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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL in the WORLD

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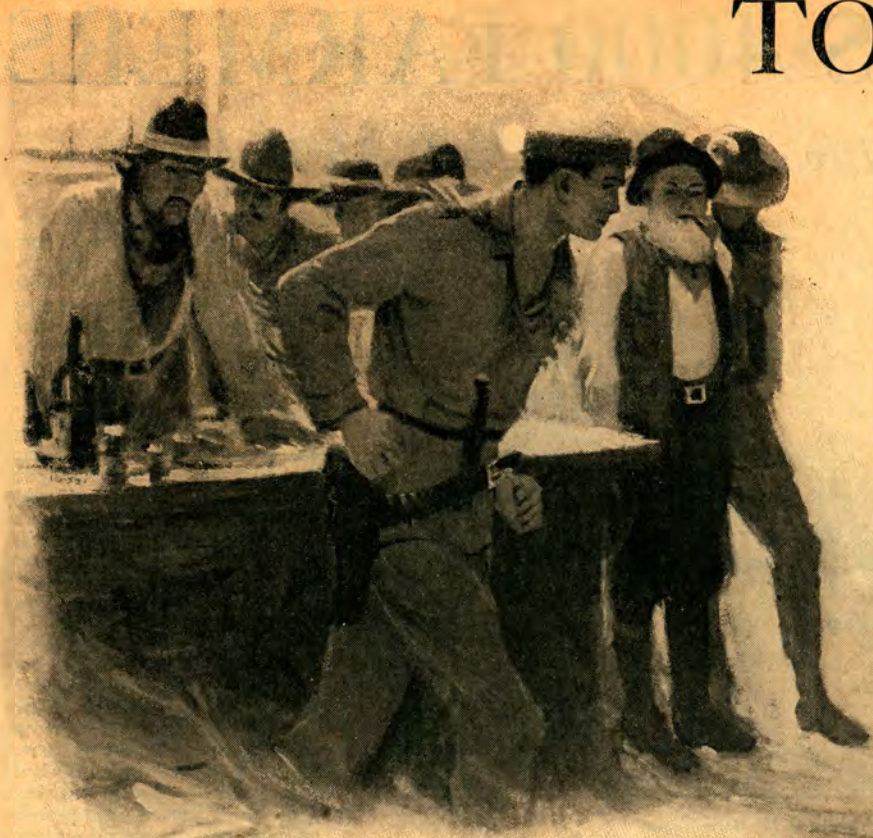
Painted by J. Knowles Hare

PURE-BREDS DO PAY—By WILLIAM JOHNSON

TO THE LAST MAN

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING



in her tent. She could not burn it up just then. She had other emotions besides scorn and hate, and memory of that soft-voiced, kind-hearted, beautiful Isbel girl checked her resentment. "I wonder if he is like his sister," she said. It appeared to be an unfortunate thought. Jean Isbel certainly resembled his sister. "Too bad they belong to the family that ruined dad."

did in the clear light of day. Resentment, pride, anger—these seemed abated now. If the events of the day had not changed her they had at least brought up softer and kinder memories and emotions than she had known for long. Nothing hurt and saddened her so much as to remember the gay, happy days of her childhood, her sweet mother and her old home. Then her thought returned to Isbel and his gift. It had been years since anyone had made her a gift. What could this one be? It did not matter. The wonder was that Jean Isbel should bring it to her and that she could be perturbed by its presence.

"He meant it for his sister, and so he thought well of me," she said in finality.

Morning brought Ellen further vacillation. At length she rolled the obnoxious package inside her blankets, saying that she would wait until she got home and then consign it cheerfully to the flames. Antonio

did not have a horse and therefore had to walk the several miles to her father's ranch.

SHE set off at a brisk pace, leading the burro and carrying her rifle. Soon she was in the fragrant forest. The morning was clear and cool, with just enough frost to make the sunlit grass sparkle as if with diamonds. Ellen felt fresh, buoyant, singularly full of life. Her youth would not be denied. It was pulsing, yearning. She hummed an old Southern tune, and every step seemed one of pleasure in action—of advance toward some intangible future happiness. All the unknown of life before her called. Her heart beat high in her breast, and she walked as one in a dream. Her thoughts were swift-changing, intimate, deep and vague—not of yesterday or to-day or of reality.

The big, gray, white-tailed squirrels crossed ahead of her on the trail, scampered over the piny ground to hop on tree trunks, and there they paused to watch her pass. The vociferous little red squirrels barked and chattered at her. From every thicket sounded the gobble of turkeys. The blue



"Then He Moved So Quick I Couldn't See What He Did. But I Heerd His Fist Hit Bruce. It Sounded Like an Ax Agin a Beef"

SYNOPSIS—Jean Isbel, in whose veins flows a trace of Indian blood, is called home from Oregon to Arizona by his father, Gaston Isbel, leader of the cattlemen, whose letter tells of impending trouble with the sheepmen. Nearing Grass Valley, he encounters Colter, a sheepman, whom he instinctively distrusts. Farther on he meets Ellen Jorth, beautiful despite her rough attire, to whom he is strongly attracted. He kisses her. She turns her back in scorn when he speaks his name, for she is the daughter of the sheepmen's chief. Jean is warmly greeted by his father, his sister Ann, his half brothers Bill and Guy, their wives and children and by Andrew Colmor, Ann's fiancé. Jim Blaisdell tells him of the trouble between the two clans. Jean learns from Gaston of the feud between his father and Jorth. Rivals for the hand of Ellen Sutton, Jorth won her by underhand means when Isbel enlisted to fight in the Civil War. Gaston proved Jorth to be a cattle rustler, and he was driven from Texas. Gaston predicts a bloody war between the opposing clans. Jean, however, cannot put Ellen out of his mind; he rides to keep an appointment with her. Torn between her feeling for him and for her father, she watches Jean from a hiding place.

