes may contribute to this condition. Women accustomed to sit or stand all day are the ones likely to be so affected. Too much indoor living and lack of vigorous exercise will also do it. When the corsets are worn too tight and not enough

freedom given to the muscles, a similar condition arises.

This weakness of the muscles is disastrous internally, the pelvic organs, the kidneys, liver and bowels all suffer in consequence.

A simple exercise to strengthen and develop the muscles is pictured in the sketch. Stand with feet close together, bend the body slowly forward without bending the knees, allowing the arms to hang loosely at the sides. After lowering the body as far as possible, raise it a few inches, then bend forward again. Try this exercise five times, then maintain correct standing position.

Remember to breathe deeply as you take these exercises, inhaling at the start and exhaling as you finish.

UNDER-SLEEVES IN FASHION.

Three Styles That Look Well in Many Materials.

No. 1 is in finely-tucked white muslin, trimmed with rows of insertion and frills of embroidered muslin about one inch wide. The sleeve should fit the arm quite tightly, and have elastic threaded in the top hem to hold it in position.

No. 2 would look well in thin silk, muslin, net, or crepe-de-Chine; it is

also finely tucked, and is trimmed with Valenciennes lace insertion put on in a diamond pattern up the outside of arm, the material in the center of each diamond being tucked lengthwise. A deep accordion-pleated frill trims the wrist.

For No. 3 soft white silk is used; it is gathered to form a series of small puffs, each divided by a band of silk embroidered insertion; a frill of the silk falls over the hand.

New Coiffure Is Quite Grecian.

The Grecian coiffure is less high than it was last season, the hair being drawn loosely back and massed about where the traditional Grecian knot is placed. There is, however, no semblance of the hard psyche knot in the soft coils and puffs and curls of the coiffure a la mode. The fashionable women in general are still wearing their hair very high, but the French influence has been noticeable among the most modish women of the opera crowd.

New York a Busy Port.

An average of 52 ships clears the port of New York each day.

WHAT PLAIN GIRL MAY DO.

Need Not Necessarily Remain Unattractive, Says Woman's Life.

The plain girl must not be ill-tempered. If she has plain features she need not have an ugly disposition. She must be so sunny in her expression that she makes those who look at her forget how plain she is.

The unattractive girl can always have attractive hands. She can take great care of her nails and can polish them until they are as pink as rose leaves and as glossy as marble. She can put soothing and beautiful creams upon them to make them white, and massage them until they are plump.

The plain girl can learn to walk well. There is no reason why she should not hold her shoulders erect and walk gracefully. She can also have a good figure, and she can dress well. The ugly girl can speak prettily and in this way add charm to her personality. She can be graceful, too. The fact that Nature did not give her a naturally pretty face need not keep her from being graceful.

The ugly girl should have virtues of heart, says Woman's Life. She should cultivate a kind heart. A good heart shines through the eyes. You can tell it the minute you look at a person, and how one loves a person with a kind heart instinctively and with a gush of tender gratitude!

Hat Strings.

Long, dainty hat strings of colored or white tulle or maline, with very elaborate embroidered ends, lace inserted or hand painted, are another handsome and picturesque dress association of the springtime. Just now we observe these bows made of soft silk ribbons, draped at the back with loops and ends reaching to the nape of the neck. The trimming feature occurs mostly upon street hats, the evening toques displaying waist-length streamers of tulle or ribbon that tie coquettishly under one ear, the ends adding to the dainty appearance of the cape coats made of light-weight cloths or lansdownes that will become as fashionably important during the spring and summer as the velvet caps proved during the winter.

GOLD IS WIDELY USED.

Ornamentation Seen on Every Kind of Costume.

Everywhere one sees touches of gold ornamentation; it is used on frocks of every character; in hats, and wrought into the borders of veils and scarfs. A third morning suit to be briefly described is in black and white shepherd's plaid, decorated with black silk braid, edged with gold cord. The father short skirt hung in many plaits that did not seem to be secured for a distance of more than five inches below the waist line. The bottom was finished with a bias band about three inches in width, where the double braiding was repeated. The coat was of the Eton type, although the arrangement of the trimmings gave it a pronounced bolero effect at the back. The fronts were quite long and braided. A black satin cravat, with tasseled ends, gave a smart finish to the neck. The three-quarter sleeves repeated the effect in crushed satin cuffs, with similarly finished ends. Since the quiet craze for colored shirt waists has overtaken femininity, black and white effects, and especially checks, will be found the safest medium to carry them, being of smartest contrast for all colors

Fashion Hints.

Fur-trimmed hats are popular.

Gray is to be even more favored than last year.

Quantities of dyed lace are used; rat tail fringe is the name of one kind.

Spider-web stitchery is a favored trimming.

Many are the smart plaided walking skirts.

Chinese embroideries and buttons are made use of.

Orchids are the new floral craze of the fashionable woman.

Tailored Waists.

These are more severe than ever.

They fasten down the front with buttons.

They are usually tucked or pleated.

Beyond this there is no trimming whatever.

Sleeves are of the plain shirt waist variety, with small cuffs.

In plain pongee or rajah there are very small shirt waists of this kind.

Poor Paint is Expensive

If one is rich enough to repaint his buildings every year for the pleasure of having a change of color scheme, the quality of the paint used may be a little figure. But if it is desirable to cut the painting bills down to the least amount possible per year, it is of the utmost importance that the paint be made of Pure White Lead and the best of Linseed Oil. There are imitations in the form of alleged White Lead, and there are substitutes in the form of ready-prepared paints.

We guarantee our White Lead to be absolutely pure, and the Dutch Boy on the side of every keg is your safeguard. Look for him.

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Nervy Reggie.

"Look here, young man," thundered the old gentleman as he came down the stairway three steps at a leap "Didn't I tell you if ever I caught you around here again I would play foot ball with you?"

"Yes, sir, I think you did," replied the calm youth.

"And yet you have the cheek to call again?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You see football is now out of season."

TWO YEARS IN BED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Stubborn Rheumatism When Other Treatment Gave No Relief.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been curing the most stubborn cases of rheumatism for nearly a generation and thousands of grateful patients have given testimony that cannot be ignored.

Mr. Robert Odbert, a machinist, living at 201 Cameron Street, Detroit, Mich., had a very distressing experience with rheumatism for about two years. He makes the following statement: "About the year 1887 I felt the effects of rheumatism which gradually grew worse until I was compelled to give up work for a time. The years of '97 and '98 I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was under doctors' treatment but found no relief. My legs were swollen from the hips downward and red blotches appeared all over them. Frequently they pained me so that I had to bind them tightly with strips of linen. This sometimes relieved the pain but at other times failed to do so. At times I had to crawl to my work, using two crutches. During these spells I suffered greatly from pain around my heart which I attributed to the rheumatism.

"At last my mother wrote me and asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did and in a short time I found myself getting better and have had no trouble since. I may here add that I consider myself perfectly cured. I have not had the least sign of the disease since and feel better now than I ever did. For these reasons I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one affected the same as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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