

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By
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(Continued.)

For a fitting instant it seemed as if it must drop squarely in front of the iron shield under which we were jammed—in which case even the undertaker wouldn't have been needed—not any whatsoever, as Daddy Hiram would have said. But at the critical point in its flight the hurtling thing "ticked" the top of the hoist frame and its downward course was deflected the needed hair's-breadth, causing it to come down beyond the machinery, and not on our side of things. Nevertheless, we were covering in anticipation of a blast which would most likely leave the entire machinery aggregation over bodily upon us when the explosion came.

We saw the belching column of flame and gas going skyward beyond the machinery barrier, taking a full half of the roof with it, as if the blast had come from the mouth of a gigantic cannon. We were dazed and deafened by the shock, and half choked by the fumes, but neither of us was so far gone as not to hear distinctly a prolonged and rumbling crash like the thunder of a small Niagara, coming after the smash!

"The shaft!" shrieked Daddy Hiram, in a thin, choked voice; "it went off down in the shaft! And, say!—what-all's that we're a-listenin' to now!"

If there had been a dozen of the bombs raining down I don't believe the threat of them would have kept us from bursting out of our dodge-hole to go and see what had happened in the mine shaft. But before we could determine anything more than that the mouth of the shaft was completely hidden under a mass of wreckage, and that the mysterious Niagara roar, dwindled somewhat, but yet hollowly audible, was still going on under the concealing mass of broken timbers and sheet-iron, there was a masterful interruption. Shots, yells, shoutings and hot curses told us that a fierce battle of some kind was staging itself just outside of our wrecked fortress; whereupon Daddy Hiram began pawing his way to the door, yelling like a man suddenly gone dotty.

"That there's old Ike Beasley—dad-blame his old hide!" he chattered. "There ain't nary 'nother man in the Timanyons' at can cuss like that. He's come with a posse, and they're layin' out Charley Bullerton's crowd!"

There was a fine little tableau spreading itself out for us when we had clambered over the wreckage and had withdrawn the wooden bar and flung the door wide. Daddy Hiram had called the turn and named the rump. The large, desperado-looking man who had once interviewed me at Angels, and a little later had paused in his combing of the mountains in search of me to usurp my place at the Twombly's breakfast table, this bewhiskered giant, with a goodish bunch of followers—hard-boiled to a man, they looked to be—had surrounded a fair half of the would-be "jumpers" and were handcuffing them with a celerity that was truly admirable. And Beasley, himself, square-jawed and peremptory, was shoving Bullerton up against the side of the shaft-house, snapping the irons upon his wrists and counseling him, with choice epithets intermingled, to save up his troubles and tell them to the judge.

As we emerged from our wrecked fortress, other members of the posse were scattering to round up the outlying bomb-throwers, who had apparently taken to the tall timber in a panic-stricken effort to escape. Down on the bench below there were horses and horse-holders; and among the horses one whose boyish-looking rider was just slipping from the saddle. While I was wondering vaguely why the Angels town marshal had let a mere boy come along on such a battle errand, the boyish figure ran up the road and darted in among us to fling itself into Daddy Hiram's arms, gurgling and half crying and begging to be told if he was hurt.

I didn't know at the time how much or how little the big marshal knew of the various and muddled involvements which were climaxing right there in the early morning sunshine on the old Cinnabar dump head; but I do know that he quickly turned his captures over to some of his deputies and had them promptly hustled down stage and off scene. While this was going on I was merely waiting for my cue, and I got it, or thought I got it when the boy who wasn't a boy slipped from Daddy's arms and faced me.

"I'm not hurt, either," I ventured to say, hoping that the brain storm had subsided sufficiently to make me visible. "Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?"

The look she gave me was just plain deadly; you wouldn't think that violet-blue eyes could do it, but they can. Then she drew a folded paper from somewhere inside of her clothes and held it out to me.

"There is the deed to your mine, Mr. Broughton," she said nippingly,

and with a fairly tragical emphasis on the courtesy title. "You wouldn't take the trouble to go to Copah and get it recorded, so I thought I'd better do it. I hope you'll pardon me for being so forward and meddlesome."

