The Light of Western Stars

A Romance

By Zane Grey

Copyright by Harper and Brothers

CHAPTER XVI
—13—
Bonita.

Having exhausted all the resources of the mountain, such that had interest for them, Madell' e's guests settled quietly down for a rest, when Madeline knew would soon end in a desire for civilized comforts. They were almost tired of roughing it. Helen's discontent manifested itself in her remark, "I guess nothing is going to happen, after all."

Madeline awaited their pleasure in regard to the breaking of camp; and meanwhile, as none of them cared for more exertion, she took her walks without them, sometimes accompanied by one of the cowboys, always by the stag-hounds. One day, while walking alone, before she realized it she had gone a long way down a dim trail winding among the rocks. It was the middle of a summer afternoon, and all about her were shadows of the crags crossing the sunlit patches. The quiet was undisturbed. She went on and on, not blind to the fact that she was perhaps going too far from camp, but risking it because she was sure of her way back, and enjoying the wild, craggy recesses that were new to her. Finally she came out upon a bank that broke abruptly into a beautiful little glade. Here she sat down to rest before undertaking the return trip.

Suddenly Russ, the keener of the stag-hounds, raised his head and growled. Madeline feared he might have scented a mountain-lion or wildcat. She quieted him and carefully looked around. The little glade was open and grassy, with here a pine tree, there a boulder. The outlet seemed to go down into a wilderness of canyons and ridges. Looking in this direction, Madeline saw the slight, dark figure of a woman coming stealthily along under the pines. Madeline was amazed, then a little frightened, for that stealthy walk from tree to tree was suggestive of secrecy, if nothing worse.

Presently the woman was joined by a tall man who carried a package, which he gave to her. They came on up the glade and appeared to be talking earnestly. In another moment Madeline recognized Stewart. She had no greater feeling of surprise than had at first been here. But for the next moment she scarcely thought at all —merely watched the couple approaching. In a flash came back her former curiosity as to Stewart's strange absences from camp, and then with the return of her doubt of him the recognition of the woman. The red-gold head, the brown face, the big eyes —Madeline now saw distinctly—belonged to the Mexican girl Bonita. Stewart had met her there. This was the secret of his lonely trips, taken ever since he had come to work for Madeline. This secluded glade was a rendezvous. He had her hidden there.

Quietly Madeline arose, with a gesture to the dogs, and went back along the trail toward camp. Succeeding her surprise was a feeling of sorrow that Stewart's regeneration had not been complete. Sorrow gave place to insufferable distrust that while she had been romancing about this cowboy, dreaming of her good influence over him, he had been merely base. Somehow it stung her. Stewart had been nothing to her, she thought, yet she had been proud of him. She tried to revolve the thing, to be fair to him, when every instinctive tendency was to expel him, and all pertaining to him, from her thoughts. And her own pride, sympathy, at extenuation, failed utterly before her pride. Exerting her will-power, she dismissed Stewart from her mind.

Madeline did not think of him again till late that afternoon, when, as she was leaving her tent to join the rest of her guests, Stewart appeared suddenly in her path.

"Miss Hammond, I saw your tracks down the trail," he began, eagerly, but his tone was easy, and natural. "I'm thinking—well, maybe you sure got the idea—"

"I do not wish for an explanation," interrupted Madeline.

Stewart gave a slight start. His manner had a semblance of the old, cool audacity. As he looked down at her it subtly changed.

What effrontery, Madeline thought, to face her before her guests with an explanation of his conduct! Suddenly she felt an inward flash of fire that was pain, so strange, so incomprehensible, that her mind whirled. Then anger possessed her, pure, Stewart, but at herself, that anything could rouse in her a raw emotion. He stood there, outwardly cool, serene, with level, haughty eyes upon Stewart; but inwardly she was burning with rage and shame.

"I'm sure not going to have you think—" He began passionately, but he broke off, and a slow, dull crimson blotted over the healthy red-brown of his neck and cheeks.

"What you do or think, Stewart, is no concern of mine."

"Miss—Miss Hammond! You don't believe—" faltered Stewart.

The crimson receded from his face, leaving it pale. His eyes were appealing. They had a kind of timid look that struck Madeline even in her anger. There was something boyish about him then. He took a step forward and reached out with his hand, open-palmed in a gesture that was humble, yet held a certain dignity.