VII

WHEN Isbel had been gone long enough to assure Ellen that she might safely venture forth she crawled through the pine thicket to the Rim on the other side of the point. The sun was setting behind the Black Range, shedding a golden glory over the basin. Westward the zigzag Rim reached like a streamer of fire into the sun. The vast promontories jutted out with blazing beacon lights upon their stone-walled faces. Deep down the basin was turning shadowy dark blue, going to sleep for the night.

Ellen bent swift steps toward her camp. Long shafts of gold preceded her through the forest. Then they paled and vanished. The tips of pines and spruces turned gold. A hoarse-voiced old turkey gobbler was booming his chug-a-lug from the highest ground, and the softer cluck of hen turkeys answered him. Ellen was almost breathless when she arrived. Two packs and a couple of lop-eared burros attested to the fact of Antonio's return. This was good news for Ellen. She heard the bleat of lambs and tinkle of bells coming nearer and nearer. And she was glad to feel that, if Isbel had visited her camp, most probably it was during the absence of the herders.

The instant she glanced into her tent she saw the package Isbel had carried. It lay on her bed. Ellen stared blankly. "The— the impudence of him!" she ejaculated. Then she kicked the package out of the tent. Words and action seemed to liberate a dammed-up, hot fury. She kicked the package again, and thought she would kick it into the smoldering camp fire. But somehow she stopped short of that. She left the thing there on the ground.

Pepe and Antonio hove in sight, driving in the tumbling woolly flock. Ellen did not want them to see the package, so with contempt for herself and somewhat lessening anger she kicked it back into the tent. What was in it? She peeped inside the tent, devoured by curiosity. Neat, well-wrapped and tied packages like that were not often seen in the Tonto Basin. Ellen decided she would wait until after supper and at a favorable moment lay it unopened on the fire. What did she care what it contained? Manifestly it was a gift. She argued that she was highly incensed with this insolent Isbel who had the effrontery to approach her with some sort of present.

IT DEVELOPED that the cheerful Antonio had returned taciturn and gloomy. All Ellen could get out of him was that the job of sheep herder had taken on hazards inimical to peace-loving Mexicans. He had heard something he would not tell. Ellen helped to prepare the supper, and she ate in silence. She had her own brooding troubles. Antonio presently told her that her father had said she was not to start back home after dark. After supper the herders repaired to their own tents, leaving Ellen the freedom of her camp fire. Wherewith she secured the package and brought it forth to burn. Feminine curiosity rankled strong in her breast. Yielding so far as to shake the parcel and press it and finally tear a corner off the paper, she saw some words written in lead pencil. Bending nearer the blaze, she read, "For my sister, Ann." Ellen gazed at the big bold handwriting, quite legible and fairly well done. Suddenly she tore the outside wrapper completely off. From printed words on the inside she gathered that the package had come from a store in San Francisco. "Reckon he fetched home a lot of presents for his folks—the kids, and his sister," muttered Ellen. "That was nice of him. Whatever this is, he shore meant it for sister Ann. Ann Isbel! Why, she must be that black-eyed girl I met and liked so well before I knew she was an Isbel. His sister!"

Whereupon for the second time Ellen deposited the fascinating package



jays squalled in the tree tops. A deer lifted its head from browsing and stood motionless, with long ears erect, watching her go by.

Thus happily and dreamily absorbed, Ellen covered the forest miles and soon reached the trail that led down into the wild brakes of Chevelon Cañon. It was rough going and less conducive to sweet wanderings of mind. Ellen slowly lost them. Then a familiar feeling assailed her, one she never failed to have upon returning to her father's ranch—a reluctance, a dissatisfaction with her home, a loyal struggle against the vague sense that all was not as it should be.

At the head of this cañon in a little level grassy meadow stood a rude one-room log shack with a leaning, red-stone chimney on the outside. This was the abode of a strange old man who had long lived there. His name was John Sprague, and his occupation was raising burros. No sheep or cattle or horses did he own, not even a dog. Rumor had said Sprague was a prospector, one of the many who had searched that country for the Lost Dutchman gold mine. Sprague knew more about the basin and Rim than any of the sheepmen or ranchers. From Black Butte to the Cibique and from Chevelon Butte to Reno Pass he knew every trail, cañon, ridge and spring and could find his way to them on the darkest night. His fame, however, depended mostly upon the fact that he did nothing but raise burros and would raise none but black burros with white faces. These burros were the finest bred in all the basin and were in great demand. Sprague sold a few every year. He had made a present of one to Ellen, although he hated to part with them. This old man was Ellen's one and only friend.

ON HER trip to the Rim with the sheep, Uncle John, as Ellen called him, had been away on one of his infrequent visits to Grass Valley. It pleased her now to see a blue column of smoke lazily lifting from the old chimney and to hear the discordant bray of burros. As she entered the clearing Sprague saw her from the door of his shack.

"Hello, Uncle John," she called.

"Wal, if it ain't Ellen!" he replied heartily. "When I seen that white-faced Jinny I knowed who was leadin' her. Whar yu been, gal?"

Sprague was a little, stoop-shouldered old man with grizzled head and face and shrewd gray eyes that beamed kindly on her over his ruddy cheeks. Ellen did not like the tobacco stain on his grizzled beard nor the dirty, motley, ragged, ill-smelling garb he wore, but she had ceased her useless attempts to make him more cleanly.

"I've been herdin' sheep," replied Ellen. "And where have you been, uncle? I missed you on the way over."

"Been packin' in some grub. An' I reckon I stayed longer in Grass Valley than I recollect. But that was only natural, considerin' —"

"What?" asked Ellen bluntly as the old man paused.