It was the super-climax of the entire Arabian-Nights business, and because my feelings would no longer be denied their rightful fling, I sat down on the shaft-house doorstep and shouted and laughed like a fool. But after all, it was Mr. Isaac Beasley, deputy sheriff and marshal of Angels, who put the weather-vane, so to speak, upon the fantastic structure.

"I been lookin' round for you a right smart while," he told me gruffly. "When you get plum' over your laugh and feel that you're needin' a little sashay over the hills f'r exercise, you can come along with me and go to jail f'r stealin' that railroad car."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hold-Up.

Beasley left me sitting on the doorstep—I've a notion he had run out of handcuffs, else he might have clapped a pair of them on me—while he started his posse down to Atropia with the captured raiders and their leader. When he came back we took time. Daddy and I and the big marshal, to size up the damage that had been wrought, and beyond that, to dig into



"Hoorary!" He yelled. "Charley Bullerton's Dreened Your Mine for Ye!"

the mystery of the continuous grumbling roar which was still ascending out of the wreck-covered mine shaft.

Beasley stayed with us, waiting, as I took it, to get his breakfast before he ran me off to jail, and the three of us fell to work clearing away the fallen timbers and roofing iron. Daddy Hiram leading the attack and being the first to stick his head through what remained of the tangle and hang it over the edge of the shaft's mouth.

"Hoorary!" he yelled, his voice sounding as if it came from the inside of a barrel; and then again, "Hoorary, Stannie, son!—by the ghosts of old Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Charley Bullerton's done gone and done eggs-zactly whar he said he could do—dreened your mine for ye! Climb in here and take a look at her. She's empty—empty as a gourd—but, at that, she ain't goin' to be, very long!"

A few more minutes of the strenuous toil cleared the pit mouth so that we could all see. The bomb which had exploded in the shaft had wrought a complete transformation. The standing flood, which all of our pumping attacks had failed to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch, was gone, and with it had vanished the two big centrifugals, the platform upon which they had stood, and their pipe connections. Gone, likewise, was the greater part of the heavy wooden shaft-lining. A little of this remained in the upper part of the shaft, but from a point possibly twenty-five feet down, there was nothing but the bare rock sides of the square pit swept by the receding flood.

As for the hollow roaring noise which had followed the crash of the explosion, and which still continued, there was a good and sufficient reason plainly visible from the pit's mouth. Some twenty feet down, and on the eastern side of the shaft, a stream of water big enough to run a good-sized hydro-electric plant was pouring into the perpendicular cavern, and it was its plunging descent into the bowels of the earth which was making the mimic thunder.

Beasley was the first to find speech. "Where the blazes is all that water comin' from?" he exploded.

"That's just what we're going to find out!" I barked. "Can you and Daddy handle my weight in a rope sling?"

They both protested that they could handle two of me if necessary, and a sling was quickly rigged and I was lowered into the pit. At the nearer view thus obtained, some of the mysteries were instantly made clear. The reason why the wooden boxing disappeared below a certain point in the shaft was that it had never extended any farther down. It had been merely a box with a bottom!—and all those pipe-dream impressions which had tried to register themselves on the day when I had my struggle with the suction-pipe octopus were instantly translated into facts. I could have sworn, then, that there was a bottom

in the box, and there was a bottom. And that other impression—that I had encountered an intruding stream of ice-cold water in the chilling depths; here was the stream; a foot-thick, never-failing cataract, pouring in through a perfectly good and substantial conduit of twelve-inch iron pipe!

In a flash the whole criminal mystery involving the ostensibly flooded mine was illuminated for me. "Haul away!" I called to the two above; and when they had drawn me up to the pit's mouth and I could get upon my feet, I yipped at Daddy and the marshal to come on, and led them in an out-door race along the mine ledge to the eastward; a hundred-yards dash which brought us to the banks of the swift little mountain torrent in the right-hand gulch.

