

CARIB GOLD

By ELLERY H. CLARK

CHAPTER VI—Continued

A quarter-mile left to go. Not far, indeed, to make up the last distance, for though the mare had traveled fast, she had been enabled to make an easy pace of it, and looked as though she had plenty in reserve. Yet still, inch by inch, the sable whirlwind crept up and up. And now they swung around the last turn and squared away for home. Flyaway's jockey had gone to the whip; we could see his arm rising and falling and almost feel the mare's speed quicken under the sting of the blows. And although our horse was at last giving all that was in him, still we could sense, as it were, that poor Quashy was all but done for; and that where in his greatest need he was going to give his mount the most assistance, he was now actually more of a hindrance than a help. And yet in spite of everything Satan gained. And my heart went out to him. Animal of evil disposition he might be, but somehow, even at that tense moment, I could not but compare him to the pirate captain; a devil indeed, but a devil whose courage could not be questioned.

Two hundred yards to go! The lean black head, with the nostrils of flaming crimson, was even with the smoking flanks of the bay. And then, all at once, the impossible happened. Quashy, clear nerve from the top of his head to the sole of his helpless foot, somehow, in the face of all laws of nature, managed to achieve the incredible. For one instant he gathered himself in his saddle like the Quashy of old; for half a dozen strides he lifted his mount along; and once, twice and thrice, for the first time in the race, he let Satan have the full impact of the whip.

Many a time, since then, I have seen thoroughbred striving for the crowns of the turf, in America, England and in far-off Australia. Many a splendid racer have I seen thundering down the home stretch to victory; but never in my life can I recall a more tremendous and terrific burst of speed than I saw that morning on the track at the Port of the Devil. If he had run fast before, now he fairly flew. In one bound, as it seemed, he drew head to head with the mare; in another, for the first time that day, he drew clear. We saw that thin, upturned head stretched, shooting backward and forward, and then, all in a moment, amid a babel of shrieks, shouts, prayers, curses, the race was over, and though by a scant quarter length only Satan had won!

Utterly exhausted, too spent for words, George and I silently clasped hands. I do not think we even so much as remembered our winnings; it was the race and the race only that had held us spellbound. And then, much like two figures in a dream, we made our way down to the track. Flyaway, brave little thoroughbred that she was, stood with legs apart, head down, flanks heaving. Staunch little mare, she had given her utmost. Satan, quiet for once, still rolled those wicked eyes with what seemed to me an expression of sardonic humor.

"Give you a scare?" they seemed to say as plainly as words. He, too, breathed heavily, and his black sides dripped with foam. Two stable boys were throwing water on Quashy, who lay on the track in a dead faint, his right upper lip, drawn clear of the clenched teeth, showing the agony he had undergone. Colonel Singleton leaned against the rail, mopping the perspiration from his brow, and looking like a man on the verge of collapse. And at sight of him I suddenly experienced a great reaction, realizing that I, too, felt old and spent and drawn and half-dead for the need of rest. I turned to Lewis, and in a voice which seemed to me to come from an immense distance I managed to falter, "George, I think we need some sleep."

CHAPTER VII

Under the Moon.

When I next opened my eyes I was in semi-darkness, and for a moment stared about me in that curious, half-dazed condition which follows a heavy slumber. Then, with a start, consciousness returned, and the events of the day before came crowding to my mind. Looking at my watch, I discovered it was evening, and rising hastily, I found that my head ached awfully, while the floor of the room appeared under me like the decks of the Black Panther in a heavy sea. Presently, after slicing my face with water, I felt better, and managed to make my way to George's room.

I found George in the act of rising, and inclined to make merry over my pallor and my generally woebegone appearance. He himself was in the best of spirits, and at supper blithely ordered his usual bottle, while I, with a shudder, gnawed a protesting hand, and found water a cooling and delicious draft.

