

SPUR-THRUST.

BY KENNETH BROWN

THROUGH the half open door, Donald Michener heard her plainly speaking to her father: "Will you tell Mr. Michener that I do not care to see him, and that I do not care to have him call on me again."

"But, Christine," her father protested doubtfully, "I can't carry a message like that unless the man's insulted you—and then," he ended grimly, "I should carry more than a message."

As Michener appeared in the doorway Mr. Laing started toward him. It was from her father Christine got her temper; but she stepped resolutely between them. "He isn't worth it, father," she said, turning her back on Michener.

Michener was sorry. He walked out of the room in such a cold rage, murder would not have abated it. When the primal man is accused he would as lief fight his host in his own house as any one else. Rage and mortification so filled his heart that he had no room for grief, though he had lost the girl he had tried long to win. And the injustice of it! For it was unjust, the measure of punishment meted out to him.

The next day Christine went riding with Kerningham. She was in a bad humor. She was angry with herself for the way she had treated Donald Michener; she was more angry at him, because of the way she had treated him; and she was most angry at Kerningham for daring to ride beside her in Michener's place and to put in his smug remarks when she was not in the humor for smug remarks.

In passing it may be said that an unprejudiced person would not have called Kerningham's remarks any smugger than Michener's. Indeed, they were probably the more sensible of the two, at least when talking to Christine. Unfortunately, no prejudiced person was judge, and Mr. Kerningham's sentence was all ready to be pronounced should a suitable occasion arise. But no suitable occasion arose. Christine sulked; Christine was sarcastic; Christine was rude; Kerningham was imperturbably polite and good-natured.

"Are you tired to-day?" Kerningham asked, after an unusually snappish speech of the lady's.

"Riding never makes me tired," she answered curtly.

"It might be the company," he ventured.

"Haven't I been perfectly polite? How dare you say that?"

"I thought perhaps the contrast between your humble servant and your usual cavalier might have something to do with it," he went on placidly.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Michener. I certainly am not longing for him. I hate him!" she blazed. "I shall never speak to him again!"

"Indeed! He is more fortunate than I had supposed."

It was Kerningham's one reprisal of the afternoon.

"Oh, I'm tired of riding so slowly!" Christine cried.

"Let us ride faster, then."

At last at the first word Christine thrust her spur into her horse's side, and at the last Kerningham slapped his horse with his crop to try to catch up with her. It was not very dignified, this tear-

ing along the road at a breakneck speed, particularly with the girl two lengths ahead, her horse showering him with gravel and dirt at every jump and gradually drawing farther away. Kerningham swore a little swear to himself which, considering his good nature all through the ride, was no more than his due, and cracked his horse again with his crop.

Michener, out riding by himself, heard the rattaplan of horses' hoofs far down the road and looked back. His ride had not been a pleasant one either. He was on a half-bred thoroughbred and his temper was not in the elastic state that it should have been for training a high-strung filly.

At the sound of horses running behind him, Michener looked around and saw a girl on a black horse flying up the street, her escort tearing along behind her.

As the running black came abreast of Michener his heart seemed to stop still for a moment as he saw that the girl was Christine. Then he froze into resentment again as he noticed that she sat perfectly collectedly on the horse and appealed to him in no way. As a matter of fact, she had not in the least lost control of her horse and was only working off her temper in this way.

Michener's thoroughbred, with her long stride, easily kept pace with the clattering run of the round little black Christine was on.

"I beg your pardon," Michener said, as stiffly as the circumstances permitted, "but is your horse running away?" He tried to raise his hat formally, but it blew off before he reached the brim.

Christine gave him a side-glance. "Yes," she answered; "stop him for me."

She dropped the reins and dug her spur into her horse's flank, prodding him viciously.

The horse sprang more madly forward. Michener was obliged to spur his own mare to keep up with the other's sudden jump. Then he had to use both hands to keep his filly, her racing blood aflame, from running away from Christine's poor little costogata. He soon had his hand on Christine's reins, however, and strove, first by steady pulling, and then by jerking, to slow her horse down, at the same time trying with his right hand to restrain his own filly so that she would act as a drag on the other.

