

## WITH A MUSTANG'S HELP

By George B. Walker

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company  
Shorty Striker, otherwise the Kid, twenty-four and ambitious, was the owner of about ten head of good cow ponies and champion bronco-busters of Nye county, Nevada. He now swung down from his mount and hunched across the sidewalk into the Palace saloon.

Taking his drink of raw red, he slouched over to the stove and was soon immersed in the Sunday paper. Two grizzled old prospectors sat on the opposite side of the welcome heat, and finally the Kid gave up disgustedly, trying to read about the Russian countess who did such a series of alluring dances, and then endeavoring to give the public her secrets on beauty.

Such sentences as these were the cause of his abandoning the paper. "I tell you, Mike, that is the finest horse I've seen out in the hills as long as I've been there. It is a real beauty, the feller what put the rope on him would get a nice little stake out of it."

"Wal, it sure is the best piece of horse-flesh I ever seen, all right; but I don't think there's a puncher in this county who's slick enough to get the shy on. Why, three years ago, a crowd of fellers from the east heard about him, and tried to stalk him, using a 'whopple' his outfit, and he give them the ha, ha!"

"I agree with you. These kids what's doing the ridin' act can ride all right, but they don't know nothin' about catchin' a horse like that one. Why, it takes a man like some— Shorty jumped out of his chair excitedly, and walking over to the two men, stood squarely in front of them. "Say, you old mossbacks," he exploded, "just because nobody's caught that fine Ridge mustang yet, you wouldn't get the idea into your heads that there ain't no good men left in this country. I ain't took a chance at gettin' him; but if I do take one, I'll hook him onto my string."

Old Mike, the man who had spoken first looked up at him insolently. "That's pretty big talk, young feller, and, while I allow did respect a man who could talk big an' then make good, I ain't never had no use for the guy who is all bluff. You've got to show me."

The other old-timer, who was slightly acquainted with Shorty, looked up at him. "Mike's got it right, Kid, an' take it from me, that boss ain't, so it's to be easy caught."

Kid's Irish was up, and he was not going to be downed by a couple of old groundrats, as he contemptuously called them to himself. "Wal, gentlemen," he spoke slowly so as to lend weight to his words, "you seem to think that I am one of 'em no 'counts a' quitters; but believe me, I ain't, an' I am 'koin' to make you a bet. If you'll take me, as far as that goes, you fellers ain't found that rich ledge you've been talkin' about since last spring. Apparently, there's more than one person around here who ain't made good."

He quickly remarked, and looked absently at the ceiling. "Wal, he's the bet," old Mike quickly interjected, not desiring to have his fallacies brought to light and scenting a possible bit of easy money. "Is that your team standin' at the hitchin'-post?" Shorty asked.

They nodded. "Wal, Shorty drawled, "I'll bet you half 'o my string 'o saddle animals, against them two poor little rats, that inside of a week I'll lead you with terror rich down to the west side of this here town. I didn't need the other half to stalk the bad boss with, I'd be willin' to bet them, too, and he spat derisively into the stove."

"You're on," the two old men chorused.

"You're not from this Sunday until next to do the leadin' stuff," old Mike threw after him as the Kid walked out of the saloon.

"Yes, an' I'll do it," Shorty called back as he swung into the saddle and galloped up the street.

Three days elapsed, and the morning of the fourth found Shorty back on the mustang's trail.

The day before he had cleverly dug a pit in the ground, and, making a running noise in his rattle, led the free end of it to the hole. Stalking Peg, his saddle animal, near by along with the other mares, he got into the hiding place to await developments. All of these preparations were in the immediate vicinity of the mustang's spring, in a good-sized canyon.

For half a day he sweated in the hole, which was far too smothery for the slightest degree of comfort, waiting for something to happen.

Suddenly Peg threw up his head and snickered, and glancing carefully from his concealment, Shorty saw that the other two horses were standing with their ears pricked forward.

"Well, here he comes at last," Shorty told himself thankfully. "An' here's where I come pretty close to gettin' him."

Sure enough, it was the wild horse coming for his daily water. Peggy again invited him to come closer, and whatever doubt he had to cause him to pause was dispelled, and he walked directly into the hole.

Immediately Striker snapp'd it shut and jumped from the hole the better to fight him. He was caught by the forefeet, and Shorty already considered the bet surely won.

"Jumping into the air, the wild animal came toward him."

