

"THE RANCH AT THE WOLVERINE"

By B. M. Bower—Copyright, by Little, Brown & Co.

NEXT WEEK, "THE OUTSIDER,"

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

This is a part of a book-sized, popular novel being run complete this week in this newspaper. Others are to follow from week to week, beginning each Monday and ending each Saturday. A COMPLETE NOVEL EVERY WEEK! If you want back copies of the paper, or if you are not a regular subscriber and wish to take advantage of this feature, call this paper's circulation department.

(Continued from our last issue.)

When Billy Louise went in with her makeshifts, Ward was sitting upon the side of the bank, clothed and in his right mind.

"Oh, by the way, I've got something for you, Wilhelmina," he said. "Come over here. See here, lady mine. How would you like these strung on a gold chain?"

From under his pillow he drew out a tobacco sack and emptied the contents into her palm. "Those are your Christmas presents, Bill-Loo. Like 'em?"

"Do I?" Billy Louise held up the biggest one and stared at it round-eyed. "Gold nuggets! Where in the world?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you—now you're through being just pals." He put an arm around her, and pulled her down beside him. "That's the wolf joke, William. I did make a lot of money wolfing—on the square. I dug out a den of pups and struck a little pocket of pretty rich gravel. I've been busy panning it out all the time I could spare, till the creek froze up."

"You found a gold mine?" Billy Louise gasped. "Why, whoever would have thought—"

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a gold mine, exactly," he hastened to assure her, before her imagination dazzled her. "There isn't enough of it. It's just a pocket. I've cleaned up about \$1,800 this summer, besides these nuggets. Maybe more. And there's some left yet. Enough left to pay the preacher, anyway."

"Do you know—" Billy Louise was lifting the nuggets one after the other and letting them drop to her lap—"happiness is like gold, Ward. We've got to put it out of life ourselves. You see what I mean, don't you? We get a streak of gravel; that's life. And we can pan out happiness if we try—little nuggets and sometimes just colors—but it keeps us hoping and working."

"Doctor of philosophy!" Ward kissed her hair. "I've struck a mighty rich streak of pay dirt in life, Wilhelmina. I'm panning out happiness millions to the pan right now."

Billy Louise, attacked with a spasm of shyness, went abruptly to padding the makeshift crutches and changed the subject.

"I'm going home, soon as I fix you comfy," she said.

Whereupon Ward protested most strenuously and did not look in the least like a man who has just announced himself a millionaire in happiness.

But when she explained to him her reasons he let her get with a

kiss and her promise to return early next day.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hm-mm!" Billy Louise rode straight to Seabeck's ranch. The owner greeted him heartily.

"How do de, Miss MacDonald? Pretty nice day, but I'm afraid it's a weather-breeder."

"Yes, and so I mustn't stop. Could you ride part way home with me, Mr. Seabeck? I want to talk with you about something."

"Why, certainly, I'll go. If you'll wait just a minute while I saddle up—or if you'd rather ride on, I'll overtake you."

"I'll ride on, I think. Blue's a little warm. You're awfully good, Mr. Seabeck."

"Oh, not at all!" Seabeck stubbed his toe on the stable door sill in his confusion at the praise.

"I'll be right along, soon as I can slap a saddle on." He disappeared, and Billy Louise turned and loped slowly down the lane.

When he came up Billy Louise took her courage in both hands and went straight to the point.

"Mr. Seabeck, I've always heard that you're an awfully square man," she said. "Daddy seemed to think that you could be depended on in any kind of a pinch. I hope it's true. I'm banking a lot on your squareness today."

And then she told him. "Charlie Fox! Hm-mm!" Rumors had reached Seabeck, thanks to Billy Louise's dropped lashes upon a certain occasion, which caused him to believe he saw further light.

"Did Charlie Fox send Miss Purkin?"

"He doesn't know I had any intention of coming," Billy Louise assured him with perfect truth. "They'll both be awfully surprised when they find it out—which was also perfectly true—and when they see you ride up they'll think you've got the sheriff at your back. I haven't a doubt they're right."

"There are a few points I'd like to clear up, if you can help me," Seabeck interrupted.

"Hm-mm—do you know, Miss Mac Donald, whether there was any intimacy between your friend—and the man we had for stock inspector, Mr. Olney?"

"I can't say as to that," Billy Louise, you see, did not know much about the details, but the little she did know made her hedge.

"There's a queer story about Olney. You know he has left the country, don't you? It seems he rode very hurriedly up to the depot at Wilmer to take the train. Just as he stepped on a fellow who knew him by sight noticed a piece of paper pinned on the back of his coat. He jerked it loose."

