

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons CHAPTER XVIII. -14-

The Arrow to the Mark. Smith, concentrating abstractedly, as his habit was, upon the work in hand, was still deep in the voucher-auditing when the office door was opened and a small shocked voice said: "Oh, him up. He's there now." wooh! how you startled me! I saw the light, and I supposed, of course, it

was colonel-daddy. Where is he?" Smith pushed the papers aside and looked up scowling.

"He was here a minute ago, with Stillings. Said he'd be back. You've come to take him home?" She nodded and came to sit in

chair at the desk-end, saying: "Don't let me interrupt you, please. I'll be quiet."

"I don't mean to let anything interrupt me until I have finished what I have undertaken to do; I'm past all that, now."

"I have heard about what you did

"About the newspaper fracas? You was very pale. don't approve of anything like that, of course. Neither did I, once. But there is no middle way. You know what the animal tamers tell us about lies dormant inside of us and is kept the beasts. I've had my taste of blood. There are a good many men in this world who need killing. Crawford Stanton is one of them, and I'm not now. But now I know it is true." sure that Mr. David Kinzie isn't an-

"I can't hear what you say when you talk like that," she objected, looking past him with the gray eyes

"Do you want me to lie down and let them put the steam roller over me?" he demanded irritably. "Is that your ideal of the perfect man?"

"What I said, and what I meant, had nothing at all to do with Timanyoni High Line and its fight for life," she said calmly, recalling the wandering gaze and letting him see her eyes. "I was thinking altogether of one man's attitude toward his world."

"That was some time ago," he put în soberly. "I've gone a long way since then, Corona." "I know you have. Why doesn't

daddy come back?" "He'll come soon enough. You're

not afraid to be here alone with me, are you?" "No; but anybody might be afraid

of the man you are going to be." His laugh was as mirthless as the creaking of a rusty hinge.

"You needn't put it in the future tense. I have already broken with whatever traditions there were left to break with. Last night I threatened to kill Allen, and, perhaps, I should have done it if he hadn't begged like a dog and dragged his wife and children into it."

"I know," she acquiesced, and again she was looking past him.

"And that isn't all. Yesterday Kinzie set a trap for me and bated it with one of his clerks. For a little while it seemed as if the only way to spring the trap was for me to go after the clerk and put a bullet through him. It wasn't necessary, as It turned out, but if it had been-"

"Oh, you couldn't!" she broke in quickly. "I can't believe that of you!" "You think I couldn't? Let me tell you of a thing that I have done. Night before last Verda Richlander had a wire from a young fellow who wants to marry her. He had found out that she was here in Brewster, and the wire was to tell her that he was coming in that night on the delayed 'Flyer.' She asked me to meet him and tell him she had gone to bed. He is a miserable little wretch; a sort of sham reprobate; and she has never cared for him, except to keep him dangling around with a lot of others. I told her I wouldn't meet him, and she knew very well that I couldn't meet him-and stay out of jail. Are you listening?"

"I'm trying to." "It was the pinch, and I wasn't big enough-in your sense of the word-to meet it. I saw what would happen. If Tucker Jibbey came here, Stanton would pounce upon him at ance; and Jibbey, with a drink or two under his that you say are now impossible. Did belt, would tell all he knew. I fought you bring the gray roadster?" It all out while I was waiting for the train. It was Jibbey's effacement, or the end of the world for me, and for the elevator bell. I am going to take

Timanyoni High Line." exter Baldwin's daughter was not Will you say what is needful?" of those who shrick and faint at the | She nodded again, and he went out apparition of horror. But the gray quickly. It was only a few steps down the deal-" eyes were dilating and her breath was the corridor to the elevator landing.

as a friend, and then-"

I-I had to beat him over the head to send the car rocketing westward. make him keep quiet; I thought for the moment that I had killed him, and I knew, then, just how far I had gone on the road I've been traveling ever since a certain night in the middle of less presence any longer."

"But that wasn't your real self!" she expostulated. .

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know-I only know that it wasn't you. But tell me: did he die?" "No."

"What have you done with him?" "Do you know the old abandoned Wire-Silver mine at Little Butte?" "I knew it before it was abandoned,

noon with Starbuck. The mine is bulkon my ring fitted the lock, and Starbuck, and I went in and stumbled around for a while in the dark tun- of the assisted disappearance. nels. I took Jibbey there and locked

without food?"

