

SPORTS

MARKETS

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# "BELA"

Big Jack went through the formalities of counting, though it was patent to all that the fighting was done. Afterward he turned to Sam and shook his hand.

"I didn't think you had it in you," he said. This was sweet to Sam. Joe raised himself, sniveling and commenced to revile Sam.

"Ah, shut up!" cried big Jack, with strong disgust. "You're licked!" Joe got to his feet. "Only by trickery!" he cried. "He wouldn't stand up to me! I could have knocked him out any time. Everybody was against me! It takes the heart out of a man."

General laughter greeted this. "That's all right!" cried Joe, furiously, from the door. "I'll get you yet!" He went out.

The others now began to crowd around Sam, congratulating him a little sheepishly, slapping his back. A great, sweet calm filled Sam. This was the moment he had dreamed of during his long days on the trail and his lonely nights at Grier's Point.

He had made good. He was a man among men. They acknowledged it. It was like a song inside him. The blood was heated. He glanced over his shoulder at her. From her corner she was gazing at him as at a young hero. Calm filled her breast, too. Joe was gone, and her secret still safe. Surely after to-night, she thought, there would be no need of keeping it.

They heard Joe climb into his wagon outside and curse at the horses. Instead of turning into the road, he drove back to the door and pulled up. Bela turned pale again. She shouted through the doorway: "Anyhow, no woman keeps me!"

"Damn you! What do you mean?" cried Sam. "You owe the clothes you wear to her, and the gun you carry! The horses you drive are hers!"

"You lie!" cried Sam, springing toward the door. Joe whipped up his horses. "Ask her!" he shouted back. Sam whirled about and, seizing the wrist of the shrinking Bela, dragged her out of her corner.

"Is it true?" he demanded—"the horses? Answer me before them all!" She fought for breath enough to lie. He saw it. "If you lie to me again I'll kill you!" he cried. "Answer me! Is it your team that I drive?"

Bela stood in an oddly arrested attitude, as if an icy blast had congealed her in full motion. There was no sense in her eyes. In acute discomfort, the men stood on one foot, then the other.

Mahooly, as the leader, felt that it was incumbent on him to make the first move. "Look here, Bela," he began, "don't you take on—"

The sound of his voice brought her to life. She threw back her head with a laugh. It had a wretched, mirthless sound; but a laugh is a laugh. They were glad to be deceived. They laughed with her.

"Talk on?" cried Bela, reckless. Her voice had a tinniness. "What do I care? I glad be gone. I glad both gone. I never let them come here again. Maybe we have some peace now."

Naturally the other men were delighted. "Good for you, Bela!" they cried. "You're a game sport, all right! You're right; they're not worth bothering about. We'll stand by you!"

She seemed unimpressed by their enthusiasm. "Time to go," she said, shepherding them toward the door. "Come to-morrow. I have very good dinner to-morrow."

"You bet I'll be here!" "Count on me!" "Me, too!" "You're all right, Bela!" "Good night!" "Good night!" They filed out.

Only Musq'oosis was left sitting on the floor, staring into the fire. He did not turn round as Bela came back from the door.

"Why don't you go too?" she demanded in a harsh, tremulous voice. "Talk maybe you want talk to me." "Talk!" she cried. "Too much talk! I sick of talkin'!" Her voice was breaking. "Go way! Let me be!"

He got up. He had dropped his innocent attentions. "My girl—" he began simply. "Go way!" cried Bela, desperately. "Go quick or I hit you!"

"You think 'cause you the trader you do 'em like," said Bela, mockingly. "Any man can do pretty near what he wants if he has the will."

"What is will?" "Oh—determination." "You got plenty determination, I suppose." This with a teasing smile, Mahooly looked at her sharply.

"Look here, what are you getting at?" he demanded. "Noting." "I'm no hand to bandy words. I'm plain spoken. I go direct to a thing."

Bela shrugged. "You can't play with me, you know. Is there anything you want?" "No," said Bela with a provoking smile.

