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"They Satisfy"

The GIRLAHORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$49,000, lies in a "safe repository," 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 Red Desert.

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 Red Desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, 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, Atropia. There he finds that Atropia 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, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE DOG. After he explains his presence, she 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, Jennie. Finding the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.

Honorable Scars.

If I had been what I had invited Jennie Twombly to imagine me: merely an ordinary drifting tourist set afoot in the wilds by circumstances over which I had no control, my cue to be on my way the following morning couldn't have been delayed much beyond the appetizing breakfast to which I sat down a little after seven o'clock. But once I had reached the end of the rainbow, and had no intention of moving on before I could have my chance to dig for the pot of gold which he said to be the reward of successful rainbow chasers, I was casting about for an excuse to prolong my stay when Twombly, in accordance with the bit of talk which I had overheard in the loft chamber, took the matter out of my hands.

"When we was talkin' about auter-mobles and such, last night, you let on to me that you knowed something about machinery," was the way he began. "If you ain't in a tearnin' hurry to be goin' somewheres, maybe I could get you to hang 'round for a spell and show me how to take a steam engine to pieces so 't I could clean it up and keep it from goin' to rack and ruin."

"With all the pleasure imaginable," I hastened to say, before he could have time to change his mind. While the cerulean-eyed maiden was carrying the dishes out of the kitchen, the old man donned overalls and a jumper, and a few minutes later I was introduced to the mine—my mine, if you please—or rather to so much of it as was open to any visitor other than a submarine diver. My heart went hot in sympathy for good old Grandfather Jasper. The scoundrels who had done him up had not been content with merely selling him the gold brick; they had let him

spend thousands more for the pumping machinery, after they, themselves, were well assured that he was merely throwing money away.

I asked Daddy what he wished to do with the machinery. He said he was afraid it might be rusting inside, standing unused so long, and he wanted to take it apart; especially the steam engine. So I told him how to begin, and he fell to work; but in just a few minutes his awkwardness with the tools gave me a fit of the willies.

"See here," I said; "if you've got another pair of overalls and a jumper

"Sure pop, I have," he admitted; "and that was how I discovered my first real job of honest-to-goodness work."

We stuck at it until noon, disassembling, and scraping rust, and polishing and oiling, and incidentally finding the machinery in a great deal better condition than it had any right to be. After standing idle for so long a time. Of course, I bungled my soft hands all up, and got as dirty as a pig, and all that; but that first forenoon is written down in my life as one of the most enjoyable I've ever known.

And when Daddy Hiram called the noon halt, and we went across to the cabin to wash up for dinner, I was hungry. I think that forenoon measured out the only useful half-day's work I'd ever done; and the afternoon made it a full day. Say, people—it was great! For the first time in an idle, happy-go-lucky life I had a job with a concrete object in view, and I been ambitious to see it through. I was thirstily eager to get that machinery in shape and to start those old pumps, and this in spite of Daddy Hiram's repeated assurances that it "wouldn't do no good a-tall."

During a hard-working interval of two weeks a number of things had happened. One was a visit from the despondent-looking Angelicum who had impressed me with the fact that he belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Silver Star. I'll have to tell about that visit, because it proved what a tremendously lucky thing it was for me that I had fallen among friends.

It was this way. On the second day of my stay in the bosom of the Twombly family I noticed that a battered surveying instrument—a transit which was probably a left-over from the time when the Cinnabar was a working proposition, with an engineer to figure out its dips and angles—had been moved from its place in the corner of the living room and was stood upon its three legs at a small, square window which looked out over the plateau-bench of the mountain to the south-eastward.

Two mornings afterward I found out the why and wherefore of the old transit and its "set up," as an engineer would say. Daddy Hiram and I were standing with our backs to the hearth fire, waiting for breakfast to be put on the table, when Jennie came in from the kitchen with a great stack of hot butter-cakes. As she darted out again after the coffee and bacon, she paused just a fraction of a second to put her eye to the telescope. I didn't see what kind of a signal it was that she passed to Daddy Hiram, but whatever its nature, it made him get action in a tearing hurry.

