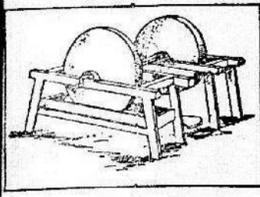


FLY-WHEEL AIDS GRINDSTONE

Jerky Movement That Is Destructive to Good Work on Ax or Chisel Is Eliminated.

To sharpen tools many people have to turn the grindstone without assistance, using the foot on a treadle and the hands or the article to be sharpened.



Fly-Wheel Steadies Grindstone.

On a frame beside the grindstone, as shown, make a circle of stiff paste-board upon a smooth surface and fill in with cement, with a few old wires to bind the whole together.

Rub-Hy-Tism, antiseptic and pain killer, for infected sores, tetter, sprains, neuralgia, rheumatism.

MILKING THREE TIMES DAILY

Additional Amount of Milk and Butter-fat May Hardly Pay the Extra Expense.

Cows milked and fed three times daily will produce more milk and the average test will be higher than though they were milked only twice.

HERDS HEADED BY PUREBREDS

Cow Testing Associations in West Reach Mark of 100 Per Cent—Disgrace to Use Scrub.

One-two-three! One cow-testing association in Washington, two in Colorado, and three in Idaho have reached the mark of 100 per cent of their herds headed by purebred bulls.

The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository."

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog in the grandfather's will.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is attracted by her appearance, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Broughton, apparently at the instigation of Twombly, visits the mine.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and also discovers in the mine a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy without discovers that Broughton is working the pumps, and Broughton decides to have it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Broughton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped, and he discovers in his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership.

CHAPTER XII.—They find Jeanie's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the mine, Broughton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

CHAPTER XIII.—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Broughton, the slight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Broughton denies knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie.

CHAPTER XIV.—During the day and night the two successfully defend the mine against attacks, including an attempt to drown them out.

CHAPTER XV.—Almost ready to give up, Broughton is heartened by Hiram's assertion that the sounds of the mine must have reached Atropia, and an investigating party will soon appear.

CHAPTER XVI.—The siege continues, Broughton vainly endeavoring to induce Hiram to abandon Broughton. He finally announces his purpose to destroy the mine, with its defenders. They defy him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Using dynamite, the besiegers have Twombly and Broughton at their last gasp when the rescuing party from Atropia arrives, headed by Broughton's acquaintance, Beasley, who is Daddy Hiram's nephew.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A charge of dynamite aimed by Broughton at the shaft-house explodes in the mine, and the mystery of the flood is revealed. The water had been deliberately introduced into the shaft and arrangements made to keep it there, with the object of discouraging and ultimately "freezing out" Broughton's grandfather, Stanford, and Hiram.

CHAPTER XIX.—With the aid of Beasley, Broughton interests capital in the mine, and the future of the Old Cinnabar seems assured.

CHAPTER XX.—Cousin Percy Wires.

It was on the evening of the fourth day's absence that Beasley and I left the train at Atropia and took the mountain trail in reverse for a return to the high bench on Old Cinnabar.

Just as we were leaving the railroad station Buddy Fuller, the operator, ran out to hand me a telegram. Since it was too dark to see to read it, and I supposed, naturally, that it was nothing more important than a bid from some machinery firm anxious to supply our needs, I thought it might

she exclaimed, as vindictively as you please.

Truly, I thought, the ways of women are past finding out; or at least the way of a maid with a man is.

"Can't I say anything at all without putting my foot into it?" I asked in despair. "You break a man's back with a load of obligation one day, and toss him lightly out of your young life the next! I haven't done anything to earn your—to earn the back of your hand, Jeanie; or if I have, I don't know what it is."

"You have committed the unpardonable sin," she accused coolly. "I don't wonder that Miss Randle took your ring off."

"I wasn't going to let the talk shift to Lisette; not if I knew it, and could help it."

"To misunderstand: to think a person capable of a thing when a person is not; to—just take it for granted that a person is guilty—oh—with a little stamp of her foot—I can't bear to talk about it!"

"I guess it's a part of a man's equipment to be dense and sort of stupid—in his dealings with women, I mean."

"Slowly, so slowly that I thought the catch would never snap and hold, my fool mind crept back along the line, searching blindly for the point at which all this fiery indignation toward me had begun; back and still back to that moment of our deliverance—Daddy's and mine—at the shaft-house door, with this dear girl outwrestling her arms from her father's neck, and with me saying, 'I'm not hurt, either. Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say, Mrs. Bullerton?'"