Thereupon the cow-puncher threw a twist for the hind legs and missed. Trembling with terror, the horse went into the air again; and Shorty, with a heavy pull on the rope, threw him to his side. Leaping and squealing with rage, the animal got against its feet, when, in another endeavor to throw him, the rope, weakened where the boots hit it, gave way.

Shaking his head, the erstwhile cowboy deliberately kicked Peggy and snatched off in a fine, reaching gallop, followed by the three mares.

Shorty stood helpless with the end of the rope in his hand. "Wal," he spoke aloud, "if that ain't the doggonest idea I ever seen or heard tell of. The cow-feller broke the stake-ropes on all 'o 'em when I was fightin' him, an' then this here rope broke, an' he sails off with the bunch in tow."

While he was throwing the saddle over his shoulder, he plugged eleven weary miles back to camp. Arriving here, he found that all his other stock was loose, and for the latter half of the day he had the question of the rope in his mind. At last, after many attempts, he managed to rope Daffy, the tamest, and, saddling him, tried to get the others.

They disappeared in the gathering darkness, and he was left alone. The last thing he heard was a heavy neigh of what seemed to him to be derision, and knew that it could come from the throat of one horse only.

In the morning, after a slight breakfast, he saddled Daffy and took up the trail again. Rounding a small sand-dune an hour later, he found that he had come out right among the animals.

"Now," he yelled, "I've got a fair chance with you. That shoulder of yours must be some sore today, an' on a horse like Daffy you're sure goin' to be easy pickin'."

Although his shoulder was sore, and he ran with a limp, the wild horse managed to keep just out of range of Shorty's rope, which was ready for instantaneous use.

"Clear to the hills, twelve miles, to the man on horseback, and then plunging into one of the canyons, confined to force ahead. Striker, on his grain-fed horse, slowly gained, and when about thirty yards away, uncoiled and straightened his reins, secured in the custody of his captives."

Suddenly his mount pitched forward, its forefeet breaking through the shallow crust of the alkali covering an old badger hole, and he distinctly heard a bone snap.

Scrambling to his feet, he threw a shot after the rapidly disappearing cause of his misfortune, and cursed loud and heartily. Walking back to the helpless pony, he stood for a moment in doubt. Shaking himself to "daffy" the pony excitedly. "Daffy, old boy, you've seen your last round-up. Gosh, I hate to shoot you, but I guess there's nothin' else to do."

Stepping back from the suffering animal, he pulled his gun and fired twice. Lashing about in its death struggle Daffy kicked a large stone wildly, and Shorty stopped its flight with his shin, unwillingly.

Seating himself on the injured limb at the same time running over his bad luck. "Gosh!" he muttered, gazing blankly at the ground in front of him, "I was sure some fool to make that bet with them two old rats, but I guess there's a fine time with me when I get into town empty-handed an'—"

His eyes had rested for an instant on the stone that had hit him, at first with no recognition, but suddenly with full comprehension. Jumping forward, he picked it up and looked carefully at the specimen. Apparently satisfied, he held it at arm's-length and spoke in a reverently superstitious manner.

"An' I was just goin' to yell about all the hard luck that I've had," whereupon he fell to and feverishly started the erection of a pile of stones. III.

In town, old Mike and his partner watched the end of the week draw near with growing satisfaction. Rumors of the bet between the two old men and the champion, "buster" of the county had spread rapidly, and the town was split up into two factions—those with money on Shorty, and those betting on the old men.

Sunday morning, odds were given against the younger man, and by seven in the afternoon it was generally accepted that he had lost. Nevertheless, the crowd hung about the main street, anxious to be in at the finish.

Finally a much bedraggled figure carrying a saddle came around the corner.

"That be it!" a voice shouted. "An' he ain't got no horse with him."

There was a simultaneous rush, and Shorty was surrounded by a crowd of questions, all of which he waved aside until comfortably seated at the lunch counter in the Palace.

Between bites he gave them the story of his failure.

"I guess that about proves that you lose and we win," old Mike grinned complacently when he had finished.

"Yep," the young man rejoined.

You win that bet, all right; but I beat you to something a whole lot better."

"You what?" the other asked, drawing back in surprise.

Striker carefully drew his hand across his mouth, turned in the chair, and came toward him.

"Ain't you always been lookin' for the ledge what that rich fella you found last year came from?"

"Sure."

"I just happened to find it about two miles up the canyon from your claims," and for corroboration he drew from his pockets a handful of specimens.