Gradually the peace assumed its familiar aspect. In two and three the regular patrons arrived; the roulette wheel began to spin; the gentlemen drank and gambled, while the ladies continued their search for conquests. Already, however, I had begun to weary of these things, and when supper was over and George suggested more coffee, I was content to be a looker-on. Fortune, we discovered, is a fickle jade, and had now deserted us; for George lost steadily, and at length, in disgust, accepted the proposal of the officers for a game of cards. At this, I confess, I was not overpleased, for further acquaintance with these gentlemen had aroused in me a strong dislike. A Captain Johnson, with pink cheeks and straw-

colored hair, was my pet aversion, and Lieutenant Renfrew, with bulging features and a swaggering air, filled me with equal loathing. It was therefore not without suspicion that I saw them depart; and after watching the fortunes of the wheel for perhaps half an hour, I took my leave and strode across the room to where the card game was in progress. By this time the hall was crowded; the players were intent upon their sport; and thus, as it chanced, I had an excellent opportunity to watch them unobserved. Clearly a crisis was impending; gold was heaped in the center of the table, and each man's eyes were riveted on his cards. And then, so quickly that I should never have perceived it had I not been watching them closely, I saw Johnson, who sat opposite George, deftly slip a card from his sleeve, and, without pausing, add another heap of gold to the pile. For an instant I stood thunder-struck, and in that moment the players laid their cards upon the table, and Johnson, with a triumphant smile, encircled his winnings with his arms and calmly swept them toward him.

My blood boiled. I have made, God knows, my share of mistakes in this world; have done many things for which, afterward, I have been sorry and ashamed, but I think that I have, at least, always tried to play the game of life fair and square. And to see this pink-cheeked dandy deliberately swindling my friend was too much. In three strides I had reached the table, and leaning forward, I shook my fist full in Johnson's face and ejaculated, "You cheat, sir!"

For one thing, at least, I will give him credit; there was no hesitation in his reply. His glass of wine stood at his elbow and the next second I gasped and spluttered while it trickled, most unaccountably, down my neck. At once I lost all control of myself, and, unused to the customs of society in such cases, in another moment I should have leaped at him boldly, trusting not to weapons but to mere grip of hand on throat to wipe out the insult and determine who was the better man. I think, too, he read my purpose in my eyes, for he started up and had half drawn his sword when fortunately for me George gripped my arm. "Steady," he cried. "Don't brawl!" And seeing that he had succeeded in calming me, he led me a little to one side. "Did he really cheat?" he asked.

"Cheat?" I echoed angrily. "Of course he did. Slipped a card from his sleeve, the scoundrel. Let me at him, George."

But his answer brought me to a realization of how these things were properly done. "Nonsense," he rejoined. "You'll challenge him, of course. And I suppose you'll want me for your second. You go to your room, and I'll manage the affair."

There was such an air of finality in his words that I obeyed at once. But on the way thither, and while I sat waiting for him, I had ample time for reflection. I knew next to nothing of boxing, but one thing I did know: That the challenged party had the choice of weapons. That he would choose rifles there was of course no hope; if I could have been assured on that point, I would have counted him already as good as dead. No, we would choose swords or pistols; if pistols, my chance was at least even; if swords, I felt sure that I was the one already

Historians Skip Many Matters of Interest

An American history written in the old-fashioned way would never mention the rise of the motion picture diversion. The kind of histories to which we have been accustomed don't appear to be in the least interested in the ordinary life of the people, which is as much history as taking a fort or carrying an election, a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat asserts. Between wars there is almost a blank interregnum; and from the history—you would never know that a book had been written, a picture painted or a machine invented. We once knew a school history of the United States that did not mention the coming of the railroad; but every Indian chieftain from Massachusetts to Sitting Bull was personalized.

These strange silences of formal history leave us to the historical novels.

Very Open

A man had invited a business acquaintance to play a round of golf with him. The guest, who was a very pompous individual, was also a poor player and backed up the turf with each stroke.