"Alone, yes; but I went out yesterday and put a basket of food where he could get it."

"What are you going to do with

"I am going to leave him there until after I have put Stanton and Kinzie and the other buccaneers safely out of business. When that is done, he can go; and I'll go, too."

She had risen, and at the summingup she turned from him and went aside to the one window to stand for a long minute gazing down into the electriclighted street. When she came back her lips were pressed together and she

"When I was in school, our old psychology professor used to try to tell us about the underman; the brute that down only by reason and the superman. I never believed it was anything more than a fine-spun theory-until

He spread his hands.

"I can't help it, can I?" "The man that you are now can't help it; no. But the man that you could be-if he would only come back-" she stopped with a little uncontrollable shudder and sat down again, covering her face with her

"I'm going to turn Jibbey loose after I'm through," he vouchsafed. She took her hands away and blazed

up at him suddenly, with her face

is no longer any risk in it for you! If you want to go back with me." That is worse than if you had killed Jibbey stumbled away a step or two you see? It's the very depth of cowardly infamy!"

He smiled sourly. "You think I'm his teeth. a coward? They've been calling me everything else but that in the past

few days." "You are a coward!" she flashed back. "You have proved it. You my two hands yet. Stick that candle and get that man and bring him to yourself. I'm telling you, right now, Brewster while there is yet time for that one or the other of us is going him to do whatever it is that you are afraid he will do!"

Was it the quintessence of feminine subtlety; or only honest rage and indignation, that told her how to aim But the arrow sped true and found its big swing chair and stood glooming down at her.

"You think I did it for myself?just to save my own worthless hide?



"You Are a Coward," She Flashed

I'll show you; show you all the things

She nodded briefly. "Your father is coming back; I hear the car, and I don't want to meet him.

coming in little gasps when she said: and the stair circled the caged elevator "I can't believe it! You are not go- shaft to the ground floor. Smith halt- ber of telegraph offices in Brewster, ing to tell me that you met this man ed in the darkened corner of the stairway long enough to make sure that shall always be within easy reach." "No; it didn't quite come to a mur- the colonel, with Stillings and a womder in cold blood, though I thought it an in an automobile coat and veil-a might. I had Maxwell's runabout, and woman who figured for him in the think I'll be so glad to get to some the drowned one from the inside of I got Jibbey into it. He thought I was passing glance as Corona's mother-

CHAPTER XIX. A Little Leaven.

last May. The proof was in the way to make the darkness visible along the and to pick up Jibbey's suitcase. In I felt; I wasn't either sorry or horror- road down the Timanyoni river and stricken; I was merely relieved to across to the mining camp of Red in sober silence at Smith's heels until think that he wouldn't trouble me, or Butte. Smith twisted the gray road- they reached the automobile. At the clutter up the world with his worth- ster sharply to the left out of the road, the power and got down to continue his journey afoot. The mine workings were tunnel-driven in the mountainside, and a crooked ore track led out left the mine mouth. to them. Smith followed the ore track until he came to the entrance, and to the bulkheading he applied a key.

It was pitch dark beyond the door, and the silence was like that of the you stop the car and let me go and grave. Smith had brought a candle on stick my face in that river?" his food-carrying visit of the day be-"I was out there one Sunday after- fore, and, groping in its hiding place Jibbey got out to scramble down the just outside of the door, he found and river bank in the starlight. Obeying headed and locked, but one of the keys lighted it. There was no sign of occu- some inner prompting which he did pancy save Jibbey's suitcase lying where it had been flung on the night

Smith stumbled forward into the black depths and the chill of the place "Alone in that horrible place-and laid hold upon him and shook him like the premonitory shiver of an approaching ague. Insensibly he quickened his pace until he was hastening blindly through a maze of tunnels and cross driftings, deeper and still deeper into the bowels of the mountain. Coming suddenly at the last into the chamber of the dripping water, he found what he was searching for, and again the ague chill shook him. There were no apparent signs of life in the sodden, muck-begrimed figure lying in a crumpled heap among the water pools.

"Jibbey!" he called: and then again, ignoring the unnerving, awe-inspiring echoes rustling like flying bats in the cavernous overspaces: "Jibbey!" The sodden heap bestirred itself

slowly and became a man sitting up to blink helplessly at the light and supporting himself on one hand. "Is that you, Monty?" said a voice tremulous and broken; and then: "I

you come to fi-finish the job?" "I have come to take you out of this; to take you back with me to Brewster. Get up and come on."