"Jeanie!" I gasped; "do you mean that you've gone to marry Charles Bullerton?—that you never meant to?"

"Of course, I'm not!" she retorted, with a savage little out-thrust of the adorable chin. "But you thought so small of me that you simply took it for granted!"

"I wagged my head in deepest humility."

"I'm as the dust under your pretty feet, Jeanie; please don't trample me too hard. Bullerton—that is—"

"He told a lie, because that is the way he is made and he couldn't help it," she said simply, still as cool as a cucumber. "He said we were going to Angels to get married, and I—I didn't say we weren't; I just let him talk and didn't say anything at all."

"Don't you tell me a bit more?" I begged.

"You don't deserve it the least little bit, but I will. It began with the deed; your deed to the mine. One day, when you were over at the shaft-house, and had left your coat here in the cabin, I saw him take the deed from your pocket when he didn't know I was looking. He read it and put it back quickly when he heard me sitting in the other room. I knew it hadn't been recorded; you and Daddy had both spoken of that. I felt sure he'd take it again, and perhaps destroy it. At first I thought I'd tell you or Daddy, or both of you. But I knew that would mean trouble."

"We were never very far from the fighting edge in those days," I admitted. "Bullerton had shown me the gun he always carried under his arm, and had told me what to expect in case I were foolish enough to lose my temper."

"I know," she nodded. "He killed a man once; it was when I was a little girl and we were living in Cripple Creek. He was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. So I didn't dare say anything to you or to Daddy. What I did was to steal your deed myself, when I had a chance. Daddy has some blank forms just like it, and I sat up one night in my room and made a copy. It wasn't a very good copy—your grandfather's handwriting was awfully hard to imitate. Besides, I didn't have any notarial seal. But I thought it might do for—"

"For something to be stolen. Then I hid the real deed and put the copy back in the envelope in your pocket."

"And Bullerton finally stole it, just as you thought he would," I put in.

"He did. You are dreadfully careless with your things; you are always leaving your coat around, just where you happen to take it off. I knew then that the next thing to be done was to get your deed recorded quickly. He—he was urging me every day to run away with him, and I was afraid to tell him how much I despised him; afraid he'd take it out on you and Daddy. So I just let him go on and talk and believe what he pleased. Of course, he wanted to ride with me the morning we went away, but after we got down the road a piece, I made an excuse to go on ahead by another trail."

"That much of what he told your father and me—when we were having the scrap—was true. He said you went on ahead."

"I didn't go to Atropia, as he expected me to," she continued calmly. "I took the old Haversack trail across the mountain to Greaser siding. I knew that the Copah train would stop there on the side-track. When I got as far as the Haversack I thought I heard somebody following me. I was scared and didn't know what to do. I was afraid my copying of the deed had been discovered and that the original would be taken away from me, so I hurried to hide the real deed. The old Haversack tunnel seemed to be a good place, but while I was in there Barney began to bark, and I looked out and saw that the noise I had heard had been made by a stray cow from one of the foothill ranches. So I re-mounted and rode on to catch the train to Copah. At Greaser siding I tried to make Barney lead the pony home, and Barney tried his best to do it. But Winkie wanted to graze, and I had to go off and leave them when the train came. That's all, I think."



"Let's have it out, Jeanie," I said.

thought; so I waited and cornered her as she came back.

"Let's have it out, Jeanie," I said; which, I confess, was a sort of brutal way to begin on the woman I loved, and yet the only way if I was to go on remembering that she belonged to another man. "We can at least be good friends, can't we?"

"No," she returned, with a queer little twist of her pretty lips and a flash of the blue eyes, "I'm afraid we can't even be that—or those—any more, Mr. Broughton."

It was awkward for both of us, standing there before the open cabin door, and I pointed to the bench where Daddy Hiram was wont to smoke his evening pipe in good weather.

"Won't you sit down until we can sort of fall it out?" I begged.

"It's no use, whatever," she objected; nevertheless, she did sit down and let me sit beside her.

"I know just how distressed you must be," I began, "and perhaps I can lift a bit of the load from your shoulders. There will be no legal steps taken against your—against Charles Bullerton."

"Thank you," she said; just as short as that.

"And that isn't all," I went on. "After we get into the ore and have some real money to show for it, I'm going to make over a share in the Cinnabar to your father and put him in a position to do the right thing by you when you marry. And he'll do it; you know he'll do it."

