

The GIRL HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society heir, finds his share in a wrecked estate, valued at something like \$100,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that it may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pinto horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after considerable quest sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the lead desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atopia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angora. There he finds that Atopia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Heasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Furried, he abandons the car, which is wrecked and capsized on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG. After he explains his presence and invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to maintain an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie entreats Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently a spirit of mischief, allows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to leave it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been registered, he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

CHAPTER XII.—They find Jeanie's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

CHAPTER XIII.—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Bullerton, the sight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Bullerton, knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie, Broughton orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fortify themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

CHAPTER XIV.—During the day and night the two successfully defend the shafthouse against attacks, including an attempt to drown them out.

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER XVI

Burnt Matches.

Following the dog to the door, we could neither see nor hear anything going on outside, though Barney's sniffings under the door and his low growl warned us that something was afoot, either on the dump head or in the partly wrecked cabin beyond. While we were still peeping and peering, each at his anger-hole and each ready to take an offhand shot at anything that seemed suspicious, the silence of the mountain night was ripped and torn by the most hideous clamor imaginable, arising, apparently, in the cabin or perhaps from the grooving of trees just behind it. The racket was deafening; comparable to nothing that I'd ever heard; a magnified orchestration, so to speak, of the pandemonium made by a crowd of country boys serenading a newly married pair with tin pans and such-like noise-making implements.

"What in the name o' Job!" stutered Daddy Hiram. "Reckon them gosh-dummed pirates 've gone plum' loony?"

"Wait," I qualified, and I had to shout to make myself heard. "There'll be more to follow. This is only the curtain-raiser."

But my guess appeared to be no good. For quite some little time we crouched, guns at the ready, prepared to repel the assault which we natural-

ly supposed would be made under cover of the distracting racket. But there was no assault, though the meaningless clamor kept up without abatement.

By the time we were beginning to grow a trifle hardened to it the clamor stopped as abruptly as it had begun and the silence which succeeded was even more deafening than the noise had been. While I fancied I could see dim figures stealing down the road that led to the bench below, I heard Daddy say: "Now, what in the name o' Jeholachim—"

He had turned away from his peep-hole and I could sense, rather than see, that he was rubbing his eyes. Then I realized that upon me, also, a sudden blindness had fallen; the interior of the shafthouse had become as dark as the inside of a pocket. The effect was so stupefying that it took both of us a minute or so to understand that some change as yet undefinable had been wrought either in us or in our surroundings during the noisy interlude.

"Great Jehu!" exclaimed the old man—though he was within arm's-reach I could make him out only as a dim shadow—"Great Jehu! I—I 'b'lieve I'm goin' blind, Stannie! I—I can't see nothin' a-tall!"

"Don't worry," I hastened to say; "I'm in the same boat. We've been looking too long and steadily through those anger-holes. It'll pass in a minute."

But it didn't pass and presently the voice of my old side partner came again out of the darkness.

"I'raps it's cloudin' up some," he suggested in a half-whisper. "I can't see no stars through them windows."

At this I looked toward the window openings, but the interior blackness had blotted them out completely. Almost instinctively I turned back to the door and put an eye to a loophole. One glance was enough. The trouble, whatever it might be, was with us and not with the sky. The stars were shining as brightly as ever.

"Don't move, Daddy," I cautioned,



Daddy Took His Cue Instantly.

and then groped my way along the wall and climbed to the top of our earth-sack breastwork at a point which I guessed to be under the nearest of the two windows.

When I drew myself up and tried to thrust a hand through the opening the mysterious darkness was explained. The window embrasures were stopped up, both of them, on the outside by something that felt like a heavy canvas curtain, though how the curtain was held in place I could not determine. But it was firmly braced in some way. With all the purchase I could get—which wasn't much—I couldn't dislodge it or push it aside.

Making my way back to the door I told Daddy what I had found.

"Huh!" he said; "that old tarpuin in the cabin or perhaps from the grooving of trees just behind it. The racket was deafening; comparable to nothing that I'd ever heard; a magnified orchestration, so to speak, of the pandemonium made by a crowd of country boys serenading a newly married pair with tin pans and such-like noise-making implements."

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mediately imagined I was smelling burning sulphur matches.

"Get down here, Daddy, and smell this dog!" I whispered. "Is it old-fashioned matches, or what?"

One sniff was all that the old man needed.

"Gosh-to-gee-whis—brimstone!" he choked; "them devils are suckin' us out! That's why they stopped up them window holes; so we couldn't get any air!"

There appeared to be little enough time for any defensive move. The asphyxiating gas was coming stronger every moment, and any search for its source seemed utterly hopeless. Yet we went at it, coughing and choking, and stumbling over everything in the darkness, as a matter of course.

After all it was Barney who (I honor him with the human pronoun because he certainly deserved it) it was Barney who showed us the devil's doorway. The red glow was now sending enough light through cracks and crevices and the bullet rippings overhead to make our inner darkness a degree or so less than Stygian. Missing the dog for a moment at our common breathing hole, we saw him circling a particular spot in the floor and snarling at it as if it were something alive.