"It was a—m—very peculiar document for a man to be wearing on his back. The train was pulling out. The man took the paper over to a saloon and let several others read it. They—mm-mm—decided that it should be placed in the hands of the authorities. Have—m—your—friends ever mentioned the matter to you?"

"No," said Billy Louise, and

her eyes were wide. "Hm-mm! We must discover, if we can, Miss MacDonald, whether they are in any way implicated with this man Olney. I believe that this is at present more important than the recovery of any—m—cattle of mine which they may have appropriated."

Billy Louise looked at him for a minute. "Mr. Seabeck, you're awfully dear about this!" she told him. "I haven't been as square to you; and I've been—Listen here, Mr. Seabeck! I don't love Charlie Fox a bit. I love some body else, and I'm going to marry him. He's so square, I'd hate to have him think I even let you believe something that wasn't true. It's Marthy I'm thinking of, Mr. Seabeck. I was afraid you wouldn't let Charlie off just for her sake, but I thought, maybe—"

"Hm-mm!" Seabeck sent her a keen, blue, twinkling glance that made Billy Louise turn all over with shame and penitence.

"Hm-mm!" he said again—if one can call that a saying—"Hm-mm!"

CHAPTER XIV.

They found Marthy alone and ill at the ranch in the Cove. By the kitchen table, with her elbows on the soiled oilcloth, sat Marthy.

"Oh, Marthy!" cried Billy Louise, with the sound of tears in her voice.

"Don't 'Oh, Marthy' me," said the harsh voice, flatly. "I don't want no Marthyin' nor no sympathy. Well, old man, you're here to collect, I s'pose. I've allus paid my debts, Seabeck. I'm willin' to pay now fer bein' a fool."

"Where's Charlie?" Billy Louise whispered the question.

"I'd 'n, and I don't care. He's pulled out—him an' that breed. I'll have to pay yuh for seven groved cattle I never seen till jist'day, Seabeck. You can set yer own price on 'em. I ain't sure, but I've got an idee they was shot las' night an' dumped in the river. You can set yer price. I've got the rheumatiz so bad I couldn't go 'n' put a stop to nothin'—but—if you git after Charlie, I'll—kill yuh. You let 'm go, 'm the one he hurts most—and I ain't goin'!" She laid her frowny old head on her arms, like one who is utterly crushed and dumb.

"You've got to come and lie down, Marthy," said Billy Louise, after a long unbroken silence.

The old woman rose stiffly, and with a feebleness that seemed entirely foreign to her usual energy, permitted Billy Louise to lead her from the kitchen.

Seabeck was gone somewhere on his horse. Billy Louise guessed shrewdly that he was looking over the cattle and trying to estimate the extent of the thievery. She put Blue in the stable. She would not go on to the Wolverine. Marthy needed her tonight. Marthy was facing her bitterest sorrow since Minervy died, and Marthy was old.

Seabeck returned after awhile, and Billy Louise, who was watching from the doorway, met him at the little gate.

"Well, how bad is it, Mr. Seabeck?" she asked.

"Hm-mm—how bad is it—in the house?" he countered. The real real crime has been committed there, it seems to me. A few head of cattle, more or less, don't count for much against the broken heart of an old woman."

"Oh!" Billy Louise stared up wild-eyed into his face. "Oh! You saw that, too! And they're your cattle that were stolen! You saw it—oh, you're—"

"Hm-mm—a human being, I hope, Miss MacDonald, as well as a mere cattleman. How is the old lady?"

"Crying," said Billy Louise, with brief directness. "Crying over that picture of that—swine."

"Do you think, Miss Mac Donald, she would feel like talking business for a few minutes?"

"Oh, yes; if she's like me, she'll want to get the agony over with." Billy Louise turned with a twitch of the shoulders.

Marthy did not attempt to rise when Seabeck followed Billy Louise into the sitting room.

"Hm-mm—I have been looking over the cattle," he began. "You—mm-mm—you tell me there were seven head of—own stock?"

"That they shot and threw in the river, with the brands cut out," interpolated Marthy stolidly.

"I ain't got the money now. You can fix up the papers 't suit yerself. I'll sign anything yuh want."

"Hm-mm—yes! A note covering the amount, with legal rate of interest, will be—quite satisfactory, Mrs. Melkie. If you have a blank note, I—"

"You kin look in that desk over there," permitted Marthy. "If yuh don't find any there, there ain't none nowhere."

Seabeck did not find any blank notes. He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and wrote.

"You will please sign here, Mrs. Melkie," he said calmly.

"And if Miss MacDonald will also sign as an indorser, I think I can safely do away with any mortgage or other legal security."