The victim of Smith's ruthlessness much more than a physical weakling, and with his natural strength wasted by a life of dissipation, the blow on the head with the pistol butt and the torrent. forty-eight hours of sharp hardship and privation had cut deeply into his scanty reserves.

"Did-did Verda send you to do it?" he queried.

"No; she doesn't know where you are. She thinks you stopped over some-"Yes! after you are safe; after there where on your way west. Come along,

-worse for you, I mean. Oh, can't and flattened himself against the cavand his lips were drawn back to show

"Hold on a minute," he jerked out. "You're not-not going to wipe it all my gun away from me, but I've got daren't go out to Little Butte tonight in a hole in the wall and look out for His teeth were chattering, and he was to stay here—and stay dead!"

"Don't be a fool!" Smith broke in. "I didn't come here to scrap with you." "You'd better-and you'd better make a job of it while you're about the armor-piercing arrow? God, who it!" shrieked the castaway, lost now alone knows the secret workings of to everything save the biting sense of the woman heart and brain, can tell. his wrongs. "You've put it all over me-knocked my chances with Verda mark. Smith got up stiffly out of the Richlander and shut me up here in this hell-hole to go mad-dog crazy! If you let me get out of here alive I'll pay do it?" you back, if it's the last thing I ever do! You'll go back to Lawrenceville with the bracelets on! You'll-" red rage could go no farther in mere words and he flung himself in feeble flerceness upon Smith, clutching and struggling and waking the grewsome down again. echoes again with frantic, meaningless maledictions.

Smith did not strike back; wrapping held him helpless. When it was over, and Jibbey had been released, gasping and sobbing, to stagger back against guess-I'm about-all in." the tunnel wall, Smith groped for the candle and found and relighted it.

more of a man than I took you to beure in this at all. I'm not going to reddening against the eastern sky. marry her, and she didn't come out

here in the expectation of finding me." the dry-lipped query. "It was merely a matter of self-pres-

ervation. There are men in Brewster who would pay high for the informagive you your chance, but I'm going

you're fit to try it." "Walt a minute. If you think, beand drop me and leave me to rot in things on before you go." this hole, if you think that squares

"I'm not making any conditions," Smith interposed. "There are a numand for at least two days longer I

Jibbey's anger flared up once more, "You think I won't do it? You I'd drink it if you said so," chattered place where they sell whisky that I'll the wet undershirt he was trying to going to drive him to the hotel. After got off at the office floor. Then he forget all about it and let you off? pull off over his head. we got out of town he grew suspicious, ran down to the street level, cranked Don't you make any mistake, Monty

and there was a struggle in the auto. the gray roadster and sprang in to Smith! You can't knock me on the head and lock me up as if I were a yellow dog. I'll fix you!"

Smith made no reply. Linking his free arm in Jibbey's, he led the way through the mazes, stopping at the The summer-night stars served only tunnel mouth to blow out the candle the open air the freed captive tramped crossing of the railroad main track and and four miles from the turn, shut off the turn into the highway, the river, bassooning deep-toned among its bowlders, was near at hand, and Jibbey spoke for the first time since they

"I'm horribly thirsty, Monty. That water in the mine had copper or somethe lock of a small door framed in thing in it, and I couldn't drink it. You didn't know that, did you-when you put me in there, I mean? Won't

The car was brought to a stand and



"If You Think That Squares the Deal."

not stop to analyze, Smith left his seat can see. The light blinds me. Have behind the wheel and walked over to the edge of the embankment where Jibbey had descended. With the glare of the roadster's acetylenes turned the other way, Smith could see Jibbey at the foot of the slope lowering himself struggled stiffly to his feet. Never face downward on his propped arms to glasses, and sealed with cork, paraffin, reach the water. Then, in that instant, Jibbey, careless in his thirst, lost his balance and went headlong into the

A battling eon had passed before Smith, battered, beaten and halfstrangled, succeeded in landing the un- the finished product. Though less conscious thirst-quencher on a shelving bank three hundred yards below the stopped automobile. After that smounts of sugar used, preserves and there was another eon in which he completely forgot his own bruisings in the ways of putting up fruits and while he worked desperately over the | make valuable additions to the winter drowned man, raising and lowering the ration of sweet foods. limp arms while he strove to recall ern wall. His eyes were still staring more of the resuscitative directions given in the Lawrenceville Athletic club's first-aid drills,

In good time, after an interval so long that it seemed endless to the deout as easy as that. You've taken spairing first-aider, the breath came back into the reluctant lungs. Jibbey coughed, choked, gasped and sat up. chilled to the bone by the sudden plunge into the cold snow-water, but he was unmistakably alive.

