

THE STORY THUS FAR: Flicka's colt, jong overdue, is born on the Goose Bar ranch, high in the Bockies. Its 12-year-sid owner, Ken McLaughlin, is startled to ree that it is white, and so a throwhack to the Albino, a wild stallion that is grandsire of Flicka. Ken's mother names white foal Thunderhead, but it is commonly known as Goblin. At a dinner party Ken reveals that the sire of Thunderhead is not Banner, the Goose Bar stallion, but Appalachian, the black racing atud owned by Charles Sargent on the neighboring ranch. Ken suddenly the neighboring ranch. Ken suddenly realizes that he has stolen the service. Sargent laughs and offers to give Ken papers for his colt. Ken answers that he can only expect "half" papers.

CHAPTER VII

Wind - and wind - and wind knocking you down when you tried to walk or stand against it. Making a noise that was first like a whine, and then a howl that hit a high note and stayed there—piercing you, getting into your head and making you crazy— And the snow. Days, weeks of being shut in by deep snow that sometimes drifted your residence and deep so that over windows and doors so that even to get out and see the sun you had to make a tunnel— Oh, all of it

Suddenly Nell was in a state of frenzy and despair. They hadn't wanted it to be like this. The horses were to have made money enough so that she and Rob could have had plenty of help—a furnace in the house—a vacation to a warmer climate every winter when the boys were at school and there was little to do on the ranch except try to keep warm and alive.

Money, money, money - it all came back to that! Her mind dashed this way and that, doubling on itself,

to find a way out.

Horses. Nothing but horses. The Goblin-suddenly she seized that impossible dream of Ken's-was it so impossible? Think of the ancestry of that colt! It was Rob who had first admitted he wanted one horse of the Albino's line who should be tractable—"and I'll have a race horse!" It was she herself who had planned and suggested breeding Flicks so they might get a colt with both her sweetness of disposi-

tion and her speed.

But the Goblin had neither. Nell tightened her hands into a harder fist. That inner fury which comes over high-spirited people when they are too often defeated filled her. She couldn't and wouldn't take it. Some-thing had to succeed. Goblin—his short thick legs could grow long and swift. His bumpy shape, his big head, his bad balance, could some-how smooth out into magnificent proportions. His mean temper, that ugly readiness to bite and kick and stand at bay in enmity to all, could change to the intelligent docility of Flicka. And speed! Flicka's very same speed. Rocket's speed. The Albino's speed—speed—SPEED!
Suddenly Nell was riding a rac-

ing dream, running away to victory.
Goblin! No, not Goblin any more,
but THUNDERHEAD! The racing stallion of the Goose Bar ranch! The big white brute leading the field on every track in the country! What colors would their jockey wear? Cherry red and white. Who would be the champion he would displace? Seabiscuit, of course - and would himself become then, not only great racer but great sire of racers, begetting hundreds of winners after him, every stud fee bringing thousands of dollars. Gobiin must never be gelded-

The bubble of her dream burst. Suddenly she was exhausted. She had lived through the winter; half a legs again to exchange a flurry of boxing blows, their manes and tails scores of races by Goblin; an alter—the black and the white—lifted scores of races by Goblin; an altercation with Rob as to the gelding of and stiffened by burning vigor until he wanted to investigate that. But him; had made thousands of dollars and spent them. She was sick of it all. Besides—none of it was

She forced herself. She studied the room. That was real. There was moonlight flooding through the win-dow. Look at it. That hump was Rob sleeping beside her. This was the ranch. It was going to be winterjust like all the other winters—just like all the storms and dangers they were poor and going to be poorer — nothing had ever succeeded and it was quite possible even likely, that nothing ever would. She had read something clever about that one day, telling you that if you wanted to know what the would be-look at the past and merely extend it!

Laying the whip to herself in this fashion, she began to come to life, and again her anger rose. There wasn't a day or a moment that you were really safe here. The elements could kill you as easily as a fly-swatter kills a fly. And at any season of the year, a bad storm, or flood, or drought, or plague of grasshoppers, or an epidemic, or a fire, or merely the wrong sort of weather at the wrong time could sweep away all the work of a year and all hope with it. That, she thought sarcastically, is probably the fascination of it for men like Rob. Adventurers. It's such a big gamble, with all the odds against you. It's the most exciting, dramatic life in the world.

