

The GIRLAHORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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(Continued).
SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angles. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and a PIEBald dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the map, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he hears of the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

"I might exactly where I did in the beginning," I snapped. "I don't want any forty-nine-fifty-one per cent partnership with you; neither that nor any other kind."

"All right," he rejoined, brusquely; "we'll call that phase of it a back number and go on to something else. I'll buy your mine, just as it stands, water and all—and that's what nobody else would do, you'd better believe."

"For how much?"

"For fifty thousand dollars—cash."

"No," I grated. "I don't need a little money that badly."

"Fifty thousand isn't a little; at a good, safe, investment interest it will give you an income of three thousand a year. And that's more than you're getting now out of what your father left you."

"You seem to know a good bit about my private affairs," I growled.

"You said a mouthful, then. I've made it my business to find out about them. There's nothing much to you, Broughton, when you come right down to brass tacks. You had a good education, but you haven't had get-up-and-get enough in you to make any use of it."

"The less you dig in my private garden patch, the better we shall get along," I told him.

He was silent for a moment. He had picked up a bit of iron rod and was tracing hieroglyphic figures with it in the dust of the shop floor. Presently he looked up with a sort of mocking leer.

"Been trying to carry sentimental water on both shoulders, haven't you? I'm telling you right now, Broughton, it's no use. I filed on the little Blue-eyes claim over yonder in Twombly's cabin a long, long time before you ever saw or heard of it."

That remark of his carried things over the edge for me.

"See here, Bullerton," I said, and I suppose I stuck out my jaw at him as people say I do when I'm beginning to feel ugly, "there are limits, and I'll pay you the compliment of assuming that you are not quite a born fool. We are going to leave Miss Twombly out of it; completely and absolutely out of it."

"You may; but I shan't," he grinned back at me. "In point of fact, my dear fellow, now that I come to think of it, you'll have to leave her out."

"Not for anything you may say or do, or leave unsaid or undone."

"Yes, you will; and for something that I may say. And I guess this is as good a time as any to mention it. Have you forgotten that you have advertised yourself in this out-of-the-way corner of the world rather successfully as one of two things: a pretty dangerous sort of lunatic, or—a criminal? As a matter of fact, the railroad detectives have been looking high and low level for you ever since you stole that inspection motor at the An-

gles platform and got it smashed."

"Twombly knows about that; and so does Miss Twombly," I cut in.

"They wouldn't give you away, of course; in a certain sense you are Twombly's guest, and in another you're his employer. But you'll notice that neither of these restrictions apply to me. Now, perhaps, you can understand just why you are obliged, in ordinary prudence, to leave the girl out of it—and why I am not so obliged."

"Miss Twombly, herself, has the casting vote on that," is what I flung at him.

"She has already voted," he said coolly. Then: "You're not in the game, Broughton; you don't hold anything higher than a seven-spot, and you are bucking a straight flush. Do you take fifty thousand and vanish? That is the one live question of the moment."

"No."

"Very well; I'll give you another day to think it over; but I'm warning you here and now that the price will shrink. It is fifty thousand today, say up to sunset; tomorrow it will be forty thousand."

I slid from the anvil and half unconsciously picked up the blacksmith's hand-hammer.

"You go straight to h—l," I said; and at that he left me.

I sat down to try once more to think things out to some sort of an action focus. Should I take Bullerton's fifty thousand and quit? Common sense said Yes, spelling it with a capital and underscoring it for emphasis. What was the use in hanging on? Hadn't we proved that the mine was undrainable, save, perhaps, at the enormous cost of driving an under-running tunnel from a lower slope of the mountain?

Then there was Jeanie. Then, again, there was Lisette. Fifty thousand dollars at six per cent would buy her hats—but it wouldn't buy much else. I could picture the calm and collected way in which she would say, "Yes, Stannie; you've succeeded nicely in financing the hats. But you know as well as I do that we couldn't buy hats and keep a car on three thousand a year."

