#### The Girl, a Horse crippled?" and a Dog.

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 6.) might see. When I did look, I saw the dog digging frantically at the heap of eaved-in earth, and, of course to my disordered imagination, the hole in which he was burrowing transformed itself at once into a newly made grave. "Good God!" I gasped; and the: . "Look, Daddy-right under your

He looked and staggered back, and would have dropped the blazing pine branch if I hadn't caught it from his hand. For what he saw, and what I had seen, was the unmistakable print, in the soft earth just inside of the planking, of one of Jeanie's brownleather riding-boots.

In another half-second we were both in the tunnel and Daddy was heaving the dog aside from the hole he was pawing out in the earth fall. Snatching up a broken-handled shovel that the former tunnel drivers had thrown away, the old man flung himself madly upon the dirt pile, and since there



The Old Man Flung Himself Madly Upon the Dirt Pile.

was room for only one to work at a time, I stood at his elbow and held the terch. I don't know what he expected to find hidden under the slide, but I do know what I was afraid he was going to find.

After all, it was only a flash in the pan, so far as any dreadful discovery was concerned. Inside of five minutes, Daddy, working like a man demented, had dug the entire cave-in away, and there was nothing to show for the frantic shoveling-less than nothing. Again, I don't know how Daddy felt, but I'm sure I was able to breathe better, the improvement dating from the moment when it became apparent that the earth heap had grown too small under the shovel stabs to possibly conceal a human body.

The collie had followed us and Daddy Hiram scowled down at him. "If that dog could only be like old Gran'paw Balaam's donkey for a minute 'or so," he mused. "He saw her go in there and saw her come out; likewise and the same, he must 've seen what she did after she come out. Looks as if he wanted to talk and tell

us. don't he?" Barney was certainly giving a good imitation of that, or some other anxiety. He was frisking about and barking, leaping up now and then to snap at an imaginary fly in the air. Daddy eaught him by his lower jaw and held him immovable. "Go find her, Barney!" he commanded; "good dog-go

find her!" The instant he was released the collie acted as if he understood perfectly what was wanted of him. Springing aside, he began to circle again, nose to the ground, and within half a minute he was off, this time heading into a dim trail that led away diagonally down the mountain, not in the direction of Atropia, but rather on the other leg of a triangle, one side of which might be the desert edge, one the trail we had followed from the Atropia

road, and the third the route we were

now taking to the eastward. It must have been within an hour er so of midnight when we left the mountain forests behind and got into the region of barren foothills. Here the collie seemed much surer of his ground, and we had our work cut out for us in the effort to keep up with him. In the starlight I made out the line of telegraph poles as we ran, and pretty soon our dog leader swung off to the right and we found ourselves trotting on a line parallel to the railroad track and only a little way from

Pretty soon the dog disappeared; and then we heard him barking at a little distance to the left of the parallel tracks. When we went to see what he had found, the mystery suddenly nerve. took another tack and veered off into a new channel. In a small grassy hollow between two of the hills we came upon the dog and the calico pony. The bridle reins had slipped over the bronco's head, and Barney had them be-

tugging and apparently trying to pull

"Well, I'll be ding-jiggered!" said Daddy; but I couldn't unload quite that easily. For me the riderless pony meant an accident of some sort.

"Heavens!" I gasred; "do you suppose she's been thrown, and-maybe

"Who-Jeanie? Why, bless your heart, Stannie, son, she can ride 'em wild! And that calico wouldn't buch a baby off. No, boy; don't you go to frettin' about nothin' like that. When she got out o' that saddle, it was 'cause she was good and ready and wanted

"When she got off to take the train, she tried to make Barney lead the pony home," I suggested. "Would she be likely to do that?"