Sprague took a black pipe out of his vest pocket and began rimming the

bowl with his fingers. The glance he bent on Ellen was thoughtful and earnest and so kind that she feared it was pity. Ellen suddenly burned for news from the village.

"Wal, come in an' set down, won't yu?" he asked.

"No, thanks," replied Ellen, and she took a seat on the chopping block. "Tell me, uncle, what's goin' on down in the valley?"

"Nothin' much yet—'cept talk. An' thar's a heap of thet."

"Humph! There always was talk," declared Ellen contemptuously. "A nasty, gossipy, catty hole, that Grass Valley!"

"Ellen, thar's goin' to be war—a bloody war in the ole Tonto Basin," went on Sprague seriously.

"War! Between whom?"

"The Isbels an' whatever men they pick. I reckon most people down thar, an' shore all the cattlemen, air on old Gass' side. Blaisdell, Gordon, Fredericks, Blue—they'll all be in it."

"Who are they goin' to fight?" queried Ellen sharply.

"Wal, the open talk is thet the sheepmen are forcin' this war. But I reckon it's not healthy for any man to whisper hyarabouts."

"Uncle John, you needn't be afraid to tell me anythin'," said Ellen. "I'd never give you away. You've been a good friend to me."

"Reckon I want to be, Ellen," he returned, nodding his shaggy head. "It ain't easy to be fond of yu as I am an' keep my mouth shet. I'd like to know somethin'. Hev yu any relatives 'way from heah thet yu could go to till this fight's over?"

"No. All I have so far as I know are right heah."

"How about friends?"

"Uncle John, I have none," she said sadly, with bowed head.

"Wal, wal, I'm sorry. I was hopin' yu might git away."

She lifted her face. "Shore you don't think I'd run off if my dad got in a fight?" she flashed.

"I hope yu will."

"I'm a Jorth," she said darkly, and dropped her head again.

SPRAGUE nodded gloomily. Evidently he was perplexed and worried and strongly swayed by affection for her.

"Would yu go way with me?" he asked. "We could pack over to the Mazatzals an' live thar till this blows over."

"Thank you, Uncle John. You're kind and good. But I'll stay with my father. His troubles are mine."

"A-huh! Wal, I might hev reckoned so. Ellen, how do yu stand on this heah sheep an' cattle question?"

"I think what's fair for one is fair for another. I don't like sheep as much as I like cattle. But that's not the point. The range

It Pleased Her Now to See a Blue Column of Smoke Lazily Lifting From the Old Chimney and to Hear the Discordant Bray of Burros

is free. Suppose you had cattle and I had sheep. I'd feel as free to run my sheep anywhere as you were to run your cattle."

"Right. But what if yu throwed your sheep round my range an' sheeped off the grass, so my cattle would hev to move or starve?"

"Shore I wouldn't throw my sheep round your range," she declared stoutly.

"Wal, yu've answered half of the question. An' now supposin' a lot of my cattle was stole by rustlers, but not a single one of your sheep was ever missin'. What'd yu think then?"

"I'd shore think rustlers chose to steal cattle because there was no profit in stealin' sheep."

"Egactly. But wouldn't yu hev a queer idee about it?"

"I don't know. Why queer? What're you drivin' at, Uncle John?"

"WAL, wouldn't yu git kind of a hunch thet the rustlers was—say a leetle friendly toward the sheepmen?"

Ellen felt a sudden, vibrating shock. The blood rushed to her temples. Trembling all over, she rose.

"Uncle John!" she cried.

"Now, girl, yu needn't fire up thet way. Set down an' don't —"

"Dare you insinuate my father has —"

"Ellen, I ain't insinuat' nothin'," interrupted the old man. "I'm jest askin' yu to think. Thet's all. Yu're most grown into a young woman now. An' yu've got sense. Thar's bad times ahead, Ellen. An' I hate to see yu mix in 'em."

"Oh, you do make me think," replied Ellen, with smarting tears in her eyes. "You make me unhappy. Oh, I know my dad is not liked in this cattle country. But it's unjust. He happened to go in for sheep raising. I wish he hadn't. It was a mistake. Dad always was a cattleman till we came heah. He made enemies—who—who ruined him. And everywhere misfortune crosses his trail. But oh, Uncle John, my dad is an honest man."

"Wal, child, I—I didn't mean to—make yu cry," said the old man feelingly, and he averted his troubled gaze. "Never mind what I said. I'm an old meddler. I reckon nothin' I could do or say would ever change what's goin' to happen. If only yu wasn't a girl! Thar I go agin. Ellen, face your future an' fight your way. All youngsters here to do thet. An' it's the right kind of fight thet makes the right kind of man or woman. Only yu must be shore to find yourself. An' by thet I mean to find the real, true, honest-to-God best in yu an' stick to it an' die fightin' for it. Yu're a young woman almost, an' a blamed handsome one, which means yu'll hev more trouble an' a

harder fight. This country ain't easy on a woman when once slander has marked her."

"What do I care for the talk down in that basin?" returned Ellen. "I know they think I'm a hussy. I've let 'em think it."

"Yu're wrong, child," said Sprague earnestly. "Pride an' temper! Yu must never let anyone think bad of you, much less help 'em to."

"I hate everybody down there," cried Ellen passionately. "I hate them so I'd glory in their thinkin' me bad. My mother belonged to the best blood in Texas. I am her daughter. I know who and what I am! That uplifts me whenever I meet the sneaky, sly suspicions of these basin people. It shows me the difference between them and me. That's what I glory in."

"Ellen, yu're a wild, headstrong child," rejoined the old man in severe tones. "Word has been passed 'gainst your good name—your honor. An' hevn't yu given cause fer thet?"