I had just climbed down to this bottom round of the ladder of dejection when I heard a bit of noise and looked up to see a small, trim figure darkening the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, are you here?"

ing the engine-room door. Then a voice that I would have recognized in a thousand voices all speaking at once, said:

"Mr. Broughton—Stannie, are you here?"

"No, indeed. Bluebeard man," she said with that queer little gurgle of a laugh. "I—I think I have found out what I wanted to. Goodbye." And then, after I thought she was clean gone, she turned back to say, airily: "Oh, yes; I had almost forgotten what I came over here to tell you. You mustn't sell the Cinnabar, Stannie; not for any price that anybody might offer you. Goodbye, again."

Can you beat it? When the good Lord made women He doubtless had many patterns; but I do believe the world was broken and thrown away after this Jeanie girl had been fashioned. For a solid hour or more I sat on that slab bench at the shaft-house door in a sort of bewildered daze, wondering if I had been asleep and dreaming, or if the bedazzling thing had really happened.

At breakfast the next morning everything passed off as usual and for anything that Jeanie said or looked there needn't have been any bench beside the shaft-house door and the dream theory I had been playing with might have been the sober fact. An hour later, after I had gone across to the mine, Bullerton came over to dig me out, as before.

"Forty thousand this morning," he announced as chipper as an English sparrow over an unexpected heap of street sweepings. "Say, Broughton, can you afford to let your capital shrink at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day? If you should ask me, I should say not."

CHAPTER IX.

To Fish or Cut Bait.

It is nothing short of wonderful how the sourest grouch can sometimes be banished by a single word. That word "Stannie," you know; she had never called me that before; though her father had been using the familiar handle, westerly-wise, right along, almost from the day I landed on the Cinnabar reservation.

"Yes," I said, and jumped up and went to her.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bear with a sore head?" she asked, in the tone of a schoolma'am asking the dull boy if he'd ever heard of the letter "A."

"Often," I admitted.

"Well, isn't that the way you've been acting?"

"Haven't I some little cause?"

"Maybe, of course, I'm willing to make some allowances. It does seem provoking that your grandfather should have left things in such a dreadful muddle."

"How much do you know about the muddle?" I asked.

"I know that old Mr. Dudley let, or partly let, a contract for the draining of the mine, to a man who was almost a total stranger to him."

I saw how it was. Bullerton, always readier to talk than a stuck pig is to bleed, had been giving her his own version of things. But I let that part of it go.

"Grandfather Jasper was laboring for the good of my soul. He knew his 'medium,' as the artists say. He wanted to make me work—something that nobody else has ever been able to do."

"Don't you like to work?"

"Why-e-e, I guess I like other folk in that respect. I don't mind working if I can pick my job—and my company. I've been having a bully good time hammering around this old bunch of junk with your father. Or I was having one until Satan came also."

"Meaning Mr. Bullerton?"

"Quite so; meaning Mr. Bullerton, christened 'Charles.'"

"Ought I to stay here and listen if you're going to say things about him?"

"Not if you are going to marry him, you shouldn't."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to? Hasn't he plenty of money? And haven't I told you that I'd marry for money?"

"Humph!" said I; "when you talk that way you are saying out loud just what Lisette says to herself—only you don't mean it and she does. But tell me how did you get permission to come over here and talk with me?"

"Whose permission—Daddy's?"

"No; Bullerton's, of course."

"I don't have to ask it—yet."

"Not yet, but soon," I grinned. "All things come to him—or her—who waits. Just the same, you shouldn't have come. It's cruelty to animals. After a man has traveled thousands of miles to sit at the feet of the one girl in the universe, only to find himself elbowed by a brown-whiskered ject—"

"Fush!" she chided. "Can't you ever be serious? You are not sitting at anybody's feet. What are you going to do about the mine?"

"Bullerton offered to unwater the Cinnabar if I'd deed him a bit more than a half interest—and possibly he'd still be willing to do that, which would mean that he'd form a stock company and freeze me out completely when he got good and ready."

"And what is the other way?"

"He offers to buy the mine outright, just as it stands, for fifty thousand dollars."