Daddy Hiram slapped his leg. "You've hit it exactly, son! Don't know why I didn't think o' that at first. It's an old trick that she taught the collie when he was a li'l' pup. And Barney, he tried, and when he couldn't make the pinto leave off grazin', he come for us. Sure!-that was the way of it. What say if we go back to the edge o' the timber and camp down?

gained by hittin' the trail afore we've had a li'l' rest-up spell, is there?" I had no objection to offer, you may be sure; and after we had found a camping spot, and had picketed the pony with the light rope that Jeanie always carried tied to the cantle of her saddle, we made a good fire to serve in lieu of the blankets that we didn't have and stretched ourselves out to sleep the sleep of the fagged and leg-

I reckon there ain't nothin' to be

The next thing I knew-and it seemed to be just about a minute after I had closed my eyes—Daddy was shaking me awake.

"Time to be moggin' along, if we aim to get home for breakfast, sonny," he announced. At the break of day we were coming into the Cinnabar-Atropia road at precisely the point at which we left it the evening before.

The sun was just beginning to gild the upper heights of Old Cinnebar when we trailed over the broad plateau bench below the mine and headed for the slope that led up to the dump head. As we topped this last hill there was an amazing surprise awaiting us-a surprise and a shock. On the level spot which served as a dooryard for the Twombly cabin stood a horse, saddled and bridled, its drooped ears and hanging head showing that it had been ridden far and hard. And on the cabin door-step, sitting at ease and calmly chewing a half-burned cigar, was-Bullerton!

CHAPTER XIII.

A Battle and a Siege. It was Daddy Hiram who made the

first break. "Charley Bullerton, where's my question at the loafer on our doorstep in a sort of deadly rage that you itself-to yell back at me with s mild-mannered a man.

the cool response. "Didn't you get the me and get away with it? I'll—" and note she left for you, saying that you then breaking it off short and kicking and recognized me: "Hello, Broughton; we've missed a day, but I'll give you the benefit of it and not dock you. Are you selling the old water-logged by-play, which hadn't used up more Cinnabar for twenty thousand dollars than a few minutes, all told, Daddy this fine morning? It'll probably save Hiram had stood aside, as I have said, you more or less trouble if you are."

He didn't get the kind of answer he wanted; or any relating to the mine. bet all your old clothes, son, that we Unbuckling Jeanie's gun and handing it to Daddy Hiram, I walked across to where he was sitting, keeping a wary eye on the hand which would have to be the one to go after the weapon he had once showed me hanging under his left arm-pit.

"Mr. Twombly has just asked you where his daughter is, and you haven't told him," I gritted. "You've got about ten seconds in which to tell him all you know, and after you've done it, I'm going to trim you!"

He had scrambled to his feet when he saw me coming, and, just as I expected, that watched right hand flicked suddenly under his coat. At that 1 rushed him and we mixed it promptly. I got hold of the gun hand before it got to the pistol butt, and at the clinch we were all over the place, each grappling for the underhold, and neither of us paying much attention to the rules. Marquis of Queensberry or other. Bullerton was a heavyweight; he had probably fifteen pounds the advantage of me in that direction; but after l had got the thumb of my free hand upon a certain spot in his neck, it was

all over but the funeral. Jehu! how he swore when I crumpled him, and took his gun away from him, and slammed him down on a bed of broken stone and stuck a knee into his breathing machinery. But he couldn't do anything; the thumb-jab had fixed him. His head was skewed over to one side and he couldn't straighten it. I groped around until I found that other paralyzing nerve ganglia-the one at the joint of the

third vertebra. "Listen to what he says, Daddy!" I said to the old man who stood looking on with the face of a wooden image. Then to Bullerton, who was now merely a wad of flesh gone flaccid under the torturing touch: "Tell what you know, and all you know; and tell it quick and straight!" and I gave him

one more little prod on the agony

With a preliminary shriek he let it out by littles, gasping between the words and phrases like a man in the last stages of lockjaw.

"We were going to Angels-to get married," he panted. "Ah-oh-I was tween his teeth and was backing and to meet her at Atropia—she—she was



Jehu! How He Swore!

afraid to ride all the way with meafraid-the old man-would come gunning! Oh, for God's sake, Broughton, take your thumb out of my backyou're killing me by inches!"