"After he had carried away an unusually generous portion with his iron he turned to his host and said: "You know I don't care particularly for the game, but I like the glorious open country hereabouts."

"Ah, quite," replied the other, as he surveyed the scarred ground, "but do you mind closing up the open country as we go along?"

Explaining Meteors

Meteors are never seen from the earth except when they come in contact with the earth's atmosphere. They speed through the atmosphere causes them to burn and produce the light which we see. They are then within the clutches of the gravity of the earth and always fall toward it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Lesser of Two Evils

Compromise may be cowardly, but it's better than driving head-on and wrecking yourself against a stone wall.—System Magazine.

Prudence is the hypocrisy of modesty.—Baron Nicholas Massias.

FAMOUS MINING STRIKES

By THOMAS E. STEWARD

The Comstock Lode

When John C. Fremont, afterwards the first candidate for president of the youthful Republican party, passed overland through the Sierras to California his guide was the redoubtable Kit Carson. Carson was one of the most famous of all the old frontiersmen, and it was in his honor that the Carson valley of Nevada was named. In this valley soon after Fremont's trip there came to light one of the richest strikes of untold treasure the world has ever known. It was the famous Comstock lode, which produced millions in wealth and established the fortune of many families still prominent.

Fremont made his trip in 1844. It was five years later, in 1849, that the great rush to California's newly discovered gold fields began, and it was the pull of the California gold that caused the first discoverer of the great Carson valley treasure to leave it for what he hoped would be better in the Golden State. This man was William Prosser, a young Mormon, who stopped in the Carson valley on his way West. He used a milk pan to wash out what looked like promising "pay dirt," and the results were far from discouraging. But he gave up the reality for hopes of richer strikes farther on. Yet news of this strike spread. Next year a party of Mexicans put in an appearance and spent several months washing gold until their supplies gave out.

By then the place had been named Gold Canyon, but there was no realization that it was to reveal an almost incredible wealth, partly in gold, but chiefly in silver.

One day a miner by the name of James Finney uncovered a more profitable claim than usual. Soon after a wandering Canadian by the name of Henry Comstock took a claim near Finney's.

In May, 1859, Patrick O'Loughlin and Peter O'Riley staked a claim near those of Finney and Comstock and immediately realized that they had made their fortunes. A black and crumbly kind of ore with which neither of them was familiar crumbled into gold in their hands and their crude rocker-type washers showed heavy deposits of precious metal after every load had been washed. They had made the big strike. But no sooner had they gone to work in dead earnest than Comstock reappeared and on the flimsiest basis demanded a share in their claim on a technicality having to do with the claim he had staked out. This they granted. In this way it came about that Comstock's name went down into history as that of the famous Comstock lode, though he did not discover it, and was left into the present, a simple mark did Johnson tremble, I said to myself: "Three steps more and I die." One I took—two—and then, like a flash, he threw himself flat on the ground. I saw his arm extended, and the next instant the night seemed filled with noise and flame; something dealt me a terrific blow; and when I came to myself it was to find that I lay prostrate on the sand, without any clear idea of how I came there, or indeed, of exactly where I was. My fingers closed upon my brain cleared, and all at once recalled what had happened, and seeing Johnson racing toward me at full speed, I started to raise my pistol, only to discover, to my horror, that it was no longer in my hand. In one nightmare moment I glanced to right, to left, in front, behind, without a sight of my weapon; then, perceiving a straggling bush to my left, I felt that it must be there, and groping desperately, the next instant, to my incredible relief, my fingers closed upon its butt. Yet only just in time; Johnson was almost on me; and shouting aloud in my excitement, I covered his breast with certain aim, and pressed the trigger. Never in my life have I felt so sure of triumph, but either the fall or the clogging sand had done its work, for instead of the flash and roar that I expected, there followed the feeble click of a misfire.