"But listen. Never mind now what you—you think about me. There's a good reason—"

"I have no wish to hear your reason."

"But you ought," he persisted. "Sir?"

Stewart underwent another swift change. He started violently. A dark tide shaded his face and a glitter leaped to his eyes. He took two strides—loomed over her.

"I'm not thinking about myself," he thundered. "Will you listen?"

"No," she replied; and there was freezing hauteur in her voice. With a slight gesture of dismissal, unmistakable in its finality, she turned her back upon him. Then she joined her guests.

Stewart stood perfectly motionless. Then slowly he began to lift his right-hand in which he held his sombrero. He swept it up and up, high over his head. His tall form towered. With fierce suddenness he flung his sombrero down. He leaped at his black horse and dragged him to where his saddle lay. With one pitch he tossed the saddle upon the horse's back. His strong hand flashed at girths and straps. Every action was swift, decisive, fierce. Bounding for his bridle, which hung over a bush, he ran against a cowboy who awkwardly tried to avoid the onslaught.

"Get out of my way!" he yelled.

Then with the same savage haste he adjusted the bridle on his horse.

"Mebbe you better hold on a minit, Gene, ole feller," said Monty Price.

"Monty, do you want me to brain you?" said Stewart, with the short, hard ring in his voice.

"Now, considerin' the high class of my brains, I oughter be real careful to keep 'em," replied Monty. "You can belcher life, Gene, I ain't goin' to git in front of you. But I jest says —Listen!"

Stewart raised his dark face. Everybody listened. And everybody heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs. The sun had set, but the park was light. Nels appeared down the trail, and his horse was running. In another moment he was in the circle, pulling his bay back to a sliding halt. He leaped off abreast of Stewart.

Madeline saw and felt a difference in Nels' presence.

"What's up, Gene?" he queried, sharply.

Nels' long arm shot out, and his hand fell upon Stewart, holding him down.

"Shore I'm sorry," said Nels, slowly. "Then you was goin' to hit the trail?"

"I am going to. Let go, Nels."

"Shore you ain't goin', Gene?"

"Let go, d—n you!" cried Stewart, as he wrestled free.

"What's wrong?" asked Nels, lifting his hand again.

"Man! Don't touch me!"

Nels stepped back instantly. He seemed to become aware of Stewart's white, wild passion. Again Stewart moved to mount.

"Nels, don't make me forget we've been friends," he said.

"Shore I ain't forgettin'," replied Nels. "An' I resign my job right here an' now."

His strange speech checked the mounting cowboy. Stewart stepped down from the stirrup. Then their hard faces were still and cold while their eyes locked glances.

Madeline was as much startled by Nels' speech as Stewart. Quick to note a change in these men, she now sensed one that was unfathomable.

"Resign?" questioned Stewart.

"Shore. What'd you think I'd do under circumstances sich as has come up?"

"But see here, Nels, I won't stand for it."

"You're not my boss no more, an' I ain't beholdin' to Miss Hammond, neither. I'm my own boss, an' I'll do as I please. Sabe, senor?"

Nels' words were at variance with the meaning in his face.

"Gene, you sent me on a little scout down in the mountains, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," replied Stewart, with a new sharpness in his voice.

"Wal, shore you was so good an' right in your figgerin', as opposed to divine what all this strange talk and action meant.

"Hold on, Nels, they don't need to hear it," said Stewart, hoarsely, as he waved a hand toward Madeline's silent group.

"Wal, I'm sorry, but I reckon they'd as well know fust as last. Mebbe thet yearnin' wish of Miss Helen's fer somethin' to happen will come true. Shore I—"

"Cut out the joshin'," rang out Monty's strident voice.

It had as decided an effect as any preceding words or action. Perhaps it was the last thing needed to transform these men, doing unaccustomed duty as escorts of beautiful women, to their natural state as men of the wild.

"Tell us what's what," said Stewart, cool and grim.