Breathlessly the crowd inspected them, then Nicholas, the "barkeep," broke the awed silence. "Wal, Mike," he decided, voicing the crowd's attitude, "you won the bet, but if them's fair specimens, the Kid has sure beat you to the ledge." Then, turning to the other, he asked:

"What did you name it?" he asked. "Why, I called the claim the Wild Hoss, seels' as how he led me to it. Ain't that some luck, though?"

"It is," the other agreed fervently. "It is the best I ever had. Old Mike growled to himself as he turned away with the realization that Fate had again played him false."

MISTAKEN KINDNESS. Occasionally one hears of an effort made here or there to encourage simplicity in school girls' dress. It usually occurs at commencement time when a class magnanimously agrees to appear in something akin to homeliness. In general, however, the matter is allowed to regulate itself; girls in the schools wear what their mothers permit.

And, generally speaking, there is a good deal of silliness shown by these same mothers of school girls. Many of them appear to think their own standing in the community depends on the quantity of finery with which they drag their daughters. It is sometimes charged that young women dress too little, in the interests of morality and common sense; in many cases, on the contrary, they dress too much.

Mother who offend good taste in these respects are distinctly accomplishing two purposes—making themselves appear ridiculous and doing their daughters an injury. They are raising false standards to which girls at all ages are imitating. It is sometimes charged that young women dress too little, in the interests of morality and common sense; in many cases, on the contrary, they dress too much.

Mother who offend good taste in these respects are distinctly accomplishing two purposes—making themselves appear ridiculous and doing their daughters an injury. They are raising false standards to which girls at all ages are imitating. It is sometimes charged that young women dress too little, in the interests of morality and common sense; in many cases, on the contrary, they dress too much.

It is usually the women with the smallest resources who insist on making their girls stand out from the crowd in school. By so doing, of course, they betray their lack of good sense; in trying to impress others with their own importance, they unwittingly expose their paucity both of refinement and resources.

The public school is the hope of democracy in America. Snobbishness has no proper place in it. Pity, not censure, is due the over-dressed girl whose mother besting upon her the standards of the aristocracy.

Such evidences of personal extravagance are a demoralizing influence upon the girl and upon the schools.

"THE FOUNDATION OF THE STATE"

We perceive that the acceptance of universal and authoritative general principles is necessary to the normal development of the State, and that revolt against them is essentially a repudiation of the State-idea. Whence, then, are these principles to be derived?

It is clear that they cannot be derived from the idea of power alone. It is equally clear that they cannot be derived from the merely personal motives from which men act; for these, being of a private character, can have no public authority. The source of authority, if found at all, must, therefore, be sought in something deeper and more worthy of respect than either the mere power to enforce obedience of the merely personal motives of individual men.

Happily, we do not need to go beyond the limits of human personality to find such a source of authority; a source of authority superior not only to the will of individuals, but to the will of the majorities. However we may explain its origin, there is in every human being capable of social organization a conception of justice as a principle wholly apart from personal desires or volitions. Attending this conception there is a sentiment of obligation to respect this principle regardless of personal interest or advantage.

It is this that renders men fitted for human society, and makes possible the organization of the State as the embodiment of public authority.

Respect for the State depends upon its realization that the right of appeal to the principles of justice, upon which it is founded, should never be withheld from any, even the smallest minority, who feel that they have reason for making that appeal. Free speech, free press, and freedom from every sort of intimidation are essential to a normal political development. The true patriot must, therefore, be a man without fear. The most important question is the attitude of the citizen toward the State.—David Jayne Hill, in The North American Review.

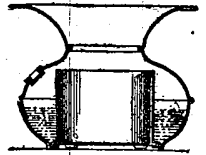
Feel may be high; still this is a better world than the one in which there is nothing but fuel.

A girl with dimples will laugh at every fool thing a man says.

## KILLS CONSUMPTION GERMS.

Cuspidor Has Compartment for Containing Disinfectant.

