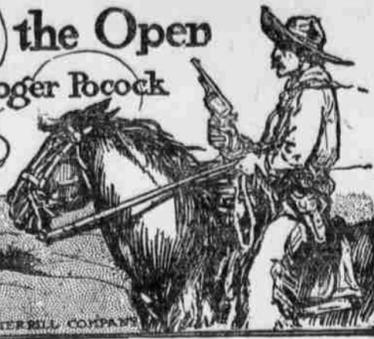


A Man in the Open

by Roger Roock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



PART ONE

CHAPTER I.

On the Labrador.

Dictated by Mr. Jesse Smith.

Don't you write anything down yet, 'cause I ain't ready.

If I wrote this yarn myself, I'd make it good and red from tip to tip, claws out, teeth bare, fur crawling with emotions. It wouldn't be dull, no, or evidence.

But then it's to please you, and that's what I'm for.

So I proceeds to stroke the fur smooth, lay the paws down soft, fold up the smile, and purr. A sort of truthfulness steals over me. Goin' to be dull, too.

No, I dunno how to begin. If this yarn was a rope, I'd coil it down before I began to pay out. You lays the end, so, and flemish down, ring by ring until the bight's coiled, smooth, ready to flake off as it runs. I delayed a lynchpin once to do just that, and relieve the patient's mind. It all went off so well!

When we kids were good, mother she used to own we came of pedigree stock; but when we're bad, seems we took after father. You see mother's folk was the elect, sort of born saved. They allowed there'd be room in Heaven for one hundred and forty-four thousand just persons, mostly from Nova Scotia, but when they took to sorting the neighbors, they'd get exclusive.

Anyway, mother's folk as a tribe, is millionaires in grace and pretty well fixed in Nova Scotia. Then she's found out, secretly married among the gents. Her name's scratched out of the family Bible, with a strong hint to the Lord to scratch her entry from the Book of Life. She's married a sailor-man, before the mast, a Liveyvere from the Labrador, a man without a dollar, suspected of being Episcopalian.

In them days the Labrador ain't laid out exactly to suit mother. She's used to luxury—coal in the lean-to, tattles in the cellar, cows in the barn, barter store round the corner, mails, church, school, and a jail right handy, so she can enjoy the ungodly getting of their just deserts. But in our time the Labrador was just God's country, all rocks, ice, and sea, to put the fear into proud hearts—no need of teachers. It kills off the weaklings—no need of doctors. A school to raise men—no need of preachers. The law was "work or starve"—no place for lawyers. It's police, and court, and hangman all complete, fire and hail, snow and vapors, wind and storm fulfilling His word.

Father's home was an overturned schooner, turfed in, and he was surely proud of having a bigger place than any other Liveyvere on the coast. There was the hold overhead for stowing winter fish, and room down-stairs for the family, the team of seven husky dogs, and even a cord or two of firewood. We kids used to play at Newfoundlanders up in the hold, when the winter storms were tearing the tops off the hills, and the Eskimo devil howled blue shrieks outside. The huskies makes wolf songs all about the fowness of fish, and we'd hear mother give father a piece of her mind. That's about the first I remember, but all what mother thought about poor father took years and years to say.

I used to be kind of sorry for father. You see he worked the bones through his hide, furring all winter and fishing summers, and what he earned he'd get in truck from the company. All us Liveyvers owed to the Hudson Bay, but father worked hardest and he owed most, hundreds and hundreds of skins. The company trusted him. There wasn't a man on the coast more trusted than he was, with mother to feed, and six kids, besides seven huskies, and father's aunt, Thessalonika, a widow with four children and a tumor, living down to Last Hope beyond the Rocks.

There was secrets about father, and if mother ever found out! You see, he looked like a white man, curly yaller hair same as me, and he was fearful strong. But in his inside—don't ever tell—he was partly small boy same's me, and the other half of him—don't ever let out!—was mountaineer injun. I seen his three brothers, the finest fellows you ever—yes, Scotch half-breeds—and mother never knew.

That's me on father's knee, with my nose in his buckskin shirt, and even to this day the wood smoke in camp brings back the wuff, whereas summers his boots smelt fishy. What happened first or afterwards is all mixed up, but there's the smoke smell and sister Maggie lying in the bunk, all white and froze.

There's fish smell, and Polly who used to wallow me with a slipper, lying white and froze. And yet I know she couldn't get froze in summer.