"Don Carlos an' his guerrillas are campin' on the trails thet lead up here. They've got them trails blocked. By tomorrer they'd hed us corralled. Mebbe they meant to surprise us. He's got a lot of Greasers an' outlaws. They're well armed. Now, what do they mean? You-all can figger it out to suit yourselves. Mebbe the Don wants to pay a sociable call on our ladies. Mebbe his gang is some hungry, as usual. Mebbe they want to steal a few hosses, or anythin' they can lay hands on. Mebbe they mean wuss, too. Now, my idea is this, an' mebbe it's wrong. I long since separated from love with Greasers. Thet black-faced Don Carlos has got a deep game. Thet two-bit of a revolution is hevin' hard times. The rebels want American intervention. They'd stretch any point to make trouble. We're only ten miles from the border. Suppose them guerrillas got our crowd across thet border? The United States cavalry would foller. You-all know what thet'd mean. Mebbe Don Carlos' mind works thet way. Mebbe it don't. I reckon we'll know soon. An' now, Stewart, whatever the Don's game is, shore you're the man to outfigger him. Mebbe it's just as well you're good an' mad about somethin'. An' I'm going to resign my job because I want to feel unbeholdin' to anybody. Shore it struck me long since thet the old days hed come back for a little spell, an' there I was trailin' a promise not to hurt any Greaser."

CHAPTER XVII
Don Carlos.

Stewart took Nels, Monty and Nick Steele aside out of earshot, and they evidently entered upon an earnest colloquy. Presently the other cowboys were called. They all talked more or less, but the deep voice of Stewart predominated over the others. Then the consultation broke up, and the cowboys scattered.

"Rustle, you Indians!" ordered Stewart.

The ensuing scene of action was not reassuring to Madeline and her friends. They were quiet, awaiting some one to tell them what to do. At the offset the cowboys appeared to have forgotten Madeline. Some of them ran off into the woods, others into the open, grassy places, where they rounded up the horses and burros. Several cowboys spread tarpaulins upon the ground and began to select and roll small packs, evidently for hurried travel. Nels mounted his bay—rode down the trail. Monty and Nick Steele went off into the grove, leading their horses. Stewart climbed up a steep jumble of stone between two sections of low, cracked cliff back of the camp.

Madeline's friends all importuned her. Was there real danger? Were the guerrillas coming? Would a start be made at once for the ranch? Why had the cowboys suddenly become so different? Madeline answered as best she could; but her replies were only conjecture, and modified to allay the fears of her guests. Helen was in a white glow of excitement.

Soon the cowboys appeared riding barebacked horses, driving in others and the burros. Some of these horses were taken away and evidently hidden in deep recesses between the crags. The string of burros were packed and sent off down the trail in charge of a cowboy. Nick Steele and Monty returned. Then Stewart appeared, clambering down the break between the cliffs.

His next move was to order all the baggage belonging to Madeline and her guests taken up the cliff. This was strenuous toil, requiring the need of lassoes to haul up the effects.

"Get ready to climb," said Stewart, turning to Madeline's party.

"Where?" asked Helen.

He waved his hand at the ascent to be made. Exclamations of dismay followed his gesture.

"Mr. Stewart, is there danger?" asked Dorothy; and her voice trembled.

This was the question Madeline had upon her lips to ask Stewart, but she could not speak it.

"No, there's no danger," replied Stewart, "but we're taking precautions we all agreed on as best."

Dorothy whispered that she believed Stewart lied. Castleton asked another question, and then Harvey followed suit. Mrs. Beck made a timid query.

"Please keep quiet and do as you're told," said Stewart, bluntly.

At this juncture, when the last of the baggage was being hauled up the cliff, Monty approached Madeline and removed his sombrero. His black face seemed the same, yet this was a vastly changed Monty.

"Miss Hammond, I'm givin' notice I resign my job," he said.

"Monty! What do you mean? What does Nels mean now, when danger threatens?"

"We jest quit. That's all," replied Monty, tersely. He was stern and somber; he could not stand still; his eyes roved everywhere.

Castleton jumped up from the log where he had been sitting, and his face was very red.

"Mr. Price, does all this blooming fuss mean we are to be robbed or attacked or abducted by a lot of ragamuffin guerrillas?"

"You've called the bet."

Dorothy turned a very pale face toward Monty.

"Mr. Price, you wouldn't—you couldn't desert us now? You and Mr. Nels—"

"Desert you?" asked Monty, blankly.

"Yes, desert us. Leave us when we may need you so much, with something dreadful coming."

Monty uttered a short, hard laugh as he bent a strange look upon the girl.

"Me an' Nels is purty much scared, an' we're goin' to slope. Miss Dorothy, belin' as we've rustled round so much, it sorta hurts us to see nice young girls dragged off by the hair."

Dorothy uttered a little cry and then bent her head. Castleton for once was fully aroused.