Right in line with the nation-wide war against tuberculosis is the cuspidor invented by a New Jersey man. It may not be a pleasant subject,

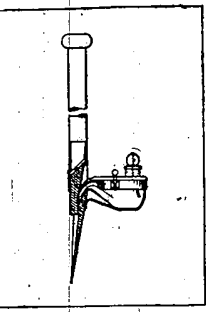


Inner Shell Removable.

but it is too vital a one to be ignored. This cuspidor is made with a removable inner shell directly under the mouth, and the chamber surrounding the shell is filled with some disinfectant. The function of the disinfectant, arising continually, destroy any tuberculosis germs that may become lodged in the inner shell and materially reduce the danger of contracting the dread disease. One change of formaldehyde, for instance, will last nearly a week, but the inner shell should be removed and cleaned daily. The same principle can be used in destroying germs in garbage cans or other receptacles where disease is apt to breed. When human lives are at stake the construction of even so humble an article as the cuspidor is a very proper subject for consideration.

## Weed Destroyer.

A most ingenious implement for destroying weeds has been invented by a Washington man. A rod has a sharp metal point at one end and a reservoir extending out from it just above this point, which is hollow and has an opening at the bottom. The reservoir has a discharge about leading into the hollow point and a rubber bulb, by means of pressure on which the contents of the reservoir are directed through the spout. The reservoir is filled with tobacco juice or



Both Quick and Effective.

some other liquid that will kill plant life. The gardener then inserts the point at the root of a weed and presses on the rubber bulb with his foot. An injection is thus squirted on the roots of the weed which soon kills it. Compared with the laborious system of pulling weeds up, one by one, and tearing up the turf into the bargain—to say nothing of wear and tear on the only body you'll ever have.

## Use for Tomato Seeds.

The seeds of the tomato have been regarded as a waste material around the canneries, and the problem has been to get rid of the accumulation economically, but a valuable function of the tomato seed has been recently discovered in Italy, where the oil from it is said to have been found especially desirable in the manufacture of varnish. This oil has the quality of drying rapidly and has other superlatives.

## Finger Print Experiment.

A Colorado professor took finger prints from the fingers of his daughter when she was born, 16 years ago, and has taken them every year since. A comparison of these prints by experts shows that there has been absolutely no variation or change in the markings of the fingers since birth. And yet all the investigations have failed to show any two persons in the world whose finger markings were precisely alike.

## Finding Pearls With Roentgen Rays.

According to a report from our consular in Birmingham, England, a recently made that Roentgen rays be used to ascertain whether an oyster contains pearls. In this way, it will be unnecessary to open the oyster's shell and destroy the pearl, unless it contains pearls. If the Roentgen rays show that there are no pearls present, the oyster will be put back into the water where it may continue to grow.

## A Giant Radiator.

At Dresden there is what is claimed to be the largest radiator in the world. This radiator is intended for the motor of an airplane of 400-horsepower, and is made entirely of aluminum. With an hourly capacity of 6868 gallons it radiates 288,000 calories per hour, while 1,695,000 cubic feet of air pass through it. The weight is 146 pounds empty and 209 pounds when full of water.

In 1850 the State of Minnesota had a population of 170,000, and not a foot of railroad within its borders.

## "THE GREAT STAKES IN CHURCH UNITY"

In the plans for church unity there are several of the churches that make the condition of general acceptance of their chief tenet. They begin their plans for unity by selecting as acceptable to them the principles on which all orthodox churches are agreed, as the Bible, the Apostles' Creed, and then offer their own peculiar tenet. As Dr. Ward puts, "They begin with infinity and end in a squirrel hole."

Assume for a moment that the other millions of Christians in this country agree to enter "the squirrel hole," and imagine the triumph of that church party that has gained this point. Imagine the scenes that would follow. Imagine the twenty millions or more of the Protestant Christians of America, people who have been building and supporting churches and sending the Gospel throughout the earth, hosts of the representatives of all that is best in the nation and its history, coming to the feet of the triumphant party, to be readmitted into the Church of Christ by duplicated rites, as if they had never before been "attainably" received into the Body of Christ, and thousands of pastors, who are now in the front of the battle, being recorded as if they before had never been real ministers of Christ.

But so long as any party insists on its own own characteristic tenet, unless, if it comes, means the triumph of that tenet, victory of that party. The rest follows inevitably. In case any one party should succeed by winning over all the other millions to its chief tenet, and all our Protestant Christians were merged in one vast church, with that peculiar tenet triumphant, could there arise in this land a spiritual tyrant?

In the consideration of any or all movements toward the union of the churches in our land, we cannot too seriously realize that there are at issue great stakes.—Calvin Dill Wilson, in The North American Review.

## "REGULATION BY COMMISSION"

The spread of regulation of business by administrative commissions is one of the most charged and important politico-economic developments in the United States in this generation. The policy was first applied by a few States to railways. It has now been adopted as to railways by the Nation and most of the States, and has been extended by several States to public utilities of many kinds.