Then there's smoke smell, and big Tommy, bigger nor father, throwing up blood. I said he'd catch it from mother for mousing the floor, but

father just hugged me, telling me to shut up. I axed him if Tommy was going to get froze, too. Then father told me that Tommy was going away to where the milk came out of a cow. You just shove the can opener into the cow so—ah the milk pours out, whole candy pails of milk. And there's veggie tables, which is green things to eat. First time you swell up and pretty nigh bust, but you soon get used to greens. Tommy is going to Civil Zation. It's months and months off, and when you get there, the people is so awful mean they'd let a stranger starve to death without so much as "Come in." The men wear pants right down to their heels, and as to the women—

Mother comes in and looks at father, so he forgets to say about the women at Civil Zation, but other times he'd tell, oh, lots of stories. He said it was worse for the likes of us than New Jerusalem.

I reckon Tommy died, and Joan, too, and mother would get gaunt and dry, rocking herself. "The Lord gave," she'd say, "and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

There was only Pete and me left, and father wagging his pipe across the stove at mother. "They'll die, ma'am," I heard him say, and she just snuffed. "If I hadn't taken 'em out doors they'd be dead now, ma'am."

She called him an injun. She called him—I dunno what she didn't call him. I'd been asleep, and when I woke up she was cooking breakfast while she called him a lot more things she must have forgot to say. But he carried me in his arms out through the little low door, and it was stabling cold with a blaze of northern lights.

He tucked me up warm on the komatik, he hitched up the huskies, and mushed, way up the tuckle, and through the soft bush snow, and at sunup we made his winter tilt on Tornak Creek. We put in the winter there, furring, and every time he came home from the round of traps, he'd sell me all the pelts. I was surely proud when he took me hunting fur and partridges. I was with him to the fishing. In the fall we'd hunt, all winter we'd trap till it was time for the sealing, and only two or three times in a year we'd be back to mother.

Then I'd see Pete, too, who'd got plink, with a spitting cough. He wanted to play with me, but I wouldn't. I just couldn't. I hated to be anywheres near him.

"Didn't I tell you?" father would point at Pete coughing. "Didn't I warn you?"

But mother set her mouth in a thin line.

"Pete," said she, "is saved."

Next time we came mother was all alone.

"The Lord gave," she says "and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord; but it's getting kind of monotonous."

She hadn't much to say then, she didn't seem to care, but was just



There Was Father's Hand Sticking Up.

numb. He wrapped her up warm on the komatik, with just a sack of clothes, her Bible, and the album of photos from Nova Scotia, yes, and the china dogs she carried in her arms. Father broke the trail ahead, I took the gee pole, and when day came, we made the winter tilt. There mother kep' house just as she would at home, so clean we was almost scared to step indoors.

It was along in March or maybe April that father was away in coarse weather, making the round of his traps. He didn't come back. There'd been a blizzard, a wolf-howling hurricane, blowing out a lane of bare ground round the back of the cabin, while the big drift piled higher and packed harder, until the comb of it, grew out above our roof like a sea-breaker, froze so you could walk on the overhang. And just between dark and duckish father's husky team came back without him.

I don't reckon I was more'n ten or eleven years old, but you see, this Labrador is kind of serious with us,

and makes even kids act responsible. Go easy, and there's famine, freezing, blackleg, all sorts of reasons against laziness. It sort of educates.

Mother was worse than silent. There was something about her that scared me more than anything outdoors. In the morning her eye kep' following me as if to say, "Go find your father." Surely it was up to me, and if I wasn't big enough to drive the huskies or pack father's gun, I thought I could manage afoot to tote his four-pound ax. She beckoned me to her and kissed me—just once in ten years, and I was quick through the door, out of reach, lest she should see me mighty near Cryin'.

It was all very well showing off brave before mother, but when I got outside, any excuse would have been enough for going back. I wished I'd left the matches behind, but I hadn't. I wished the snow would be too soft, but it was hard as sand. I wished I wasn't a coward, and the bush didn't look so wolfy, and what if I met up with the Eskimo devil! Oh, I was surely the scarestest lil' boy, and dead certain I'd get lost. Then I went on because I was going, and there was father's trail blazed on past Bake-apple Marsh. The way was as plain as streets, and the sun shining warm as he looked over into the valley.

Then I saw a man's mitt, an old buckskin mitt sticking up out of the snow. Father had dropped his mitt, and without that his hand would be froze. When I found him, how glad he'd be to get it!