The Gold of Japan

UP TO relatively modern days gold was a rarity in Japan. Considerable supplies were obtained from river gravels, and some from quartz deposits that were crushed and panned out in the way placer gold would be washed from sand, but the country's needs for monetary purposes and for royalty made it necessary to restrict the use of gold by private persons.

The old-fashioned mining operations in Japan were paid for in a remarkable manner. Laborers employed to wash the gravel did not receive any pay at all, on the theory that enough gold would adhere to their clothes to repay them for their effort. And seemingly this was true. At any rate the mining continued and the lack of payment persisted for many years.

In the early days after the opening of Japan to westerners there was a belief that tremendous amounts of gold were to be found in that land. This fallacy had its roots in the fact that in Japan there were many "golden" ornaments in temples and palaces which were not, however, true gold, but copper covered with gold by an extremely clever process originated by the Japanese and still in use in that country.

The Japanese "plating" process was really one of amalgamation rather than of actual plating as it is done today. The copper base was heated after having been immersed in plum vinegar to clean it thoroughly. When the copper was still hot, mercury was placed on it, forming an amalgamated surface. Gold leaf was then placed over the mercury, and the whole object heated to a still higher point to remove the mercury. The gold then remained in a rather thorough mixture with the surface of the copper. Plating of this kind is said to have been extremely durable. Many statues so coated hundreds of years ago are still in about as good condition as when they were new.

She Sang Off Key

A woman who thought she could sing went to a vocal teacher for a tryout before arranging to take lessons. The professor sat down and played a selection while the ambitious singer poured out her choicest assortment of notes. At the end of the test the professor swung round on his stool, and in a wrathful voice, said, "Ach, Gott! Never had I heard such a voice. I lay on der vite keys and I lay on der black keys, but you sing in der cracks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROPER WALK ON COUNTRY HIGHWAY

Children in Rural Sections Know Better Than Walk With Traffic.

Do you know the proper way to walk on a country highway? Most persons, especially the city bred, do not, and so the Chicago Motor Club, in the poster issued to school children, illustrates the proper method of walking on a country road.

Children Visit Country. In 25,000 classrooms in this territory the following bulletin, prepared by the club, will be read: "June days are here; many children living in cities and towns will go to the country. The lesson taught by the poster does not apply to country children. Children who live in the country know better than to walk with traffic, that is, to walk on the right side of the road. Country children always walk on the left side of the roadway, against traffic. Visitors from the city and town are the ones who need this warning."

Some Drivers Careless. "Cars travel swiftly on country highways; drivers are not looking for anything to cross their paths. If you were to walk with traffic a car might bear down upon you before you could get out of the way or before the driver could stop his car. Many accidents have happened in this way. Drivers whose vision has been obscured by other cars, a turn in the road, a hill, or by poor light have struck persons walking on the right side of the roadway. These accidents, never would have happened if the persons injured had known that the only safe way to walk on a country road was to walk against the traffic."

Speeders Pulled Up by Sounding of Car Horn

One way to make a person behave is to make his misbehavior conspicuous. On this theory, a plan is to be tried in California of sounding the horn three times when one observes another driver in reckless disregard of law and common safety.

Three toots of the horn are supposed to mean, "S-p; that guy!" It is hoped that this will make the reckless driver ashamed of himself. Perhaps he was not aware that he was doing wrong. Traffic cops say most drivers on being stopped declare they did not realize they were speeding.

If the fellow does not give heed, other drivers are supposed to take up the three-toot cry and the supposition is that the offender will fear that police will hear it and interpret it as meaning "Stop that guy!" Same words; just a comma left out.

Flattening of Springs Interferes With Action

Keeping springs flat is not a matter merely of keeping the friction qualities between the leaves constant and in keeping with the car. A point usually overlooked is that springs tend to flatten out so they are unable to do their best work. This also interferes with the action of the device that control the spring recoil.

