

(Continued from last week).

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. He returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Sl." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, "Bonita," take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

CHAPTER II.—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cow-boy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred, scion of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, Al's employer, typical western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

CHAPTER IV.—Danny Mains, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared, with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Bo-

CHAPTER V.—Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch.

CHAPTER VI.—Stewart's horse comes to the ranch with a note on the saddle asking Madeline to accept the beautiful animal. With her brother's consent she does so, naming him "Majesty," her own pet nickname. Madeline, independently rich, arranges to buy Stillwell's ranch and that of Don Carlos, a Mexican neighbor.

CHAPTER VII.—Madeline feels she has found her right place, under the light of the western stars.

CHAPTER VIII.—Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chiricahua, and knowing her brother's fondness for him, Madeline visits him and persuades him to come to the ranch as the boss of her

CHAPTER IX.—Jim Nels, Nick Steele, and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos' vaqueros, who are really guerrillas. Madeline pledges Stewart to see that

CHAPTER X .- Madeline and Florence, returning home from Alfred's ranch, run into an ambush of vaqueros. Florence, knowing the Mexicans are after Madeline, decoys them away, and Madeline gets home safely but alone.

CHAPTER XI.—A raiding guerrilla band carries off Madeline. Stewart fol-lows alone. The leader is a man with whom Stewart had served in Mexico. He releases the girl, arranging for ransom. Returning home with Stewart, Madeline finds herself strangely stirred.

Then, mounting, he slipped behind her and lifted and turned her, and then held her with his left arm so that she lay across the saddle and his knees, her head against his shoulder.

As the horse started into a rapid walk Madeline gradually lost all pain and discomfort when she relaxed her muscles. Presently she let herself go



For a Little While She Seemed to Be Half Drunk With the Gentle Swaying of a Hammock

and lay inert, greatly to her relief. For a little while she seemed to be half drunk with the gentle swaying of a hammock. Her mind became at once dreamy and active, as if it thoughtfully recorded the slow, soft impressions pouring in from all her senses.

She could not believe the evidence of the day's happenings. Would any of her people, her friends, ever believe it? Could she tell it? She remembered the ghoulish visages of those starved rebels, and marveled at her blessed fortune in escaping them. Stewart's arrival in the glade, the courage with which he had faced the outlawed men, grew as real to her now as the iron arm that clasped her. Had it been an instinct which had importuned her to save this man when he lay ill and hopeless in the shack at Chiricahua? In helping him had she hedged round her forces that had just operated to save her life, or if not that, more than life was to her? She helleved so.

A heavy languor, like a blanket, began to steal upon her. She wavered and drifted. With the last half-con-

scious sense of a muffled throb at her ear, a something intangibly sweet, deep-toned, and strange, like a distant calling bell, she fell asleep with her

CHAPTER XII

head on Stewart's breast.

Friends From the East.

Three days after her return to the ranch Madeline could not discover any physical discomfort as a reminder of her adventurous experiences. If it had not been for the quiet and persistent guardianship of her cowboys she might almost have forgotten Don Carios and the raiders. Madeline was assured of the splendid physical fitness to which this ranch life had developed her, and that she was assimilating something of the Western disregard of danger. A hard ride, an accident, a day in the sun and dust, an adventure with outlaws-these might once have been matters of large import, but now for

Madeline they were in order with all the rest of her changed life.

There was never a day that some thing interesting was not brought to her notice. Sillwell, who had ceaselessly reproached himself for riding away the morning Madeline was captured, grew more like an anxious parent than a faithful superintendent. He was never at ease regarding her unless he was near the ranch or had left Stewart there, or else Nels and Nick Steele. Naturally, he trusted more to Stewart than to any one else.

"Miss Majesty, it's sure amazin' strange about Gene," said the old cattleman, as he tramped into Madeline's office

"What's the matter now?" she inquired.

"Wal, Gene has rustled off into the mountains again. He's sneaked off, an' Nels, who was down to the lower trail, saw him meet somebody that looked like Padre Marcos. Wal, I went down to the church, and, sure enough, Padre Marcos is gone. What do you think of that, Miss Majesty?"

"Maybe Stewart is getting religious," laughed Madeline. "Let him take his mysterious trips into the mountains. Here, Stillwell, I have news for you that may give you reason for worry. I have letters from nome. And my sister, with a party of friends, is coming out to visit me. They are society folk, and one of them is an English lord. Let me read you a few extracts from my mail."