The true theory of regulation by commission seems to be this: The management of public utilities should be left in the hands of the owners or those that they choose to represent them. The regulating commissions should be made strong enough in personal and statutory power to exercise corrective authority over the management when the acts of the management are unreasonable and unjust to the public. And such commissions having been created, they should be left free to perform their duties without interference from the public or any public body except the courts, and then only when it can be shown that the commissions have exceeded their constitutional authority in a manner plainly unreasonable and unjust to the public. The success of regulation probably will be in proportion to the consistency, fairness, and integrity with which we carry out these principles.

The doctrine that regulating commissions or other administrative bodies should be given any arbitrary power over public utilities is simply the doctrine that the property rights of the owners of public utilities should not be given the same protection as the property rights of other persons. It is a doctrine that seems inherently wrong and unjust; at least it is one that the Supreme Court has condemned as unconstitutional. On the other hand, the decisions of the courts leave an ample field for administrative regulating commissions to work in and to accomplish all of the great work which, with a suitable personnel and large powers, it is practicable for them to accomplish.—Samuel U. Dunn, in The North American Review.

Only one person in 100 inhabitants of Great Britain owns more than an acre of land.

Divers are now equipped with a telephone, so they are at all times in communication with the surface.

Forty-four States have adopted an age limit for working children. Every child under 14 years of age, and forty-two have fixed a maximum number of hours as a working week for children.

India's methods of storing grain are still very ancient and inadequate. The first modern grain elevator in all that great peninsula is yet to be finished in the Punjab province.

Courtehip in Bohemia often lasts fifteen years.

Bee-drinking dogs are quite common in Germany.

Abraham Gullish of Brooklyn, N. Y., blind, has invented a system of shorthand writing for the use of the blind.

About 42,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of musical instruments in this country.

There are fifty-five species of oak trees in the United States, about evenly divided between the East and the West. The eastern species, and particularly white oaks, are the most valuable.

## Peanuts for Americans

Peanut or peanuts—which is the favorite gastronomic consolation or resource of Young America in its hours of sadness or gladness? Peanuts, it seems, have a large majority of the votes, for 20,000,000 bushels of peanuts are produced annually in this country, against only 1,000,000 bushels of popcorn. But together these delectable delicacies are headliners at the 1,000 amusement parks and 1,500 county fairs of the United States. Peanuts has now also found a market, it is said, on the boulevards of Paris.

## NO REASON FOR IT

You Are Shown a Way Out. There can be no reason why a sufferer of this who suffers the torture of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the word of a resident of this locality who has found relief. The following is convincing proof.

Mrs. Lloyd Swartz, 802 Third St., Monroe, Mich., says: "For quite awhile I had been troubled by kidney weakness. My back ached, I had pains through my loins and was nervous and dizzy. When I stooped over, sharp pains darted through the small of my back. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and asked different people about them. Everyone said that they were good and I began taking them. They soon relieved me of the trouble. It is a pleasure to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone who has kidney trouble."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the name is on the wrapper. Mrs. Swartz had, Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FOR SALE

Bakery and Ice Cream Parlor for sale in good live town.

Hoeflinger Bros., Bellevue, Mich.

## EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST.

Eyes tested for Glasses FREE  
G. SAMTER, M. D.  
114 Gratiot Ave., Corner Brush Detroit, Mich.



## HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holsteins, sired by running in age and quality of three years old, a number of these springing back to freshen now, well marked, a fine good condition. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows. I will sell a few choice heifer and bull calves to suit in near future that at \$15.00 and \$12.50. Holstein, at \$15.00 each. First draft taken them. Write me for particulars. JAMES DONNEY, Dept. P. P., Gilberts, Kane County, Illinois.

## Wanted 500 Baby Rabbits Large or Small Any Color

When in Toledo, don't miss HENRY WERSELL THE LEADING BIRD STORE.

Dealer in imported canaries, Mexican parrots, pigeons, dogs, rabbits, gold fish, bird cages and imported seed. Pet stock in general. Poultry supplies, remedies for dogs and poultry.

We board your pets and birds. Mounting of birds and animals. GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION. Bell Phone Main 2800. 608 Summit Street. TOLEDO, O.

## To Pipe Smokers

BAGLEY'S WILD FRUIT TOBACCO

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco

Wild Fruit Tobacco