"How kind!" she murmured, looking straight out in front of her. "It isn't kindness; it's bare justice. Between you, you two have saved my legacy for me."

"I wish, now, it hadn't been saved!"

except that I had to wait two days at my cousin's in Copah before I could get the deed back from the recorder's office. They were awfully slow about it."

"It isn't quite all," I amended. "You haven't told me how you happened to come back with Beasley and his posse."

"That was just a coincidence. I reached Atropia on the early morning train and met Mr. Beasley and his men just as they were starting up the mountain. Cousin Buddy Fuller had told me how he had telegraphed to Angels for Mr. Beasley, and I was scared to death, of course, because I knew what it meant. So I borrowed the Hagerter's pony and came along with the posse."

There was silence for a little time; such silence as the clattering and hammering of the carpenters and steam-fitters permitted. Then I said: "And when you got here, the first thing I did was to call you Mrs. Bullerton. I don't blame you for not being able to forgive me, Jeanie, girl; honestly, I don't."

"It was worse than a crime," she averred solemnly; "it was a blunder. What made you do it?"

"Partly because I was a jealous fool; but mostly because I was sore and sorry and disappointed. I thought Bullerton had beaten me to it."

"No," she said quite soberly; "it was Miss Randle who beat you to it."

I gasped. There were tremendous possibilities in that cool answer of hers; prodigious possibilities.

"But say!" I burst out; "didn't I tell you that Lisette had pushed me overboard long ago?"

"I know. She was sensible enough to see that you and she couldn't live on nothing a year. But now that you are rich, or are going to be—I'm sure you are not going to be less generous than she was. What if she did take your ring off in a moment of discouragement, and knowing that you couldn't buy her hats? You can be very sure she put it on again as soon as your back was turned."

There we were; no sooner over one hurdle before another and a higher one must jump up. I growled and thrust my hands into my pockets. A paper rustled and I drew it out. It was the telegram Buddy Fuller had handed me, still unread. I opened it half absently, holding it down so that the glow of the nearest fire fell upon the writing. Then I gave a little yell, swallowed hard two or three times and nearly choked doing it, and read the thing again. After all of which I said, as calmly as I could:

"But, in spite of all that I had told you about Lisette, you asked me once to kiss you."

"Is—is it quite nice of you to remind me of it?" she inquired reproachfully.

"It wouldn't be—in ordinary circumstances; it would be beastly. But, listen, Jeanie; haven't you been mad clear through, sometimes, in reading a story, to have a coincidence rung in on you when you knew perfectly well that the thing couldn't possibly have happened so pat in the nick of time?"

"I suppose I have; yes."

"Well, don't ever let it disturb you again. Because the real thing is a lot more wonderful and unbelievable, you know. Listen to this: it's a wire from my cousin, Percy; the one who sent me out into the wide, wide world to look for a girl, a horse and a dog, and who is the only human being outside of Colorado who knows where I am likely to be reached by telegraph. He is in Boston, and this is what he says: 'Recalled home when we reached Honolulu, out-bound. Lisette and I were married today. Congratulate us.'"

For a minute there was a breathless sort of pause, and I broke it.

"Jeanie, dear, was it just common honesty and good faith that made you take all these chances, with the deed, and with Bullerton?"

"Yes, I'm commonly honest," said the small voice at my shoulder.

"Bullerton is a shrewd, smart fellow," I went on. "I'll venture to say that he never made such a bonehead break as I did the morning you came back. You must think something of him or you wouldn't have asked me not to prosecute him for trying to murder your father and me."

She looked down at her pretty feet, which were crossed.

"I think—a little something—of myself," she said, with small breath-catchings between the words. "I owed myself that much, don't you think? If I didn't deceive him outright, I'm afraid I did let him deceive himself. So that made me responsible, in a way, and I couldn't let you send him in jail, could I?"

"But what about me? Are you going to send me to a worse place than any jail—for that is what the whole wide world is going to be to me without you, Jeanie, dear."

Her answer was just like her: She turned and put up her face to me and said, "Kiss me again, Stannie. And though all the carpenters on the job were looking on, as I suppose they were, by this time, I took her in my arms."