Feeling the life stirring in her again, even though it was the liveliness of anger, she tried to penetrate the truth still more deeply. Was her indignation true? Did she actually

hate her realities?

Peering down, almost mischle-

heart, she saw the deepest truth and accepted it. She was as ready as Rob to take all the chances, share all the dangers, endure the priva-tions. She too had been born "fac-ing the wind."

There stole into her the hint of ecstasy. She pressed her face on her knees. The very terribleness of dread seduced her and filled her veins with strong wine. And the beauty—the fierce, dreadful beauty of winter! The summers—Oh, the summers! The unbelievable deep summers! The unbelievable deep blue of the mountain skies—the huge sculptured clouds, the green grass—the young animals, wild and free with startled eyes, the swift run-ning, heels kicking, the perfume, smell of mint and sage and pine and grass and clover and snow, clean from a sweep of hundreds of miles of emptiness— And the lone-liness — Ah, not loneliness, but serene, deep, tranquil solitude—just herself and Rob and the boys-

All her fevered thought became still. She crouched quietly there, full of a mysterious happiness.

As Goblin developed there were changes in his appearance and be-havior. Certain habits left him, certain coltish accomplishments were acquired.

The "scrabble" was gone, and in its place came the long springing trot characteristic of young colts, this owing, perhaps, to an inch or two of added length on each leg.

He learned the art of wrestling. His usual antagonist was Pepper, a tall black colt. On an expanse of level ground where the wind had



Goblin stopped running around

blown off most of the snow, they galoped in opposite directions, circling in figure eights. When they passed each other at the center point they would pause, rear and strike at each other. Here began the beautiful play, bending to one side or the other, intertwining heads, then sliding down, almost kneeling to bite at the foreleg, rising high en hind they flared like open fans. Suddenly the young stallions would plunge past each other and, as if in a prearranged dance routine, rush away in the figure eights again, their hoofs thundering on the ground.

Goblin also became an accomplished bucker. On icy mornings when the sun blazed down and the air was a fierce intoxication, all the colts broke away from their dams and banded together for play. They raced up and over the brow of gentle rise and came down the other side bucking. A few playful bucks sufficed for most of the colts. but not for the Goblin. His bounds became higher, his legs stiffer, the twist of his solid powerful little body more acute. It seemed to go to his head. At last he would be alone there, when the game was all over, bucking solo in a mad, intemperate ecstacy.

When, in December, the spring colts were weaned and kept at the ranch for handling and graining, Goblin was left on the range. No more wrestling or boxing now, for he had no playmate, and when he tried it with Banner, rearing before him and putting up his fists,

ous of his existence. Goblin played alone. He raced or the curving hills, thundered in fig-ure eights, reared and shadowboxed, put down his head and-bucked — sunfished — jack-knifed —cork-screwed — He knew them

Three times more before his six months of nursing were completed, Banner swept the whole band down to the ranch, for not a month passed without a blizzard. Goblin came to know the way so well that he tried to shoulder to the front, and only

ously, into this secret corner of her | his lack of speed kept him from being there.

One day, after a heavy blizzard, he was not allowed to return to the Saddle Back. He was to be weaned. The fury of the wind was dying away and only occasionally sent up a cone of whirling snow. Ken Mc-Laughlin, warmly dressed in a blue ski suit and cap, stood in the stable corral, holding Flicker's halter. He had been summoned home for one of his winter week-ends, to witness

the weaning of Goblin. The corral was mid-leg deep in snow, churned to slush by the mill-ing of the brood mares. For two days they had been in and out the stable doors, in and out the corral gates, free to leave when they wished, free to stay and fill themselves with hay and oats.

Ken's face, pale from the winter confinement and the cold, was full of peaceful love as he looked into Flicka's eyes and stroked her forelock. His thin, sensitive lips were slightly parted.

Flicka's golden coat had darkened with the cold. Running his hand down her neck under her thick blond mane, Ken felt the hair deep as fur. Her chest was broad and strong. Her wide nostrils flared as she breathed. And her legs— Oh, why couldn't Goblin have had those long slim legs of a runner?

