

The Highgrader

by Wm MacLeod Raine

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Kilmeny's alert eyes swept again and again the trail leading up the gulch. He did not intend to be caught napping by the officers.

It was a big game he had always exercised a powerful fascination upon those strong nerves. The high grade in which he pursued a man, not necessarily a criminal, but one who for the time being had some strong motive for avoiding an in-terview with the law.

The West, with its romance, its stirring episodes of life and its characters representing all traits and phases of human nature, furnished ready-made material to suit every mood or requirement of a story.

The practice of "highgrading" (stealing high-grade ore) has been at the bottom of almost every one of the numerous and bloody little wars that have visited the West since the discovery of gold. These wars have made exciting chapters in the history of the country that the wonder is that no writer has thought before to make out of them the basis of a novel. It is an evidence of the cleverness and wide-awake proclivities of Mr. Raine that he has seized upon one of the most thrilling of these incidents as the main-spring of this story. It is a breezy, amusing and stirring narrative.

CHAPTER I

The Campers

Inside the cabin a man was baking biscuits and singing joyously. "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Outside, another whistled softly to himself while he arranged his fishing tackle.

The cook, having put his biscuits in the oven, filled the doorway. He was a big, strong-set man, with a face of leather. Rolled-up sleeves showed knotted brown arms white to the wrists with flour.

"First call to dinner in the dining car," he boomed out in a heavy bass.

Two men lounging under a cotton-wood beside the river showed signs of life. One of them was scarcely more than a boy, perhaps twenty, a pleasant amiable youth with a weak chin and eyes that held no steel. His companion was nearer forty than thirty, a hard-faced citizen who chewed tobacco and said little.

"Where you going to fish tonight, Crumbs?" the cook asked of the man busy with the tackle.

"Think I'll try up the river, Colter—start in above the Narrows and work down, mebbe. Where you going?"

"Me for the Meadows. I'm after the big fellows."

The man who had been called Crumbs put his rod against the side of the house and washed his hands in a tin pan resting on a stump. He was a slender young fellow with lean, muscular shoulders and the bloom of many desert suns on his cheeks and neck.

They ate in their shirtsleeves, camp fashion, on an oilcloth spread with the marks left by many hot dishes. Their talk was strong and crisp, after the fashion of the mining West. It could not be printed without editing, yet in that atmosphere it was without offense. There is a time for all things, even for the elemental talk of frontiersmen on a holiday.

Dinner finished, the fishermen lolled on the grass and smoked.

A man cantered out of the patch of woods above and drew up at the cabin, disposing himself for leisurely gossip.

"Evening, gentlemen. Heard the latest?" He drew a match across his chops and lit the cigarette he had rolled.

"We'll know after you've told us what it is," Colter suggested.

"The Gunnison country certainly is being honored, boys. A party of effete Britfishers are staying at the Lodge. Got in last night. I seen them when they got off the train—me and me lady, three young ladies that grade up at A1, a Johnnie boy with an eyeglass, and another lad who looks like one from the ground up. Also, and moreover, there's a cook, a hawse wrangler, a hired girl to button the ladies up the back, and a valley chap to say 'Yes, sir, coming, sir,' to the dude."

"Any names?" asked Colter.

"Names to burn," returned the native. "A whole herd of names, honest to God. I'll give you the A B C of it. The old parties are Lord James and Lady Jim Parquhar, lastways I heard one of the young ladies call her Lady Jim. The dude has Verinder burnt or about eight trunks, welp me. Then there's a Miss Dwight and a Miss Joyce Sedon—and, oh, yes! a Captain Kilmeny, and an Honorable Miss Kilmeny, by ginner."

Colter flashed a quick look at Crumbs. A change had come over that young man's face. His blue eyes had



"How Come You Call Him 'Crumbs'?"

you kids call him anything but Crumbs, I reckon that's a nickname."

Curly answered the question of the cowpuncher. "His name's Kilmeny—Jack Kilmeny. His folks used to live across the water. Maybe this Honorable Miss Kilmeny and her brother are some kin of his."

"You don't say?"

"Course I don't know about that. His dad came over here when he was a wild young colt. Got into some trouble at home, the way I heard it. Bought a ranch out here and married. His family was high moguls in England—or, maybe, it was Ireland. Anyhow, they didn't like Mrs. Kilmeny from the Bar Double C ranch."

The impassive gaze of the older man came back from the rushing river. "You know so much about it, Curly. I'll not butt in with any more misinfor-mation," he answered with obvious sarcasm.

Curly flushed. "I'd ought to know Jack's father and mine were friends, so's he and me."

"How come you to call him Crumbs?"

