FRANCIS LYNDE

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's rill, Stanfogd Broughton, society Idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at semething like Howood, lies in what repertied, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a browniared, blue-yeed girl, a pistoid horse, ind a dog with a split face, half parently and the second of the second parently in the seco

pumps started, but are trable to an imprastion on the water but-apparently an old frield of the programmer of the started of the in it in consideration of Brough-in it in consideration of Brough-mers to buy the mine outright for the bad-one-Broughteen-grand-more than helf a million. Stap-gath refuses.

HAPTER X.—Next day, during Stand's temporary absence from the mine, enemy, without doubt Bullerton, seks the pumping machinery. Brough decides to have it out with him next

-CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bulletton and Jeanle have disappeared, apparently chipped. He also discovers that as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownerable. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanle.

and panting as if he were waiting impatiently for us to stop talking and pay some attention to him. oor old Barney's homesick, and I

o't blame him," I said. "I'm feeling good bit that way, myself, Daddy." en to the dog: "Come here, old

The collie came to lick my hand, and while I was petting him I found a practy bad gash just behind one of his

"See here, Duddy," I broke out;

We examined the wound and decided at once that it was not a bite. It was a bruised cut, looking as if it had been a braised cut, looking as if it had been made by some blunt instrument or weapon. I had a hot-dash vision of Bullerton kicking the dog with his iron-shod heel in an attempt to drive him back home, and it was so real that I couldn't shake it off.

When it began to grow dusk in the shafthouse we shut up shop and went over to the cabin to cook our supper. The dog went along, but evidently with reluctance. While we were crossing the dump head he turned back and

reluctance. While we were crossing the dump head he turned back and once more started off down the road toward the bench below, but when he found that we were not following him he came to heel again. Still, neither of us had dog sense enough to guess what was the matter with him. Daddy Hiram and I, being merely stupid humans, were commenting upon his queer actions, and laying them to Jeanle's absence, when again the dog started off down the road, looking back and barking when he found-that we were still sitting on the doorstep. At that, since even solld ivory can be penetrated if the would-be driller of it stays on the Job löng enough, we finally caught on.

"Say, Stannie! he's a-tryin' to tell
s to come on!" Daddy proble
arting to bis." us to come on!" Daddy exclaimed, starting to his feet. "Methuselah-to-gracious! did it have to take us a huil enduria, afternoon to figger out that much dog talk?"

much dog-falk?"
"It looks that way." I admitted; but
bow, having "figgered" it out, we mide
to delay. Deddy got his rifle and cartridage-belt, and told, me to take Jeanie's
bestel-for myself—which I did. And
these setlipped we took the trail, Infier-diag down the mountain road in
the fartness, Daddy Hiram, with his

an in the crook of his left arm, set-ing the pace, and the collie running on ahead to point the way.

CHAPTER XII.

Around Robin Hood's Barn After we had covered possibly two of the four after between the Claus-lan and the railroad station, the dor that and the rathroad station, the dog-transment of the the states, the mountain on a road that was little hetter than a bridle path through the forest, and which, for the time, kept its level on the slope, neither ascend-ing nor descending.

"How ghout it, Daddy?" I asked.

"Give it time enough, it comes out at the old Haversack, on Greaser mountain."

"Ends there, you mean?"
"You said it; far as I know, it ends

"You said it; far as I know, it ends there."
"What is the Haversack?"
"It thin't nothin', now. Used to be a gold prospect eight 't ten year ago. Never got far enough along to be a mine; they tell me."

It was certainly singular that the dog should be leading us to an abandoned mining project, but Barney seemed to know perfectly well where he was goling.

In one of the gulch headings there was a patch of wash sand in what was, in wet weather, a runway for water, but which was now only a streamless ravine with a few damp spots in it. Here Daddy called a halt, and while the dog sat down and yawned at us and otherwise manifested his impatience at the delay, the old man gathered a few pine-cones and twigs, struck a match and lighted a fire, can ered a few pine-cones and twigs, struck a match and lighted a fire, cau-tioning me meanwhile not to walk on the damp sand patch.

the damp sand patch.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what he was driving at, and he didn't explain; but after the fire had blazed up enough to light the surroundings a bit, he went down-upon his hands and knees and began to give an imitation of, a man hunting for a dropped piece of money. "It's nort o' queer. Teante's been here, and the dog's been beet and secons a couple o' times, as you can see. But Bullerton haan't crossed here. There's only the one set o' tracks."

see. But Bullerton name trossed here. There's only the one set o' tracks."