Ellen felt her face blanch and all her blood rush back to her heart in sickening force. The shock of his words was like a stab from a cold blade. If their meaning and the stern, just light of the old man's glance did not kill her pride and vanity, they surely killed her girlishness. She stood mute, staring at him, with her brown, trembling hands stealing up toward her bosom as if to ward off another and a mortal blow.

"Ellen!" burst out Sprague hoarsely. "Yu mistook me. Aw, I didn't mean—what yu think, I swear. Ellen, I'm old an' blunt. I ain't used to wimmen. But I've love for yu, child, an' respect, just the same as if yu was my own. An' I know yu're good. Forgive me. I meant only hevn't yu been, say, sort of—careless?"

"Careless?" queried Ellen bitterly and low.

"AN' POWERFUL thoughtless an'—an' a blind—lettin' men kiss yu an' fondle yu when yu're really a grown-up woman now?"

"Yes, I have," whispered Ellen.

"Wal, then, why did yu let 'em?"

"I—I don't know. I didn't think. The men never let me alone—never—never. I got tired everlastingly pushin' them away. And sometimes—when they were kind, and I was lonely for something—I—I didn't mind if one or another fooled round me. I never thought. It never looked as you have made it look. Then—those few times ridin' the trail to Grass Valley—when people saw me—then I guess I encouraged such attentions. Oh, I must be—I am a shameless little hussy!"

"Hush thet kind of talk," said the old man as he took her hand. "Ellen, yu're only young an' lonely an' bitter. No mother, no friends—no one but a lot of rough men! It's a wonder yu hev kept yourself good. But now your eyes are open, Ellen. They're brave an' beautiful eyes, girl, an' if yu stand by the light in 'em yu'll come through any trouble. An' yu'll be happy. Don't ever forget thet. Life is hard enough, but it's unfailin' true in the end to the man or woman who finds the best in 'em an' stands by it."

(Continued on Page 22)

HANDY FARM MECHANICS

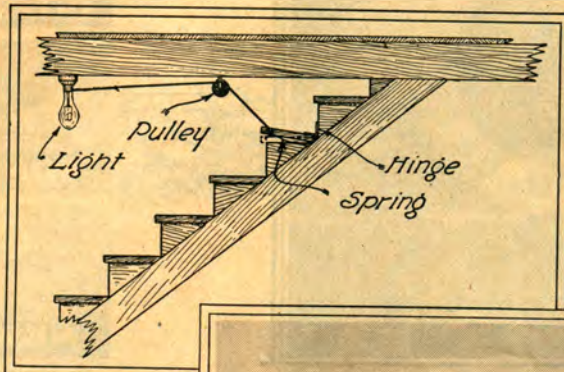
An Automatic Light Switch

CERTAIN light switches on the market are operated by two consecutive pulls on a flexible chain. One opens the switch, the other closes it. This principle, applied as shown, can be used to advantage in basements, storage cellars or other places where light is required at intervals.

In preparing this automatic switch, one step tread is hinged to the riser next above it. Under one or both edges are placed flat springs bent so that, with the weight of the tread upon them, they hold the board up about one and a half inches at the front side. The springs are secured by drilling a small hole through one end of each and driving tacks through these into the tread support.

A stout cord is then attached to the switch and from thence run to a small staple on the edge of the step tread. The cord is lengthened or shortened as necessary until the two movements above mentioned will both open and close the switch. This contrivance may be used to operate more than one light by running the current through the one switch.

D. R. V. H.



A Convenient Basement Switch

The Trailer Pays

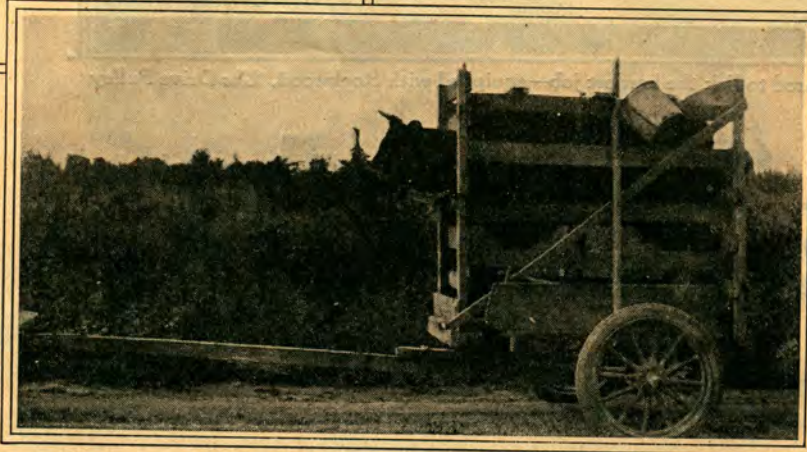
IN ORDER to save my car some little wear and tear to which cars are usually subjected by hauling other things than human freight for which they were intended, I devised the trailer in the accompanying illustration. I was able to dig out of the scrap heap most of the parts used in the

front axle of a flivver. The axle used was too badly sprung to take the lead in a car but followed well in a trailer. The blacksmith stiffened the wheels by fastening the steering arm to the axle. The whole cost of the trailer besides a day of my time was less than six dollars.

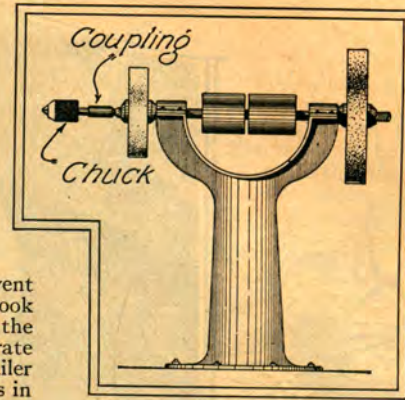
By hauling produce of the farm myself instead of forwarding it by express, I have been able to save quite a good sum of money.