"That's a joke, Steve. Jack's no ordinary rip-roaring, hell-raiser. He knows what's what. That's why we call him Crumbs—because he's but a fool. Purr, see. Fine breed—crumbs, get it?"

"Sure I get it, kid. I ain't no fish-man. You don't need a two-by-four to pound a fish into my account," the rider remonstrated.

Jack Kilmeny followed the pathway which wound through the woods along the bank of the river. Beyond the trees lay a clearing. At the back of this, facing the river, was a large fishing lodge built of logs and finished artistically in rustic style. It was a two-story building spread over a good deal of ground space. A wide porch

ran round the front and both sides. Upon the porch was a man in an arm-chair and a girl seated on the top step with her head against the corner post. A voice hailed Kilmeny. "I say, my man."

The fisherman turned, discovered that he was the party addressed, and waited.

"Come here, you!" The man in the arm-chair had taken the cigar from his mouth and was beckoning to him.

"Meaning me?" inquired Kilmeny.

"Of course I mean you. Who else could I mean?"

The fisherman drew near. In his eyes sparkled a light that belied his acquiescence.

"Do you belong to the party camped below?" inquired he of the rocking chair, one eyeglass fixed in the com-panion seat face.

The guilty man confessed.

"Then I want to know what the deuce you meant by kicking up such an infernal row last night. I couldn't sleep a wink for hours—not for hours, dash it. It's an outrage—a beastly out-rage. What?"

(To be continued next week.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Lemon Water Ice—Use four lemons, one quart of boiling wa-ter, and two cups of sugar. Steep the thin wafer-like paring from one lemon in the boiling wa-ter, in a covered bowl, fifteen minutes. Cut the lemons in halves, remove the seeds and squeeze out the juice and add it to the water. Add more sugar if desired. It should be quite sweet. When cold, strain and freeze.

Orange Ice—Press out the juice and pulp on a grinder, soak in it a little of the shaved outer rind; to one pint juice add one quart of water, one-half cup lemon-juice and about two and one-half cups sugar. Use blood oranges when a pink color is desired. Freeze.

Cafe Frappe—To one quart of clear coffee, made as for the table, add one cup of sugar and one cup thin cream. Freeze to a mush. Serve with whipped cream on top.

Ceylon Frappe—Boil two cups each of water and sugar five minutes, pour it over the shaved rind of one-half lemon and one-half orange, and let stand un-til cold. Cover one teaspoon of Ceylon tea with one cup boiling wa-ter and let it steep ten min-utes; add juice of half a lemon.

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two cups orange juice and one cup pineapple or strawberry juice, and freeze soft.

Cherry Frappe—The juice of a quart can of white cherries, one-half cup lemon-juice, one pt. bottle of mineral water, and sugar to taste; strain and freeze soft.

Chocolate Frappe—Prepare the chocolate the same as for the hot beverage, then chill, freeze soft, and serve in glasses with whipped cream on top.

Chocolate Sundae—Melt 1 oz. or square of chocolate, or two tablespoons cocoa; blend with 1/4 cup cream and then stir it into 1 pint of cream whipped stiff. Sweeten to taste with a little powdered sugar, turn it into the freezer can, and let it stand until partly frozen.

Ginger Frappe—Dissolve one-half cup molasses in one quart of water, add one tablespoonful lemon-juice and one-half tea-spoon powdered ginger, and freeze soft.

Grape Fruit Frappe—One and one-half cups each of grape fruit and orange-juice, and one-half cup lemon-juice; one quart water and one pint sugar boiled fifteen minutes. Strain, freeze to a mush, and serve in the grape fruit skins.

Ceylon Ice with Gelatin—Boil one quart water, two cups sug-ar, two cloves, a bit of mace and cinnamon, and the shaved peel of one lemon, for ten min-utes. Add one teaspoon gra-tulated gelatin soaked in wa-ter and strain the mixture over one quart red raspberries. Add the lemon-juice and mash frequ-ently as they cool; strain and freeze until the desired consistency. Other small fruits use in the same way, either fresh or in jam.

ONLY DOGS AND CATS

They are only dumb animals and cannot tell their troubles to the world but they are the faith-ful friends of man and pets of children.

The Oregon State Humane Society has been working for three months to get evidence in the "thany dog poisoning cases oc-curring last spring. Persons took the trouble to warn prom-inent citizens by sending an-onymous postcards that they must keep their dogs off the streets. Postal secret service men ran down the authors of the postcards and brought the matter before the United States grand jury for misuse of mails.

Poisoning domestic animals is a state offence and sending threatening messages through the mails is a federal offence severely punished.

In Portland the Humane So-ciety under a city law disposed of stray and surplus house cats. In the rest of the state drop-ping cats and kittens in other

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