The Girl a Horse and a Dog

FRANCIS LYNDE

I.-Under his d Broughton,

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

O with a flooded mine. CHAPPER III.—Thinking things over, as begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worthwhile, his idea finally centering on the consulting of a mine, as a safe report, or the constitution of the control of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution, but from other sources Bruchton, but from other sources Bruchton, but from other sources Bruchton of the constitution of the constitu

he iden-in his leaves There

CHAPTEN V Pursued, he chandous them which is wrecked, and escapes on the car which is wrecked, and escapes on the car with the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE dog. After he explains his presence, also vitee him to her home, at the Oth Chansback mind. On met her faither.

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

him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanle, in whom he has become inter-ceted, and he engages in the first real

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and pursue to the pumps started, but are unabled to the pumps started, but are unabled to the pumps started, but are unabled to the pump started and the pump started to the pump star

CHAPTEN IX seals cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any croumstances, and apparently in a spirit of mischief, silows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stan-ord's temporary absence from the mine, in enemy, without doubt Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Brough-on decides to have it out with him next

CHAPTER XIL—They find Jeanis's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Buller-ton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

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

CHAPTER XV.

High Explosives.

High Explosives.

The idea was one which ought to have suggested itself much sooner. The steam supply pipe for driving the big centrifugals at the shaft-month came through the wall over our heads, and it was the sight of this pipe, steaming even on the outside of its thick insulating jacket of asbestos under the wetting from the water jet, that had set me thinking.

A spinning twill of the engine throttle valve set our machinery in motion, and when I had thrown the pump clutch in, we crouched again in

pump clutch in, we crouched again in the least-wet corner to watch the index the tell-tale steamgauge connected

of the tell-tale steamgause connected into the supply, pipe.

We knew that the centrifugats were voracious steam-enters; we had proved that when we were running them in the week-long test. I had a notion that maybe Bullerton had fired only one of the battery of three bollers to run his shower-bath machine, and the result speedily confirmed this assumption. In a few minutes the assumption. In a few minutes the assumption. In a few minutes the assumption, the steam of the pumps, either ours or the one outselde, and the window cataract stopped. This will be only a breathing space," I prophested, getting up to space," I prophested, getting up to space, if prophested, getting up to space, if prophested, setting up to the other way of the pumps.

flers, or disconnect this steam pipe

of ours."
"Reckon so?" said Duddy,
"You'll see in a minute or so."
The attack began even while we
were "speating, "smulry 'nammerings
and twistings that shook the pipe overhead proving that the hostegers were
going to stop the lead by cutting us
off from the buddys.

"Take your within in the inventions,
the tries, buddy."

this time, Daddy!" I urged. "When they get this supply pipe cut out, we'll be in for another ducting-and one

that we can't stop."

Dashly was shaking bis head and wrieging the moisture—and mud—out

wrieging the moisture—and mud—out of his beard,
"dernsalem-togosh, Stannle, we got to take a chance." be muttered. "Anyways, Pd. about as lief die as be
drowneit to death. We'll favie to muss
that black-saith shop up and get it out
of the way, souchow. Gimme a match
out of hat (in hox of yourfa—if they
and tail souked to a jiz-whizziln' sop."
I found-the matches, which, luckly,
were still dry, and fanaded him one,
Beffere I fairly realized what he was
solug to do, he had taken one of the

I found-the natches, which, tuchity, were still dry, and hauded him one, Before I fairly: realized what he was going to do, he had taken one of the dynamite cartridges out of its bucket hiding place and was splitting the fuse with his packetknife.

"Open that there door into the shop," he commanded; and when I obeyed merhanically, out went the bomb, fizzing and sputtering, to land in a heap of scrap-iton piled on the farther side of the stone-built forge. The sight of it smoking and spitting sparks in the heap of scrap half hymotized me, I guess, for I stood gapling at it, with the door held open, until Daddy Hiram jerked me away, slammed the door and yelled to me to help him bar it.

We had barely: time to get the door closed and fastened with the heavy wooden bar and to throw ourselves that on the floor behind the holsting machinery before the crash came. As I have previously said, the blacksmilth shop was a rather filmsy, shed-like affair. Torded with corrugated Iron.

shop was a rather flimsy, shed-like affair, roofed with corrugated iron, and it seemed to us as if broken tim-bers and pieces of sheet metal were raining down for a full minute after the blast went off.