Flicka was with foal again. Standing there with her young master, she was paying no atten-tion to him. She was looking over his head toward the Green, her ears strained forward. Now and then her whole body shook in an anguished whinny. It was in that direction that they had led her, a few minutes be-fore, with Goblin following. They had brought her back without him.

Ken patted her face and talked to her. "Don't you care, Flicka-pretty soon you won't mind so much -you'll have a new baby-and it's better for you not to be nursing him-you've been getting thin. I him-you've been getting thin. I can feel your ribs under your fur

Ken was torn between the desire to stay with his mare and comfort her, and go down to the Goblin. He stayed with the mare.

Banner had wandered out toward the county road gate. Evidently he had had enough of domesticity. He began to call his mares and round them up. The afternoon light was failing and the full moon, that had been nothing but a transparent globule of mist, was turning to bright silver. When the last of the band had

followed Banner out, Ken led his mare into the stable, filled her feed box with oats and left, closing the

door behind him. Then he exploded into a swift run, tore down the gorge, across the Green, the color flaring into his face, his blue eyes darkening with excitement. Now the Goblin! Now his race horse! Now—at last—

As he opened the gate into the colt corral his father held up a hand and Ken moved quietly. The last fifteen minutes had been full of shocks for the Goblin.

In the excitement of meeting his old friends and investigating this new place, Goblin had not at first realized that he had been separated from his mother. Then he heard her anguished neighing. That whirled him around and started him toward her. The five foot fence stopped him. The gate was closed.

He raced around the enclosure

seeking an exit. A confusion of feeling stirred him. There were the colts crowding around him, Pepper, the tall black, rearing and begging for a game. A strange intriguing smell he was still angry. He didn't know what to do.

At sight of Goblin, Ken's heart began to pound. What a changel The colt had grown all over, so that he was still shaped like a mature horse-most odd-looking. But there was no mistaking the power in him. Measuring him quickly against the others Ken saw that he was as big as the biggest and oldest of them. In six months he had

caught up.
Impelled by insatiable curiosity, Goblin approached the boy cautious-ly, obliged to satisfy himself as to this small human being, not much taller than himself, and why memory rang a bell at sight of him. His muzzle strained forward. His body held back. He got one sniffand at the same time Ken's hand moved to pat his nose. The colt's ears flew back-he whirled and lashed with his heels. Ken ducked. "Pretty close!" laughed Rob. "You've got to be fast with that

"Gosh! How he's grown," marveled Ken. "Bigger than any of the others, isn't he, dad?"

"He's a husky." Goblin was tearing around the fence. It made wild fury in him that there was no way out. In the other corral, when they came down from the range in a storm, the gates were always left open. They were there of their own free will. Even when they crowded into the barn there

was a different feeling.

He began to buck. This wasn't bucking in fun. This was protest, this was pure fight. He went through his repertoire. The other colts got out of the way and Rob and Gus re-treated to the fence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lessons for July 8

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MAN'S FAILURES AND

LESSON TEXT-Genesis 8:5-7; 8:1, 4, 18, GOLDEN TEXT—While the earth remain-eth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and whiter, and day and night shall not cease.—Genesis 8:22.

The beginnings of all things in the book of Genesis include, we are sorry to note, the beginning of sin in the fall of Adam. Soon we read in the fall of Adam. Soon we read of the first murder, Cain slaying his godly brother, Abel, because his with God exposed the acceptance with God exposed the wrong heart-attitude of Cain.

The godly line was renewed in Seth, but before long sin again lifted its ugly head. Now the wickedness of man had become so widespread that God was driven to a drastic judgment.

I. Judgment for the Wicked (6:5-7).

The Lord sees the wickedness of men-let us not forget that! At times it seems as though the un-godly flourish in their sin and that there is no judgment upon them.

God knows what goes on in the world. He is long-suffering and merciful, but there is a boundary line to His patience, and when that limit is reached, there can be nothing bat judgment.