"But your grandfather paid nearly half a million for it, didn't he?"

"Even so. But, you see, in the present scrap I'm the under dog. The man you are going to marry has none of the nice little scruples in a business transaction—if you'll permit me to go that far. He even threatens to turn me over to the authorities for stealing that inspection car and getting it smashed."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that!" she deprecated.

"It is perfectly right and proper that you shouldn't think so—in the circumstances. Just the same, you'll pardon me if I say that I'm swearing continuously and prayerfully at the circumstances."

"You don't want me to marry money and have good clothes and all the other nice things, and travel and see the world, and all that?"

"No, by Jove! I want you to marry me."

Her laugh was just a funny little gurgle.

"Bluebeard!" she said, just like that. "And you haven't even killed Miss Randle yet! Thank you, ever so much; but I don't want to be one of several. Besides, you haven't any money."

Talk of impossible situations! What could a man say, or hope to say, to such a girl as that!

"Did you come over here just to torment me?" I rasped.

"Woof!" she shivered, "here comes the bear again!" and then, right smack out of a clear sky: "Kiss me—just once, Stannie-bear."

"You never miss what you haven't had," I shot back. "There are no takers on the floor this morning."

"Right-o; it'll be thirty thousand tomorrow, you must remember. At that rate you'll be owing me quite a chunk of money by this time next week. That's about all I have to say—excepting one more little thing: No more chummy little tete-a-tetes in the starlight, old man, or I shall be obliged to put the gad to you; the railroad gad, you know."

It made me so boiling hot to have him admit, thus baldly, that he had been spying upon Jeanie and me the previous evening that I could scarcely see straight.

"That will be about enough!" I barked. "I told you the other day that there were limits, and you've walked up and looked over the edge two or three times. You may think you have as many lives as a cat, but I doubt it!"

He laughed and threw back the lapel of his coat to show me a regulation six-gun slung by a shoulder strap under his left arm.

"You pulled a hammer on me yesterday," he said, letting the laugh lapse into a grin that showed his fine mouthful of teeth, "and you probably didn't know that you would have been a dead man before you could swing it. Oh, yes; I could do it, and any coroner's jury in the Red desert would acquit me; dangerous lunatic—self-defense, you know. That's a word to the wise, and it ought to be sufficient. But I have a better life-insurance policy than any that the six-gun could write me: you're in love with Jeanie Twombly—in spite of that girl back East; and because you are, you are not going to make her a widow before the fact. You're not selling your mine for forty thousand—cold cash—this morning?"

"Not this morning or any other morning."

"Good. I can afford to stick around here a few days longer, I guess—at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day. So long." And he picked his way out of the clutter of the shop and went across to the cabin—and Jeanie.

Later, along in this same day, while I was standing at the shaft mouth and staring down at the water that was keeping me out of my heritage, Daddy Hiram came up.

"Still a-puzzlin' over it, Stannie?" he asked, in the sympathetic tone that he always used when he spoke of the Great Disappointment.

"There's nothing to it, Daddy," I gloomed. "Bullerton has me by the neck, and he knows it."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out.

"You've heard 'em say 'at curiosity killed a cat,'" he said, out of the corner of his mouth; "well, the cat's a-comin'." Skip out o' that other door, Stannie, and hit for the timber. I'll ketch up with you in a little spell."

I didn't know exactly what he was driving at until after I got clear of the mine buildings and was climbing the slope of the mountain above. Then



He Waved Me to a Seat, on a Pile of Broken Rock.

I looked back and saw Bullerton sauntering across the dump head. He was evidently bent on another little job of spying; either that, or else he didn't want Daddy and me to get together by ourselves.