"Up into the loft with you, quick, Stannie!" he yelled at me; and as I went stumbling up the ladder in blind obedience I saw him hastily helping his daughter to remove my plate, knife and fork, spoon, coffee cup and chair;



"Up in the Loft With You Quick, Stannie!" He Yipped at Me.

In other words, to deliberate swiftly and completely all signs of the presence of a third member of the family. In a minute or so there was a gruff hail from somebody outdoors and Daddy got up to go and look out.

"Why, hello, Ike, you old geezer!" he called. "What under the shinin' sun fetches you up on old Cinnabar this early in the mornin'?" Light dawned and came in; you're just in the nick o' time for breakfast."

While I was cudgeling my brain in a vain effort to recall what, if any, memory association there should be awakened in me by the mention of an "Ike" person, this particular Isaac presented himself at the cabin door and clumped in with the stiff-legged walk of a man who has ridden horseback far and hard. I knew then why I should have been able to dig that memory association. This was Mr. Isaac Beasley, my Angelic friend of the over-grown silver star and the unshaven countenance.

"Huh!" he grunted, "them griddle-cakes shore do look mighty righteous to me! I been ridin' sense two hours afore sun-up; wild-goose chase clear over on 'other side o' Lost mountain. Couple o' prospectors blew into Angels day afore yistiddy and said they'd seen that con-dummed lunatic that got loose from us and busted up a car fr' the railroad; when yoddheads said they'd seen him workin' in the Lost Creek placers."

"A looney?" said Daddy Hiram, as innocent as a two-weeks-old lamb.

"Yep; that feller that stole an inspection car and got it smashed up and then took to the hills. You hadn't seen anything of him, have you?"

"Nary a lunatic," said Daddy Hiram calmly.

His breakfast eaten, Friend Isaac showed no disposition to hurry away—much to my chagrin. He took time to smoke a leisurely pipe with Daddy Hiram and to ask a lot of indifferent questions about the drowned mine.

"Hain't heard nothin' fr'm yer owners yit, have ye, Hiram?" he wanted to know, after—as it seemed to me—the subject had been pretty thoroughly talked to death.

I heard Daddy's reply, made as to one with whom the matter had been canvassed before.

"Nothin' but that clippin' from some newspaper back East, tellin' about Mr. Dudley's passin' out."

"Kind a curious somebody don't tell ye somethin', ain't it?" the marshal put in. "Looks like the heirs 'd be either fishin' 'r cuttin' bait on this here Cinnabar Jarout—not as it'd do any good if they did. Didn't any letter come with the newspaper piece?"

His pipe smoked out, the marshal prepared to take horse. Daddy went with him to the far side of the dump and the murmur of their voices came to me in diminishing cadences. After a bit Daddy came back and called up to me in the sing-song of the miners after the final blast had been fired: "A-a-I over, Stannie. I reckon ye can come down now and get you some breakfast."

Jennie served me in silence when I took my place at table and the good old man stood in the doorway, keeping watch, as I made no doubt, against a possible second-thought return of Friend Isaac, the bristle-bearded. Throughout the working day which followed he never made the slightest reference to the episode of the mornin' and, truly, I think the whole incident would have been buried in oblivion by those two simple-minded souls if I hadn't first spoken of it myself.

This I did in the evening of the same day, when Daddy had gone to make his entirely useless night round of the mine property. As on most evenings, Jennie sat at her corner of the hearth, knitting, and I was filling a bedtime pipe.

"Jennie," I broke out, "I wish you'd tell me why you and your father are so good to me. How do you know that I'm not the crazy criminal that other people believe me to be? I did steal the car and get it smashed, you know."

"You are not a criminal and I am sure you didn't mean to get the car smashed. Besides, you had taken shelter under our roof."

"You are true Bedolius," I laughed. "Is that the code in the West?—your code?—to defend anybody who has eaten salt with you?"

