

# The Cow Puncher

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## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Irene," said Mrs. Hardy, "what way is that to speak to Mr. Conway? You are out of your head, child! Such a scene, Mr. Conway! That cow puncher! I always knew it would come out some time. Oh, if the papers should learn of this!"

"That's all you think of," Irene retorted. "A scene, and the papers. You don't trouble to even wonder what was the occasion of the scene. You're afraid of the papers. I'm not. I'll give the whole story to the morning paper. I'll tell that you insulted him, Conway, and how you stood there, a grinning, gaping crowd under the nose of his gun. How I wish I had a photograph of it!" she exclaimed, with a little hysterical laugh. "It would look fine on the front page." She broke into peals of laughter and rushed up the stairs.

In the morning she was very rosy and pale, and marks of sleeplessness were furrowed in her face. She greeted her mother with cold civility and left her breakfast untouched. She gave no sign of her breakfast to Charlie; it was a saving balm to her to have someone upon whom she could pour affection. Then she went to the telephone. She called Dave's office. Nothing was there. Mr. Edith; he had been working there last night; he was not down yet. She called his apartments. There was no answer. Then she tried a new number.

"Hello, is that the office of the Call? Will you let me speak to—"

Her mother interrupted almost frantically: "Irene, you are not going to tell the papers? You mustn't do that. Think of what it means—the disgrace—a shooting affair, almost, in our home. Think of me, your mother—"

"I'll think of you on one consideration—that you explain what happened last night and tell me where Dave Edith is."

"I can't explain. I don't know. And I don't know—"

"And you don't want to know. And you don't care, so long as you can keep it out of the papers. I do. I'm going to find out the facts about this, if every paper in the country should print them. Hello! Yes, I want to speak to Miss Morrison."

In a few words she explained Dave's sudden disappearance, stripping the incident of all but vital facts. Bert Morrison was all sympathy. "It's a big story, you know," she said, "but we won't think of it that way. Not a lip, so far as I am concerned. Edith Duncan is the girl we need. A sort of adopted sister to Dave. She may know more than any of us."

But Edith knew absolutely nothing; nothing except that her own heart was throbbing into a turmoil of emotions. She spent the day, and the evening downtown, rotating about the points where Dave might likely be found. And the next morning she called on Irene Hardy.

In spite of all efforts at self-control, she trembled as she pressed the bell. She had never met Irene Hardy. It was going to be a strange experience, introducing herself to the woman who had been preferred over her and who had apparently proved so unworthy of the preference.

She had difficult things to say, and even while she said them; she must fight a battle to the death with the jealousy of her natural womanhood. And she must be very careful. Edith knew that in saying things which were hard to say she did not say hard things. And, most difficult of all, she must try to pave the way to a reconciliation between Dave and the woman who stood between her and happiness.

Irene attended the door, as was her custom. Her eyes took in Edith's face and figure with mild surprise. Edith was conscious of the process of a quick intellect endeavoring to classify her—solitator, music teacher, business girl? And in that moment of pause she saw Irene's eyes and a strange communion of feeling surged through her. So this was the woman Dave had chosen to love!

No; one does not choose whom one will love; one loves without choosing. Edith was conscious of that; she knew that in her own life. And even as she looked this first time upon Irene she became aware of a subtle attraction gathering about her; she felt something of that power which had held Dave to a single course through the three years. And suddenly a great new truth was born in Edith Duncan. Suddenly she realized that if the steel at any time prove unfaithful to the magnet the fault lies not in the steel but in the magnet. What a change of view! what a revelation of all accepted things came with the realization of that truth which roots down into the bedrock of all nature!

"Won't you come in?" Irene was saying. Her voice was sweet and musical, but there was a note of sadness in it which set responsive chords a-tremble all through Edith's heart. "I am Edith Duncan," she said, and went on to say, "I think I have something to say that may interest you."

There was a quick leap in Irene's eyes. The girl of that brilliant, calm

nine sense of danger which so seldom errs in dealing with its own sex, and is yet so unreliable a defense from the dangers of the other. Mrs. Hardy was in the living room.

"Won't you come up to my work shop?" Irene answered, without change of voice, and they ascended the stairs together. "I'll draw a little," Irene was saying, talking fast. "Oh, yes, I have quite commercialized my art, such as it is. But I haven't lost my soul altogether. I dab in color a little—yes, dab, that's the word. But I keep to one's soul anyway."

"Tell me—Edith," she said, "you know—"

"I know some things," Edith managed to say. "I know, now, that I do not know all. Dave and I are old friends. My father took a liking to him and he used often to be in our house. And we got to know each other very well, and he told me about you long ago. And last night I found him at his room, almost mad and swearing that to shoot Conway. And then he told me that—that—"

"Yes? Yes? What did he tell you? I am not afraid—"

Edith turned her eyes to where the door was, and saw a shadowy figure crumpled beneath a sea of indignant blue. "He told me he saw Conway—"

"Upstairs?"

And Conway made a boast. And he would have shot him, but you stood upon him and begged him not to. He said you would have taken the bullet yourself rather than it should find Conway."

"Oh! Oh! the girl cried, in the pain of one mortally hurt. "How could he think that? I didn't care for him—"

For Conway—but for Dave. I knew there had been a quarrel—I didn't know why—and I knew if Dave said him—it wasn't his self-defense—what ever it was, he couldn't plead that—and they'd hang him, and that was all I saw. Edith, that was all I saw, and I would—yes, I would rather have taken the bullet myself than that that should happen."