Ever imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was evil continually (v. 5). One is reminded of Jeremiah 17:9, and of such a contem porary estimate of man as that of Dr. Mackay, who said, "Psycholo-gy has unveiled the dismal and sin-ister depths in human nature. Man can no longer flee from reality into the romantic refuge of his own heart; for the human heart has be-come a house of horrors in whose murky recesses man cannot erect citadel. Man is bad; he is a sinner." for his solace either a shrine or a

God did not change His mind (v. 6), but man by his sin moved himself out of the circle of God's love over into the circle of His judgment. God never changes, but we change our relation to Him by our actions. Such is the evident meaning of this verse.

II. Deliverance for the Upright (8:

God remembered Noah, and he "found grace in the eyes of the Lord" (Gen. 6:8) because he was "a just man" (6:9). At the Lord's command, he prepared the ark for the saving of himself and his house, and after the Lord had "shut him (Gen. 7:16), the great judgment by water came upon the earth.

After 110 days (Gen. 7:24), the Lord remembered Noah (8:1) and caused the earth to dry up once again. The same Lord who shut him in to keep him during the flood brought him out after the flood (8: 15, 16), gave him great power (9: 1-4), assured him of His protection (9:5-7), and gave him the great promise (9:8-16) of which the rain-bow became the token.

The God who will in no wise for get the sin of the wicked will never leave nor forsake those who walk uprightly before Him. The story of Noah should stimulate our causing us to obey and trust God. His protecting hand is over His children, and He can bring them through the darkest days of

III. Mercy in the Midst of Sin (8:20-22).

"Noah builded an altar," for the first impulse of his heart was to give praise to God for His mighty deliverance. His offering came up to God as "a sweet savor," that is, it was pleasing to God.

To come before God with acceptable worship, man must come with clean hands. The question is not whether he is brilliant, learned, or of high position. The one thing is obedience. such a man offers the worship of his heart before God, it goes up to him like a sweet savor.

God knew man's heart (v. 21). He had no illusions that even the judgment of the flood would change it. Eagerly His love sought man's obedient response, but He well knew that the awful pestilence of sin would continue until the very end of the age.

So in spite of that sin, and in the very midst of it, God promised that He would never again wipe out hu-manity as He did in the flood. There would be individual judgment and collective judgment on certain groups, but never again the smiting of every living thing. Thus, He set men free from the terror which must have now been in their hearts.

The beautiful rainbow in the cloud became a token of God's promise, and the visible assurance to "all flesh" that the judgment of the flood would not be repeated. Never again would seed time and harvest, nor any of the orderly processes of nature, fail throughout the whole

earth. What a gracious God we have! And what a pity that men presume apon His goodness.



GASOLINE. SWEET GASOLINE!

With Washington deciding to let autoists have more gasoline, mil-lions of Americans are beginning to dream of the day when the coun can return to its peacetime slogan-"Fill 'er up!"

This may be a long distance away, but it no longer seems something for the next generation to worry

Hope springs eternal in the hu-man breast and in the tourist's heart. As goes the garage so goes the nation.

Secretary Ickes will raise the gas ante from four gallons per A coupon to six. That won't bring back the week-end traffic tie-ups but it will re-vive those pleasant memories of the days when the gas station attendants rushed out, wiped your windshield, gave you a road map and asked, How many can you take?"

And when he frequently let a quart overflow from the tank to the ground with a "Damp, ain't it?"

Oh, for those hot dog-eating, wayside-lunch storming, detour crashing beach blitzing, dust-swallowing era when the answer to "Shall we motor over to Aunt Minnie's?" was never "How?" and always "When?"

Oh, for the days when you didn't have to hammer on the windows to find out if the gas station was open!

Ah, the good old times when there was a two-pump gas station in every block and a nozzle in every tank!

It is just as well that the return to full tanks is going to be gradual. A sudden restoration of open gas sta-tions openly arrived at would be too much for normal emotions to en-

Four years of regarding the pump ing station as an arid retreat for the over-optimistic have done things to the American character.

If a fellow got over four gallons at a crack he thought he had struck

And if the gas station proprietor threw in a smile and five drops extra he knew he had hit gusher territory.

No wonder Ickes survived that recent cabinet shake-up. He announced the new gas ration at the hour the President was making the chan And Harry Truman is nobody's fool. He knew the public would never stand for changing fuel administrators in mid-stream.