It was a short spasm; it sort of had to be in the public circumstances. When it was over, I folded Percy's telegram, took out my pencil, and with the dear girl looking on, printed my reply on what was left of the message blank. This is what I said:

"The same to you. Have found the G., H. and the D., and Miss Jeanie Twombly and I are to be married as soon as we can find a minister. Incidentally, I have learned how to work. Hope it will be a comfort to you, to Grandfather Jasper—if he is where he can hear of it—and to all concerned."

"STANNIE."

[THE END.]

PROJECT WORK FOR 1922.

(Continued from page 1)

per hen. At one dollar per hen, it would cost \$100 to feed 100 hens. You can readily see that there is a large profit in poultry keeping, provided birds are properly cared for and managed on a safe and sane business basis.

It is time that the poultry raisers

11 one eleven cigarettes. Three Friendly TURKISH VIRGINIA Gentlemen BURLEY. The perfect blend of the three perfect cigarette tobaccos in one perfect cigarette. one-eleven cigarettes 15¢ for 20.

of Louisiana realize in dollars and cents from their chickens. Start the year right by keeping an egg record, a feeding record, and a hatching record.

Poultry Demonstrators. There are approximately 150 poultry demonstrators in twenty-five of the leading poultry parishes of the state. These demonstrators are receiving the concentrated efforts of the Extension Poultry Department in cooperation with the parish and home demonstration agents.

A series of demonstrations on reasonable work is being held at the home of each of these demonstrators once each three or four months. The demonstrations which are being given at present are on "Mating and Breeding." If poultry raising is to become an industry in Louisiana it is very necessary that much attention be given to breeding for a combination of high egg production and standard qualities.

The demonstrations on selecting the birds for the breeding pen are being given so that you can use the same principles in mating your birds. Call or write your parish or home demonstration agent to ascertain where the poultry demonstrations in your parish will be held.

New Poultry Text. Every person raising poultry in Louisiana should take for his text "hatch early" or, what is better, "hatch now." Pread the text and also do not forget to practice it.

Late hatching costs the poultry raisers of Louisiana thousands and thousands of dollars each year. The past year a number of poultry raisers had chicken pox and the sore head among their chickens. In practically every case it was the late hatched birds that were affected.

Make the Hens Lay. Make the hens lay whether they want to or not. Give them the food that it takes to make eggs and they will just have to lay in spite of themselves. It is foolish to think that the hen can make an egg without the material from which to make it.

How many housekeepers could make a biscuit without some flour, baking powder or soda, and other materials? How many men could build a barn without lumber? Then why do you expect the hen to lay eggs without material to make the eggs?

It pays well in dollars and cents to give the hens the proper kind of foods. Statistics gathered from 86 poultry raisers in Louisiana show that the average percentage of egg production where grain alone was fed was 24 per cent, where green feed and dry mash was fed in addition to a mixture of cracked grain the percentage of egg production was 55 per cent, or an increase of 31 per cent. Should you have 100 hens an increase of 31 per cent would be 31 more eggs every day. The extra 31 eggs would pay for the mash and green feed, and in addition would pay an extra good profit.

Eggs are high in price and to get the maximum in egg production thru the winter months, conditions must be made as nearly ideal, spring-like as possible. If you would make your poultry profitable, start feeding by the following feeding outline:

Grain—Equal parts by measure, cracked corn and feed oats, 1/2 corn, sorghum seed, sudanow seed, cracked rice, etc., is available, use one-third each. The greater the variety the better the results will be. Grain should be fed preferably in deep litter morning and night, one pint of grain to each ten birds is about the right ratio in addition to the following mash:

Dry Mash—Wheat bran 25 lbs., wheat shorts or middling 25 lbs., corn meal 25 lbs., meat scrap 25 lbs., medium oyster shell 3 lbs., medium charcoal 1 lb., fine table salt 1 lb.

When compounding dry mash, mix thoroughly. If preferred rice polish can be substituted for corn meal. Dry mash should be fed in self-feeding hoppers or slatted-top boxes. These should be kept in a place protected from the sun and rain and where the mash will not become damp and mouldy. Keep the hoppers open and filled every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included.

If the ingredients of this mash are not at your local feed store, you can purchase same from any large feed or poultry supply store in a near by town or city. If you do not know the address of one of these dealers, ask your agent or write this office where to order these feeds. Meat scraps can be ordered in different sized sacks.

Green Feed. To round out a properly balanced ration, poultry must have an abundance of green feed. This can be supplied in the form of garden greens, cabbage, lettuce or which is much better, access to a patch of rye or oats near the poultry house.

Have you a Poultry Club member in your home?

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