But when I tried to pick it up, it was heavy. Then it came away, and there was father's hand sticking up. It was dead.

Of course I know I'd ought to have dug down through the snow, but I didn't. I ran for all I was worth. Then I got out of breath and come back shamed.

It wasn't for love of father. No, I hated to touch that hand, and when I did I was sick. Still that was better than being scared to touch. It's not so bad when you dare.

I dug, with a snow-shoe for a shovel. There was the buckskin shirt smelling good, and the long fringes I'd used to tickle his nose with—then I found his face. I just couldn't bear that, but turned my back and dug until I came to the great, big, number-four trap he used for wolf and beaver. He must have stepped without seeing it under the snow, and it broke his leg. Then he'd tried to drag himself back home.

It was when I stood up to get breath and cool off that I first seen the wolf, setting peaceful, waggin' his tail. First I thought he was one of our own huskies, but when he didn't know his name I saw for sure he must be the wolf who lived up Two Mile Crick. He'd got poor inspecting father's business instead of minding his own. That's why he was called the Inspector. It was March, too, the moon of famine. Of course I threw my ax and missed. His hungry smile's still that behind a bush, and me wondering whether his business is with me or father. That's why I stepped on the snow-shoes, and went right past where he was, not daring to get my ax. Yes, it was me he wanted to see—first, but of course I wasn't going to encourage any animal into thinking he'd scared a man. Why, he'd scarce have let father even see his tracks for fear they'd be trapped or shot. So I walked slow and proud, leadin' him off from father—at least I played that, wishin' all the time that mother's lil' boy was to home. After a while I grabbed down a lopped stick where father'd blazed, not as fierce as an ax, but enough to make me more or less respected.

The Inspector was bigger than me, stronger 'n any man, swifter 'n any horse. I tell yer the maned white wolf is wiser'n most people, and but for eating his cubs, he's nature's gentleman.

The trouble was not him hunting, but me scared. Why, if he'd wanted me, one flash, one bite, and I'm breakfast. It was just curiosity made him so close behind like a stealthy ghost. When I'd turn to show fight, he'd seem to apologize, and then I'd go on whistling a hymn.

That he was cached right ahead in the deadfall, for a front view, if I'd known. But I thrashed with my stick in a panic, hitting his snout, so he yelped. Then he lost his temper. He'd a "sorry, but-business-is-business" expression on him. I ran at him, tripped on a stump, let out a yell, and he lep' straight at my throat.

And in the middle of that came a gunshot, a bullet grazed my arm, and went on whining. Another shot, and the Inspector ran. Then I was rubbing whar the bullet hurt, sort of sulky, too, with a grievance, when I was suddenly grabbed and nigh smothered in mother's arms. She'd come with the team of huskies followin' me; she'd been gunning, too, and I sure had a mighty close call.

She'd no tears left for father, so when I got through sobbin' we went to the body, and loaded it in the komatik for home. That's things I don't like to tell you.

It wasn't a nice trip exactly, with the Inspector superintending around. When we got back to the tilt, we daresn't take out the huskies, or unload, or even stop for grub. We had to drive straight on, mother and me, down the tuckle, past our old empty home, then up the Bacallou all night.

The sun was just clear of the ice when we made the Post, and we saw a little ball jerk up the flag halyards, then break to a great red flag with the letters H. B. C. It means Here Before Christ.

The air was full of a big noise, like the skirl of sea-gulls screaming in a gale, and there was Mr. McTavish on the sidewalk, marching with his bagpipes to wake the folk out of their

Sunday beds. Then he saw father's body, with legs and arms stiffened all ways, and the number-four trap still gripped on broken bones. Off came his fur cap.

Mother stood, iron-hard, beside the komatik.

"Factor," says she, "I've come to pay his debt."

"Nay, it's the Sabbath, ma'am. Ye'll pay no debts till Monday. Come in and have some-tee—ye purr thing."

"You starved his soul to death, and now I've brought his body to square his debts. Will you leave that here till Monday?"

Mr. McTavish looked at her, then whispered to me. "By," said he, "we must make her cry or she'll be raving mad. Greet, woman, greet. By God, I'll make ye great!"

He marched up and down the sidewalk, and through the skirl of gulls in a storm, swept a tune that made the meat shake on my bones.