A brief search revealed precisely what I was expecting to find; what anyone in possession of the facts precedent would have expected to find. In the middle of a small pool slightly upstream from the path level—a pocketed bit of water neatly screened and half hidden by a growth of low, branching spruces—we saw a cone-shaped whirlpool swirl into which a good third of the stream flow was vanishing. Below this pool an apparently accidental heaping of rocks formed a small dam which kept the little reservoir full.

Without a word, Daddy Hiram and the Angelic marshal plunged recklessly into the stream and with their bare hands tore away the loose-rock dam. With the removal of the slight barrier and the consequent clearing of the course of the stream, the pocket reservoir immediately sucked dry, the inlet of the cataracting pipe was exposed, and the secret of the flooded Cinnabar was a secret no longer.

The scheme which had been elaborated and set in motion to "soak" Grandfather Jasper was a premeditated "holdup." The Cinnabar, in operation and producing to its capacity, was worth, so Beasley asserted, all that my grandfather had paid for it, and more. But with the branch railroad built to its very door, its value would be doubled. Two alternatives had thus presented themselves to the owners, who were Cripple Creek mining speculators who had bought in the stock at a low figure while the main vein was as yet unexploited; they could go on mining the ore and storing it against the time when the railroad, with its cost-reducing advantages, should come along; or they could suspend operations for the same length of time, setting the losses of a shut-down over against the increased profits when they should start up again.

With our discoveries of the morning the plan of the robbery became perfectly plain. Some giant of finance among the speculators had evolved a scheme by which the mine not only might be shut down during the interval of waiting for the railroad to build over the bench, but at the same time be made to yield a bumper crop of profits.

Taking its various steps in their order, the first move in the game was to sell the mine to Grandfather Jasper while it was still a going proposition; and this was done. But one of the conditions of the sale (Beasley told us this) was that the selling corporation should continue to operate the mine, not as a lessee, but under a contract by which the operating company should receive a certain percentage of the output; an arrangement which gave the holdup artists ample opportunity to prepare for the coup de main.

How these preparations were made, and the secret of them kept from leaking out, still remained one of the unsolved mysteries, though Beasley suggested that probably imported workmen were employed, and that the work had been done under jealous supervision with all the needful precautions taken against publicity. The tight wooden box—which would figure as a part of the shaft lining—had been built, and into the box the creek had been diverted by means of the small dam and the underground conduit. With the water admitted, to rise in the box to the level of its intake in the creek reservoir, the trap was set and was ready to be sprung.

Beyond this point there was a gap we were obliged to bridge by conjecture, but the inferences were all plausible enough. Doubtless the plotters had notified my grandfather that his mine was flooded and was no longer workable. Doubtless, again, he had authorized them to buy the needful pumping machinery and to install it—whichever they did.

In this barefaced imposture the plotters had conceivably bided some advantage upon Grandfather Jasper's advanced age as an insurance against any too-searching investigation; but beyond this they had carefully disarmed any suspicion that he might otherwise have harbored by encouraging him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatement of the facts, to trust them.

Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angels; but Beasley could testify that my grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No doubt they had confidently assumed that a repurchase of the property—not directly by them-

selves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an underrunning drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the flood trap—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate, and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new complication which had risen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forestall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

The pushing of the fight for possession to the final and property-destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain.

"Ye see, it was a case o' fish 'r cut-bait, and do it quick," the marshal ex-



I Was Looking at Jeanie When I Replied.

plained. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot o' p'inted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd gather his men in the woods and try to make me believe that you'd got done up trying to run him off."

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It'd a-been a question of vee-racity, as the court says; with maybe you and Hi Twombly too dead to testify." At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-starved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galoots higher up, Stannie, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just about as far as the law 'll allow, I'm goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied.

"We'll see about the shoving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to sell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes. "Stannie Broughton—if that's your name—you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked. "Money's what talks. Are you afein' to swing onto this thing with your own hands?—for keeps, I mean; not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would load a wagon. I'll pitc out and hunt me up a real, for-sure miner, of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Hi Twombly, here, for your boss miner?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't be because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperado-



"Now You're Talking Like a White Man."

you are white! What do you say to givin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes."