At that we both remembered that the shafthouse floor was raised a foot or so from the rocky ledge on the down-mountain side, and that the space underneath was partly open. Daddy pointed to the circling dog.

"Barney's got it!" he panted. "They've run their chimney up under the floor!" Then: "Where in Sam Hui did you leave that ax?"

The ax was near at hand and I ran for it. Holding my breath I began to chop madly at the floor planking. By this time the air was so bad that it was impossible to breathe it, and after a few blows I had to drop the ax and run to the breathing gap. Daddy took his cue instantly, snatching up the ax as long as he could hold his breath. When he was forced to make a bolt for the life-saving hole in the door, I ran in again; thus got a couple of the floor planks loose and pried them out.

In the space beneath the open-cracked floor we found Bullerton's chimney end; an old discarded boiler flue, it seemed to be, leading up from the bench below. From unearthing the deadly thing to muzzling it with one of our wet blankets was the breathless work of only a minute or two; and with the gas-main thus shut off, the air in the shafthouse soon became bearable again, the hole we had chipped through the floor serving as a ventilator through which the cool, crisp night air came rushing in a revivifying blast.

Our first care, after a prolonged silence led us to believe that the raiders had withdrawn to study up some fresh scheme for getting rid of us, was to get a bar and pry our two doors open so that the breeze might blow through and air the place out a bit. Closing and barring the doors after the sulphur stench had been reduced to a mere match-box odor, we established our night-watch, Daddy Hiram taking the first trick under a solemn promise to call me at the end of a couple of hours. This time he behaved better, rousing me a little before midnight. He reported everything quiet, and pointed to the sleeping dog as evidence that there were no intruders within smelling distance.

"Been that-away ever since you were turned in," he said, meaning, as I took it, that the dog had been resting easy. "You can just keep an eye on Barney. If anything goes to stirrin', he'll know it afore you will."

Nothing did stir; and after Daddy had gone to wrap himself in his damp blankets, I had my work cut out for me keeping awake; in fact, I shouldn't want to swear that I was fully awake during all of the one hundred and twenty minutes that my sentry-go lasted. No matter about that. Bullerton didn't spring any more surprises on us during my watch; and when I turned the fortress over to Daddy at two o'clock I was able to pass the "all quiet" report back to him and go to the blankets with an easy conscience.

I had just dropped asleep, as it seemed to me—though in reality I had slept like a log for more than two hours—when Daddy Hiram came to shake me awake.

"Somethin' doin'," he announced quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collie was moving uneasily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side; "Barney hears something," I ventured; and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You're got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and commonplace reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next

time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for hisself!" yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've quit gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

(Continued next Saturday)

GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY



George Leigh Mallory, one of the leaders in the recent attempt to scale Mount Everest, has announced his intention to try it again.

ODD WEAPONS OF DUELISTS

Controversy That Had Fatal Ending Settled With Billiard Ball—Cagliostro's Peculiar Idea.

Billiard players will be interested to know that 80 years ago a duel with a billiard ball took place in which a man was killed. The quarrel was between two men named Lenfant and Mellant in the commune of Malsonfort (Seine-et-Oise), France.

One September day they quarreled over a game of billiards. Challenges were exchanged, the red billiard ball was selected as the weapon, and lots were drawn to see who should throw it first.

Mellant was favored, and threw with such speed and aim that Lenfant, struck on the temple, fell dead. The duel of the pill is credited to Cagliostro. He had called a physician a quack. Possibly the physician thought this was too like the pot calling the kettle black. Anyway, he challenged. Cagliostro proposed that two pills, one poisonous, the other harmless, be put in a box and shaken up. Each was to draw a pill and swallow it.

"A medical controversy should be settled in a medical fashion," the magician explained. It is not on record that the duel was carried out.

THEIR THIRD WIFE A TREE

Hindus Have Evolved Really Unique Way of Evading a Religious Technicality.

Probably the most curious form of marriage in existence prevails in India, where men and women are married to trees. A Hindu in the Punjab cannot be legally married a third time, and when, therefore, he wants a third wife, he is married to a certain tree, so that when he does actually take another wife she counts as his fourth.

In another district of India there are communities where a tree marriage is solemnized in the case of a man who has lost two wives and is desirous of taking a third, or a man who is too poor to marry in the usual way.

In the latter case, the man is afterwards married to a widow. As, however, the remarriage of a widow is held by orthodox Hindus to be fraught with every calamity, the wedding is performed at dead of night under an old mango tree. It is not easy to understand the reason for such an extraordinary custom as tree marriages, but one authority points out that it seems to be intended to avert the curse of widowhood, the "husband" being always alive.

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The accompanying chart shows the steadily increased earnings of this Company.

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All Josephine County General warrants issued up to, not including April 1, 1914, and protested prior to that date, are hereby called in and are payable at the County Treasurer's office on or after April 23, 1923, on which date interest will cease.
GEORGE S. CALHOUN, County Treasurer of Josephine County, Ore. 72

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