Madeline took up her sister's letter with a strange sensation of how easily sight of a crested monogram and scent of delicately perfumed paper could recall the brilliant life she had given up. She scanned the pages of beautiful handwriting. Helen seldom wrote letters, and she never read anything, not even popular novels of the day. She was as absolutely ignorant of the West as the Englishman, who, she said, expected to hunt buffalo and fight Indians. Moreover, there was a satiric note in the letter that Madeline did not like, and which roused her spirit.

When she finished reading aloud a few paragraphs the old cattleman snorted and his face grew redder.

"Did your sister write that?" he asked. "Does she think we're a lot of wild men from Borneo?"

"Evidently she does. I rather think she is in for a surprise. Now, Stillwell, you are clever and you can see the situation. I want my guests to enjoy their stay here, but I do not want that to be at the expense of the feelings of all of us, or even any one. Helen will bring a lively crowd. They'll crave excitement—the unusual. Let us see that they are not disappointed. You take the boys into your confidence. Tell them what to expect, and tell them how to meet it. I shall help you in that. I want the boys to be on dress-parade when they are off duty. I want them to be on their most elegant behavior. I do not care what they do, what measures they take to protect themselves, what tricks they contrive, so long as they do not overstep the limit of kindness and courtesy. I want them to play their parts seriously, naturally, as if they had lived no other way. My guests expect to have fun. Let us meet them with fun. Now what do you say?" Stillwell rose, his great bulk tower-

ing, his huge face beaming. "Wal, I say it's the most amazin'

fine idee I ever heerd in my life." "Indeed, I am glad you like it," went on Madeline. "Come to me again, Stillwell, after you have spoken to the boys. But, now that I have suggested it, I am a little afraid. You know what cowboy fun is. Perhaps-"

"Don't you go back on that idee," interrupted Stillwell. He was assuring and bland, but his hurry to convince Madeline betrayed him. "Leave the boys to me. Why, don't they all swear by you, same as the Mexicans do to the Virgin? They won't disgrace you, Miss Majesty. They'll be simply immense. It'll beat any show you ever

"I believe it will," replied Madeline. Very well, we will consider it settled. My guests will arrive on May ninth. Meanwhile let us get Her Majesty's Rancho in shape for this invasion."

. On the afternoon of the ninth of May, perhaps half an hour after Madeline had received a telephone message from Link Stevens announcing the arrival of her guests at El Cajon, Florence called her out upon the porch. Stillwell was there with his face wrinkled by his wonderful smile and his eagle eyes riveted upon the distant valley. Far away, perhaps twenty miles, a thin streak of white dust rose from the valley floor and slanted skyward.

"Look!" said Florence, excitedly. "What is that?" asked Madeline.

"Link Stevens and the automobile!" "Oh no! Why, it's only a few minutes since he telephoned saying the

party had just arrived." "Take a look with the glasses," said Florence.

One glance through the powerful binoculars convinced Madeline that Florence was right. And another glance at Stillwell told her that he was speechless with delight. "Wal, as Nels says, I wouldn't be in that there ottomobile right now for a million pesos," he remarked.

"Why? Is Stevens driving fast?" "Good Lord! Fast? Miss Majesty, there hain't ever been anythin' except a streak of lightnin' run so fast in this country. I reckon I'd like to be hyar when Link drives up, but I want to be with the boys down by the bunks. It'll be some fun to see Nels an' Monty when Link comes flyin' along."

"I wish Al had stayed to meet them," said Madeline.

Her brother had rather hurrled a shipment of cattle to California: and ic was Madeline's supposition that he had welcomed the opportunity to absent himself from the ranch.

"I am sorry he wouldn't stay," replied Florence. "But Al's all business now. And he's doing finely. It's just as well, perhaps."

"Surely. That was my pride speaking. I would like to have all my family and all my old friends see what a man Al has become. Well, Link Stevens is running like the wind. The car will be here before we know it. Florence, we've only a few moments to dress. But first I want to order many and various and exceedingly cold refreshments for that approaching party."

Less than a half-hour later Madeline went again to the porch and found Florence there.

"Oh, you look just lovely!" exclaimed Florence, impulsively, as she gazed wide-eyed up at Madeline. "And somehow so different!"

Madeline smiled a little sadly. Perhaps when she had put on that exquisite white gown something had come to her of the manner which be halt in the yard before the porch. fitted the wearing of it. She could not resist the desire to look fair once more friends. The sad smile had been for the days that were gone. For she knew that what society had once been pleased to call her beauty had trebled since it had last been seen in a drawing-room. Madeline wore no jewels, but at her waist she had pinned two great crimson roses. Against the dead white they had the life and fire and redness of the desert.