Suddenly, as the two leaders swept around a slight bend in the road, they saw beneath a railroad trestle three hundred yards ahead, two four-horse teams, stopped for a friendly chat, completely blocking the road. Both riders realized the danger instantly. Christine reached for the reins she had dropped and began sawing her horse's mouth as hard as she could, but she was a little frightened and forgot to take her spur from the black's flank. Michener glanced at the two sides of the road. There was barbed wire on the right, and a paling fence on the left—no escape on either side, and the deliberate teamsters only gathering up their reins to move out of the way.

Michener moved his left hand up the reins of Christine's horse till he got a firm hold of the rings of the snaffle. Then kicking his feet out of his stirrups, he dropped his own reins, leaned over

and caught the other horse's nostrils in his right hand, and then threw himself off his horse. The filly, relieved of his weight, flew on ahead, shielded as she saw the teams, and then with a beautiful oblique jump cleared the barbed wire at the right and kept on across country.

Christine's horse made one terrible plunge and nearly fell when Michener swung from his saddle, then, with his wind cut off by the desperate grip on his nose, and impeded by the weight at his head, as Michener dragged from it, he gradually slackened his speed, so that when he struck one of the leaders of the team headed toward them, though horse and girl and man went down in a heap, there was little damage done. Michener had the breath knocked out of him, and could only gasp wildly for breath, while Christine picked herself up, and laughing half hysterically, caught her

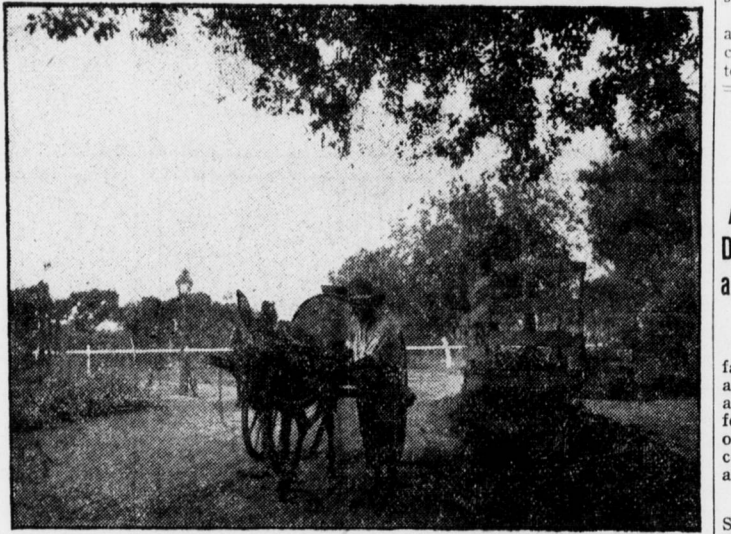
she spoke more to him than to Michener during the first part of the meal. At last, when all the others were busy talking, she turned to him, and said in the undertone, which itself is a compliment. "Did you find your mare all right yesterday?"

"Yes," he answered. "And will you let me ride her some day?"

"In order that you may run away from me, as you did from Kerningham?" Michener asked. "She's a little wild, and I don't believe she would be quite safe for you. She got the idea yesterday that she had thrown me and was boss of the ranch, and that makes a thoroughbred rather flighty."

Christine cast down her eyes. "I thought I saw you ahead yesterday, and I wanted to speak to you. That's why I made my horse run."

BROWNSVILLE'S QUEER WATER WORKS.



BROWNSVILLE, the metropolis of Southwest Texas, is one of the most picturesque towns in the country. Being just across the Rio Grande from Mexico, and four-fifths of its 7,000 inhabitants being Mexicans, there is a queer admixture of characteristics of both nations. The town has no waterworks and no wells. All the water used is drawn from the river in barrels

mounted on wheels and hauled by burros. A constant procession of these water carts is to be seen at all hours of the day in the streets. The price of water is twenty-five cents, Mexican, or twelve and one half cents "currency" a barrel. Brownsville is largely owned by James Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York, whose father laid out and owned the town site in 1849.

horse, which had scrambled to his feet and stood trembling like a leaf.