Late in the fall at Sedalia, Missouri, sixty-five miles away, I bought the cow illustrated. Express and drayage would have cost me twenty-five dollars. Truck drivers wanted twenty to fifty dollars to deliver her. I got a larger tongue to prevent forward vibrations, took the front gate out, put the cow in a tight-fitting crate and moved her in the trailer over very muddy roads in four and a half hours.

There is little increase in gas consumption when using the trailer. Recently I moved on it my flock of poultry in coops 175 miles on soft roads. About two miles



This Trailer Saves Wear and Tear of the Car and Keeps Down Hauling Costs



Boards, Timbers and Iron Can be Drilled With This

less was made on a gallon of gas than when the car is operated without the trailer.

For light, low loads I use the short stub tongue, about four feet in length.

J. ROBERT HALL.

A High-Speed Drill

BY PURCHASING a small drill chuck with the customary two or three inch extension shank the emery arbor may be

turned into a high-speed drill at a small cost. The chuck installed as shown in the illustration will take twist drills, wood bits and other tools made to fit a chuck of moderate dimensions.

With the emery arbor in motion the threaded end of one end of the shaft is filed down to the size of the shank of the chuck. This should be reduced in size and smoothed up for at least two inches.

This is then threaded, likewise the end of the shank and a small coupling found to take the two ends. This coupling should be of seamless steel or heavy wrought iron and be true enough so that, when tapped and the two ends brought together, the outer end of the chuck will be perfectly centered and in alignment with the other shaft.

With the speed of the arbor running 1000 to 1500 revolutions a minute it is easy to see how quickly boards, timbers and iron can be drilled. With the use of wood bits there will be no special precaution except care to keep the piece in line and securely anchored. With the use of the metal drills the points should be well lubricated.

DALE R. VAN HORN.

TO THE LAST MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

"Uncle John, you talk so—so kindly. You make me have hope. There seemed really so little for me to live for—hope for. But I'll never be a coward again, nor a thoughtless fool. I'll find some good in me, or make some, and never fail it. I'll believe the future holds wonderful things for me. I'm only eighteen. Shore all my life won't be lived heah. Perhaps this threatened fight over sheep and cattle will blow over. Somewhere there must be some nice girl to be a friend, a sister to me. And maybe some man who'd believe in spite of all they say—that I'm not a hussy."

"Wal, Ellen, you remind me of what I was wantin' to tell you when you jest got here. Yestiddy I heerd you called that name in a barroom. An' thar was a fellar thar who raised hell. He near killed one man an' made another plumb eat his words. An' he scared that crowd stiff."

"Wasit—you?" asked Ellen tremulously.

"Me. Aw, I wasn't nowhere. Ellen, this fellar was quick as a cat in his actions, an' his words was like lightnin'."

"Who?" she whispered.

"Wal, no one else but a stranger jest come to these parts—Jean Isbel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ellen faintly.

"In a barroom full of men—almost all of 'em in sympathy with the sheep crowd—most of 'em on the Jorth side—this Jean Isbel resented an insult to Ellen Jorth."

"No!" cried Ellen. Something terrible was happening to her mind or her heart.

"Wal, he shore did," replied the old man, "an' it's goin' to be good fer you to hear all about it."

VIII

OLD John Sprague launched into his narrative with evident zest.

"I hung round Greaves' store most of two days. An' I heerd a heap. Some of it

was jest plain old men's gab, but I reckon I got the drift of things concernin' Grass Valley. Yestiddy mawnin' I was packin' my burros in Greaves' back yard, takin' my time carryin' oot supplies from the store. An' at last when I went in I seen a strange fellar was thar. Strappin' young man—not so young either—an' he had on buckskin. Hair black as my burros, dark face, sharp eyes—yu'd took him fer an Injun. He carried a rifle—one of 'em new forty-fours—an' also somethin' wrapped in paper that he seemed partic'lar careful aboot. He wore a belt round his middle, an' thar was a bowie knife in it, carried like I've seen scouts an' Injun fighters hev on the frontier in the seventies. Thet looked queer to me, an' I reckon to the rest of the crowd thar. No one overlooked the big six-shooter he packed Texas fashion. Wal, I didn't hev no idee this fellar was an Isbel till I heerd Greaves call him thet.

"Isbel," said Greaves, "reckon yore money's counterfeit heah. I can't sell you nothin'."

"Counterfeit? Not much," spoke up the young fellar, an' he flipped some gold twenties on the bar, whar they rung like bells. "Why not? Ain't this a store? I want a cinch strap."

"Greaves looked partic'lar sour thet mawnin'. I'd been watchin' him fer two days. He hedn't hed much sleep, fer I hed my bed back of the store, an' I heerd men come in the night an' hev long confabs with him. Whatever was in the wind hedn't pleased him none. An' I kalkilated thet young Isbel wasn't a sight good fer Greaves' sore eyes anyway. But he paid no more tention to Isbel. Acted just as if he hedn't heerd Isbel say he wanted a cinch strap."

"I stayed inside the store then. Thar was a lot of fellars I'd seen, an' some I knowed.

Couple of card games goin' an' drinkin' of course. I soon gathered thet the gen'ral atmosphere wasn't friendly to Jean Isbel. He seen thet quick enough, but he didn't leave. Between you an' me I sort of took a likin' to him. An' I shore watched him as close as I could, not seemin' to, you know. Reckon they all did the same, only you couldn't see it. It got jest about the same as if Isbel hedn't been in thar, only you knowed it wasn't really the same. Thet was how I got the hunch the crowd was all sheepmen or their friends. The day before I'd heerd a lot of talk aboot this young Isbel an' what he'd come to Grass Valley fer an' what a bad hombre he was. An' when I seen him I was bound to admit he looked his reputation.