"I don't want Billy Louise to git tangled up in my troubles," Marthy said unasily. "She's got plenty of her own. Her maw's jist dead, Mr. Seabeck. And I'll bet there was a hospital 'n' doctor's bill bigger'n this cattle note."

"Now, Marthy, you be still. I'm perfectly willing to sign this note with you, if it will satisfy Mr. Seabeck. I'm sure it's the very best we can do—except."

Billy Louise, bless her heart, was trying very hard to be grateful to Seabeck.

Whereupon Marthy signed the note. Then Billy Louise wrote her name. Seabeck took the paper, returned with it to the desk for a blotter, hunted and enveloped, folded the note carefully, and left the room with what haste his natural dignity would permit.

That ended the Seabeck part of the whole sordid affair, except that he remained for another hour, doing chores and making everything snug for the night. Billy Louise thanked Seabeck, when he was ready to go.

"I knew you were square, and you're really big-souled, too. I'll remember it always, Mr. Seabeck."

"Will you?" Seabeck looked down at her, with his hand upon the latch. "Even if you are put in a position where you must pay that note—you will still—hm—! I see. Before I go, Miss MacDonald, I—er—should like to give you a little—wedding gift, since you honored me with the news of your approaching—mm—marriage. As an old neighbor, and one of your most sincere admirers, who would feel greatly honored by your friendship, I—should like to have you accept this—"

He held something out to Billy Louise and pulled open the door for instant escape. "Good night, Miss MacDonald."

Billy Louise closed the door and her half-open mouth. Standing with her back against the wall, she turned that something—an envelope—over twice, then tore off the end and pulled out the contents. It was the note she and Marthy had signed no longer than an hour ago, and written large across the face of it were the words, "Paid, Samuel Seabeck."

"The—old—darling!" said Billy Louise under her breath and went straight in to show it to Marthy.

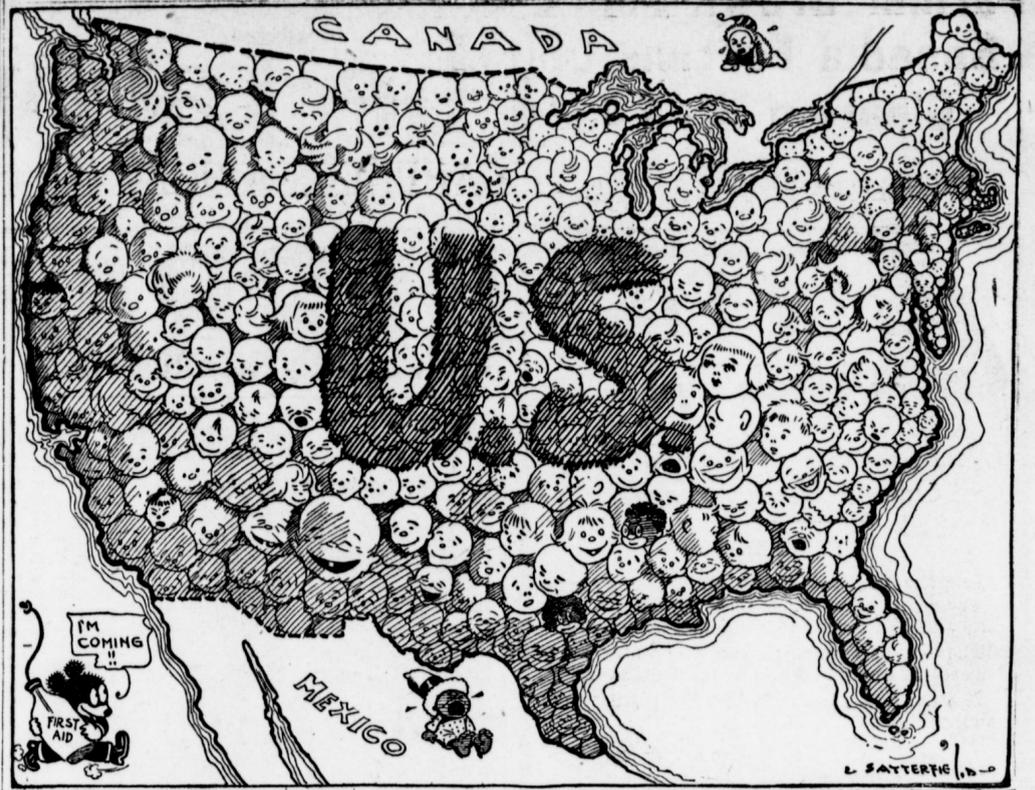
How it ended.