We made a wider search, with a dead pine branch for a torch, but found no other tracks; in fact, the guider was guiltud so despir above and below, that there, was no other pracricable cressing place for a horse. I Jeanie had headed for the guich—an the hoof prints in the sand, and Deddy's identification of them seemed to prove this past any question of doubt—she had headed it alone. But why had she been riding alone into the depths of this uninhabited moun-

the depths of this uniminate house tain wilderplass?

Ceim and self-contained as he usually was, I could see, or rather feel, that Daddy Hiram was growing increasing to nervous as we pushed on, I didn't blame him; so far from H. I was shown ing the nervousness in roul measure.

What were was going to find at the

end of the trail?

It must have been at least two miles beyond the damp sand patch that the dim trail we had been following ended abruptly at the abandoned mining claim spoken of by Daddy Hiram—the Haversack. The starlight was bright enough to show us what there was to be seen, which wasn't much; a couple of tumble-down shacks, a shed that had probably been the blacksmith shop, and a tunnel mouth that had once been securely boarded up, but from which the bulkheading was now partly fallen away.

was now parity faten away.

Once more Daddy bunted for a dead pine branch and lighted a torch. The shacks were empty, of course, and while we did not go into the tunnel; we could see, through the broken bulk-heading, that it was half filled with caved-in earth and broken stone. Underfoot there was only the coarse, gravel of the tunnel spoil, and a full troop of eavelry might have pussed over it without leaving any visible trait. Worse than all beruer, the pice pletely at fault. He was running

if I know what-all to do next." Daddy puzzled.

He hadn't any the best of me there, and it was precisely at this point that the split-faced dog took it into his, head to add another snarl to the knot-teet tangle. After galloping around all over the place half a dozon times, snifing at everything in sight, he had finally come to a stand with his nose at a crack in the tunnel boarding. The next instant he had leaped through the hole where the planks had fallen away, and presently we heard him whining and scratching behind the buikhead.

I don't know about Daddy Hiram's heart, but I de know that mine was adding fill-fange and back somerasults when we ran up to see what the dog had found in the tunnel. For a half-second after Daddy thrust bis torch through the back the second after Daddy thrust bis torch

had found in the tunnel. For a halfsecond after Daddy through the torch
through the hole I was afraid to look
—scared stiff at the thought of what I
might see. When Ldd look, I saw thedog digging franticelly at the heap of
caved-in earth, and, of course to my
disordered imagination, the hole in
which he was burrowing transformed
itself at once into a newly made grave.
—Good God!" L gasped; and then:
"Look, Daddy—right under your
torch!"
He looked and staggered back and

He looked and staggered back, and would have dropped the blazing pine branch if I hadn't caught it from his hand. For what he saw, and what, I, had seen, was the unmistakable print, in the soft earth just inside of the planking, of one of Isanta's house-leather tiding-boots.

In another half-second we were both in the tunnel and Daddy was heaving the dog aside from the hole he was pawing out in the earth fall. Snatch-ing up a broken-hapdled shovel that



The Old Man Flung Himself Madly Upon the Dirt Pile,

was room for only one to work at a time, I stood at his elhow and held-the torch. I don't know what he expected to find hidden under the silde, but I do know, what I was afraid he was gate to the

oing to find.

After all, it was only a flash in the an, so far as any dreadful discovery as concerned. Inside of five minutes, there was nothing to show for the frantic shoveling—less than nothing. Again, I don't know how Daddy felt, but I'm sure I was able to breathe better, the improvement dating from the moment when it became apparent that the earth heap had grown too small under the shovel stabs to pos-sibly conceal a human body.

The collie had followed Daddy Hiram scowled down Daddy, Hiram scowied down at him.
"If that dog could only be like old
Gran'paw Balaam's donkey for a minute 'or .so," he mused. "He saw her
go in there and saw her come out;
likewise sand the samp, he must 'veseen what she did after she come out.
Looks as if he wanted to talk and tell
us; don't he?"

us, don't fier.