Once mother shrieked out, trying to make him stop, but he went on pacing in front of her, to and fro, with his eyes on her all the time, peering straight through her, and all the grief of all the world in the skirl and wail, and that hopeless awful tune. She covered her face with her hands, trying to hold while the great sobs shook her, and she reeled like a tree in a gale, until she fell on her knees, until she threw herself on the corpse, and cried, and cried.

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

FASHION HINT

By JUDIC CHOLLET

This illustration shows a very attractive semiprincess frock which gives the Norfolk idea that is so smart this season. The blouse is just a simple one with set-in sleeves that may be finished either full length or elbow



NORFOLK FROCK.

style and with a sailor collar. The box plaits are applied on each side at both front and back over indicated lines, and these plaits extend below the waist line and are attached to the skirt at about hip depth.

For the sixteen-year-old size the dress will require six and one-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard twenty-seven inches wide for the trimming.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls of fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years of age. Send 19 cents to this office, giving number, size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage. When ordering use coupon.

No. Size

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Address

MARTIN CAUFIELD

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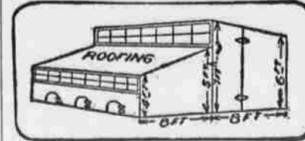


GOOD HOUSE FOR THE FOWLS

Should Have Southern Front and Yards May Be Laid Off for Individual Pens if Desired.

A good poultry house may be built after plans shown in the drawing. Such a house may be made any length desired and partitioned into six-foot breeding pens, 16 feet deep, which would give 7 1-3 square feet per bird for one male and 12 females. The house should have a cement or board floor and can be so built as to make it rat, wind and rain proof. I prefer a floor of cement, writes William Scott of Abilene, Kan., in the Farmers Mail and Breeze.

The house should front south and yards may be laid off for the use of



Good for Several Uses.

Individual pens if desired. This kind of house is also suitable for raising early hatched chicks.

The upper windows are hinged so they may be swung open at any desired angle or to be booked up as the weather demands. The lower front is covered with one-inch mesh wire and a drop canvas or windows may be used. The window should be hung so as to swing in at any desired angle. Roosts are placed along the north wall. A single roost running the length of the building and set out two feet from the north wall, may be made to serve the purpose.

A roost shield for cold weather can be made of a frame the length of the roosts and two feet wide, to be covered with sound burlap on top and sides. Place this frame six inches above the birds' heads and let the burlap hang a foot below the roosts. This frame should be drawn up out of the way each morning.

If nests are placed low enough not many hens will lay on the floor and it is often considered better still to place them right on the floor. A screen made of burlap so it will almost hide the nests make them more attractive to the hens and helps to prevent egg-eating.

'SULPHURING' THE HEN HOUSE

Job Should Be Performed at Least Once Every Month—First Remove All Combustibles.

To burn sulphur in a poultry house first remove all combustible matter. Then put an old iron kettle into a dishpan and place on four bricks in the middle of the house. In the kettle put some cobs which have been soaked in a solution of one part of pine tar to four parts of kerosene, sprinkle the sulphur over the cobs and set on fire.

Be sure to have everything arranged so as to beat a hasty retreat from the room and close the door quickly as the sulphur fumes are suffocating. Sulphur burned in this manner will penetrate every crevice as well as covering the surface and aids wonderfully in purifying the building and in destroying poultry vermin.

One pint of turpentine may be added to the half gallon of kerosene as well as the pine tar with beneficial results. Once a month is none too often to burn sulphur in every poultry house.



Never breed from immature stock. Ground bone is great for laying hens.

The first symptoms of roup—swollen eyes.

Dampness and chilling mean sure death to chicks.

Do not allow the fowls to be exposed to the strong winds.

Soft-shelled eggs are a sign of lack of lime or of over-feeding.

Scrub hens kept by scrub poultrymen make a bad combination.

Sifted ashes scattered under the roosts make an excellent absorbent.

Try hard never to catch a hen by the wing or feathers; grab her by the legs.

A little granulated charcoal mixed in the soft feed is excellent in cases of diarrhoea.

If there are cracks in the walls of the houses, the chilly winds are sure to create a draft.

The best way to run an incubator is to follow the directions that come with the machine.

The hen that will not scratch for her living is too lazy to make you a profit as a layer.