"Wal, pretty soon in come two more fellars, an' I knowed both of 'em. You know 'em, too, I'm sorry to say. Fer I'm comin' to facts now thet will shake you. The first fellar was your father's Mexican foreman, Lorenzo, and the other was Simm Bruce. I reckon Bruce wasn't drunk, but he'd shore been lookin' on red lick. When he seen Isbel, darn me if he didn't swell an' bustle all up like a mad ole turkey gobbler."

"Greaves," he said, "if thet fellar's Jean Isbel, I ain't hankerin' fer the comp'ny yu-all keep." An' he made no bones of pointin' right at Isbel. Greaves looked up dry an' sour, an' he bit out spiteful-like, "Wal, Simm, we ain't hed a hell of a lot of choice in this heah matter. Thet's Jean Isbel shore enough. Mebbe you can persuade him thet his comp'ny an' his custom ain't wanted round heah."

"Jean Isbel set on the counter an' took it all in, but he didn't say nothin'. The way he looked at Bruce was shore enough fer me to see thet thar might be a surprise any minnit. I've looked at a lot of men in my

day'an' can shore feel events comin'. Bruce got himself a stiff drink an' then he straddles over the floor in front of Isbel.

"Air you Jean Isbel, son of ole Gass Isbel?" asked Bruce, sort of lollin' back an' givin' a hitch to his belt.

"Yes, sir; you've identified me," said Isbel, nice an' polite.

"My name's Bruce. I'm rangin' sheep heahaboots, an' I hev interest in Kurnel Lee Jorth's bizness."

"Hod do, Mr. Bruce," replied Isbel, very civil an' cool as you please. Bruce hed an eye fer the crowd thet was now listenin' an' watchin'. He swaggered closer to Isbel.

"We heerd you-all come into Tonto Basin to run us sheepmen off the range. How aboot thet?"

"Wal, you heerd wrong," said Isbel quietly. "I came to work fer my father. Thet work depends on what happens."

"Bruce began to git redder of face, an' he shook a husky hand in front of Isbel. 'I'll tell you this heah, my Nez Percé Isbel,' an' when he sort of choked fer more wind Greaves spoke up, 'Simm, I shore reckon thet Nez Percé handle will stick.' An' the crowd haw-hawed. Then Bruce got goin' agin: 'I'll tell you this heah, Nez Percé. Thar's been enough happen already to run you out of Arizona.'

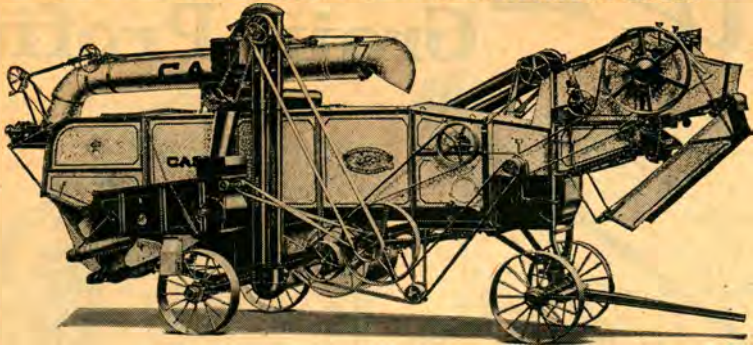
"Wal, you don't say! What, fer instance?" asked Isbel, quick an' sarcastic.

"Thet made Bruce bust out puffin' an' spittin': 'Wha-tt, fer instance? Huh! Why, you damn half-breed, you'll git run out fer makin' up to Ellen Jorth. Thet won't go in this heah country. Not fer any Isbel.'

"You're a liar," called Isbel, an' like a big cat he dropped off the counter. I heerd his moccasins pat soft on the floor. An' I bet to myself thet he was as dangerous as he

(Continued on Page 24)

22 x 36 Thresher Equipped with Clover and Alfalfa Re-Cleaner



Sell Dockage-free Grain

If your grain tests less than 1 per cent of separated foreign material, such as chaff, weed seeds, etc., no dockage can be assessed by your elevator man under the Federal standards. If your grain meets successfully this test, you are entitled to full value for your crop.

The best assurance of dockage-free grain is proper threshing. That is why grain threshed by a correctly adjusted Case Steel-built, Galvanized Thresher usually goes through dockage-free. There are good reasons for this.



Look for the
EAGLE
Our Trade Mark

Why Case Machines Thresh Clean

The violent agitation of the long, well-balanced straw rack, which is a feature of Case threshers, effectively shakes the grain from the straw; the spreader-stripped grain pan delivers the threshed grain to the noiseless, end-shake shoe uniformly; even distribution of grain over the sieves, supplemented by a full-width, underblast fan, insures perfect cleaning. Dockage-free grain is the result.

This is only one phase of Case superior threshing that means full value for your crop. Our new catalog has the complete story. Write for it.

Built in Seven Sizes

Case Steel-built, Galvanized Threshers are made in seven sizes—20x28, 22x36, 26x46, 28x50, 32x54, 36x58 and 40x62. An ideal Case Outfit for general community threshing, however, is the 26x46 Thresher and 15-27 Kerosene Tractor—a lightweight, fast-working combination.

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Successfully
Thresh, Clean and Save
all Grains and Seeds



(Continued from Page 22)

was quick. But his voice an' his looks didn't change even a leetle.

"I'm not a liar," yelled Bruce. "I'll make yu eat that. I can prove what I say. Yu was seen with Ellen Jorth—up on the Rim—day before yestiddy. Yu was watched. Yu was with her. Yu made up to her. Yu grabbed her an' kissed her! An' I'm heah to say, Nez Percé, thet yu're a marked man on this range."