"By God! You and your partner are a couple of blooming cowards. Where now is that courage you boasted of?"

Monty's dark face expressed extreme sarcasm.

"Took, in my time I've seen some bright fellers, but you take the cake. It's most marvelous how bright you are. Figgerin' me an' Nels so correct. Say, Dook, if you don't git rustled off to Mexico an' roped to a cactus bush you'll hev a swell story for your English chums. Bah Jove! You'll tell 'em how you seen two old-time gun-men run like scared jack-rabbits from a lot of Greasers. Like h—l you will!"

"Monty, shut up!" yelled Stewart, as he came hurriedly up. Then Monty slouched away, cursing to himself.

Madeline and Helen, assisted by Castleton, worked over Dorothy, and with some difficulty quieted her. Stewart passed several times without noticing them, and Monty, who had been so ridiculously eager to pay every little attention to Dorothy, did not see her at all. Rude it seemed; in Monty's case more than that. Madeline hardly knew what to make of it.

Stewart directed cowboys to go to the head of the open place in the cliff and let down lassoes. Then, with little waste of words, he urged the women toward this rough ladder of stones.

"We want to hide you," he said, when they demurred. "If the guerrillas come we'll tell them you've all gone down to the ranch. If we have to fight you'll be safe up there."

Helen stepped boldly forward and let Stewart put the loop of a lasso round her and tighten it. He waved his hand to the cowboys above.

"Just walk up, now," he directed Helen.

It proved to the watchers to be an easy, safe and rapid means of scaling the steep passage. The men climbed up without assistance. Edith Wayne and Madeline climbed last, and, once up, Madeline saw a narrow bench, thick with shrubs and overshadowed by huge, leaning crags. There were holes in the rock, and dark fissures leading back. It was a rough, wild place. Tarpaulins and bedding were then hauled up, and food and water. The cowboys spread comfortable beds in several of the caves, and told Madeline and her friends to be as quiet as possible, not to make a light, and to sleep dressed, ready for travel at a moment's notice.

Madeline deplored the discomfort and distress, but felt no real alarm. She was more inclined to evasive kindness here than to sincerity, for she had a decided uneasiness. The swift change in the manner and looks of her cowboys had been a shock to her. The last glance she had of Stewart's face, then stern, almost sad, and haggard with worry, remained to augment her foreboding.

Darkness appeared to drop swiftly down; the coyotes began their haunting, mournful howls; the stars showed and grew brighter; the wind moaned through the tips of the pines. The cowboys below had built a fire, and the light from it rose in a huge, fan-shaped glow. Madeline peered down from the cliff. The distance was short, and occasionally she could distinguish a word spoken by the cowboys. They were unconcernedly cooking and eating.

Presently Nick Steele silenced the campfire circle by raising a warning hand. The cowboys bent their heads, listening. Madeline listened with all her might. She heard one of the hounds whine, then the faint beat of horse's hoofs. The beat of hoofs grew louder, entered the grove, then the circle of light. The rider was Nels. He dismounted, and the sound of his low voice just reached Madeline.

"Gene, it's Nels. Something doin'." Madeline heard one of the cowboys call, softly.

"Send him over," replied Stewart. Nels stalked away from the fire.

"See here, Nels, the boys are all right, but I don't want them to know everything about this mix-up," said Stewart, as Nels came up. "Did you find the girl?"

Madeline guessed that Stewart referred to the Mexican girl Bonita.

"No. But I met"—Madeline did not catch the name—"an' he was wild. He was with a forest-ranger. An' they said Pat Rudlow was after her an' was takin' her down under arrest."

Stewart muttered deep under his breath, evidently cursing.

"Wonder why he didn't come on up here?" he queried, presently. "He can see a trail."

"Wal, Gene, Pat knowed you was here all right, for thet ranger said Pat hed wind of the guerrillas, an' Pat said if Don Carlos didn't kill you—which he hoped he'd do—then it'd be time enough to put you in jail when you come down."

"He's dead set to arrest me, Nels."

"An' he'll do it, like the old lady who kept tavern out West. Gene, the reason thet red-faced coyote didn't trail you up here is because he's scared. He allus was scared of you. But I reckon he's shore scared to death of me an' Monty."

"Well, we'll take Pat in his turn. The thing now is, when will that Greaser stalk us, and what'll we do when he comes?"