Barney, was certainly giving a good.
Initiation of that, or some other anxiety. He was frisking about and barking leaping up now and then to snapat an imaginary fly in the air. Daddy
caught him by his lower jaw and heldhim immovable. "Go find her, Barare !" he commanded: "good flor—so hlm immovable. "Go find her, Bar-ney!" he commanded; "good dog—go

The instant he was released the collle acted as if he understood perfectly
what was wanted of him. Springing
aside, he began to circle again, nose
to the ground, and within half a minnite he was off, this time heading intoa dim trail that led away diagonally
down the mountain, not in the direction of Atropia, but rather on the other leg of a triangle, one side of which
might be the desert edge, one the trail
we had followed from the Atropia
road, and the third the route we were
now taking to the eastward.

"It mest have been within an hour
or so of midnight when we left the
mountain forcests behind, and got into
the region of barren foothills, Here
the crotile seemer much surer of his
ground, and we had our work cut out The instant he was released the cot

ground, and we had our work cut out for us in the effort to keep up with him. In the starlight I made out the line of telegraph poles as we ran and

Pretty soon the dog disappeared; nd then we heard him barking at a little distance to the left of the paral-lel tracks. When we went to see what lel tracks. When we went to see what he had Yound, the mystery suddenly took another tack and veered off into a new changel. In a small grassy holiow between two of the hills we came upon the dog and the celleo pony. The bridle reline had slipped over the broncho's head, and Barney had them between his teeth and was backing and tugging and apparently trying to pull the poay along. "Well, I'll be ding-jiggered!" said Daddy; but I couldn't unload quita that easily. For me the riderless pony meant, an accident of some sort. "Beavens!" I gasped; "do you sop-

"Heavens!" I gusped; "do you sup-ose she's been thrown, and—maybe

crippled? crippled?"
"Who—Jeanie? Why, bless your heart, Stannie, son, she can ride 'en wild! And that calleo wouldn't huck a baby off. No, boy, don't you go to frettin' about nothin' like that, When he can be the standard or the st

she got out o' that saddle, it was 'cause she was good and ready and wanted to."

"When she got off, to take the train,
the tried to wake Barner lead the con-

"When she got off, to take the train, she tried to make Barney lead the peary home," I suggested. "Would she be likely to do that?"—
Daddy Hiram slapped his leg.
"You've hit it exactly, son! Don't know why I didn't think o' that at diret. It's as old trick that she taught the collie when he was a 11? pap. And Barney, he tried, and when he couldn't-make the pinto leave off grazin, he come for us. Sure!—Gest was the was of it. What are it was the vay of it. What my if we so bard to

me eage o' the timber and camp down? I reckon there ain't nothin' to be gained by hittin' the trail afore we've had a li'l' rest-up spell, is there?".
I had no objection to offer, you may he sure; and after we had found a camping spot, and had picketed the hony, with the light rope that Jeanie giwnyg carried tied to the cantle of her raddle, we made a glood for to a market. in the planters that we didn't sleep the sleep of the fagged and leg-

wenry.

The next thing I knew—and it seemed to be just about a minute after I had closed my eyes—Daddy was shaking ine awake.

'Time to he moggin' along, if we

"Time to be moggin' along, if we aim to get home for breakfast, sonny," he announced. At the break of day we were soming into the Chunshr-Atropia road at precisely the point at which we left it the evening before.

The suo was just beginning to gild the upper heights of Old Chinebar when we traited over the broad plateau when we traited over the broad plateau bench below the mine and headed for the alone that led up to the dump head. As we topped this last hill there was an amazing surprise awaiting us—a surprise and a shock. On the level spot-which served as a dooryard for the Twombly cabin stood a horse, saddled and bridled, its drooped ears and hanging head showing that it had been ridden far and hard. And on the cabin door-step, sitting at ease and calmly chewing a half-burned cigar, was—Bullerton!

CHAPTER XIII.

A Battle and a Siege. It was Daddy Hiram who made the first break.

first break.