The shock to everything in the vicin-The shock to everything in the vicinity was, of course, tremendous and the stour old shaft-house itself rocked and swayed like a tree in a hurricane. But the walls still stood intact, and when we got up and pesped through a bile which a piece of the flying scrap had form in the door, we could be seen that we had done, it was aphenaty. The blacksmith shop had disguised the statement of the section of the sect the blacksmith shop had disage-peared leaving nothing but a scatter-ing of wreckage: The heavy anvil had been thrown from its block and the forge looked as if a giant had kicked it. Out by the boller-shed a rack of cordwood, had been teppled over and under it a man was struggling to free filmself. When he saw the imprisoned enemy that mild-mannered, soft-spoken

would have opened the door and shot the struggler if I hadn't stonjed him. This blowing up of the shop settled the stonger-lath bushess for us derinitely. With the impediment out of the way we had a clear view on this third side; could command the row of miners' cabins, as well as the bollers in their open shed. When I got through persuading Daddy Hiram that we couldn't afford to murder the wounded, the fellow who had been wrestling with the woodpile had made his exit' and there was nobody in sight. Shortly afterward a bullet, food from somewhere in the forest his exit and there was nobody in sight. Shortly afterward a bullet, fired from somewhere in the forest hackground, whanged upon our roof, and there were several to follow; but uside from punching a few more holes in the fron they did no harm.

"Looks Tike the "Herenies" is the one thing they're must skeered of." said-baddy, with his queen little stuttering chuckle. "Now maybe they'll leave us have time to get ourselves dried out

Totting up the results of the shower-bath we'd had, a bread famine prom-ised to be the worst of them. The few cans of beans, tomatoes and peaches the compers' standbys—were unbwt, af course, and the muddled bacor and the muddled bacor and be washed with water drawn from the flooded shaft. But the flou n its sack was merely a blob of i and was beyond redemption and the cormment was the same. In view of the results I wondered if Bullerton hadn't shrewdly calculated upon washing our commissary out of existence when he planned his overgrown lawnsprinkler. But maybe that was giving him credit for more ingenuity than he really had.

Through what remained of the afternoon the rifle firing continued, coming sometimes from one angle and sometimes from another, but always cannily from a safe distance and always under cover of the surrounding forest. and was beyond redemption and the

under cover of the surrounding forest Daddy Hirnm, grimly optimistic. ex-tracted a swallow or so of encourage ment out of the persistent pot-shoot

ment out of the persistent prot-shooting.

"Dunno as you've ever noticed it. Stannie, but if you'll only let a hog alone long enough he'll shove himself under the beb-wire fence far enough to get caught," he said, "Charley Bullerton, now; he's plum' forgot that "Tropia's less 'n five miles away and that sound carries mighty long distances in these mountains in clear weather."

"What difference does that make?" I saked.

"It may make a heap o' difference, Looks to—me like—semebody—Buddy Fuller, 'I jilm Haggerity, the section boss, 'r some of 'eu down' yonder 'd begin a-wonderin', after a spell, what in tarnation all this here blastin' and interpopin' up on old Cinnahar is a p'intin' at and come and see."

"Do you think the racket will carry that far?"

"To you think the racket will carry that far?"

"It sure will. One night store are important things too sakes, Sunnie." "Dunno as you've ever noticed it,

oh had gone as deed as she is now, a bunch o' cowpunch's got into an argument at Busenose Bill's place and we heard the trackin and poppin' up here. Jeante and ne-like it was just wer/yoniter in treaser gutch."

"Well?" said I, "if your nephew or any of the others hear II, what then?

As Losked the question one of the

any of the others hear it, what then?

As I asked the question one of the howained short, one through, the side, of the building, struck the iron frame if the host, flattened itself and, dropped into the old man's lan, Picking up the hoj bit of lead to daudie it from hand to hand he went on much as if picking up bulets that were fired at him had been his daily recreation. "Cantosity killed the cut, Stanine, one is not some of the folks down youder in Trepin say, "By gol-l wooder, what all that shootin's for? and the next thing you know, some-body'll be mogalin' up here to find out."

Along shout dusk some member of

Along about dusk some member of the besteging party tried to make a reonnaissance. I happened to be keeping he lookout on the cabin side of our commissance. I happened to be keeping the lookout on the cabin side of our fortress and saw a man dodging among the pines back of the house. When I reported to Dinddy he took a snay shot at the place I pointed out to him and there was a wild yell and a stir in the young pines as though a hog were galloping through them.

"Just to let em know that we're still alive and klekin," said the old man, with another of his quavery chuckles. "I reckon maybe that's what they was almin' to find out."

Possibly it was. At all events, the rifle fire stopped with the coming of darkness, and as we faced our second night of defense we had plenty of time to sit around and think and speculate upon what the outcome was going to be.

Taking it all in all, it was the fan-

Taking it all in all, it was the fan tastic humor of the thing that hit me hardest. Six short weeks earlier people at home had been calling me all the hard names that fall to the lot of the lille ne'er-do-well; a young chap with enough inheritance money to keep him in ties and shoes and shirts and to puy gas for his ear though that last asked for a good bit on the rising cost of gasoline—and not enough to make life, or anything connected there-with, very much worth while.