"What-what happened to me, Monty?" he shuddered. "Did I tumble in?" "You did, for a fact."

"And you went in after me?"

"Of course." "No, by gad! It wasn't 'of course'not by a long shot! All you had to do was to let me go, and the scoreyour score-would have been wiped en below until sugar is dissolved, in fresh, cold water. Drain well and out for good and all. Why didn't you

"Because I promised somebody that I would bring you back to Brewster tonight, alive and well, and able to send a telegram."

Jibbey tried to get upon his feet, couldn't quite compass it, and sat "I don't believe a word of it," he

mumbled, loose-lipped. "You did it because you're not so danged tough the madman in a pinioning grip, he and hard-hearted as you thought you were." And then: "Give me a lift, Monty, and get me into the auto. I Smith half led, half carried his

charge up to the road. A final heave "Tucker," he said gently, "you are lifted him into his place, and it is safe to say that Colonel Dexter Baldwin's a good bit more. Now that you're giv. roadster never made better time than ing me a chance to say it, I can tell it did on the race which finally brought you that Verda Richlander doesn't fig. the glow of the Brewster town lights

At the hotel Smith helped his dripping passenger out of the car, made a "Then what does figure in it?" was quick rush with him to an elevator, and so up to his own rooms on the fourth floor.

"Strip!" he commanded; "get out of those wet rags and tumble into the tion you might give them about me." bath. Make it as hot as you can stand "You might have given me a hint it. I'll go down and register you and and a chance, Monty. I'm not all dog," have your trunk sent up from the sta-"That's all past and gone. I didn't tion. You have a trunk, haven't you?" Jibbey fished a soaked card baggage to give it to you now. Let's go-if check out of his pocket and passed it over.

"You're as bad off as I am, Monty," cause you didn't pull your gun now he protested. "Wait and get some dry

"I'll be up again before you're out of the tub. I suppose you'd like to put yourself outside of a big drink of whisky, just about now, but 'that's one thing I won't buy for you. How would a pot of hot coffee from the cafe strike you?"

"You could make it baby food and

## GOOD FRUITS FOR PRESERVES AND APPROVED PRESERVING METHODS

Not a Difficult Process and the Fruit Keeps Better Than When the Ordinary Canning Process Is Used.



Packing Jams in the Home.

(Prepared Specially by the United States | Department of Agriculture.) The fruits which are so plentiful in many parts of the country this season may be saved by preserving as well as by canning. Preserves and similar products differ from canned fruit in that much larger proportions of sugar are used in preparing them, in that they are cooked longer, and in that special sterilization in containers is not necessary in all cases. Because of this many of these products may be packed in larg-necked bottles and

etc. Tight-sealing jars thus may be saved for canning. Preserves, jams, marmalades, etc., differ among themselves in the proportion of sugar used, the degree of cooking employed, and the consistency of economical to prepare than canned fruit because of the relatively large similar preparations fürnish a variety

Sirups in Preserving. When preserves are properly made the fruit keeps its form, is plump, tender, clear, and of good color, the surrounding sirup being also clear and of proper density. In making preserves the object is to have the fruit permeated with the sirup and this can be accomplished only by careful procedis necessary to put fruit at first into make preserves. For additional conthin sirup and increase its density or by alternately cooking and allowing the product to stand immersed in remainder of the season. the sirup. If at any time the fruit shrivels or wrinkles the sirup should be made less dense by the addition of

To make these sirups boil sugar and water together in the proportion giv- drain and let stand one to two hours Strain all impurities out of the sirup boil rapidly in strong ginger tea (one before using:

Sirup No. 1-Fourteen ounces sugar to one gallon water. Sirup No. 2-One pound, 14 ounces sugar to one gallon water.

