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What a Hurricane Did For Two Miners In the Desert

By EMERSON GRIFFITH <del>~</del> <del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del>

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Than William Lloyd and Harry Mac-Leod two more steadfast companions never roamed between Butte and Bis-bee.

The one was of Welsh and the other of Scotch extraction, but for all their difference in appearance they might have been brothers.

Doubtless no dissouance ever should have entered into the harmony of their friendship had it not been for that disastrous year when the winds blew as never before nor since in the memory of the oldest prospector.

There is a saying in the barren country that more murders and other acts of violence are committed while the winds torment the land than during all the months of calm.

The year that the winds blew with such continual relentlessness Lloyd and MacLeod were working a copper claim on the line where the base of Cliff mountain meets the desert.

They had built a two room shack. Doubtless no dissonance ever should

They had built a two room shack, with corrugated iron roof, and something in its shape and location gave it semblance to the hulk of a ship cast against a cliff by the desert sea.

Here they were living, packing their water from a tepid spring three miles up a canyon and laboring sedulously on their shaft, when the memorable windy season set in. This occurred in December

It did not end until July 13. And during these six months there was not a single drop of precipitation. Yet this did not outwardly disturb

tet this did not outwardy disturb the partners, except to render them a bit fretful at times, until July 5, when came the great sandstorm, which blew for nine days and nights without once so much as a pause.

Rarely, so choked was the air with dust and sand, could you see beyond a

hundred yards.

For the first four days, in the face of this, Lloyd and MacLeod worked on.

Lloyd, usually garrulous, grew silent, while MacLeod said hardly a word.

Each day saw them become more noody and dispirited, and at bedtime hey would turn in without the usual good night."

regod night."

Dry as parchment grew their skins.

Lips and hands cracked open, eyes
turned blear and bloodshot. Nostrils
refused to perform their functions, so
they panted asthmatically through
parted lips.

When the fourth day came, and no
respite, and partners made only a pretense of working.

On the morning of the 5th Lloyd
arose stiffly from his cot and lit the



ENEELING DOWN, HE SAW THAT HEE

cooking stove, while MacLeod remain ed flat on his back, gazing intently a

the rattling roof.

"Come on, get up!" said Lloyd, looking in from the kitchen door.

Mac had swallowed painfully and abook his head.

For a moment the other gazed at

For a moment the other gazed at him; then, turning away, lifted a hand to his forehead and broke into a torrent of violent oaths against the wind, the world, the universe.

Presently he came back to the door.

"I reckon you want me to cook your breakfast," he ventured listlessly.

Something in his tone caused MacLeod to sit up in bed. "I reckon I'm not asking you to." he answered, "I reckon I wouldn't eat it if you did. I'm not asking any favors of you. Bill," he concluded, lying back with an air of abnegation.

air of abnegation. Convinced that he had been done as injustice, Lloyd turned away again and ate his meal alone.

Work was not even suggested that sat down to their meal together

Everything they came in contact with everywhere and impregnated every

"This lode ain't going to pan out."
Lloyd suddenly declared as he lay down his fork. "What do you say to

deserting it?"

MacLeod merely grunted.

"I never had any luck like others. I always was a failure," he pursued plaintively. "What do you say?"

MacLeod ate half a can of cold tomatoes before replying. Then, leaning back in his chair, he gave vent to his thoughts.

"Most failures work hard enough. I'll admit, but still you can't blame the

admit, but still you can't blame the stars." he began. "The trouble is, they're quitters."

They sat silent for a time, until Mac-

Leed got up with a groan.
"You're always going against me,"
he complained. "I never spoke about it
before, but you always are. Hit the
trail whenever you want, but I stay

"You've found signs you ain't told me about!" exclaimed Lloyd suspicious-

me about!" exclaimed Lloyd suspiciously. "Oh, I see your game. I wondered why you were so silent lately."

Thus, out of sheer querulousness, arose a spirit of ill feeling, and in this humor they went to bed that night.

With the dawn MacLeod arose and left the shack without a word to his partner, who lay watching him. He had no other purpose than to get outside, and once in the open the winds guided him where they willed.

He was circled out on the desert, He was circled out on the desert.

then blown back toward the mountains and up a wide arroyo, until at last, as if the elements had guided him there, he stumbled, with no shock to his dulled senses, across the gaunt body of a she wolf.

Kneeling down, he saw that her throat was laid wide open, and to her gray mane fresh blood still clung in

gray mane rresh 5,000 still clung in ruby drops.

After a moment's thought he arose with the carcass on his shoulder and started for the shack.

He burst suddenly into the shack to

find Lloyd engaged in whetting a long bladed claspknife. This the latter put away as he came forward to kneel down and examine the body which MacLeod had dumped

mpon the floor.
"There's some whelps that didn't get their breakfast this morning—and won't," remarked MacLeod grimly.
"Wonder what billed been seen as a second of the second seen as a second of the second seen as a second second seen as a second second

Wonder what killed her?" asked

Lloyd.

"It's evident," said the other, "her mate did the killing."
"Her mate! By heaven, he must have!" breathed Lloyd, staring at the blood on his fingers. "But why?"
MacLeod turned away with a grunt.
"What made you bring this mess.