ALL DONE BY MIRRORS

("Quisling Trial Postponed Until August."—Headline.) Oh, don't be hasty with this man— This kind and gentle soul! There is such heavy doubt that

Essayed the traitor's role. Oh, do not rush proceedings

when It comes his time to go; Delay them until autumn for He loves the summer so!

Oh, let his trial be deferred-Go slowly, if you please, for Vidkum wants to play a while

Among the birds and bees. Love Is Like That

(From a Canadian Newspaper) NOTICE - Whereas my wife, Ponana Gertie Crouse, has left my bed and board, I give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract in my name. Wm. Aseph Crouse, East Clifford-May 5-

NOTICE!-To all Persons Whom It May Concern: I wish to say that I did not leave my husband's bed and board as he did not own the bed I slept in. I bought it and when I left Wm. A. Crouse of East Clifford, Lunen Co., N. S., I took my bed with me. (8gd.) Ponana Gertie Crouse.

HOPE V-E ended some of our trouble, And burst the loony German bubble.

Now may I ask of our noble na tion: Take white pennies out-of circu--H. N. MORSE

The sale of sulfa drugs has been stopped except by prescription, it having been found that people were rushing into drugstores to get sulfa for everything from dandruff and corns to a broken rib and gas pains.

A druggist tells us that a custom asked for sulfa drugs the other day silage per cow.

to get rid of pains eaused by taking sulfa drugs.

Twenty bushels of corn and 20 bushels of oats should be harvested for each cow. In addition five bush-



Steps in Shearing Sheep Simplified

Rules Are Necessary

One or a Thousand Its

The following steps, condensed and simplified, are given for guid-ance and improvement of the shear-er, whether he handles one or a ousand sheep.

1. First strokes are downward







strokes down from under right foreleg to flank to open a starting

place for strokes across belly. 2. Remove body wool with nearly straight - around strokes across belly. Shear inside of right leg from foot toward tail. Continue strokes until leg and hip are cleaned.

3. Open up neck with stroke from brisket to jaw and on right side of neck, then left jaw, side of face and top of head. Shear left shoulder

and foreleg.

4. Shear the left side with long strokes from hip to shoulder.

5. Finish shearing left side, taking two strokes beyond the backbone the whole length of sheep's back and neck. Shear right side of head and

6. Shear right side of shoulder and right side down to hind leg. Shear right hind leg, starting near back-bone.

Holder for Feed Pail



The accompanying sketch shows a simple device for feeding calves from a pail without having to hold it. The holder prevents the animal from tipping over the feed pail.

Agriculture In the News W. J. DRYDEN

Onions

Next to salt, the world's most valuable seasoning is the onion. It has come to be recognized as a leading

garden "must." Alexander found the onion in Egypt. He fed it to his troops in Greece in the belief that it excited martial ardour.

Seed Onions A new hybrid has been produced in California which

yields 38 tons to the acre. In 1597, John Gerard reported that onions were good against the biting of a mad dog, for colds, biles, to grow hair, for burns, or gun wounds. He also said it caused headaches, weakened the eyes, dulled the senses and provoked oversleep.

The volatile oil of onion has been

found by Russian scientists to con-tain a bacteria-killing substance. On-ion paste is being used in Russia to heal wounds and guard against in-Dehydrated onions have proven a

most important item for overseas shipping. French fried onions prom-ise to become more popular as the supply of odorless onions becomes larger.

Feed Needed by Cows In planning the dairy cows re-

quirement, two tons of good quality legume or mixed legume hay should be harvested per cow, or one ton of good quality legume hay or mixed egume roughage, and three tons of

Add similes: As confused by the laws of the country as a member vided, or 2½ bushels where silage of the Supreme court.

Cross-Stitched Tea Towels: Kitten Motif

7235



HAPPY inspiration, putting kitty to work at household tasks; done in cross-stitch on tea towels, he'll make even dish-drying fun!

Eight-to-the-inch cross-stitch is easy em-broidery. Pattern 7235 has a transfer of seven motifs 51½ by 8 inches; stitches. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. Enclose 16 cents for Pattern







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