Leghorns make poor sitters. Better not trust the eggs to them. They are better layers and foragers than sitters.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until ten o'clock on the morning of September 17th, 1913, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled for the reconstruction of 7309 lineal feet of Brick Block Paving, 16 feet wide, situated as follows: From the intersection of South Fourth and Main streets, passing over Main street, to the Texas Township line; also from the intersection of Main and Park streets, passing over Park street, to the Texas Township line, under the Act of Assembly approved May 31st, 1911, P. L. 468. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg; 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 2117 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh; and 301 Farr Building, Scranton, Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department, accompanied by a certified check in the sum of \$2,500, and enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, which blank and envelope will be furnished upon request, marked: "PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF ROAD IN WAYNE COUNTY, HONSDALE BOROUGH."

EDWARD M. BIGELOW,
State Highway Commissioner.
70-3wks.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CORNELIUS C. JADWIN, Late of Borough of Honedsdale.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

EDGAR JADWIN,
GRACE A. JADWIN,
Executors.

Honedsdale, Pa., Aug. 25, 1913.

SEALED proposals will be received for furnishing groceries and provisions, fresh and cured meats, grain, feed, etc., for the quarter beginning September 1, 1913, and ending December 1, 1913, to the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Fairview, Wayne county, Pa., until August 30th, 1913. Bids to be addressed to the Superintendent of the Hospital, T. C. Fitzsimmons, M. D., Waymart, Wayne county, Pa., and from whom all additional information may be obtained. Blank schedules will be mailed to bidders on application to the Superintendent.

HENRY F. WALTON,
President.

68el3

IN RE EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE of H. J. QUINNEY, late of the Borough of Honedsdale, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the Orphans' Court of Wayne County has fixed Monday, September 8, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the hearing of an application made by the Executor of H. J. Quinney, late of Honedsdale, deceased, for private sale of the real estate of said decedent, situated in the Borough of Honedsdale, for the sum of Sixteen Hundred Dollars. At which time and place any objections to a private sale on the terms set forth in the application will be heard.

WILLIAM A. QUINNEY, Executor.

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SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honedsdale on SEPTEMBER 12, 1913, at 11 A. M. All the defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property—viz:

All the surface or right of soil of and in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Brownedale, Clinton township, Wayne County, Pennsylvania, designated as 60x80 feet of the westerly portion of lots No. 9 and No. 10 in Block No. 16 as described on the map of building lots of the town of Brownedale, being eighty feet on the easterly and westerly boundaries and fifty feet on the northerly and southerly boundaries and bounded easterly by portions of lots No. 9 and No. 10, owned by Joseph Scubix, southerly by lot No. 8, owned by Joseph Scubix, and northerly by lot No. 11, being fifty feet on the westerly end of lots which Gregor Scubix granted and conveyed to Joseph Scubix by deed dated Aug. 18, 1908, and recorded in Deed Book No. 89, page 12. Also a free and uninterrupted use, liberty and privilege of a passage six feet in breadth by fifty feet in depth, extending from the south-east corner of land herein conveyed east fifty feet along the southerly boundary of land still owned by Joseph Scubix to land of Anthony Drashler, where connection is made with the alley to the street. Excepting and reserving as excepted and reserved in the hereinbefore recited deed to Joseph Scubix. Being the same land granted and conveyed by Joseph Scubix to Frank Koenig by deed dated Aug. 31, 1910, and recorded in Deed Book No. 101, page 305.

Property above described improved with a two-story frame dwelling house.

ALSO all the surface or right of soil of and in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Brownedale, Clinton township, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, designated as 100x80 feet of the westerly extremity of lots No. 9 and No. 10 in Block No. 16 as described in said town of Brownedale, being eighty feet on the easterly and westerly boundaries, and bounded easterly by portions of lots No. 9 and No. 10, sold to Anthony Drashler; southerly by lot No. 8, westerly by land of the Hillside Coal & Iron Company; northerly by lot No. 11. Being the same property granted and conveyed to Joseph Scubix by deed dated Aug. 18, 1908, and recorded in Deed Book No. 89, page 12. Excepting and reserving as excepted and reserved in last mentioned deed. Also excepting and reserving therefrom a lot 60x80 feet which was granted and conveyed by Joseph Scubix to Frank Koenig by deed dated Aug. 31, 1910, and recorded in Deed Book No. 101, page 305.

Improved with a two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Scubix, the suit of E. A. Bloxham, No. 53 June Term, 1912. Judgment, \$1700. Attorneys, Gardiner & Mumford.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Adv. 65 Sw

—Bring your difficult job work to this office. We can do it.