"What made you bring this mess here?" pursued Lloyd, still looking at the blood on his fingers. "You're always going against me." whined MacLeod. "I had no knife to take her scalp, that's why. Lend me the one you were sharpening so fine just now."

"Do I get half the bounty?" "Look a-here, Bill," ejaculated Mac-Leod impatiently, "we agreed to split even on mining, but there was nothing

Leod impatiently, "we agreed to split even on mining, but there was nothing said about bounties!"
Lloyd returned to his whetstone.
"Nothing was said about me lending my knife either," he retorted, resuning the sharpening process.
On the next day, which was the seventh, they did nothing but quarrel.
Toward evening MacLeod accused Lloyd of wasting their nearly exhausted water supply. It being the former's turn to go to the spring, he took exception to his partner throwing half a dipperful away, and accused him of doing so with a motive.
Lloyd, heretofore ready with a sharp reply, made no answer, but sat down on his cot and resumed the whetting of his knife.
His convictions strengthened by Lloyd's silence, his nerves unable to stand the grinding sound any longer. MacLeod suddenly lost all control of himself and called his companion a vile name.

vile name.

In a flash the whetstone fell to the In a finsh the whetstone fell to the floor and Lloyd was standing, legs bent and wide apart, body hunched forward with gleaming blade atremble in his hand.

But MacLeod did not rise to meet him. Instead he lay back on his couch and covered his face with both hands.

Gradually the fire died in Lloyd's

bloodshot eyes. Slowly, with the pal-sied effort of an old man, he picked up the whetstone to resume the sharpen-

ing process.

"You'll live to eat that word," said
he quietly and drew the blade across

In the beginning there was no de-structive tendency in any living thing, for to inflict injury is contrary to the divine impetus called life. Only by the presure from without is a nature warped from its given course.

Came the ninth day, which was to be

the last of the winds. the last of the winds.

At noon, owing to both using it with perverted wastefulness, their water supply was exhausted. MacLeod himself emptied the keg, drinking the last

During the afternoon the studied si-

ence between them grew ominous.

The day wore on. As night fell the atmosphere grew unbearably oppresive. On the wings of the dust laden sive. On the wings of the date winds was borne a faint rumble of thunder. But this had no significance, leastrical storms were common

Leaving the lamp burning on a table upon their cots, where they panted for enough pure air to soothe their aching

enough pure air to soothe their aching lungs.

For hours they lay there, blear eyes

reache! its ma

Now and then tidal waves of sand would break against its sides and surge across its deck like roof. With a scream the demon of the air would descend and gnaw against the corner

of the structure.

Again and again in a mad frenzy it hurled away, only to pounce back with ecruited violence.

occasionally, as some witless mon-ster, unable to destroy the refuge of its prey, it approached with ludicrous stealth and moaned and whimpered until it lost patience and broke into a roar. But the fuel that burns hottest is quickly consumed.

The end was at hand. The end was at hand.

However, the men within this bat-tered hulk, which lay half in, half out of the desert sea, did not know that the hurricane was in its death throes.

To them it would blow until eternity. It was just an hour past midnighty when Lloyd sprang from his cot, his



shirt torn open, hairy breast bared and wild glare in his bloodshot eyes.
"Get some water!" he shouted hoarse.
y. "Get some water or I'll—I'll"— and

he brandished his knife on high. MacLeod sat laughing on the edge of his bed. His bleeding lips were drawn far

His bleeding lips were drawn far back, and his teeth shone white and gleaming. Loosely in one hand swung his revolver.

"Twe been waiting an age for you and your knife." he gurgled thickly.

"You won't need any water, you"—
But he never finished, for Lloyd, with a swing of his arm, knocked the learn from the table to the floor, where

But he never finished, for Lloyd, with a swing of his arm, knocked the lamp from the table to the floor, where it flickered once and went out.

A moment later the horror of the darkness was broken by a blue flame from MacLeod's revolver. Following the heavy detonation came a breathless silence.

Something fell heavily to the floor. Then all was still again. Presently MacLeod could be heard shuffling across the room. He was going to where he thought his partner lay. Stooping down, he felt around the spot. But nothing was there.

At the same second that he realized he had been tricked he was rushed upon by Lloyd from an unexpected quarter. Turning and grappling wildly, he clutched an upraised wrist.

But as he threw up the revolver his own wrist was caught and the muzzle turned away.

Then began the struggle—strength against strength!

ng on. Back and forth, from one end of the back and rorth, from one end of the room to the other, swayed their bodies in the impenetrable blackness.

A chair fell, the table overturned, a shelf laden with ore went crashing to the floor.

Minute followed minute, and still the

Then, at last, when it seemed the conflict must endure until both fell exhausted, circumstances ordained that a pawn should enter the game at a strategic point to unbalance the evennes

of the board. It happened that MacLeod stepped upon the round body of the lamp, which rolled from under his foot, and down he crashed with Lloyd on top. A moment's struggle on the floor: &

moment's pause!