"My boy, there's only one way to handle a Greaser. I shore told you thet. He means rough toward us. He'll come smilin' up, all soft-like like, insinuatin' an' sweet as a woman. But he's treacherous; he's wuss than an Indian. An', Gene, we know for a positive fact how his gang hev been operatin' between these hills an' Agua Prieta. We know how he's used what thet rebel war down there amounts to. It's guerrilla war, an' shore some harvest time for a lot of cheap thieves an' outcasts."

"Oh, you're right, Nels. I'm not disputing that," replied Stewart. "If it wasn't for Miss Hammond and the other women, I'd rather enjoy seeing you and Monty open up on that bunch. I'm thinkin' I'd be glad to meet Don Carlos. But Miss Hammond! Why, Nels, such a woman as she is would never recover from the sight of real gun-play, let alone any stunts with a rope. These eastern women are different. I'm not belittling our western women. It's in the blood. Miss Hammond is—is—"

"Shore she is," interrupted Nels, "but she's got a d—n sight more spunk than you think she has, Gene Stewart. I'm no thick-skulled cow. I'd hev somethin' powerful to hev Miss Hammond see any rough work, let alone me an' Monty startin' some. An' me an' Monty'll stick to you, Gene, as long as seems reasonable. Mind, she fellerbeggin' your pardon, you're shore stuck on Miss Hammond, an' overtender not to hurt her feelin's or go to her sick at lettin' some blood. We're in bad here, an' mebbe we'll hev to fight. Sabe senor? Wal, if we do you can just gamble thet Miss Hammond'll be game

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"What You Do or Think, Stewart, Is No Concern of Mine."

"By Gad! You and Your Partner Are a Couple of Blooming Cowards."

Was No Escape for the Seal

Once Hooked by Eskimo Hunter, There Is No Way by Which He Can Get Away.

An Eskimo, when once he has gone to the trouble of splicing a fine spear handle, does not wish to break it, so the point is put on with a tangle or joint.

When a seal or walrus is harpooned the sudden struggle of the animal does not break the spear, but merely unjoints the point, and the more the animal struggles the more the point turns crosswise in the wound and the firmer the barbs take hold.

But the animal cannot escape, for with thongs of skin the point is connected with the spear shaft. The animal merely swims away or dives deep into the sea, carrying with him the spear. The long leather thong which is attached to it unrolls from the deck of the kyack and pays out. It carries with it a drag like a kite, which regards the animal and exhausts him, but does not pull hard enough to break the line. Even this draw is made of skin stretched over a spliced frame-work.

When the line is all played out it is seen to be attached to a float, which is also carried on the deck of the boat. This is made of an inflated skin. It has plugs and attachments of cleverly carved ivory, for wood is far too precious to be used in this land of ivory so far from the forests.

The float serves as a buoy so that the Eskimo can follow the animal and find it after it gives up its struggle and dies. Then, too, the float keeps the catch from sinking and being lost in the ocean's depths.

Opposed Teaching of Writing.

In ancient Egyptian history, it was Thot who invented writing. Says an eminent historian: "An old legend relates that when the god (Thot) unfolded his discovery to King Thamos, whose minister he was, the monarch immediately raised an objection to it. Children and young people, who had hitherto been forced to apply themselves diligently to learn and retain whatever was taught them, he declared, would cease to apply themselves and would neglect to exercise their memories."

Just a Little Smile

INTELLECTUAL DISTRIBUTION

"Why do you decline to go to America to lecture?"

"I doubt the wisdom," replied the distinguished European, "of carrying my culture abroad and making it available for a mere admission fee. It will be better business to encourage tourists to come over here and pay their own hotel bills and traveling expenses."—Washington Star.

Poker Rules.

"In New York I saw a neat advertising device. Three one-dollar bills were fastened to a placard in a shoe window. The placard read:

"'Three of a kind takes a pair.'"

"Don't try that in Poker Flat, You'll only start trouble. The first man in will claim that three of a kind takes two pair."

Suspicious.

Mrs. Gayback—How did the house look after you'd been away for a week?

Mrs. Gayboy—Just the same as when I left it. I don't believe my husband was home a single minute.

Quite Smart at That.

He—Oh, I know well enough that you think I'm an idiot.

She—What, you know that? Well, then you're not as crazy as I thought you were.

COMPLICATED

"This bit of literature hasn't any plot to speak of, but it's got one guessing."