"Link's hit the old round-up trail." said Florence, "and oh, isn't he riding that car!"

With Florence, as with most of the cowboys, the car was never driven.

A white spot with a long trail of dust showed low down in the valley. It was now headed almost straight for the ranch. Madeline watched it growing larger moment by moment, and her pleasurable emotion grew accordingly. Then the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs caused her to turn.

Stewart was riding in on his black horse. He had been absent on an important mission, and his duty had taken him to the international boundary line. His presence home long before he was expected was particularly gratifying to Madeline, for it meant that his mission had been brought to a successful issue. Once more, for the hundredth time, the man's reliability struck Madeline. He was a doer of things.

Madeline advanced to the porch steps. And Stewart, after taking a parcel of papers from a saddle-bag, turned toward her.

"Stewart, you are the best of couriers," she said. "I am pleased." Dust streamed from his sombrero as he doffed it. His dark face seemed to rise as he straightened weary shoul-

"Here are the reports, Miss Ham-

mond," he replied. As he looked up to see her standing there, dressed to receive her eastern guests, he checked his advance with a violent action which recalled to Madeline the one he had made on the night she had met him, when she disclosed her identity. A man struck by a bullet might have had an instant jerk of muscular control such as convulsed Stewart. In that instant, as her keen gaze searched his dust-caked face, she met the full, free look of his eyes. Her own did not fall, though she felt a warmth steal to her cheeks. Madeline very seldom blushed. And now, conscious of her sudden color, a genuine blush flamed on her face. It was irritating because it was incomprehensible. She received the papers from then led the black down the path toward the corrals.

Madeline watched the weary horse had made her thoughtful? Mostly it was something new or sudden or inexplic-

that had struck Madeline was Stew- me to pieces. I couldn't hear anyart's glance. He had looked at her, thing but the rush of wind and roar of and the old burning, inscrutable fire, the car. I could see only straight the darkness, had left his eyes. Sud- ahead. What a road! I never saw a denly they had been beautiful. The road in my life till today. Miles and look had not been one of surprise or miles and miles ahead, with not even admiration; nor had it been one of a post or tree. That big car seemed love. She was familiar, too familiar to leap at the miles. It hummed and with all three. It had not been a gaze sang. I was fascinated, then terrified. of passion, for there was nothing We went so fast I couldn't catch my beautiful in that. Madeline pondered, breath. The wind went through me, And presently she realized that Stew- and I expected to be disrobed by it



And Now, Conscious of Her Sudden Color, a Genuine Blush Flamed on Her Face.

art's eyes had expressed a strange joy of pride. That expression Madeline had never before encountered in the look of any man. Probably its strangeness had made her notice it and accounted for her blushing. The longer she lived among these outdoor men the more they surprised her. Particularly, how incomprehensible was this cowboy Stewart! Why should he have pride or joy at sight of her?

The approaching automobile was ou the slope now, some miles down the long gradual slant. Its velocity was nants, streamed in the wind. A low it grew louder, became a roar. The car shot like an arrow past the alfalfa field, by the bunk-houses, where the cowboys waved and cheered. The the dust, flying capes and veils and ul- of college days. sters, and crashed and cracked to a

in the eyes of these hypercritical car. Besides the driver there were seven occupants, and for a moment they appeared to be coming to life, moving and exclaiming under the veils and wraps and dust-shields.

Link Stevens stepped out and, removing helmet and goggles, coolly looked at his watch.

"An hour an' a quarter, Miss Hammond," he said. "It's sixty-three miles by the valley road, an' you know there's a couple of bad hills. I reckon we made fair time, considerin' you

wanted me to drive slow an' safe.' From the mass of dusty-veiled humanity in the car came low exclains tions and plaintive feminine wails. Madeline stepped to the front of the porch. Then the deep voices of men

and softer voices of women united in one glad outburst, as much a thanksgiving as a greeting, "Majesty!" Helen Hammond was three years younger than Madeline, and a slender,

pretty girl. Having recovered her breath soon after Madeline took her to her room, she began to talk. "Majesty, old girl, I'm here; but you can bet I would never have gotten here if I had known about that ride from the railroad. You never wrote that you had a car. I thought this was out West-stage-coach, and all that sort of thing. Such a tremendous car! And

"He's a cowboy. He was crippled by falling under his horse, so I had him instructed to run the car. He can drive, don't you think?"