As Mahooly studied her, looking into the fire, a novel softness confused him. His astuteness was slipping from him, even while he bragged of it. "Determined if you're not the handsomest thing in this part of the world!" he said suddenly. It was surprised out of him. His first maxim was: "A man must never let anything on with these girls."

"Poo! What you care about an' some?" jeered Bela. "Girls all the same to you." This floored Mahooly on the raw. A deep flush crept into his face. "Ah, a man leads a man's life," he growled. "That ain't to say he don't appreciate something good if it comes his way."

"They say you treat girls pretty bad," said Bela. "I treat 'em as they deserve," replied Mahooly sullenly. "If a girl don't get any of the good out of me, that's up to her."

It was the first time one of these girls had been able to put him out of countenance. "Poor girls!" murmured Bela. He looked at her sharply again. The idea that a native girl might laugh at him, the trader, was a disconcerting one. "Sometimes when the gang ain't around I'll show you I ain't all bad," he said ardently.

Bela shrugged. "He sat on the floor in the corner beyond the fireplace. Neither Bela nor Mahooly paid any attention to him, but he missed nothing of their talk.

By and by the group around the table moved to break up. "I'll get 'em and come back after," whispered Mahooly. "No you don't," said Bela quickly. "When they go I lock the door. Both doors."

"Sure! But it could be unlocked for a friend." "Not for no man!" said Bela. "Not to-night, any'ow," she added with a sidelong look.

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"Drivin'." "Who tell you tak the horses?" "Nobody." "Those my horses!" she said, stormily. Musq'oosis shrugged deprecatingly. "Horses go out. Get wicket in stable all tam."

"All right," said Bela. "I say when they go out, get wicket in stable all tam." "What's the matter?" asked Musq'oosis mildly. "Before was in min is yours and yours is mine."

"All right. Don't talk my horses," Bela repeated stubbornly. Musq'oosis sat down by the fire. Bela rattled the cups to justify herself. The old man took a glance at her, wondering how he could say what he wished to say without bringing about another explosion.

"For why you mad at me?" he asked, finally. "You mind your business!" Bela cried passionately. "Keep out of my business! I know where you been today. You been lookin' for Sam. Everybody think I send you look for Sam. That make me mad. I wouldn't go to Sam if he was bleed to death by the road!"

"Nobody see me," said Musq'oosis soothingly. "Evering get know here," she returned. "The trees tell it." "I know where he is," Musq'oosis murmured with an innocent air. Bela made a clatter among the dishes.

After a while he said again: "I know where he is, affecting deafness, flounced into the kitchen. She did not come back until the supper guests were arriving. With a glance of defiance toward Musq'oosis, Bela welcomed Mahooly with a sidelong smile. That, she wished the Indian to know, was her case. The red-haired trader was delighted. To-night the choicest cuts found their way to his plate.

When she was not busy serving, Bela sat on a box at Mahooly's left and suffered his proprietary airs. Afterward they sat in front of the fire, whispering and laughing together. To-night the choicest cuts found their way to his plate.

wouldn't do you no good to put him out. I got no'ing for you. Not to-night." Mahooly asked her what. "My god, if you think you're going to play fast and loose—"

Bela smiled scornfully, unafraid, provoking. "What you tink?" she said. "I not same lak those girls down by your place. hey come wen you whistle. I come when I ready. Maybe I never come."

There was a battle between their eyes. "You need a master!" cried Mahooly. Her eyes glowed with as strong a fire as his. "You can't get me easy as them," said Bela.

Mahooly laughed and dropped her wrist. "Oh, you want a bit of wooing!" he cried. "All right. You're worth it." Bela changed her tactics again. She smiled at him dazingly. "Go now. Come to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

A Nature Study. "That is that noise?" asked little James. Out walking in the park; "That noise you hear," his father said. "Is that the dogwood's bark?"

"And tell me why the dogwoods bark." He urged, "with such to-do!" "I think," his father said, "they hear the pussy-willows mew." —Cleveland Leader.

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## PILES

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and to absorb some and reflect others." The action of the leaf probably depends upon the arrangement of its molecules or atoms. When a leaf that has been green all summer turned in the autumn, is there a rearrangement of its molecules which causes it to make a different selection among the colors of light? That seems very likely.