"Charley Bullerton, where's my daughter?" he rapped out, huring the question at the loafer on our doorstep in a sort of deadly rage that you wouldn't have thought possible in 80

wount insection the prospect of the so-mild-mannered a man.

"You needn't worry about her," was the cool response. "Didn't you get the notes the left for you, saying that you needn't?" Then, as if he had just seen and recognized me: "Hello, Broughton; we've missed a day, but I'll give you the benefit of it and not dock you. Are you calling the old water-logsed Chnahar for twenty thousand dollars this fine morning! It'll probably saye you more or less trouble if you are."

He didn't get the kind of answer he water-roy are not resulting to the unine.

eye on the hand which would have to be the one to go after the weapon he had once showed me hanging under his left arm pit. "Mr. Two

in seconds in which to tell him all not know, and after you've done it.

In going to trim you!

He had scrambled to his feet when e saw me coming, and, just as I ex-

pected that watched right hand flicked suddenly under his coat. At that I rushed him and we mixed it promptly. got to the pistol butt, and at the clinch we were all over the place, each grap-pling for the underhold, and neither of pling for the underhold, and neither of us paying much attention to the rules, Marquis of Queenberry or other. Bullerton was a heavyweight; he had probably fifteen pounds the advantage of me in that direction; but after I had got the thumb of my free hand upon a certain spot in his neck, it was all over but the funeral.

Jehu! how he swore when I crumpled him, and took his gun away from him, and sammed him down on a bed

pled him, and took his gun away from him, and shammed him down on a bed of broken stone and stuck a knee into his breathing machinery. But he couldn't do anything; the thumb-jab had fixed him. His head was skewed over to our side and he couldn't at the straightful it. I groped around until I found that other paralyzing nerve sanglia—the ope at the joint of the third vertebra.

"Allsten to what he says, Daddy!" I sald to the old man who stood looking on with jim face of a wooden image. Then to kullerton, who was now merely a ward of flesh goine flaccid under the torturing touch: "Tell what you know, and all you know; and tell it

all you know: quick and straight!" and I gave him



John! How He Swere! more little prod on

With a presentation of the

out by littles, gasping between the words and phrases like a man in the last stages of lockjaw.

"We were going to Angels—to get narried," he panted. "Ah—ch—I was to meet her at Atropia—she—she was afraid to ride all the way with me afraid—the old man—would come gun-ning! Oh, for God's sake, Brougaton

"You need a little killing worse than anyhody I know," I told him. "to only you were to overtake her at Atropia;

"I didn't see her again!" he howled.
"I don't know where she went!"

I didn't believe much of what ha was saying, and I think Daduly Hiram didn't, though we had proved it true up to the point where they had separated on the Atropia road. I would have gone on, making him talk some more, but the look that was creeping into the old man's eyes made me let up. As I read the look it meant that Daddy couldn't stand it to see the third-degree stunt carried to its finish, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, as I meant him to be; still couldn't straighten his neck, and stood as if

as I meant into be, and stood as if one leg were about half paralyzed, as perhaps it was,

"This outfit is my property, and you've out-stayed your welcome!" I snapped at him. "Chimb your horse and get off the map!"

He limped over to his horse and gathered the reins and tried to put a foot into the stirrup. When I saw that he couldn't do even that much, I grabbed him and heaved him into the salap to set him going. I guess I shall always be able to recall the picture of that brown-bearded pirate riding across the Cinnabar dump head in the early morning sunshine, screwing his body in he saddle—because his couldn't turn the attiff-necked head by couldn't turn the stiff-necked head by itself—to yell back at me with siz-zing carses. Til get you—Il get you-get. D—n yous eyes—do you think-you can make a hobbling cripple of me and get away with I? III— and then-breaking it off short and kicking the ribs of his was frantically for more speed when I made as If I were going to you after him.

open after him.

Throughout this bit of belligerent by play, which hadn't used up more than a few minutes, all fold, Daddy Hirum had stood aside, as I have said, taking the part of the interested spectator. Now be remarked: "You can ber all your old clothes, son, that we have the list of finites limiter. on, not by a long chalk. You ricollect in one of the camps on the Saguache
Well, it was for a heap less than wha
(Continued on Page Six)

DIZZY MOTORIST SAVED BY CAPSULE

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