Kerningham came up, sawing on his reins, his horse bouncing along with stiff forelegs stuck out to stop himself.

"Wasn't it great?" Christine cried, half laughing, half sobbing. "I was spurring my horse all the time Mr. Michener was tugging at his head."

The next day Michener was sitting in his office, still feeling the lassitude that comes after great excitement, when Mr. Laing came in. Both flushed a little, remembering their last interview, and the younger man interrupted the other's words of gratitude before they were half spoken. "Oh, it wasn't anything," he said, with embarrassment. "I really didn't know it was Miss Laing at first."

The words did not sound gracious, but Michener only wanted to make Mr. Laing feel under as little obligation to him as possible. They talked for a few minutes on indifferent subjects, and then Mr. Laing said, after an apologetic cough:

"There's a favor I want to ask of you. Christine wants you to come up to dinner to-morrow night."

"If you don't mind, I really don't believe I'll come," Michener answered. "She wouldn't have wanted me before—before this little episode, and it really isn't my reason for asking me."

"I know exactly how you feel," Mr. Laing said. "But—but—to tell you the truth," he went on, a little helplessly, "Christine told me not to come home without your promise to come, and I really haven't the nerve to go back without it. You wouldn't like to make me a homeless wanderer at my age, would you?"

Michener laughed. "If you put it that way I can hardly refuse." Having saved Christine's life, he could hardly deny her a favor.

Michener dressed for the dinner that night without any pleasurable anticipation. He still had the apathetic feeling that follows great physical and mental strain. He was rather surprised when he arrived at the Laing's house to find that a number of other persons had been asked, and comforted himself with the thought that there would perhaps be less embarrassment in the larger number. To his considerable annoyance, his exploit was generally referred to, although Christine herself did not speak of it.

"My! how grand it is to know a hero!" little Miss King cried, rushing up to him after he had moved away from Christine. "Was that really all true they put in the paper?"

Christine came up to them. "You are to take me into dinner," she said to Michener, "unless you think you're more than done your duty by me already and would rather take Miss King."

"No," piped Miss King. "The poor man shan't be obliged to snub me. Mr. Kerningham, you take me in—since I can't have the hero."

Kerningham sat on Christine's left, and

Michener smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked with some pique.

"It's an unusual way for a lady to address a gentleman, isn't it?"

"The circumstances weren't usual," she answered, again looking down.

"There was a little pause in the general conversation, and Christine turned to Kerningham on the other side.

"Have you bought yourself a swifter horse yet, so that you can do heroics, too?" she asked, a trace of mockery in her tone.

"Miss Laing has just been confiding to me," Michener put in, "that she made her horse run away on purpose. Doubtless she'll give all her friends a chance to get in the papers, one after the other."

"It really was your chance yesterday, Mr. Kerningham," Christine said gaily. "I don't know that you deserve another."

"Do give me a little one, some time when I'm ready for it. Donald snatched that one quite unfairly," he pleaded.

"You'll have to look out for him; he's a regular bandersnatch. And now that he's got into the papers, I expect he won't do a thing but roam around seeking what maidens he may devour—I mean, rescue."

As the hum of conversation rose again, Christine, her head half turned toward him, said to Michener—he sitting by her with the feeling that she was always ridiculing him—"Shall I apologize for the way I spoke to you the other day?"

"I wouldn't have you trouble yourself so," he answered, rather ungraciously. She flushed scarlet. "I beg your pardon! Next time you see my horse running away you can let him go."

"Very well." Then, half smiling, he added: "Unless I venture to persuade myself that it is another invitation to converse with you."

"I'm sorry I told you that," she said defiantly. "I thought—I imagined—" she softened a little—"that you would meet me half way."

He looked down into her eyes, forgetting the others at the table, though instinctively speaking so that she alone could hear. "Don't you think you deserve to come a little more than half way?"

"Shall I come all the way?" The corner of her lips went up into a smile.