Then a purple flash of lightning, a silhouette of knife agleam above a prostrate form, a salvo of thunder, the stillness of the tomb, a single, barely audible splash upon the roof, then another, and another—all in a second's

Something clattered on the floor. As out of a bad dream a voice was

Likewise came the reply:
"Thank heaven, it's raining!"
The pressure had been removed.

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DRIGIN LOST IN ANTIQUITY

Phrase That Has Become Famous Has Been Credited to Many Think-ers and Writers.

"Germany's place in the sun" is a phrase usually credited to the former Chancellor von Buelow. But how far back does it go?

A writer to the New York Evening."

Post quotes from Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus," "The situation of a poor man is dreadful; literally there is no place for him in the sun." The writer of the letter observes, "It would be interesting to know if the metaphor was original with Renan."

It was not.
In Pascal's "Thoughts" this occurs 'This place in the sunshine is mine; that is the beginning and the type of asurpation the world over." And Pascal's "Thought," of that moment, was

Was it Louis Fourteenth (the monarch of Pascal's maturity) who had coined the phrase to justify his ambi-cions? Or was it the phrase of Richediscoverer of the youthful Pas-lar's genius) who used it for France? Was it then an old saying, borrowed rom Caesar, or Alexander—or maybe from Rameses?

against strength!

They were as evenly matched as two machines of the same power and perfection. Minute followed minute, while their hot breaths burned each other's cheek in the grapple.

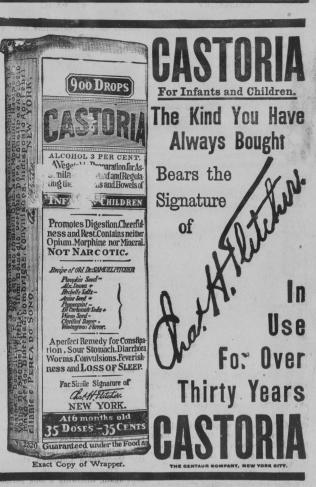
But only the creaking floor and their labored breathing told what was going on. disorganized, however, both on account of the fact that fully 25,000 schoolmasters are serving with the colors, and that many of the older hove are on the firing line. By order of the minister of public instruction the first lesson of the term took the form of an address by the headmaster on the war, commemorating those who have fallen already in defense of the

country.

In the girls' schools, two hours a day are to be spent knitting for the soldiers.

The development of heat by plants In Dewar flasks has been studied re-cently by H. Molisch. The flowers, leaves, and fruits of a large number of plants showed great contrasts in the amount of heat developed. Most leaves and flowers developed considerable heat; mosses, algae, and a number of common fruits, very little. Lichens and fungi showed a wide range in this respect.

House With Glass Floors.
George R. Howe of Norway, Me., 18
planning to build on a hill in that
town a fireproof house, entirely of artificial stone, steel and glass. The floors and stairways will be of solid glass, while electricity will be used to a great extent to eliminate possibility



CHARTER NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
That an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 23rd. day of February, 1915, by Jennie Wilmoth, Fred L. Wilmoth, and Barney D. Wilmoth, under the Actof Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporation to be called GARRETT ELECTRIC LIGHT HEAT AND POWER COMPANY, the character and object of which is supplying light, heat and power by means of electricity to the people in the Borough of Garrett, in the County of Somerset, Pensylvania, and such partners, partnerships and associations residing therein and adjacent therete, as may desire the same, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all of the rights, benefits and privileges of the salf Act of Assembly and its supplements.

UHL & EALY,

Folicitors

UHL & EALY,

Solicitors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. In Re Assigned Estate of S. D. Liven-

In Re Assigned Estate of S. D. Livengood—

The undersigned having been duly appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pensylvania, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Chas. H. Ealy, Assignee of S. D. Livengood as shown by account filed to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit to perform the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 19th day of February, 1915, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. at the Court house in the Borough of Somerset, Pennsylvania, when and where those interested may appear. All persons having claims against the said assigned estate are hereby noti-All persons having claims against the said assigned estate are hereby notified to present the same to the Auditor on or before the above date or thereafter be forever barred from participating in the fund for distribution.

J. C. LOWRY,
Auditor.

THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF SOMERSET COUNTY PA.

SOMERSET COUNTY PA.

In the Estate of Louisa Clark, Deceased, Late of Rockwood Borough, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration having been granted the undersigned administrator for the Estae of Louisa Clark, deceased, late of Rockwood, of the County of Somerset, State of Pennsylvania, notifies all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same and those being indebted are requested to make settlement on or before Saturday, March, 18th at one o'clock in the Borough of Somerset, Pennsylvania.

ERNEST O. KOOSER.

ERNEST O. KOOSER

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS As a rule our correspondents are

very faithful, regularly sending in the news of their locality, and those are the only ones who can expect pay for their services. There are a number of names from the previous editor's list marked as correspondents to this paper, but who since we have taken charge, have never sent any letter. If you do not intend to send in matter so inform us or the cost of the paper will have to be entered against your

Try to have your correspondence in by Tuesday of each week, as other wise we may be compelled to hold it over, in the hurry of going to press,

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