Sirup No. 3-Three pounds nine ounces sugar to one gallon water. Sirup No. 4-Five pounds, eight ounces sugar to one gallon water. Sirup No. 5-Six pounds, 13 ounces

If no scales are available, the amounts of sugar may be approximated by measuring, using one pint for each pound and 16 tablespoonfuls to the half-pint. For the recipes which follow all measurements are level and the standard measuring cup holding half-pint is used.

sugar to one gallon water.

For fruits like peaches, pears, wabe begun in sirup not heavier than No. 3. Julcy fruits like berries can be put at the beginning into a heavier sirup, about No. 4, because the abundant density of the sirup before shrinking can take place. When the preserves are finished and ready for packing, the made with very acid fruits can be made heavier than pure sugar sirups without danger of crystallization be- cover to overflowing with sirup, which cause the acid inverts some of the should be further reduced by boiling sugar, changing it to a form which if not thick enough. Adjust lid and cooking will not crystallize readily.

rubber and process.

Dotted Silk for Sailor Hats.

One of the most practical and attrac- white, beige with brown, and black and tive fashions of the present is the white claim a place for themselves, sallor hat, banded in polka-dotted fou- too. lard. The soft swathing of dotted silk softens the high, somewhat harsh crown which is trying to so many faces.

it is desirable to cook delicate fruits such as berries for as short a time as possible. Cooling rapidly after cooking gives preserves a better color and flavor than can be secured when they are packed hot. Standing immersed in sirup after cooking also helps to plump them. If berry preserves are covered for a brief time before removing from fire and the vessel left covered while cooling, the product will be more plump. For cooling, shallow enamel trays or pans are desirable. Tin is not desirable because fruits will discolor in

Cooking.-Since long cooking in-

jures the color and flavor of fruits

It. Pack preserves cold, bring th€ sirup in which they have stood to boiling, test by observing thickness wher poured from a spoon, and if of proper density pour over the packed preserves, paddling with thin wooden paddle or knife blade to remove all air bubbles. If not of the right density for packing, the sirup must be concentrated by boiling. To seal properly and to insure safety from mold it is desirable that all preserves be processed. Tight-sealing jars must be used, therefore, for these products, Since they can be sterilized below the boiling point, processing at simmering (89 degrees C.) for 30 minutes is preferable to boiling, because this temperature will give better color.

The general directions given may be ure. In order to prevent shrinkage it applied to practically any fruit to venience, however, the following speslowly by boiling the fruit in the sirup cific recipes are given for products most likely to be abundant during the

Gingered Watermelon Rind,-To each pound of rind cut into 1-inch squares, add two quarts of water and one ounce slaked lime. Let stand in lime water overnight. Next morning ounce ginger to one quart water) for 15 minutes. Drain, put into No. 3 sirup made by using one pint strained ginger tea with one quart water and one and a half pounds of sugar. Cook until tender and transparent (about one and a half hours). After boiling a half-hour add half a lemon sliced thin. Place in shallow pans to cool, having the rind well covered with sirup. When cool arrange pieces attractively in jars, cover to overflowing with sirup. Cap, clamp, and process.

The density of the packing sirup for preserved and gingered watermelon rind (also figs and peaches) should be between that of No. 5 and No. 6.

Peach Preserves .- Boll three pounds sugar and three quarts water together until sugar is dissolved. Strain out all termelon rind, etc., preserving should impurities. Have four pounds peaches well sorted so that all are sound and firm. Peel the fruit after immersing for about one minute (or until the skin slips off easily) into boiling wajuice of the fruit quickly reduces the ter-then into cold. If desired, cut the fruit into halves, or thinner crescent-shaped slices. Add the peaches to the sirup and cook until clear and density of the sirup should have transparent. Remove fruit to shallow reached that of No. 4 or No. 5. Sirup tray, cover with sirup and let stand over night to plump.

Pack the preserves in sterilized jars,

combined with green, scarlet with

Working 24 Hours a Day. A Chicago plumber has been arrest-

The sallor hat belongs with tailor ed for leading a double life. By day clothes-blue serge suits, silk sweat- he plied his trade, and by night he ers, plain jersey dresses, or the severe was a robber. We don't know much type of sports clothes carry it off about the robber business, but we smartly. Blue banded in white foulard, have had some experience with plumbwith big blue dots or blue with white ers, so we arise to ask the question dots, is the prime favorite. But white where his double life comes in,-Grit,