"Detective story, eh?"

"Nope, time table."

Some Difference.

When into life's mysteries you delve,
The chances are you'll discover
That the little faults you have yourself
Are the big ones you see in another.

Goes the Limit.

First Clubman—It's so nice to have one's wife take an interest in one's business.

Second Ditto—Um! Mine takes the capital.

Softening the Blow.

"Did you tell Blabbsley that I was a big fool?"

"W-e-e-l, I don't believe so. I never thought you were so large."—Farm Life.

The Peaceful Angler.

Don't think of your business or profession while fishing. Forget your desk, your pen, and also your debts and your enemies, if you have any.

Yes, Why?

He—Why do you girls enjoy weeping at the matinee?

She—I don't know. Why do you men enjoy raving at the umpire?

Feline.

Madge—Mrs. Swellington has invited me to her big dinner tonight.

Marie—I wonder who disappointed her?

RAIDED.

Everybody at the party was talking at once.

They were quite right. Everybody might as well talk. There was absolutely no fear of interrupting anything worth listening to.

Rustic Confusion.

A city lass once heard the moan
Of a sad cow by chance.
She thought it was a saxophone
And started in to dance.

Wondered Why.

Wife—The doctor inquired particularly about what we eat.

Hub—Wonder if he expects us to invite him to dinner?

Not Interested.

Mrs. B—John, I think there's a man under the bed.

Mr. B—Well, you talk to him, and let me sleep!"

Pedestrian's Consolation.

"What are those square places marked off in white paint in the square?"

"They are safety zones."

"How's that?"

"Well, if you stand there and are run over by a motorcar, your heirs can recover from the driver."

Waste.

"How did you find things in Egypt?"

"Slow, slow. There's enough stone-work tied up in them pyramids to build a city."

One of the Great Unwashed.

"Who is that fellow speaking?" asked the man who had just entered the crowd.

"Oh, some soap-box orator."

"Judging from the look of his face I should say he needs a better acquaintance with his platform."

Not Forgotten.

First Woman—Has your husband quit golf?

Second Woman—Yes, but he still retains the language when he changes a tire.

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

A good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purity Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Mothers of the World

Motherslf Write for 32-Page Booklet, "Mothers of the World"

Pat. Process

Lloyd Loom Products

Baby Carriages & Furniture

Use This Coupon

The Lloyd Mfg. Co.
Dept. W
Menominee, Mich.
Please send me your booklet, "Mothers of the World."

Name
Street
City State

SOFTENS HARD WATER

RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER

NOW, SPECIAL

5¢ A PACKAGE

You save even more money by buying the large package.

Cleans, purifies and sterilizes dairy vessels, dishes and all kitchen utensils. Makes dish and clothes washing easy. Saves soap!

BUY IT FROM YOUR GROCER

SAVE THE TRADE MARKS

Pesky Devils Quietus P. D. Q.

P. D. Q. Pesky Devils Quietus is the name of the new chemical that actually ends the fly family. Red bugs, Roaches, Ants and Worms, as P. D. Q. kills the live ones and their eggs and stops future generations. You can inject powder But a chemical unlike anything you have ever used.

A 35 cent package makes one quart and each package contains a patent spout, to get the Pesky Devils in the cracks and crevices.

Your druggist has it or he can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Wks., Terre Haute, Ind.

DON'T RUB!

INFLAMED LIDS

It instantly relieves. Use THE MITCHELL EYE SALVE. A simple, safe remedy. Use it at all druggists.

Irrigation by Ice.

A new Texas scheme proposes a rifle to fire a series of icy bullets into the soil. Each bullet is directed into the root-system of an individual plant or cluster of plants. The machine itself will be adjusted on a tractor containing a refrigerator that will keep it perpetually loaded with ice-shots. When the freezing has formed benignant near the root of the plant it will presently melt. In ordinary irrigation the greater part of the water finds lodgment at a distance from the plant root and either soaks into the earth or evaporates into the air. The new plan will prevent this waste. The chief drawback will be the high cost of manufacturing the ice.

Call of Duty.

"Don't you think getting up until two o'clock in the morning at a poker table interferes with your regular duties?"

"Friend," responded Carter Joe, "when you've been in the army as long as I've been you don't pay any duty that seems more urgent than sittin' down up and tryin' to rescue your partners' fourpence."

If coffee disagrees drink Postum

There's a Reason