Under cover of the forest I sat down and waited; and in a short time Daddy joined me, making an excuse for the dodge-away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one 'at I was workin' when your gran'paw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mog over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein and hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally so I hate a gosh-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as

if I'd like to swap skins with a con-dummed gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bullerton," he spat out, without further preface. "That sly-tongued word artist sure does got onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, of course, nothing about the Jeanie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-to-Methusalem!—It's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"'Bout that there tunnel job; some-thin' like two hundred thousand, we figured that'd cost, with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bullerton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-goin' out and nothin' a-comin' in. Let's see where that's fetchin' us to. I don't know what your gran'paw paid for the mine, but it was less'n half a million, and I reckon he paid ever' dollar it was worth, don't you?"

(Continued Next Week.)

CHRISTMAS EVE

CAROL SINGING.

The custom of outdoor carol singing on Christmas Eve, which has been spreading throughout the country so rapidly during the past few years, has in the course of its extension developed different characteristics in various cities, which are coming in for serious discussion, now that the Yuletide season is approaching, by community workers and others who will organize this year's singing groups. The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which made a survey of the cities in which caroling through the streets was done last year, at the same time made a study of the methods followed in rehearsing and costuming the itinerant bands, mapping out the districts to be covered, selecting stopping places and collecting funds for charitable purposes where this was a feature of the arrangements.

This study shows that where the town has a community Christmas tree in some central place it is usual for the carolers to meet and sing in a body around the tree before dividing up into groups to visit the residential sections. In the absence of a general rendezvous the starting place of each group is as a rule the church, schoolhouse or community centre where it has been rehearsed. There are rarely more than 25 singers in a band and rarely less than 10.

Cities in which the Community Service has a representative usually have their caroling plans worked out by that organization acting either independently or in co-operation with local individuals or groups. Last year the Community Service included in its preparations a campaign to teach the public "a carol a day" in order that young and old might join in the singing. This campaign will be given even more attention this year.

Resident Fisherman's License Effective January 1st, 1922.

The resident fisherman's license law which was approved by the Governor the 19th day of May, 1921, becomes effective the first day of January, 1922, and provides that all citizens of the State of Pennsylvania (male or female) over twenty-one years of age must take out a license to fish or angle in any of the waters of this Commonwealth or in the waters bounding or adjacent thereto.

These licenses can be secured from the county treasurer of any county, or the Department of Fisheries, Harrisburg, upon the payment of one dollar for license, together with the cost of treasurer's fee, if secured through him. In applying for license the applicant must give name, residence, occupation and age. The act provides that for violations the fine is twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) and the Department of Fisheries will endeavor to enforce the same.

All persons who are interested in the propagation of the fish and the purification of the streams are urged to take out their license by January first as the appropriations received from the last Legislature by the Department of Fisheries were only sufficient to operate all branches of its work until January 1st, 1922.

COAL MINERS IN "BACK TO SCHOOL" MOVEMENT.

Coal miners in central and western Pennsylvania have joined the "Back to School" movement. Six hundred of them are now attending instruction classes established in sixteen towns by the mining extension division of the Pennsylvania State College. Started on a large scale only a year ago, the mine schools have grown in numbers, attendance and popularity through the efforts of Dean E. S. Moore and Prof. W. C. Duncan, extension director.

Several more classes are to be started after the first of the year. The miners are given such instruction that will fit them to become foremen, inspectors, fire bosses, etc., and they are greatly interested in the work. Towns where classes are now being held after working hours and the number of enrollments in each are:

Patton, 38; Barnesboro, 75; St. Benedict, 20; Maden, 22; Houtzdale, 15; Hastings, 34; Winburne, 75; Philipsburg, 20; Johnstown, 25; Somerset, 40; Brownsville, 75; Curtisville, 45; Robertsdale, 30; Cresson, 22; Dudley, 26, and Woodvale, 25.

GOVERNMENT SAVINGS SECURITIES.

A new issue of government savings securities is being offered by the Treasury Department for sale to the public beginning this week. The new securities consist of treasury savings certificates in three denominations, maturing five years from date of issue, and bearing 4 1/2 per cent interest compounded semi-annually. The prices are \$20, \$30 and \$50, which at maturity will yield \$25, \$30 and \$37.50 respectively.