"Michener smiled, too, without answering. Suddenly Christine rose to her feet, her guests looking up in surprise. "Ladies and gentlemen," she began formally, "you know you were asked here to-night to meet a hero whose courage is exceeded only by his modesty."

Again the mocking note in her voice made Michener's cheeks burn with resentment.

ing that the said details were not supplied to the press by the hero himself, but by another. I have this on the authority of Mr. Kerningham."

Christine stopped a minute and her guests laughingly applauded her. She hesitated an instant and glanced down at Michener. The color left her face as she went on, the note of railleury gone from her voice:

"Two days ago I was very rude to Mr. Michener. I want to ask his forgiveness, and—and—" a wave of color swept over her face, "to announce our engagement, if"—she turned toward him with a little appealing gesture of her hands—"if he will have me."

Why the Bear Can't Take Off His Coat.

The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?"

"Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir."

Know Your Rights and Secure Them

All Legal Documents and Advice Satisfaction or Money Back

If you are in any kind of business or family trouble you need advice. Our attorneys know the law of every State, and furnish reliable advice, at a nominal fee. Much of our business is keeping our clients out of trouble. When you consult us your neighbor doesn't know all about it.

We draw CONTRACTS, BILLS OF SALE, DEEDS, BONDS, MORTGAGES, MECHANICS' LIENS—every kind of Legal Document, also at a nominal fee. We send you the document promptly, neatly typewritten or partly printed.

Insurance Investigation Begins at Home. Do you know that the Insurance Companies thousands of dollars each year out of policy holders because of defective policies? Send us your policies with you for one and we will for each additional policy. Our experts will examine them and return them promptly. We tell you two things you ought to know: First, the companies that are alright and pay a loss promptly without going to the court of last resort on technical defenses, and second, whether there is any defect in the policy which would defeat it, as well as any clause omitted which if inserted, would be to your advantage. This Service may be worth a thousand dollars to you.

Best Business and Bank Reference. For further particulars and references, address LEGAL DOCUMENT AND ADVICE CO., 116 Nassau Street, New York City.

HAVE YOU \$50?

Vanderveer Crossings (Inc.), Westminister Heights Co., Borough Park Co., Bensonhurst Co., Wm. H. REYNOLDS, President. Send for our new bird's-eye view of Greater New York or Brooklyn from the Balloon.

showing all the properties and the land values. Look into this thing; investigate. If you can save \$2 or more weekly you can make thousands. The keynote of real estate investments is situation on main routes of travel. Every one of our properties is directly on ONE OR MORE direct main routes. Vanderveer Crossings afford an unequalled opportunity for investment. Let us show you what you can do. Our Jewish fellow citizens are putting in their money on Vanderveer Crossings; if you can show me a better prospect of value, I should like to know what it is.

R. Turnbull, General Manager, New York Offices, 277 Broadway.

DEFORMITIES CAN BE CURED

If you are crippled or paralyzed, if you have a crippled child, if you know of any crippled or deformed child or person in your vicinity—SEND FOR OUR BOOK ON THE SUBJECT OF DEFORMITIES AND PARALYSIS. It tells what is being done for seemingly incurable deformities and the only thoroughly accepted Sanitarium in this country devoted exclusively to this kind of work.

References from almost every State in the Union, very likely from your own locality. The book costs nothing; write today. The L. C. McLaughlin Orthopedic Sanitarium, 3100 Pine St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

FOLDING BATH TUB

weight 16 lbs. Cost little. Requires little water. Write for special offer. S. P. IRWIN, 108 Chambers St., New York.

Do You Wear False Teeth that drop, get loose, make your gums sore or give you bad breath? Are your gums swollen or chapped so that you think you need a new plate? If you wear a Denture Plate Powder will quickly cure the trouble. It grows into the old ill fitting plate, making it better than new and clean. Antiseptic, too, keeps the mouth sweet, cool and clean. 50c a box by mail. Larger size holding three times the amount. For one dollar Money Back guaranteed. W. H. WALKER, 1409 E. Arch Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED! either sex, young or old, to do LIGHT WORK AT HOME, day or evening. Good pay, pleasant employment. Write immediately. Send no money. Address, H. LEWIS, Department B, No. 187 W. 24th St., New York N. Y.