the road! What kind of a chauffeur

"Drive? Good gracious! He scared us to death, except Castleton. Nothing could scare that cold-blooded little Englishman. I am dizzy yet. Do you know, Majesty, I was delighted when I saw the car. Then your cowboy driver met us at the platform. What a queer-looking individual! He had a big pistol strapped to those leather trousers. That made me nervous. When he piled us all in with our grips, he put me in the seat beside him, whether I liked it or not. I was fool enough to tell him I loved to travel fast. What do you think he said? Well, he eyed me in a rather cool and speculative way and said, with a smile, 'Miss. I reckon anything you love an' want bad will be coming to you out here!' I didn't know whether it was delightful candor or impudence. Then he said to all of us: 'Shore you had better wrap up in the veils an' dusters. It's a long, slow, hot, dusty ride to the ranch, an' Miss Hammond's order was to drive safe.' He got our baggage checks and gave them to a man with Stewart and thanked him. He bowed, a huge wagon and a four-horse team. Then he cranked the car, jumped in, wrapped his arms round the wheel, and sank down low in his seat. There and rider limp down the path. What was a crack, a jerk, a kind of flash around us, and that dirty little town was somewhere on the map behind. able that stirred her mind to quick For about five minutes I had a lovely analysis. In this instance the thing time. Then the wind began to tear

any minute. I was afraid I couldn't hold any clothes on. Presently all I could see was a flashing gray wall with a white line in the middle. Then my eyes blurred. My face burned. My ears grew full of a hundred thousand howling devils. I was about ready to die when the car stopped. I looked and looked, and when I could see, there you stood!"

"Helen, I thought you were fond of speeding," said Madeline, with a laugh. "I was. But I assure you I never before was in a fast car; I never met a driver."

"Perhaps I may have a few surprises for you out here in the wild and woolly West."

Helen's dark eyes showed a sister's memory of possibilities.

"You've started weil," she said. "I am simply stunned. I expected to find you old and dowdy. Majesty, you're the handsomest thing I ever laid eyes on. You're so splendid and strong, and your skin is like white gold. What's happened to you? What's changed you? This beautiful room, those glorious roses out there, the cool, dark sweetness of this wonderful house! I know you, Majesty, and, though you never wrote it, I believe you have made a home out here. That's the most stunning surprise of all. Come, confess. I know I've a! ways been selfish and not much of a sister; but if you are happy out here I am glad. You were not happy at home. Tell me about yourself and about Alfred. Then I shall give you all the messages and news from the

East." It afforded Madeline exceeding pleasure to have from one and all of her guests varied encomiums of her beautiful home, and a real and warm interest in what promised to be a delightful and memorable visit.

Of them all Castleton was the only one who failed to show surprise. He astounding. Long, gray veils, like pen- greeted her precisely as he had when he had last seen her in London. Maderushing sound became perceptible, and line, rather to her astonishment, found meeting him again pleasurable. She discovered she liked this imperturbable Englishman. Manifestly her capacity for liking any one had immeasurably horses and burros in the corrals began enlarged. Quite unexpectedly her old to snort and tramp and race in fright. girlish love for her younger sister At the base of the long slope of the sprang into life, and with it interest foothill Link cut the speed more than in these half-forgotten friends, and a half. Yet the car roared up, rolling warm regard for Edith Wayne, a chum

Edith Wayne was a patrician brunette, a serious, soft-voiced woman, Madeline descried a gray, disheveled sweet and kindly, despite a rather bitmass of humanity packed inside the ter experience that had left her worldly wise. Mrs. Carrollton Beck, a feminine contingent was Miss Dorothy | those persons who understand the suf-Coombs-Dot, as they called her-a young woman of attractive blond pret-

tiness. For a man Castleton was of very small stature. He had a pink-anddrooping, made him look dull. His at- venture out at night in search of food. tire, cut to what appeared to be an exaggerated English style, attracted attention to his diminutive size. He was immaculate and fastidious. Robert man, remarkable only for his good nature. Counting Boyd Harvey, a hand- anguish and pain when the grim teeth some, pale-faced fellow, with the careless smile of the man for whom life legs. The little creature had been had been easy and pleasant, the party caught at least three times and in had been easy and pleasant, the party was complete.

any excitement for us?" asked Helen. to demand the abolition of the barbar-"Above all, Majesty, we want some- ous trapping practice.

thing to happen." "My dear sister, maybe you will have your wish fulfilled," replied Madeline, soberly. "Edith, Helen has made me curious about your especial yearning."

"Majesty, it is only that I wanted to be with you for a while," replied this old friend.

