



The Highgrader
by Wm MacLeod Raine

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVII

Two in a Bucket

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"Didn't ask him," he answered with a laugh, and dropped into a seat across the table.

Shaven, and dressed in a clean freshly pressed suit, he looked a different man from the haggard grimy vagabond Captain Kilmoney had brought back with him three days earlier. The eyes were still rather sunken and the face a bit drawn, but otherwise he was his very competent and debonaire self. His "Good mornin', India," was as cheery and matter of fact as if those five days of horror had never existed.

"Don't believe it will hurt you," her bright eyes were warm in their approval of him. "You look a lot fitter than you did even yesterday. It's awfully jolly to see you around again, Cousin Jack."

"I'm enjoying it myself," he conceded. "Anything of importance in that covered dish over there?"

"Tell me all about it," she ordered, handing him the bacon. Then, with a shudder, she added: "Must have been rather awful down there."

"Had enough," he admitted lightly.

"Tell me," she leaned forward, chin in hand.

"What's the use? Those fellows put me down. Your brother took up. That's all."

"It isn't all. Ned says it is perfectly marvelous the way you dug that tunnel and escaped from being crushed, and then dug it again after it had caved."

"Couldn't be down and quit, could I? A man in the hole I was can't pick and choose." He smiled lazily at her and took a muffin from a plate handed him by the waiter. "My turn to ask questions. I want the full story of how you guessed I was in the west shaft of the Golden Nugget?"

"Haven't you heard? It was Moyné guessed it—from the tapping on the pipe, you know."

"So I've been told. Now let's have the particulars." His eyes went straight into hers and rested there.

India told him. She knew that Ned would make a safer husband for Moyné than this forceful adventurer. It was quite likely to be on the cards that he cared nothing for her friend. Indeed, his despondent flirtation with Joyce indicated as much. Moreover, Moyné would not marry a man whom she could not respect, one who made his living by dishonest practices. But in spite of all these objections Miss Kilmoney told her cousin how Moyné had fought for his life against ridicule and unbelief, regardless of what any of them might think of her.

He made one comment when she had finished. "So I have to thank Moyné for my life." India looked at her. "Moyné alone." They laughed at her, but she wouldn't give up. I never saw anybody so stubborn. There's something splendid in her. She didn't care what any of us thought. The one thing in her mind was that she was going to save you. So Mr. Bleyer had to get up from dinner and find out from the maps where the pipe went. He traced it to the old west shaft of the Golden Nugget."

"And what did you think?" he asked, watching her steadily.

"I admired her pluck tremendously."

"Did Verinder—and Bleyer—and Lady Farquhar?"

"How do I know what they thought?" flamed the girl. "If Mr. Verinder is cad enough—" She stopped, recalling certain obligations she was under to that gentleman.

"Why did she do it?"

She flashed a look of feminine scorn at him. "You'll have to ask Moyné that—if you want to know."

He nodded his head slowly. "That's just what I'm going to do." "You'll have more time to talk with her—now that Joyce is engaged and doesn't flirt with you," his cousin suggested maliciously.

Though he tried to carry this off with a laugh, the color mounted to his face. "I've been several kinds of an idiot in my time."

"Don't you dare try any nonsense with Moyné," her friend cried, a little fiercely.

"No," he agreed.

"She's not Joyce."

He had an answer for that. "I'd marry her tomorrow if she'd take me."

"Yes. From the first day I met her again. And I didn't know it till I was down in that hell hole. Shall I tell you something?" He put his arm on the table and leaned toward her with shining eyes. "She was with me down there most of the time. Any time I stopped to listen I could hear her whisper courage in that low, sweet voice of hers."

"You know about her and Ned?"

"Yes."

"He's a better man than you are, Jack."

"Yes."

"But you won't let him have her."

"No, by G—d, not unless she loves him."

"She would have loved him if it hadn't been for you."

"You mean she loves me?"

"She won't marry you. She can't."

"Why not? Because I don't belong to her social set?"

"No. That would be reason enough for Joyce or me, but I don't think it would stop Moyné."

"You mean—highgrading?"

"Yes."

Joyce interrupted further confidences by making her usual late appearance for breakfast. At sight of Kilmoney her eyes brightened. Life always became more interesting for her when a possible man was present. Instantly she came forward with a touch of reluctant eagerness that was very effective.

"I'm glad to see you up again—so glad, Mr. Kilmoney."