"You need a little killing worse than anybody I know," I told him. "Go on; you were to overtake her at Atropia;

what then?" "I didn't see her again!" he howled. "I don't know where she went!"

I didn't believe much of what he was saying, and I think Daddy Hiram didn't, though we had proved it true up to the point where they had separated on the Atropia road. I would have gone on, making him talk some more, but the look that was creeping into the old man's eyes made me let As I read the look it meant that Daddy couldn't stand it to see the third-degree stunt carried to its finish, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, as I meant him to be; still couldn't straighten his neck, and stood as if one leg were about half paralyzed, as perhaps it was.

"This outfit is my property, and you've out-stayed your welcome!" I snapped at him. "Climb your horse

and get off the map!" He limped over to his horse and gathered the reins and tried to put a foot into the stirrup. When I saw that he couldn't do even that much, I grabbed him and heaved him into the saddle; did this, and gave the horse a slap to set him going. I guess I shall always be able to recall the picture of that brown-bearded pirate riding across the Cinnabar dump head in the early morning sunshine, screwing his daughter?" he rapped out, hurling the body in the saddle-because he couldn't turn the stiff-necked head by wouldn't have thought possible in so zling curses, "I'll get you-I'll get you vet! D-n your eyes-do you think "You needn't worry about her," was you can make a hobbling cripple of needn't?" Then, as if he had just seen the ribs of his nag frantically for more speed when I made as if I were going

to run after him. Throughout this bit of belligerent taking the part of the interested spectator. Now he remarked: "You can hain't seen the last o' Charley Bullerton, not by a long chalk. You ricollect I told you once he'd got a man, down in one o' the camps on the Saguache? Well, it was for a heap less than what you done to him a few minutes ago.

But let's go eat." I passed through the cabin to the out-kitchen and while I was kindling a fire in the stove I saw Daddy with an armful of hay and a peck measure of oats, tolling the little horse down the path back to the cabin to disappear with it in the direction of the gulch where the abandoned "Little Jeanie" claim lay. I had the coffee made and the bacon fried by the time he got back, and after we had eaten he blossomed out in an entirely new role-that of commander in chief.

"This is movin' day, Stannie," he announced briefly. "If you'll dig up all the chuck and canned stuff you can find and tote it over to the shafthouse, I'll fetch the blankets and the

cookin' tins." I obeyed blindly, and entirely without prejudice to a lively curiosity as to what this new move might mean. While I was emptying the kitchen and pantry the old man unearthed another rifle from the closet under the loft ladder, and with it a box of ammunition; and I observed that this second gun, tike the one he had carried on our pilgrimage of the night, looked as if it had been freshly oiled and rubbed up every day since it had left the fac-

"You'll have a lot of talking to do presently," I warned him. "You seem to forget that you haven't yet told me what's biting you."

"Maybe there ain't nothin' bitin' me maybe I'm just gettin' sort o' old and skeery. But it's this-away, Stannie, son: Ever since your gran'paw gave me this here watchin' job, and since I heard tell how them Cripple Creek short-card artists socked it to him on this Cinnabar deal, I been lookin' for trouble. I hain't been easy about them Cripple Creek holdups nary a day since your gran'paw told me to stay here and hold the fort for him."

owners might try to grab the property that you can let him know he's invited "You thought perhaps the original

Daddy looked up at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"'Pears to me like you've got a mighty short memory, some way, Stannie. Have you done forgot that bunch o' huskies we saw campin' out in Antelope gulch as we come along by there at daybreak this mornin'? I didn't like the looks o' that camp much at the time; and I liked it a whole lot less after we got here and found Charley Bullerton sunnin' himself on the doorstep. Made me sort o' perk up my

"But, see here, Daddy," I thrust in, "if he's got my deed, or has destroyed

it, why-" "Why, he has as good a right to the Cinnabar as the next one that comes along, is what you're goin' to say. I ain't disputin' you for a minute. But afore he can have it, he's got to take it, hain't he? And we've got two mighty good li'l' pieces of artillery that says he's goin' to have one joyful old time a-takin' lt; that is, if you're of the same mind that I am."