FREE—SOILD GOLD RINGS. We give a solid gold ring, any size, for selling 20 jewelry novelties at five each. Write today, we trust you with jewelry will sell.

UNION NOVELTY CO., Dept. H, Littleton, Mass. GREETING POST CARD. Send five for sample set of Greeting Post Cards, with the name of your own town written on each. Address, H. W. WALKER, 107 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New Hair Remedy

Quickly Cures Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair, Restores Gray or Faded Hair to Natural Color. Never Fails to Grow New Hair.

A \$1.00 Package Mailed Free To Prove It Does All We Claim For It. Costs Absolutely Nothing To Try.



The ABOVE ILLUSTRATION PLAINLY SHOWS WHAT FOSO HAS DONE FOR OTHERS. IT WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU. TRY A \$1.00 PACKAGE. IT'S FREE.

Men whose hair or beards are straggling or all gone, women whose tresses have been thinned by fever or hair falling out, requiring the use of switches; little children, boys and girls whose hair is coarse and unruly; all find in this great remedy just the relief that they want. Foso grows hair on bald heads, thickens eyebrows and lengthens eyelashes, restores gray or faded hair to its natural color, prevents thinning hair, stops itching, cures dandruff, scurf of scalp, pimples, and makes the hair of any man, woman or child long, heavy, silky and beautifully glossy. Fill out free coupon and mail today.

FREE \$1.00 PACKAGE COUPON

Fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 5621 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and a full sized \$1.00 package will be sent you by first mail free, all charges prepaid.

.....

FREE INVESTMENT FREE HERALD FREE

Learn the quickest, safest and easiest way to Make Money. The Investment Herald shows you how small savings, wisely invested, grow into fortunes. It gives you ALL the information concerning the leading Money Making enterprises and shows you how to select the most successful companies and the soundest dividend paying stocks. Read it carefully before investing and avoid mistakes. It will be sent FREE for six months to investors. L. W. WEBER & CO., Publishers, Dept. 65, 78-80 Wall St., New York

FREE Oh, Boys! Oh, Boys!

Earn this newly invented BUREAU LEADING Q-TIN or BASK BALL, Q-TIN-FIT, consisting of large MIT, Cap and the Base Ball, by selling 24 splendid lead pencils at 5c each. It's dead easy; boys we trust you. Write for pencil and circular showing Q-TIN, Indian Suits, Target and other premiums. Thirtieth Street Lead Pencil Co. 859 W. 18th Street, N.Y. 10118

Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.



GONE MAD FROM WHISKEY. A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be taken in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

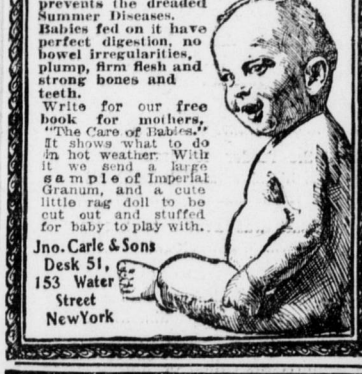
A free trial package of the wonderful Golden Specific will be sent you, by mail, in plain wrapper, if you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail it at once to Dr. W. H. HARRIS, 626 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me here to-day yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a God-send it will be to you.

Imperial Granum

The Unsweetened FOOD.

So writes F. B. Mussey, this baby's father, from Phoenix, Ariz. He adds: "From the first bottle he began to improve—the vomiting ceased at once, the diarrhea, the second day, I am sure I could feed any child on Imperial Granum successfully."



Write for our free book for mothers, "The Care of Babies." It shows what to do in hot weather. With it we send a large game of Imperial Granum, and a cute little rag doll to be cut out and stuffed for baby to play with.

Jno. Carle & Sons, Desk 51, 153 Water Street, New York

Don't Be Fat.

My New Obesity Food Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and is Absolutely Safe. TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.