In the pretty breakfast room which displayed her soft curves and the ripe roundness of throat and arm she made a picture wholly charming. If Jack was overpowered he gave no sign of it.

"I had to meet you, Miss Selwyn."

Her eyes rained sweet pity on him, a tenderness potent enough to disturb the security of any young man not in armor.

"We—we've been so worried about you."

He laughed genially and without resentment. "A wfully good of you. Shall I ring for the waiter?"

India rose. "I'm going riding with Ned and Moyné," she explained.

Along with the waiter, Joyce felt her blood begin to quicken.

"Are you quite—recovered?" she asked.

Their eyes met. In his there was a faint cynical smile of amusement.

"Quite."

She understood the double meaning in his words. Her lashes fell to the soft cheeks, then lifted again. "I thought perhaps there might be—"

He shook his head vigorously. "It was only a dizziness. I can laugh at it now—and at myself for taking it so seriously."

Joyce hit her lip in sensation. There was something not quite decent in so prompt a recovery from her charms. He did not appear to hold even any resentment.

Nor did he. Kilmoney had been brought too near the grim realities to hold any petty plans. He found this young woman still charming, but his admiration was tinged with amusement. No longer did his imagination play upon her personally. He focused it upon the girl who had fought for his life against the ridicule and the suspicions of her friends. It was impossible for him to escape the allure of her fine sweet courage so gallantly expressed in every look and motion.

But Moyné told him severely solemn. Her pride was suffering because she had given to all her little world too keen an interest in him. In her anxiety to repudiate any claim he might think she felt she had upon him the girl was soverignly indifferent to his advances. Almost rudely she rejected his gratitude.

"The man does not owe me anything," she said importantly to Lady Farquhar.

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Goldbanks and he made the most of his time.

Moyné never saw him coming toward her without having her pulses stirred, but her look met his always quietly and steadily. Not once did she give him a chance to see her alone. Even Lady Farquhar, who had been a severe critic of her vagaries, commended now her discretion. Jack rebelled against it in vain. He could not find a chance to speak. It was characteristic of him that he made one.

By shrewd maneuvering he arranged an expedition to the Silent Sam mine. The property itself was of no particular interest. The attractive feature was a descent in ore buckets from the shaft-house, perched far up on the edge of a precipitous cliff, to the mill in the valley below. This was made by means of heavy cables to which the buckets were suspended. After Jack had explained how the men rode back and forth by this means between the mill and the mine India was seized with the inspiration he had hoped for.

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"Let's go down in the buckets, dear people."

Jack quietly took charge of the disposition of the party. Verinder and Joyce were sent up in the first bucket. When this was halfway up to the mine the cable stopped to let another couple enter a bucket. Joyce, fifty feet up in the air, waved her hand to those below.

"You next, India," ordered her cousin.

The young woman stepped into the bucket. "I'm afraid," she announced promptly.

"No need to be. Captain, your turn."

The eyes of the two men met. Ned Kilmoney guessed instantly that the other had arranged this so as to get a few minutes alone with Moyné. He took a place beside his sister immediately.

The cable did not stop again until the second pair of passengers had reached the mine.

Moyné, followed by Jack, stepped into the bucket, which began to rise steadily as it moved across the valley.

Kilmoney did not lose a minute.

"Why don't you let me see you alone? Why do you run away from me?" he demanded.

Little patches of color burned beneath the shadows of her eyes. It sounded as if a distant surf began to beat in her ears.

"What nonsense! Why should I run from you?" she asked, meeting with difficulty the attack of his masterful

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Lady Farquhar protested and was overruled by a chorus of votes. The miner assured her that it was entirely safe. Reluctantly she gave permission for her flock to make the trip if they desired.

They rode on horseback to the mill. Jack paired with India, making no attempt to ride beside Moyné, who brought up the rear with the captain. The westerner, answering the questions of his cousin, was at his didactic best. Occasionally they drifted back to the couple in the rear fragmentary snatches of his talk. He was telling of the time he had been a mine skinner in New Mexico, of how he had ridden mail near Deming, and of frontier days at Tombstone. Casual anecdotes were sprinkled through his explanations to liven them. He spoke in the stirring droll of the South-west, which went so well with the brown lean face beneath the plumed hat and the well-packed vigor of the man.

"And what is 'backing a sample'?" India wanted to know after one of his stories.