"You poor girl!" said Edith. "You poor girl!" And her arms found the

By  
Robert J. C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitchen and  
Other Poems"  
Illustrations by  
IRWIN MYERS

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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## LESSON FOR APRIL 4

## EASTER LESSON.

LESSON TEXT.—LUKE 24:13-35.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Doubt not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory."—LUKE 24:25.

PRIMARY TOPIC.—The Story of a Wonderful Walk.  
JUNIOR TOPIC.—The Walk to Emmaus.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC.—The Proof That Jesus Rose From the Dead.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC.—The Fact and the Meaning of the Resurrection.

I. Two Disciples Journeying to Emmaus (vv. 13-16).  
1. Who they were. One was Cleopas (vv. 13); some think the other was Luke, whose modesty forbade him to give his name; but it is not definitely known. Why they were going we can only conjecture; perhaps they were only passing away from Jerusalem to relieve their anxiety and drown their sorrow. The ordeal through which they had passed left them somewhat stunned; they needed the physical exertion and quiet of the country to calm their nerves. They were sad (see v. 17).

2. What they talked about (v. 14). All the things which had happened. Strange and wonderful things had taken place and they could not but commune together concerning them.

3. Jesus joins them (vv. 15, 16). It was while they communed together and reasoned about Jesus that he appeared to them. He to us ever seems to be that who silently seeks the light; he promises to meet even with two or three who gather in his name (Matt. 18:20). Those gathered in his name have their heart toward him in love, and their talk is concerning him. If we would have Jesus draw near to us more frequently then let us more frequently commune together concerning him.

II. The Conversation on the Way (vv. 17-27).  
1. Jesus' question (v. 17). Though he was a stranger to them his question did not provoke resentment; there must have been something in his manner and tone which unlocked their hearts.

2. The disciples' answer (vv. 18-24). Though surprised that there should be a single man in the confusion of Jerusalem unacquainted with the things which had recently come to pass, they spoke fully and freely of what they had communed about.

(1) It was concerning Jesus of Nazareth (v. 18). The Jews were mighty in word and deed before him and the people. (2) Delivered, condemned and crucified by the chief priests (v. 20). (3) Shattered hopes of the disciples (v. 21). They had reposed their hope in him as the Redeemer of Israel. (4) Their bewilderment (vv. 22-24). The story of the women concerning the empty sepulchre reminded them of Christ's words that he would arise on the third day. A new hope seemed to be arising in their hearts, yet they were too timid to take their stand upon it. (5) Jesus expounding the Scriptures to them (vv. 25-27). He clothes them for their unbelief of the prophetic Scriptures (v. 25). What sorrow and perplexity they would have escaped had they believed what God had recorded! Jesus showed them that what had happened was exactly what the Scriptures had foretold concerning the Messiah and that it behooved Christ thus to suffer, and to enter into his glory.

III. The Lord Reveals Himself (vv. 28-35).  
1. Nearing the end of the journey (vv. 28, 29). He made as though he would go farther, but they constrained him to abide with them; it would have been a great loss to them if he had not been "constrained."

2. Sitting together at the table (vv. 30, 31). His blessing of the bread and breaking of it were so familiar that they knew him. Then, too, they may have seen the callus in his hands while he broke the bread. They now knew for a certainty that the Lord whom they had mourned as dead was alive and in their very presence. If we had eyes to perceive we could see him daily walking and talking with us. What a different life would be ours if we would but see him!

3. The disciples convinced (vv. 32-35). They at once returned to Jerusalem and reported to the brethren what things were done and how the Lord had revealed himself to them in the breaking of the bread. They exclaimed, "The Lord is risen indeed!" May Christ come to every believer on this Easter occasion in such a way that we may know beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he is really alive!

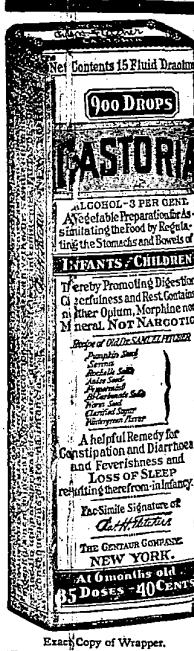
Reaching the Top.  
It is by attempting to reach the top by a single leap that so much misery is produced to the world.—Cobbett.

Keep Straight On.  
The way to heaven: Turn to the right and keep straight on.—Spurgeon.

Be Wise.  
Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Earl of Chesterfield.

First Moving Picture.  
The first real moving picture was produced by C. Francis Jenkins, a photographer at the treasury department, Washington, and shown by him to his home town on June 6, 1894. The picture portrayed a butterfly costume dance performed by a vaudeville artist named Annabelle, who received \$5 for her work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Two brothers, Francis four years  
old and Fred, two years old, have  
been taught Bible sayings by their  
aunt. The other day while both  
babies were playing their mother heard  
Francis say: "Jesus said, 'I am the  
bread of life.'" Fred said: "And Jesus  
said, 'All little children come to supper.'" "No, Fred,"  
Francis said, "I suffer little children  
to come unto me."

Fred J. Ward: "No, come to  
supper," and it lasted he was right.

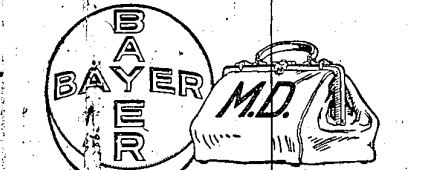
An Ohio post-heretor an hour daily  
writing poetry and the rest of the  
day to saving wood for a living.

Reprieve thy friend privately, com-  
mend him publicly.—Solon.

Optimistic Thought.  
One certain way of beating the game  
is to raise something beside prices and  
Calm.—Dallas Journal.

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