They are designed particularly for the convenience and safety of small investors, and for offering satisfactory income return and safety for the surplus funds of labor, fraternal, church and similar organizations. The new certificates are redeemable before they mature at their cost price plus 3 1/2 per cent interest compounded semi-annually.

With the new certificates, Secretary Mellon announced the postal savings and treasury savings have been coordinated with the result that the government will have a unified savings system, starting with the 10 per cent postal saving stamp, postal savings deposits from \$1 and up, the treasury savings stamp and the \$25, \$30 and \$50 treasury savings certificates. The treasury 25 cent thrift stamp and \$5 war savings stamp will be discontinued December 31.

The certificates mature five years from the date of issue in each case, instead of at a uniform maturity date, and if held to maturity yield interest at the rate of about 4 1/2 per cent per annum compounded semi-annually. The certificates are redeemable before maturity at the redemption values stated on the books of the certificates, upon presentation and surrender to the Treasury Department, and in that event yield interest at the rate of about 3 1/2 per cent per annum compounded semi-annually. The \$25 certificate bears the portrait head of Theodore Roosevelt, the \$30 certificate that of Washington, and the \$50 certificate that of Lincoln. The new certificates are issued only in registered form, in order to afford protection against loss and theft, and will be recorded on the books of the Treasury Department in Washington. The name and address of the owner and the date of issue will be inscribed on each certificate by the issuing agent at the time of issue. The terms of the certificates have been much simplified as compared with previous issues, and the offering is on a basis which should prove particularly attractive to small investors.

The limit of holdings has been increased by the Act of Congress approved November 23, 1921, from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and it is now possible (therefore to hold treasury (war) savings certificates of any one series up to an aggregate maturity value not exceeding \$5,000. This change makes the certificates attractive for the investment of trust funds and the surplus funds of labor, fraternal, church and similar organizations which seek an investment of intermediate length, with absolute safety and a satisfactory income return.

A COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—This year the city square in Salt Lake City will be the scene, for the fifth time, of the live community Christmas tree.

In a large area set with native trees stands one large fir, transplanted years ago from the mountains. Each Christmas it is gayly lighted and decorated, and the surrounding area is fenced off with holiday colors and Yuletide wreaths, about which the snow is trodden by thousands as they gaze with joy at this symbol of community cheer and promise of good will to men.

Last Christmas a new fall of snow made the tree a glamor of crystal loveliness in a setting of pure whiteness. As the lights were switched on, came the carolers. In large, lighted busses sixty singers from Salt Lake's Oratorio Society were carried from corner to corner, where they bade the passers-by pause and join in a carol. Then after a dozen or more stops they drove, singing, into the city square and encircled the tree. They sang, and all the crowd sang. As they departed they left behind a Christmas cheer on every lip.

The plans for the present year contemplate the redecoration of the same tree, the Oratorio Carollers, the Community Orchestra and the Boy Scout Band. Since the weather does not permit prolonged outdoor programs, the plan this year includes, in addition, a free Christmas production in the Little Theatre by the Players Club or the University Dramatic Club. The great finale of the holiday season comes with the annual community production of Handel's Messiah by the Salt Lake Oratorio Society under the direction of Squire Cooper. This New Year's Day rendition is given in the large tabernacle that will seat 10,000, and at the small fees of 25 and 50 cents. The 200 singers and the director give their time as a community service, the building is furnished free, and the only expense incurred comes from soloists brought from out of town and for the orchestra. It has been the ambition of the Recreation Department to develop a Community Orchestra that will eventually be able to do justice to such a rendition.

CHARLOTTE STEWART,
Supervisor of Recreation.

Short Course Nearly Full at Agricultural College.

There are only a score of vacancies left in the enrollment allotment of the eight week's course in agriculture to be conducted by The Pennsylvania State College beginning January 4th. Applications have been coming in at the office of Dean R. L. Watts at the rate of from five to ten a day for the past two weeks. Because of crowded conditions at the college a class of not more than 150 men and women can be accommodated. All courses are filled with the exception of those in horticulture and general farming. Dairy manufacture is the most popular course and is already filled.

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