There was in the wistful reply, accompanied by a dark and eloquent glance of eyes, that told Madeline of Edith's understanding, of her sympathy, and perhaps a betrayal of her own unquiet soul. It saddened Madeline. disease in flocks all over the State How many women might there not be since the first of April. who had the longing to break down the bars of their cage, but had not the

CHAPTER XIII

Cowboy Golf.

In the whirl of the succeeding days chicks. in was a mooted question whether Madeline's guests or her cowboys or herself got the keenest enjoyment out of the flying time. Considering the sameness of the cowboys' ordinary life, she was inclined to think they made the most of the present. Stillwell and Stewart, however, had found the situation trying. The work of the ranch had to go on, and some of it got sadly neglected. Stillwell could not resist the ladies any more than he could resist the fun in the extraordinary goings on of the cowboys. Stew- and cause it to bring forth sixty and art alone kept the business of cattle- a hundred fold more than it is doing raising from a serious setback. Early now. and late he was in the saddle, driving the lazy Mexicans whom he had hired to relieve the cowboys.

One morning in June Madeline was sitting on the porch with her merry friends when Stillwell appeared on the corral path. He had not come to consult Madeline for several days-an omission so unusual as to be remarked. "Here comes Bill-in trouble," laughed Florence.

Indeed, he bore some faint resemblance to a thundercloud as he approached the porch; but the greetings



'Miss Majesty, Sure I'm a Sad Demoralized Old Cattleman," He Said Presently.

he got from Madeline's party, especially from Helen and Dorothy, chased away the blackness from his face and

brought the wonderful wrinkling smile. "Miss Majesty, sure I'm a sad demoralized old cattleman," he said, presently. 'An' I'm in need of a heap of belp."

"Very well; unburden yourself." "Wal the cowboxs have gone plumb batty, jest plain crazy over this heah game of gol-lof.'

A merry peal of mirth greeted Stillwell's solemn assertion.

"Oh, Stillwell, you are in fun," replied Madeline.

"I hope to die if I'm not in daid earnest," declared the cattleman. "It's an amazin' strange fact. Ask Flo. She'll tell you. She knows cowboys, an' how if they ever start on somethin' they ride it as they ride a hoss."

Florence being appealed to, and evidently feeling all eyes upon her, modestly replied that Stillwell had scarcely misstated the situation.

"Cowboys play like they work or fight," she added. "They give their whole souls to it. They are great big simple boys."

"Indeed they are," said Madeline. "Oh, I'm glad if they like the game of golf. They have so little play."

"Wal, somethin's got to be did if we're to go on raisin' cattle at Her Majesty's Rancho," replied Stillwell. He appeared both deliberate and resigned.

(To be continued).

What is a Steel Trap.

The gruesome and disgusting feaplain, lively person, had chaperoned tures of the steel trap are a constant the party. The fourth and last of the and discouraging source of worry for fering and cruelties which the dumb creatures of the woods and forest must endure. To be suddenly gripped in the rusted steel jaws of a soulless trap must be a nerve-racking and horrifying sensation for those small aniwhite complexion, a small golden mus- mals which, after the ruthless hunter tache, and his heavy eyelids, always has finally retired with his weapon,

An acquaintance of the writer, who considered himself a great trapper of muskrats, once told of a case in which he caught one of the luckless little creatures whose small legs were mere-Weede was a rather large florid young ly stumps grown over with fur, the tiny feet having been gnawed off in of the trap clung so tenaciously to its every case had managed to extricate itself after much pain and misery. "Majesty, have you planned any fun, Such conditions are certainly enough

Worst Year for Coccidiosis.

From all indications this will be the worst year for coccidiosis in young chicks in the history of the poultry industry, says Professor Monroe, of the poultry extension staff of The Pennsylvania State College. Ordinarily this disease affects the

growing chicks during the months of May and June, especially during warm, wet weather. In spite of the cool weather this spring Prof. Monroe says that he has found this dreaded Crowded and insanitary conditions

are the most common causes of this disease. In its prevention, farmers and others are advised to feed milk at all times, not to overfeed with scratch grain, keep the house clean and rear the chicks on clean ground. Do not crowd, overheat or chill the

In the treatment, feed all the milk the birds can drink, giving no water. Feed moist mash twice a day and give no other feed. Strict sanitation should be observed in house and yards.

-Get your job work done here.

-There are thousands of acres of fertile soil in northeastern Wyoming, that are not producing a thing but grass, and what the country needs is thousands of men who are willing to wor kand who will deevlop this land

Large Goitre Reduced

Pennsylvania Lady Tells How. Mrs. Libbie Patterson, Chambersburg,

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