"You just pound some rock up and mix it to get a sample. Once when I was drag-driver of a herd in a round-up—"

Moyné had no more. She turned her attention resolutely to her companion and tried to detach her mind from the man in front. She might as well have tried to keep her heart from beating.

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WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS
By NELLIE MAXWELL

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Sliced watermelon, scrambled eggs, coffee cake. Dinner: Crown roast of lamb, green peas, raspberry ice cream. Supper: Popcorn and cream, cookies, tea.

MONDAY—Muskmelon, frizzled beef. Dinner: Fried chicken, buttered beans. Supper: Egg toast, iced butter-milk.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Ripe pears, oatmeal, cream, toast. Dinner: Fried green apples and onions. Supper: Omelet, sponge cake.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Harvest apples, bran flakes, cream, griddle cakes. Dinner: Minced lamb on toast, head lettuce salad, lemon pie. Supper: Eggs in tomatoes, baked.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Plums, whole wheat, hot milk, bacon, toast. Dinner: Baked ham, mashed potatoes. Supper: Omelet, parker house rolls, iced tea.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Watermelon, muffins, coffee. Dinner: Broiled fish, tartar sauce, sliced cucumbers, raisin pie. Supper: Lyonnais potatoes, sardines, buttermilk.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Fruit, baked hash, coffee. Dinner: Beefsteak with onions, four string beans. Supper: Graham gems, blueberries, cake, Raisin Pie.

Chop one cupful of raisins, add one cupful of sugar, juice of one lemon, one cupful of boiling water, bring to the boiling point and add five tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a little cold water. Boil until the starch is well cooked, add a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt and nutmeg. Bake in two crusts.

Sour Beans.

Cook string beans until tender, after slicing them. Dice two slices of bacon and fry until brown, add the beans, stir until well mixed, then add a tablespoonful of boiling hot vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Some like a little sugar. Cook until heated through and serve hot.

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Household Dett.
VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Chopped Onions with Peanuts—6 onions, 2-3 cup roasted nuts, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons rye flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup bread crumbs. Remove the skins from the onions and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Chop roasted peanuts. Melt two tablespoons of the butter, add flour, stir until it is smooth, add milk, bring to boiling point, and add salt and paprika. Put peanuts, onion and white sauce in alternate layers in the baking dish, cover with bread crumbs mixed with the remaining butter and bake until brown. Cooked cabbage may be substituted for the onions.

Sweet Potato and Peanut Croquettes—1 cup mashed sweet potato, 1 cup chopped peanuts, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains of pepper, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup of white sauce, 2 tablespoons of chili sauce. Mix sweet potato, peanuts, salt and pepper, and shape like croquettes. Roll in fine bread crumbs mixed with the butter and bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve with the white sauce mixed with the chili sauce.

Peanut-Potato S u'age—One cup-mashed potatoes, 1 cup of ground roasted peanuts, 1 egg, well beaten; 1½ teaspoons of salt, ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix the mashed potatoes and seasonings with the ground nuts. Add beaten egg. Form into little cakes or sausages, roll in flour or bread crumbs, and place in greased pan with a small piece of fat or salt pork on each sausage. Bake in a fairly hot oven until brown.

Corn Meal Biscuits—½ cup yellow corn meal, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 cup peanut butter, 1½ cups water. Put the meal in a shallow pan, heat in an oven until it is a delicate brown, stirring frequently. Mix the peanut butter, and salt, and heat the mixture. While it is still hot, stir in the hot meal. Beat thoroughly. The dough should be of such a consistency that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in small cakes in an ungreased pan.

Creamed Peanuts on Toast—2 cups milk, one cup finely ground roasted peanuts, one teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon corn-starch, 1 teaspoon onion juice, ½ cup chopped stuffed olives. Scald milk in the double boiler, reserving a tablespoon of cold milk to mix with the cornstarch. Add with onion juice and other seasonings to the hot milk. Let it come to a boil and finish cooking over the double boiler. Add the peanuts the last thing before serving. Serve on toast.

Creamed Peanuts and Rice—1 cup uncooked rice, 2 cups of

One Mother's Tribute to Daughter-in-Law
When I first saw my son Tyler's angelic manner under his wife's regime I held my breath, because in the old days Tyler in a hostile state of mind meant Tyler getting ready to break out in a new place.

But as time goes on and the serene smile remains unbroken, I repeat to myself that perfect line from the "Just So Stories"—"Not always was the Kangaroo as now we behold him"—a text that I recommended to all mothers who have seen their brisak sons neatly trained by well-selected wives.