By Jove! I wanted to put my arms around the old Spartan and hug him! As I've said, there were ten or a dozen men in that bunch we'd seen in the gulch, and he was calmly proposing to stand up to them, as confidently as if it were all in the day's work.

"I get you now, Daddy," I said, "and if there's a fight coming to us, your mind is mine. We'll give them the best

we've got." I thought the two old-fashioned guns and Jeanie's pistol promised a poor chance for an effective defense; but Daddy Hiram proceeded to show me that we had at least one other resource. In the mine stores left behind by the former operating company were two boxes of sixty-per-cent dynamite, with fuse and caps, and Daddy pointed out that there were good possibilities wrapped up in the greasy brown-paper cartridges if the enemy should come close enough to let us use them.

"I believe you had this all doped out in advance, Daddy," I said, when he had a neat little row of the cartridges laid out on the floor. "But surely you didn't expect to hold out alone if those sharks sent a crowd of 'jumpers' in to run vou off?"

"Me and Jeanie," he said simply. "We'd 'a' done our level best; and the

angels couldn't do no more than that." Here, unless the old man was sadly mistaken in his daughter, was another and wholly unsuspecter side of the blueeyed maiden displayed for me. I tried to imagine Lisette helping her father, or me, or any lone man, to defend a beleaguered mine against an armed attack. It was so funny that I shouted. "Do you mean to say that Jeanie would shut herself up in here and load the guns for you against a mob of mine

He looked up with a prideful sparkle in his mild blue eyes.

"You don't half know that little girl o' mine, yet, Stannie, son," he said earnestly. And then: "She's the only boy I ever had, you see; and she hain't had any mother since she can remember. Maybe I hadn't ort to taught her to ride hawsses and shoot, and them things; but it seemed like I had to."

"You haven't made her one lota womanly-or lovable," I hastened to say. Then I blurted out the thing that had been weighing on me ever since we had found Bullerton loafing on the door-step: "Do you suppose they could -is there any way they could have been married yesterday, Daddy?"

"Uh-huh; I reckon there was. They might 'a' gone on down to Angels. There's a justice o' the peace down there."

It still lacked a full hour of noon when we got our preparations made and were ready to stand a siege. Then we waited, and waited some more; and after a while I began to grin. What if we had stampeded ourselves needlessly? After all, the men we had seen in the deep gulch might really have been tramps, and not a Bullerton army. Would the mining engineer, unprincipled as he doubtless was, go to the length of trying to dispossess us by force? The more I thought of it, the more unlikely it seemed.

"I guess maybe we were scared of a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said. "Bullerton has had time enough to

bring up his army, if he has one." "I ain't countin' much on his backin' down," was the drawling rejoinder. "Ye see, I know Charley Bullerton of old; keen knowin' him ever since he first bu'sted into the minin' game. That was over in the Sagauche. He's an all-'round cuss, but he's a stayer. Besides, you roughed him up sort o' hurtful this mornin', and he's got that to make him spitey. We'll be hearin' from him as soon as he gets things yanked 'round into shape to suit him."

Still, as time passed and nothing happened, it looked less and less likely that we were going to have to fight for our holding ground. I don't know to this good day what made Bullerton so slow in bringing up his army, but it was high noon, and Daddy and I were eating a cold luncheon, with the shaft-house door-sill for a seat, when we saw the army coming. It was a straggling gang of perhaps a dozen men; we couldn't count them accurately because the road on the bench wound in and out among the trees.

They came up within easy rifle shot and pitched their camp, if you could call it that, in a little glade. At that distance we could see that they were armed, but, of course, we couldn't tell what kind of guns they had. After they had taken possession of the small open space, two of them set to work to build a cooking fire.

(Continued next week).

-Henry Ford says that his articles against the Jews were for the purpose of gaining their attention and ultimate friendship. Sort of like kicking a man down a set of stairs so to a party you are holding.

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