It is the first half-inch of spring deflection that makes for the easiest ride. This is when the springs are doing their best work as the car's natural shock absorbers, and no amount of added equipment can compensate for this loss, which develops through wear. When springs flatten just a quarter of an inch, it is obvious that this much of their first half-inch of best deflection has been sacrificed. The remedy is to have them removed and rearched.

Open Garage Doors

Be sure that the windows and doors of your garage are open are starting your automobile, cautions a bulletin issued by the national safety council, which reminds motorists that all gasoline engines when running generate carbon monoxide gas. Scores of motor vehicle owners have died as a result of breathing a small quantity of this odorless gas which cannot be seen. Fresh air alone will avert this hazard.

FILING CABINETS SHIPPED VIA AIRWAY

When the Union Trust company of Cleveland wanted a certain type of cabinet and none was to be found nearer than the factory in Buffalo, the latter made delivery by airway and highway in order not to inconvenience a customer. The photograph shows the cabinet being transferred from the plane to the truck at the Cleveland flying field after a 300-mile flight from Buffalo.

Smooth Start

The proper way to start a car is to shift to low, give the engine a little gas and then, while observing the car, let the clutch in very slowly, until the car just begins to move, when the clutch must be held, the "letting in" stopping altogether, until the car has moved a few feet. Then, and while the car is in motion, the clutch can slowly be let in the rest of the way. It is "holding the clutch" which is the secret of a smooth start.

Obedience to Traffic Lights Is Important

Now that traffic lights have become rather universal in large cities as well as in small towns, it is important that every automobile driver get behind the movement to use these signals to the very best advantage. They are not perfect by any means, but with a little co-operation from the progressive car owner and driver, it is obvious that many of the present difficulties will be ironed out and the situation cleared to the advantage of everyone.

One thing to remember in driving through a city in which traffic light signals are employed is to stop on the far side of any street intersection when it is possible. Very frequently when driving along the street one sees a friend and stops to give him a lift. At other times it is a case of allowing a passenger to alight. Whatever the occasion may be for stopping, other than those halts required by the exigencies of traffic itself and obedience to the traffic lights, it is best to stop on the far side so that when one is ready to start again, it is not necessary to wait for the signal. Also it obviates the possibility of stopping some other drivers who may be following.

Hooks on Truck Springs Found Handy in Lifting

The installation of heavy hooks on the ends of front springs of trucks has been found convenient, especially on wrecking cars carrying a crane. When the crane is used to lift a heavy weight, the front end has a tendency to rise, but by anchoring it securely with chains slipped over the hooks on



Hooks on Front Springs Permit Anchoring the Truck to Lift Heavy Loads.

the springs, as shown in the drawing, the trouble is entirely eliminated. If the truck is stuck in a mud hole, the hooks are handy for hitching to a tractor or another truck, and there are several other purposes for which the hooks can be used.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Many Baltimore Deaths Blamed on Jay Walking

Baltimore City has more jay walkers than any other city of its size in the country, according to John H. Truett, director of the Baltimore safety council. Mr. Truett made the statement while discussing the increased number of traffic fatalities in the city.

According to a report of the United States Department of Commerce, such deaths increased 125 per cent over the corresponding period of 1926. "Four traffic policemen are unable to keep the women on the sidewalks at one crossing in the shopping district while the traffic signal indicates 'stop,'" Mr. Truett asserted. "Compare that with conditions on the busiest streets of New York, Cleveland, Boston or other cities."

AUTOMOBILE HINTS

If there were no drivers in prohibitory days, why did nature produce the kangaroo?—Kitchener Record.

Version B: "You see, Judge, when the officer held up his hand I thought he was waving, so I waved back. I did not know he was following me. Then when I turned into an alley there was no alley there."

One pedestrian says the trouble about a woman motorist is that she always thinks she has the right of way, says the Houston Post-Dispatch. Here in Houston, if she thinks that way, she has; we never dispute it.