The next day Billy Louise returned for Ward as she had promised. Love is a great healer, and though it was a difficult task for a man on crutches to mount a horse, the feat was accomplished, and Ward arrived at Marthy's cabin little the worse for wear.

When Billy Louise told Ward of all the happenings at the Cove he had agreed with her that they would have to look after Marthy.

"She hasn't anybody, Ward, but us," Billy Louise had said. "And she's changed so—got so old. I never knew a person could change so much in such a little while. We'll have to take care of her, Ward, as long as she lives. That's why I'm taking you there—so we can look after her."

HE OWNS THE MAP THIS WEEK!



Oh, Listen to This Sour Young Bach Talk Babies!

BY THE SOUR BACHELOR REPORTER.

From the innocent bystander's point of view, babies are necessary and quite common. They appear in the best of families.

Babies, like groceries, stock, automobiles and dogs, must be celebrated. That is the reason for Baby Week.

But unlike an automobile, models in babies do not change. However their mechanism is improved by new methods of bathing and feeding.

Baby shows like poultry shows are noisy. All kids are always chaperoned by a mother, who knows her kid has been slipped a dozen black marks that the judges were in error and that her little one was about two points above par. It has always been thus. When a kid gets a blue ribbon and a double AA for perfect lungs, the neighbors hear of this until the he or she has grown old enough to wear elastics on his hips or put up her hair.

Most babies are human and if lucky will learn to think and maybe some day be able to get a job driving a truck.

They are not much good at first in an economic way as there is a law against putting them to work.

A downtrodden man at times is sorely tried. These occasions take place every night in the year at exactly 2 a. m.

The yep gets some sort of a pain which is relieved only by paragonite and 10 miles of road work by the old man.

In the good old days before improved machinery, babies were the favorite crops raised on farms. They were a great asset. Upon Birth, a baby had a happy prospect. He could begin to look forward to the time when he could hang on to the steering part of a plow.

The country is supposed to be a good place to raise kids because a

pump handle takes the place of a billiard cue.

City babies were supposed to be sickly and skinny and to grow up to be slick young fellows who wore their hair parted in the middle and kidded department store girls.

This has been shown as an untruth. Statistics show that quite a few bankers were born in the cities.

Another thing which is most peculiar about babies; they always come in the greatest numbers to families who can't afford them. Luke E. MILLION, for instance, is the proud possessor of 68 steel mills and one anemic offspring.

John Clodhopper, on the other hand, with an income, when he works, of \$1.30 a day, will have the pleasure of buying clothes for 12 heirs of the house of Clodhopper.

A deplorable wave has been sweeping over the country. Certain women are showing a propaganda against these poor, little bunches of helplessness—pardon the sentiment.

They say a woman can't enforce an ordinance against spitting and clean a kid's ears at the same time. They figure a city mother have clean streets, even if a mother doesn't have something to bet on in her old age.

These women, thank papa, are in the slight minority, and sooner or later fall. Geraldine Farrar did.

Babies get their first exercise by being spanked and by yelling.

Later they learn to bust wind-ups, but the spanking and yell-

ing continues. On rare occasions they come in two and three. Four or more are as rare as reformed convicts. Suicides are frequent when the second or third set of twins walk in.

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 7 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN.

A Lesson From Europe

When the war in Europe broke out every third citizen in England, France and Germany had savings accounts, while in America scarcely one in ten is as thrifty.

Let us learn a lesson from the frugality and thrift of the old world.

Tacoma Savings Bank & Trust Co.

Pacific Ave. at 11th. 4% on Savings.

AGENCY HUDSON, PACKARD TOURING CARS AND TRUCKS, PACIFIC CAR CO.

No. 2nd and G. Main 1320.