"But you've got me under arrest, Mr. Beasley," I pointed out, just to see what he'd say. "You can't very well close a business deal with your prisoner, can you?"

"Kill two 'r three birds with the one rock," he mumbled, cramming the siruped half of his breakfast-finishin' corn cake into his capacious mouth. "I'll chase you down to Angels and turn you over to the majesty o' the law—the same bein' by name old Squire Dubbin. Then I'll jump my Job o' sortin' out the bad angels from amongst the good angels and go out and rustle your ball. Time old Bill Dubbin's chewin' over the law in such cases made and provided—like he's bound to do—I'll scrape up a bunch o' men and start 'em up hereaways to begin on the repairs. How does all that strike you?"

If my laugh was a bit grim there was a warrant for it.

"It strikes me fair in the empty pocket, my good friend," I told him. "Just at this present moment I couldn't finance one solitary, lonesome carpenter—to say nothing of a gang of them, with half a dozen steam-rollers and boltermakers thrown in."

"Huh! workin' capital, you mean? That's about the easiest thing this side o' Hades—with a mine like the old Cinnabar—with no more water in it than what can be pumped out—to back you. I reckon your title to the property's all right, ain't it?"

(Continued next week.)

HOME BREWERS, ATTENTION.

Do you know where there is a good supply of sawdust? If you do, stake out your claim upon it, for should you be a farmer it may some day enable you to economize on the hay and grain which your live stock ordinarily consume, or if you are just one of the great army of consumers, perhaps you can save some of the cold, hard cash which you are now paying out for raisins, cracked wheat, malt, hops and various canned "whatnots" which bear on their labels some such warning as "Do not add a yeast cake or you will get an alcoholic kick."

Outside of the relatively small quantities used in refrigeration, cold storage and in packing crockery and other fragile products sawdust has long been of little use; in fact, it is regarded as an almost hopeless waste which marks the sites of old saw mills and clutters up carpenter shops and wood-working establishments. But recent investigations by the United States Forest Service have shown that by proper treatment sawdust can be made to yield useful and marketable products.

When sawdust is mixed with dilute sulphuric acid and cooked under pressure with steam the wood fiber, or cellulose, is partially converted into glucose, a simple sugar which is both wholesome and nutritious. This glucose may be dissolved out with water, the solution neutralized with lime and boiled down to the consistency of molasses. By adding this molasses to the partially dried sawdust a product closely resembling bran is obtained, which makes an excellent cattle food. Experiments in which this material was used to supplement the usual livestock diet have met with marked success, and it appears quite likely that a product made from sawdust will be contributing to our meat supply.

The processing of sawdust need not be stopped at the point where glucose is produced. By allowing this sugar to ferment alcohol is formed, which can be separated and concentrated by the well-known process of distillation. While made from wood residue, this is not wood alcohol by any means, but the variety which used to make optimists of pessimists and spendthrifts out of misers.

Alcohol, however, has a great many uses besides that which the Volstead act forbids, and if its production were discontinued a good many industries would be stricken with paralysis.

Either and chloroform, which are so indispensable in modern surgery, are produced through the agency of alcohol. Next to water, it is the best solvent known, and the manufacture of perfumery, flavoring extracts, various medicines, varnishes and dyes are to a large extent dependent upon it. But what promises to be the most important role of alcohol in the future is that of motor fuel. It is growing increasingly evident that we must have some other fuel to supplement our dwindling gasoline supply, and alcohol appears to be the most logical substitute.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.
Good breeding is the art of making people you don't like particularly uncomfortable.—Pluck.

Between the two legal holidays, almost forgotten until the day is fairly upon us, comes dainty St. Valentine's day, filled for each generation with the romance and witchery of love's young dream with its old, old story; old yet forever new. The mother with young sons or daughters is not allowed to forget the day, and if it is not the ever popular masquerade party it is some other sort that is expected, and suggestions for the "other sort" are usually welcome along with the new ideas as to table decorations, menu, and favors, etc., for the occasion.