Indeed, the longer I live the more ready I am to believe that a young man's wife may be better acquainted with his actual current present day self than his mother can possibly be. My daughter-in-law sees in her husband a forceful man of affairs on whose judgment she implicitly relies. I respect his judgment, too, in a way, but I cannot help knowing that he is the same Tyler who, at the age of four, howled himself into a high fever one day because I would not let him lead a bloodhound in the parade when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town.

Mothers view their sons with what psychologists might call an "associative fringe." We are handicapped by assorted memories. We cannot estimate our sons exactly as their wives estimate them. They came upon us at a different stage—"A Maternal Philosopher" in the Atlantic Monthly.

Early United States Official Given Honor
The 1922 series of \$10 gold certificates bears the likeness of Michael Hillegas, the first Treasurer of the United States. The germ of the Treasury department was planted on July 29, 1775, when the Continental congress appointed two treasurers. The appointments were Hillegas and George Clymer. The latter soon resigned to accept his seat as delegate to the congress. Hillegas discharged the duties of treasurer until September 1, 1789.

The Treasury department was organized under an act of September 2, 1789. Strictly speaking, it was reorganized, for the department, under various names, had been in existence since 1775. The Constitution went into effect March 4, 1789. Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States April 30, 1789. It will thus be seen that Hillegas was treasurer many months after the inauguration of Washington, and for nine days after the Treasury department was organized under the Constitution.

Man's Feathered Friends
Birds are closely allied to the British farmer, shepherd and sportsman and those who are wise in bird lore, rely on their feathered friends for information and warning. The wryneck is the woodman's bird, its hawklike cry in April giving the signal for the stripping of oak trees' bark. The yellow wagtail is a farmer's bird, ushering in the time of spring sowings. As the sandpiper is the angler's companion, the wheatear keeps the shepherd company on lonely downs. Even the miller has his bird in the redwing, called "windmill thrush," since the working of its wings suggests the revolving of a windmill's sails, while it is supposed to seek shelter by windmills in hard weather. Redwings now arrive in force; the pity is that few windmills are left to keep up the traditional association.—London Mail.

Expert Shingle Weavers
In spite of the multiplication of efficient machines to lighten and simplify labor, shingles are still woven (or packed) by hand. No machinery has yet been invented capable of emulating the expert shingle weaver. Examine a bunch of shingles as the carpenter takes them apart for shingling the roof, and you will see the unique process by which the compact bunch has been woven. Now a wide shingle, now a narrow one, makes the bunch the exact width, and all day long the weaver stands and seizes shingle after shingle thrown out from the sawing machine, and without any false moves weaves them into compact bunches. The term shingle-weaver has been extended by custom, till it now applies to anyone who works in any department of a shingle mill.

THE WORLD DO MOVE
In 1900—Them tarnation automobiles ought not to be allowed on the public highways.

In 1924—Those awful horses and buggies should not be permitted to obstruct traffic.

BARBER Studio Barber Shop
An experienced MARCELLER in attendance
FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES

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Peanut-Potato S u'age—One cup-mashed potatoes, 1 cup of ground roasted peanuts, 1 egg, well beaten; 1½ teaspoons of salt, ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix the mashed potatoes and seasonings with the ground nuts. Add beaten egg. Form into little cakes or sausages, roll in flour or bread crumbs, and place in greased pan with a small piece of fat or salt pork on each sausage. Bake in a fairly hot oven until brown.

Corn Meal Biscuits—½ cup yellow corn meal, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 cup peanut butter, 1½ cups water. Put the meal in a shallow pan, heat in an oven until it is a delicate brown, stirring frequently. Mix the peanut butter, and salt, and heat the mixture. While it is still hot, stir in the hot meal. Beat thoroughly. The dough should be of such a consistency that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in small cakes in an ungreased pan.

Creamed Peanuts on Toast—2 cups milk, one cup finely ground roasted peanuts, one teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon corn-starch, 1 teaspoon onion juice, ½ cup chopped stuffed olives. Scald milk in the double boiler, reserving a tablespoon of cold milk to mix with the cornstarch. Add with onion juice and other seasonings to the hot milk. Let it come to a boil and finish cooking over the double boiler. Add the peanuts the last thing before serving. Serve on toast.

Creamed Peanuts and Rice—1 cup uncooked rice, 2 cups of

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