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Leave	NORTHERN PACIFIC	Arrive
12:10 a. m.	Spokane Limited—No. Yakima, Pasco, Spokane	8:15 a. m.
1:40 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Pt. Defiance	5:00 a. m.
5:10 a. m.	Seattle Via Pt. Defiance	1:30 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul	
	Chicago	
8:00 a. m.	Willason, Carbonado, Fairfax	10:50 a. m.
9:10 a. m.	Grays Harbor Line—Via Point Line & Olympia	7:05 p. m.
9:15 a. m.	Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	4:30 p. m.
9:25 a. m.	Raymond & So. Bend Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	9:25 a. m.
10:10 a. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	6:35 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland, Raymond and So. Bend	8:15 a. m.
	Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	
2:00 p. m.	Grays Har. Local—Via Point Defiance	12:35 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	Miss Val. Lim.—Billings, Kan. City, St. Louis	1:50 p. m.
4:40 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance	4:00 a. m.
5:00 p. m.	Orring, Carbonado, Buckley, Kansas City	4:30 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Portland Special via Pt. Defiance & Centralia	10:50 a. m.
5:45 p. m.	Raymond & So. Bend via Pt. Defiance	6:35 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Lakoville, Durant	8:35 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	No. Coast Lim.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Chic.	12:30 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via So. Tacoma	8:20 p. m.
1:00 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Pt. Defiance	12:20 p. m.
1:50 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Pt. Defiance	9:20 p. m.
	Great Northern Ry.	
6:05 a. m.	Shore Line Exp.—Everett, Bellingham, Van. B.C.	12:35 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Shore Line Exp.—Portland and Intermediate	6:00 a. m.
3:00 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Everett, Bellingham, Van. B.C.	6:00 p. m.
5:05 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Principal stations to Portland	5:00 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Olympian—Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago	2:55 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Southeast Exp.—Spokane, Billings, Kansas City	10:00 p. m.
9:45 p. m.	Past Mall (Mail and Express only)	7:05 a. m.
10:00 p. m.	"Owl"—Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, B.C.	1:00 a. m.
12:10 a. m.	"Owl"—Portland and Intermediate	9:55 a. m.
	TACOMA—EASTERN RAILWAY	
8:50 a. m.	Ashford, Morton	6:45 p. m.
8:55 a. m.	Grays Har. Spec.—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Raymond	6:05 p. m.
9:45 a. m.	Olympian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago	9:50 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	Columbian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago	9:55 a. m.
	(Union Depot.)	
12:45 p. m.	Portland and Grays Harbor Owl	4:00 a. m.
4:45 p. m.	Seattle Local	12:40 p. m.
10:50 a. m.	Shasta Limited	6:00 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	Portland, east and south	1:35 p. m.
8:45 p. m.	Seattle Limited	10:45 p. m.
1:45 p. m.	Seattle Local	11:55 a. m.

PANTAGES "BACHELOR SWEETHEARTS" WILL WARD'S PIANO GIRLS ATHENA—CLASSIC DANCES FIVE OTHER BIG ACTS

Unlike many business concerns a bank has no bargains to offer—the services which we have to extend remain the same. We realize that our best advertisement must be our customers and friends, and are devoting this space to the encouragement and assistance of all movements which have for their object the promotion of the best interests of Tacoma.

The National Bank of Tacoma

"TACOMA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK"

I Will Prove to You by Signed Statements and Letters From Scores of Former Sufferers That RUPTURE Can Be CURED!

No old-style Truss, Steel Springs, Elastic Bands or Leg Straps! No Knife, No Operation, No Discomfort, No Loss of Time, Enjoy Grand, Glorious Comfort while your Rupture heals.

This Book Tells How I Will Send It To You FREE!

Here's a book that EVERY ruptured person ought to read. It contains valuable information about rupture. Describes and pictures various kinds of rupture and rupture supports. Tells how to hold and control rupture and how to find relief and comfort. Contains many testimonials. Has shown hundreds the way to better health and happiness. Send for it.

You Can Be Free from Truss Slavery and Rupture Misery

Are you going about harassed like an over-burdened truck-horse with an ill-fitting truss or make-shift contraption going into your flesh or slipping out of place, causing you endless misery?

I've proved to a multitude of rupture sufferers that PERFECT support and COMFORT are possible. Let me show YOU how YOUR rupture can be held and held with PERFECT, GLORIOUS comfort.

Here Is Proof! The Schuiling Rupture Lock

Mr. John T. Custard, Lamar, Mo., says:—"It has really cured me. Mr. Broadus Willoughby, Crosby, Ala., says—"The Schuiling Rupture Lock is the best I ever used. It has cured me." Mr. Louis Fitting, Kootenai, Idaho, says—"I wore the Schuiling Lock five months and can say I am cured."

These are samples of scores of letters we have on file. I will send copies of dozens like them.

PROOF I will send you a SCHUILING RUPTURE LOCK if you wish and let you Test It At Our Risk

Our Trial Offer plan enables you to put on a SCHUILING RUPTURE LOCK and run, jump, pull, twist, squirm, strain, cough, sneeze, Free. Do anything else you like to prove to yourself that IT HOLDS and holds COMFORTABLY under ALL conditions. Once one of these Locks is adjusted to fit you, we are willing for you to give it the severest test that you or anybody else can think of. Write today for our book and particulars. Trial offer Free.

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Director, SCHUILING RUPTURE INSTITUTE, 2305 Murphy Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me FREE in plain wrapper, your book on Rupture and full particulars of your Trial Offer plan.

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