Also these same people were saying behind my back, of course, but there were always plenty of them to repeat the saying to my face—that I was that asked for initiative or resource fulness, or primitive rough stuff of any sort; that I was due to go on dolling myself up and playing skittles to the end of the chapter—which would probend of the chapter—which would probaby stage itself in an asylum for the feehle-midded. Also, again, at that same fime, which was six weeks—or it, Thomand years—ago, I was engaged to Lisette; with mighty little

I-Stared Across at Daddy Hiram.

. I looked around at And now ... I tooked around at the shadowy walls of the grim old Cinnbar shaft-house, looming darkly and still dripping, tick, tack, from their carly-afternoon mud bath; felt my soggy clothes; stared across at Daddy Hiram sitting backed up against the holst with his legs jackknifed and his hands locked over his knees; it was a grote-que pipe-dream; there was no other name for it. I broke out in a laugh that was a bellow.

"Split it up, Staunle," urged the old man dryly. "I allow you ain't goin' to be close-fisted anough to keep a good joke all to yourself in no such a hoedown as thas."

"Til ury," I said, and did it the best

What made her ride way up yonder to Gresser stdin' to catch that trails? And how come Charley Bullerton to marry her one day and he up her with his bunch o' gunmen by daybreak

"Has Jeannie friends in Angels with whom she could be staying, I asked.
"Not a single soil. He'd a had to leave her at the Chink's hotel; and that shirt my place for a woman, mar-

ried 'r t'otherwise. "But supposing supposing they didn't go to

"But supposing they didn't go to Angels?"

"There ain't no other place they could go and let him get hack, as you might say, in the same day."

"Say it all, Daddy." I prompted.

"There ain't much to say, Stannie, boy, 'ceptin' what I said afore, that maybe we'd been jumpin' at things sort o' blind-like. "Jeannie's got a heap o' sense—if I do say it as shouldn't—and the whole gee-ripittin' thing, as we here nuttin', it and aft, no more like heen puttin' it up, ain't no more like her than winter's like dog-days."

Having run the subject into a cor-

ner we were both speechless for a lit tle time and I think it was almost with a sense of relief that we sprang aler when the dog, hitherto sleeping quiety at our feet, jumped up and ran to hole his mose at the threshold of the dog opening upon the dump head.

CHAPTER XVI

Following the dog to the door, we ould neither see nor hear anything oing on outside, though Barne sniffings under the door and his low growl warned us that something was afoot, either on the dump head or in the partity wrecked cabin beyond. While we were still peeping and peer-ing, each at his auger-hole and each ready to take an offhand shot at any-thing that seemed suspicious, the si-lence of the mountain night was ripped and-torn-by-the meet hideous clamor imaginable, arising, apparently, in the cabin or perhaps from the growing of trees just behind it. The racket was deafening; comparable to nothing that I'd ever heard; a magnified orchestra-

I'd ever heard; a magnified orchestra-tion, 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' Joab!" stut-tered-Daddy-Hiram.—"Reckon them gosh-dummed pirateers 've gone plum'

oulyr
"Welt," I qualified, and I had to
hout to make myself heard, "There'lle more to follow. This is only the
urtain raiser."

my guess appeared to be no For quite some little time we rouched, guns at the ready, prepared o repel the assault which we naturalcover of the distracting racket. But there was no assault, though the mean ingless clamor kept up without abate

Best By the time we were beginning to grow a trille 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 fancled 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' Jehoiachim—" Daddy say: "No o' Jehoiachim—"

o' Jehoinchim—"

He had turned away from his peephole and I could sense, rather than see,
that he was rubbing his eyes. Them Irealized that upon me, also, a sudden
blindness had fuller; the interior of
the shafthouse had become as dark
as the instelle of a pocket. The effect
was so stopefying that it took both
of us a minute or so to understand
that some change as yet underhable
had been wrought either in us or in
our surroundings during the noisy interfulde.

"Great Jehu!" exclaimed the old nan—though he was within arm's-each I could make him out on'v as a dim shadow—"Great Jehu! T—I o lieve I'm goin' blind, Stannie! I—I can't see nothin' a talt!"

"Don't worry," I hastened to sny;
"Don't worry," I hastened to sny;
"The in the same boat. We've been foothing too long and steedily liftoup.
Hose suggested has a leedily liftoup.
"I but it didn't pass and presently the voice of my old side partner came again out of the darkness.
"Praps 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 holted them out completely. Almost instinctively I turned back to the door and put an eye to a loophole.

most instanctively 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 sblining as brightly as ever.

(Continued on Page Three)

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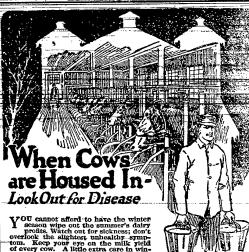
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