The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of this Wonderful Obesity Food—What It Has Done For Others It Will Do For You.

My new Obesity Food, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutrient where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bogs, sinews, nerve and brain tissue out of the excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon here-with and mail to-day.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain wrapper, simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to F. J. KELLOGG, 2905 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

FREE

A Written Guarantee with Columbia Graphophones—a form of protection offered by no other talking machine house.

On your porch, in the mountains, on the water, at the seashore what music is sweeter than the pure, far-reaching tones of the

Columbia Graphophone

The best assurance you can have of the superiority of this famous entertainer is A Written Guarantee of a ten-million dollar concern.

With this guarantee you don't guess; you KNOW, which is best. Write us for our

Free Trial and Easy Payment Offer This is your chance to see the best talking machine made, on a payment plan which will not be a bit.

We accept old machines of any make in part payment.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1907 Double Grand Prix, St. Louis, 1904 Highest Award, Portland, 1904 Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l 90-92 West Broadway, New York City

Send me full particulars of your easy payment and Exchange Plan.

Name..... Address.....

\$2.50 AND \$3.00 IMPORTED RAZORS

FULL HOLLOW GROUND FOR 97c AND SET READY FOR USE

BY MAIL DIRECT—IMPORTER TO YOU

We are the largest importers of razors in the United States. We only sell by mail, direct to consumer, saving you the wholesaler's and retailer's profit. We import our razors in large quantities, direct from all the leading manufacturers; that is the reason we can afford to sell all the leading brands of razors, including the Wade & Butcher, Wostenholm Pipe, I-X-L Razor, Boker Tree Brand and other leading makes at 97c. These same identical razors are sold all over the country at \$2.50 and \$3.00, but by buying these razors direct from us at 97c, you save the middleman's profit. All razors are guaranteed perfect and are set ready for use. Any razor that does not give perfect satisfaction can be exchanged. A chance of a life-time to buy a good razor at one-third its real value. You should take advantage of this low price as these are certainly high-grade goods. When ordering, mention which of the following brands you want: Wade & Butcher, Brandt, Wostenholm Pipe Razor, I-X-L Razor, Boker Tree Brand, Blue Steel, Bengali, X. L. N. T., all at 97c.

\$2.00 RAZOR STROPS FOR 97c.

We are also selling the Genuine Brandt Self Honing Razor Strop, which is sold and advertised everywhere at \$2.00

OUR PRICE, BY MAIL, 97c. EACH

The Brandt Self Honing Razor Strop is the best razor strop on the market to-day. The only razor strop in the world that hones and strops your razor at the same time and enables you to obtain an edge which only an experienced barber can give. The Brandt Self Honing Razor Strop will put a keener edge on a razor with fewer strokes than any other razor strop. Your razor will show, and your face will feel the difference at once. Guaranteed never to become hard or glossy. This is without a doubt the finest razor strop in the world. When ordering a strop and razor enclose 10c. for MAILING; for razor only enclose 4c.

THE M. L. BRANDT CUTLERY CO. Dept. A. 105-107 Chambers St., N. Y. City

HOUSES WITHOUT WINDOWS ARE LIKE WALLS WITHOUT PICTURES.

We offer a series of remarkable pictures. Reproductions of celebrated oil paintings by a new process giving all the colorings, tints and effects of the originals. Celebrated Paintings from Art Galleries of Europe and America have been selected, many of them of almost priceless value, and the Reproductions are so perfect, even to the texture of the canvas and marks of the artist's brush, as to surprise even experts. To possess one of these Reproductions is the next thing to owning the original painting. They add an air of beauty and refinement to any home. Price 12 cts. each, postpaid. Money returned if not entirely satisfactory.

LANDSCAPE by Corot. WILD OCEAN SURF by Stuart. THE FAIRIES' DANCE by Corot. FRUITE by Callot. THE LAYE POSITION, by Resnais. Mounted on soft mss., 17x22 inches, ready for framing. Catalogue of other subjects mailed free on request. ART REPRODUCTIONS, 86 Park Row, New York.