"Who saw me?" asked Isbel, quiet an' cold. I seen then thet he hed turned white in the face.

"Yu cain't lie out of it," hollered Bruce, wavin' his hands. "We got yu daid to rights. Lorenzo saw yu—follered yu—watched yu." Bruce pointed at the grinnin' greaser. "Lorenzo is Kurnel Jorth's foreman. He seen yu maulin' of Ellen Jorth. An' when he tells the Kurnel an' Tad Jorth an' Jackson Jorth! Haw! Haw! Haw! Why, hell'd be a cooler place fer yu then this heah Tonto."

"Greaves an' his gang hed come round, shore tickled clean to thar gizzards at this mess. I noticed, howsomever, thet they was Texans enough to keep back to one side in case this Isbel started any action. Wal, Isbel took a look at Lorenzo. Then with one swift grab he jerked the little greaser off his feet an' pulled him close. Lorenzo stopped grinnin'. He began to look a leetle sick. But it was plain he hed right on his side.

"Yu say yu saw me?" demanded Isbel.

"Sí, señor," replied Lorenzo.

"What did yu see?"

"I SEE señor an' señorita. I hide by manzanita. I see señorita like grande señor ver mooch. She like señor keese. She —"

"Then Isbel hit the little greaser a back-handed crack in the mouth. Shore it was a crack. Lorenzo went over the counter backwards an' landed like a pack load of wood. An' he didn't git up.

"Mr. Bruce," said Isbel, "an' yu fellars who heerd thet lyin' greaser, I did meet Ellen Jorth. An' I lost my haid. I—I kissed her. But it was an accident. I meant no insult. I apologized—I tried to explain my crazy action. Thet was all. The greaser lied. Ellen Jorth was kind enough to show me the trail. We talked a little. Then—I suppose—because she was young an' pretty an' sweet, I lost my haid. She was absolutely innocent. Thet damned greaser told a barefaced lie when he said she liked me. The fact was she despised me. She said so. An' when she learned I was Jean Isbel she turned her back on me an' walked away."

At this point of his narrative the old man halted as if to impress Ellen not only with what had just been told but particularly with what was to follow. The reciting of this tale had evidently given Sprague an unconscious pleasure. He glowed. He seemed to carry the burden of a secret that he yearned to divulge. As for Ellen, she was deadlocked in breathless suspense. All her emotions waited for the end. She begged Sprague to hurry.

"Wal, I wish I could skip the next chapter an' hev only the last to tell," rejoined the old man, and he put a heavy but solicitous hand upon hers. "Simm Bruce haw-hawed loud an' loud. 'Say, Nez Percé,' he calls out, most insolentlike, 'we-all air too good sheepmen heah to hev the wool pulled over our eyes. We shore know what yu meant by Ellen Jorth. But yu wasn't smart when yu told her yu was Jean Isbel! Haw! Haw!'"

"ISBEL flashed a strange, surprised look from the red-faced Bruce to Greaves and to the other men. I take it he was wonderin' if he'd heerd right or if they'd got the same hunch thet'd come to him. An' I reckon he determined to make shore.

"Why wasn't I smart?" he asked.

"Shore yu wasn't smart if yu was aimin' to be one of Ellen Jorth's lovers," said Bruce with a leer. "Fer if yu hedn't give yurself away yu could hev been easy enough."

"Thar was no mistakin' Bruce's meanin', an' when he got it out some of the men thar laughed. Isbel kept lookin' from one to another of 'em. Then, facin' Greaves, he said deliberately: 'Greaves, this drunken Bruce is excuse enough for a show-down. I take it thet yu are sheepmen an' yu're goin' on Jorth's side of the fence in the matter of this sheep rangin'."

"Wal, Nez Percé, I reckon yu hit plumb center," said Greaves. He spread wide his hands to the other men, as if to say they'd might as well own the jig was up.

"All right. Yu're Jorth's backers. Have any of yu a word to say in Ellen Jorth's defense? I tell yu the Mexican lied. Believin' me or not doesn't matter. But this vile-mouthed Bruce hinted against thet girl's honor."

"Agin some of the men laughed, but not so noisy, an' there was a nervous shufflin' of feet. Isbel looked sort of queer. His neck had a bulge round his collar. An' his eyes was like black coals of fire. Greaves spread his big hands again.

"When it comes to any wimmen, I pass—much less play a hand fer a wild cat like Jorth's gurl," said Greaves, sort of cold an' thick. "Bruce shore ought to know her. Accordin' to what he says, Ellen Jorth has been his gurl fer two years."

"THEN Isbel turned his attention to Bruce, an' I fer one begun to shake in my boots.

"Say thet to me!" he called.

"Shore's she's my gurl, an' thet's why I'm a-goin' to hev yu run off this range."

"Isbel jumped at Bruce. 'Yu damned drunken cur! Yu vile-mouthed liar! I may be an Isbel, but yu cain't slander thet girl to my face!' Then he moved so quick I couldn't see what he did. But I heerd his fist hit Bruce. It sounded like an ax agin a beef. Bruce fell clear across the room. An' by Jinny, when he landed Isbel was thar. As Bruce staggered up all bloody faced, bellowin' an' spittin' out teeth, Isbel eyed Greaves' crowd an' said, 'If any of yu make a move it'll mean gun play.' Nobody moved, thet's shore. In fact, none of Greaves' outfit was packin' guns, at least in sight. When Bruce got all the way up—he's a tall fellar—why Isbel took a full swing at him an' knocked him back across the room agin the counter. Yu know when a fellar's hurt by the way he yells. Bruce got thet second smash right on his nose.