This suggestion is for a dinner dance, and the decorations for a change should be in delicate shell pink and white instead of the conventional red. Have, if possible, a wooden top for the table made in the shape of a heart. Cover the top with pink silk-oline covered with plain net; have an 18-inch ruffle fall from the edge over the pink, finished with a tiny wreath of the pink ribbon roses, with little pink rose hearts falling down on the ruffle every few inches.

For the centerpiece have two hearts, one white, the other of pink carnations or roses speared together with a big silver dart. Under each plate lay a doily made of the net and the silk-oline edged with little roses. Use pink and white china, pink candles and rose shades.

For the place cards use the little cupid, and dainty ballet girls in pink that stand on the edge of the glasses, the girls for the men and the cupids for the women. Cupid is wearing a pink sash upon which the name is written. Over the table swing a big ball of pink roses (paper) filled with the favors and tied together with the chiffon ties, so at the right moment the hostess may "shower" her guests as a charming olive, a teaspoonful of the ties.

The next item of interest is the menu for the dinner, and to follow the prevailing ideas this should be simple and more dainty than formerly. Of course, it is but a suggestion at best, and the hostess may add or take from at pleasure. Locality and market accessibility always have to be taken into consideration when planning a menu, as well as the abilities of the cook and the conveniences, etc.

Caviar	Grapefruit	Toast Fingers
Boiled Halibut	Consomme	Hollandaise Sauce
Roast Turkey		Cranberry Sauce
Maryland Sweets		Baked Asparagus
Cherry and Apple Salad,	Valentine Ice	
Cheese Balls	Nut Mayonnaise	
	Coffee	
	Bonbons in Pink Hearts	

This is not a difficult dinner to prepare, nor is it a very expensive one. Much of the beauty and daintiness is added by the garnish and the serving of the dishes.

The caviar toast fingers are made in the usual way, only cut in narrow strips and laid log fashion on the service doily. The valentine ice is simply a good pink orange ice. The nut mayonnaise is the regular heavy dressing with a half cupful of finely ground salted almonds.

The cheese balls are made of cream cheese, to which has been added juice of an onion, sprig of finely chopped celery, olives, a teaspoonful of finely ground almonds, salt, pepper and enough whipped cream to make the balls the right texture to roll. They should be about the size of hazel nuts, serving three beside each salad portion.

A suggestion for the after-dinner amusement of the guests until the dancing begins is a game which might be called an "Hour with our Advertisers." The hostess prepares papers enough to go round, each containing names of 20 well known advertisers, and each guest is to write a story in ten minutes, weaving the ads. together in any way they fancy, the best to take the first prize. This makes a lot of fun and fills up the time for those who do not dance.

Here is another idea for an up-to-date Saint Valentine's luncheon which could be used successfully. In the center of the table have an automobile (a toy one, of course) with Cupid as chauffeur, in motoring cap and goggles, on the front seat. A little hand-grip should take the place of his quiver, and be fastened to his back by little baggage straps. Brief telegrams of a business-like love-making order can be folded neatly in the grip—addressed to each girl at the table.

At each place have tiny desk telephones, the lines of which may tangle themselves up in the wheels of the automobile. Guests' names may be typewritten on the outside of fat little money-bags at each place, and frozen hearts could be served as a final course.

Half a century ago the average girl was thrilled to receive a valentine, which was merely written on note paper, either an original offering or a bit of poetry pilfered from the sentimental versifiers then most in favor. Many a gray haired woman not only remembers such offerings, but found her life romance in one. Others did not and, mayhap, are sorry. "You never can tell." One thing we know, though, and that is that the day and custom has its name from good St. Valentine, a great and good man who is buried outside of one of the gates of Rome. From his love of all mankind one can understand why his memory should be kept green, but, considering the correct, not to say devoted, life it is odd that he should be made to stand for the oceans of amorous sublimity that have circulated, and so continue, on and before February 14.

Some suggest that the poetic tendings of the day are beneath notice. Perhaps. But if these same critics will cast an eye over the valentine's fair past they will learn that the most interesting valentines have little of the truly literary quality to recommend them. Sam Weller, laboriously spelling out a love-smitten message to his Mary, was hardly likely to appeal to a superior person.