How many colors are there shut up in white light? An endless variety blending into one another. The minute eyes of insects may be aware of exquisite colors utterly unguessed at by us, colors that are due to wave lengths which make no impression of any kind on our eyes, not even the ordinary impression of light. To such insects a dark room may be full of beautiful colors, provided only that rays beyond the limits of the visible spectrum enter it. Their eyes may be sensitive to color derived from the X-rays, whose waves are so short that in relation to ordinary light waves they have been likened to ripples compared with ocean billows.

But do the larger animals see the same colors that we see? Possibly no. The sensation of color is entirely due to the organ of vision, and the eyes of a cow, for instance, may be so different from ours, that to her the grass is not green, but of a blue unknown to any artist, and unnamed in any text-book.

And so on ad infinitum—but is it not interesting? Is it not vastly better than asking no questions at all, even though some of the answers are confessedly guesses?

## STAGGERS IN HORSES

Caused by the Eating of Dried Bracken. Experiments detailed in Bulletin No. 26, Scientific Series of Health of Animals Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, which can be had free on addressing the Publication Branch of the Department, indicate that the cause of staggers in horses is due to the ingestion of dried bracken over a certain period and under certain conditions. The toxic principle can be attributed to the hay as an animal fed on hay out of which the fern has been picked remained absolutely normal. Of four animals that developed the disease, one showed symptoms on the 24th day and was dying on the 35th day, when it was put out of its misery. The second horse died on the 25th day, and was dying on the 38th day, and was dying on the 46th day, when it was killed. The length of time it took the second horse to develop symptoms as compared with the first, was no doubt due to the fact that for about twelve days Dr. Bracken could not be procured, and also to the mistaken kindness of an attendant who gave the animal green clover. The third horse, which had served as control in the two preceding experiments, was fed on hay that carried 28 per cent. bracken and died on the 28th day. The fourth experiment was somewhat different to the others; this animal was fed 4.4 pounds of fern per day for three weeks, and was then reduced to 2.4 pounds per day for a further three weeks, with no apparent ill results. Upon increasing the daily feed of fern to 6.9 pounds, definite symptoms of the disease were noticed on the 23rd day (after this increase) and the animal was killed on the 35th day. The seriousness of the disease is shown by the fact that, in a certain locality on the Pacific slope, of 24 horses attacked belonging to 11 farmers, no fewer than 16 died.

## MYSTERY OF COLOR.

Rules Are Known, but Reasons Still Dark. Why does a leaf which is green in the summer turn red or yellow in the autumn? Perhaps that looks like a foolish question, like asking why water runs down hill. But a book might be written in answer to either of these foolish-looking questions without reaching the bottom of the explanation in one case or the other. It is so interesting to thoughtful people. The autumn leaves bring up the whole wonderful subject of color, which puts science to its trumps. Are you satisfied to say: "The leaf is green in summer because in autumn red is its autumn color. If you are satisfied with that, then you are not giving your mind its due amount of exercise. You will never be a Columbus or a Newton or an Edison."

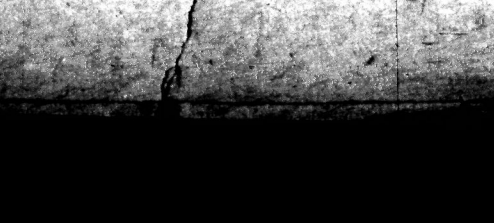
What makes the leaf visible at all to you? Has a leaf light of its own No. How, then, does it get light? It reflects the daylight that falls upon it. What is the color of daylight? White. How can the leaf, by reflecting white light, appear green, or red, or yellow? It does it by selecting a part of the light to be reflected and absorbing the rest. Then white light is made up of colors that can be separated? Yes. And the leaf has a property or power of separating those colors, and of extinguishing some and turning others back from its surface? It has. And the colors turned back, or reflected, are still light. Yes, colored light, not a longer white light. What is it that enables the leaf to select colors



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