"I never seen anyone so quick as Isbel. He vaulted over thet counter jest the second Bruce fell back on it, an' then with Greaves' gang in front so he could catch any moves of theirs he jest slugged Bruce right an' left an' banged his haid on the counter. Then as Bruce sunk limp an' slipped down, lookin' like a bloody sack, Isbel let him fall to the floor. Then he vaulted back over the counter. Wipin' the blood off his hands, he throwed his kerchief down in Bruce's face. Bruce wasn't dead or bad hurt. He'd jest been beaten bad. He was moanin' an' slobberin'. Isbel kicked him, not hard, but jest sort of disgustful. Then he faced thet crowd. 'Greaves, thet's what I think of your Simm Bruce. Tell him next time he sees me to run or pull a gun.' An' then Isbel grabbed his rifle an' package off the counter an' went out. He didn't even look back. I seen him mount his horse an' ride away. Now, girl, what hev yu to say?"

ELLEN could only say good-by, and the word was so low as to be almost inaudible. She ran to her burro. She could not see very clearly through tear-blurred eyes, and her shaking fingers were all thumbs. It seemed she had to rush away—somewhere, anywhere; not to get away from kind old John Sprague but from herself—this palpitating, bursting self whose feet stumbled down the trail. All—all seemed ended for her. That interminable story! It had taken hours. And every minute of it she had been helplessly torn asunder by feelings she had never known she possessed. This Ellen Jorth was an unknown creature. She sobbed now as she dragged the burro down the cañon trail. She sat down only to rise. She hurried only to stop. Driven, pursued, barred, she had no way to escape the flaying thoughts, no time or will to repudiate them. The death of her girlhood, the rending aside of a veil of maiden mystery only vaguely, instinctively guessed, the barren, sordid truth of her life as seen by her enlightened eyes, the bitter realization of the vileness of men of her clan in contrast to the manliness and chivalry of an enemy, the hard facts of unalterable repute as created by slander and fostered by low minds—all these were forces in a cataclysm that had suddenly caught her heart and whirled her through changes immense and agonizing, to bring her face to face with reality, to force upon her suspicion and doubt of all she had trusted, to warn her of the dark, impending horror of a tragic, bloody feud, and lastly to teach her the supreme truth at once so glorious and so terrible—that she could not escape the doom of womanhood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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CHAFF

No Acorn

IN OHIO they tell a story of a man who brought for entrance into a college there a student, his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"My boy can never take all that in," said he. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it?"

"Oh, yes," said the president. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but he takes only two months to make a squash."

His Predicament

*THE corn in Happy Valley
Has grown, this writer hears,
Until the average farmer
Can't reach up to his ears.*

—Tennyson J. Daft.

An Inference

"NO MATTER how loudly my baby may be crying," said young Proud-pap, "he becomes quiet as soon as I sing to him."

"I see!" returned old Festus Pester. "He swoons."

An Appropriate Air

*HE POUNDS his wife and she pounds
him,
And when the row is done
They hold each other's hands and sing,
"Two hearts that beat as one!"*

—T. J. D.

How They Did It

AN OLD farmer and his wife lived near the village church. One warm Sunday evening, while they sat dozing on the porch, the crickets set up a loud chirping.

"I just love to hear that chirpin' noise," said the old man drowsily, and before the crickets had stopped he was fast asleep.

Soon after the church choir broke into a beautiful chant.

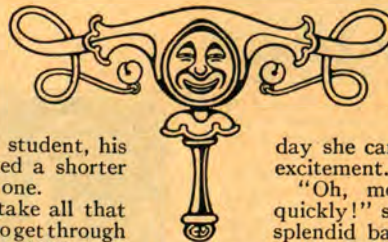
"Just listen to that," exclaimed his wife; "ain't it beautiful?"

"Yes," murmured the old farmer sleepily, "they do it with their hind legs."

She Told Him

"YOU are not economical," said the infuriated husband.

"Well," flashed his wife, "if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd love to know just what you do call economy."



Rare Opportunity

LITTLE Jane had long desired a baby sister, and one day she came rushing home in high excitement.

"Oh, mother; come downtown quickly!" she exclaimed. "There are splendid bargains in babies and you can get one while they are cheap."

"What in the world are you talking about, my dear?" the mother asked in astonishment. "Somebody must have been playing a joke on you."

"Truly, truly!" the little girl declared, jumping up and down in her eagerness. "Great big sign about it, on the top of the skating rink. It says, 'This week only, children half price.'"

At Eve

*THE robins trill their roundelays,
And softly spreads a dreamy haze
O'er roses sleeping in the shade
Of many a perfumed ambuscade.
Soft calls the thrush, loud the lark.
The firefly glints his ruddy spark.
I've mowed the lawn, and yet have time,
Perchance, to finish up this rhyme.*

—T. M.

A New Fruit

HOSTESS (to deaf old gentleman): Do you like bananas?
DEAF OLD GENTLEMAN: No, madam. I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt.

Professional Pride

*THE man that works the farm next mine,
He earns his living writing yarns,
And only dabbles in prize swine,
And pure-bred cows, and modern barns,
And fancy chicks with pedigrees;
Because he thinks that farming's play
He fiddles round his place in ease,
Unmindful if it doesn't pay.*

*While I, to keep my child and wife,
Must plow, and drag, and cultivate,
And thrash and shred for my dear life
From early morn till evening late.
But to get even, now and then,
When work slacks up for drought or hail,
I swear I'll hunt me up a pen
And scribble a best-seller tale.*
—By Someple.

Proof Positive

ONE bright morning a would-be hunter aimed his gun at a bird and pulled the trigger. When he ran to pick up the bird he saw nothing but a tree toad hopping away.

"Pretty good; pretty good," he said. "Though I didn't kill him I knocked off all his feathers."



ROMEO DUCK: Ha! Ha! That's the Time
I Fooled Him! My Suit is Waterproof!

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