"I should think it would be anybody's code."

"You and your father were expecting this man Beasley to come here looking for me?"

"Daddy thought he might just happen along. We are only four miles from Atropia, you know."

"And was that the reason you put the old transit at the window?—so you might watch for him?"

"Of course."

"By Jove! Another woman, any other woman in the world, I thought, would have let some little shred of sentiment show; she couldn't have helped it. But this one didn't. A boy couldn't have looked me in the eyes any more frankly and squarely than she did when she said 'Of course.' Since I had eaten their bread, I was, for so long as I chose to stay, a member of the clan.

It was near the end of the fortnight, and Daddy Hiram and I had scoured and rubbed and scraped and reassembled the engine and pumps, and were finishing the cleaning of the boilers. These were pretty badly rusted and sealed, and to do the job properly, we had taken the manhole heads out of the holes left to give access to the interior of the shells, and had had a good-natured squabble as to which of us should crawl inside to do the scraping; Daddy insisting upon doing it, because as he pointed out, he was the smaller man, and I arguing that I should because I was the younger and stronger.

To settle it finally we flipped a coin—one of those inch-wide copper pennies that Daddy carried for a pocket-piece—and I won the toss. The job wasn't exactly a picnic, but I got along all right until we came to the last of the battery. I found that the repairers had at some past time inserted a couple of extra stay-ropes, so that there was little enough room left in the old steel shell for a professional boiler-monkey to wriggle about in, to say nothing of a husky young chap who tipped the beam at around a hundred and seventy pounds, stripped.

Just the same, I made shift to knock the worst of the scale off and wriggle it down so that it could be washed out from below, and was backing out to make my escape, when I found that one of the extra stay-ropes was loose. At my asking, Daddy screwed up the nut on the outside of the boiler head to tighten the rod, and then passed the wrench in to me so that I could screw up the nut on the inside. To this good day I don't know just what did happen, but I guess the big S-wrench must have slipped off the nut while I was pulling on it. Anyhow, something hit me a stunning crack over the eye, and I promptly faded out, blink like a penny candle in a gust of wind.

When I came to myself again it was night, and I was lying undressed and in a real bed in a room that was totally unfamiliar. In the looking-glass which hung on the opposite wall I got a glimpse of myself with a regular Turk's turban of white stuff wound around my head and skew-angled to cover one eye. When I stirred, Jennie popped in from somewhere to ask what she could do for me.

"What was it?" I asked; "an earthquake?"

"Daddy says you hit yourself with a wrench. Does it hurt much now?"

"Not more than having a sound tooth pulled; no. But I was inside the boiler, wasn't I? How did you manage to get me out?"

She turned her face away and even with one eye I could see that she was trying to hide a smile.

"It was funny," she confessed, "though we were both scared stiff at the time. Daddy called me and I ran over. You were all doubled up inside of the boiler, and there wasn't room for Daddy to crawl in and straighten you out. And unless you could be straightened out, we couldn't pull you out."

"I see. What did you do?—send for a boiler-monkey?"

"What is a boiler-monkey?"

"It isn't a 'what'; it's a man; usually the fittest man in the shop."

"I was the monkey," she said. "I tried to sit up, but the blinding headache I had somehow acquired said No."

"You crawled into that rusty old coffin?"

laugh at then. Daddy says you'll be apt to carry the scar as long as you live."

"Honorable scars," I muttered. "You straightened me around—I'll believe it if you say so—and then what?"

"Then I got out and we pulled you out—Daddy and I. I was glad you didn't know; that you were just feeling things, I mean. We must have hurt you frightfully. I don't see how you ever crawled in through that little hole."

"It's much easier when you're alive," I offered.

"I'm going to bring you a cup of herb tea, and then I'll go and lie down for a while."

Since, as I afterward learned, the dose she gave me was some sort of home-brewed sleeping draft, I very nearly slept the clock round. Daddy came in and helped me into my clothes—they were eating their noon meal when I woke up and called—apart from being still a bit headachey and tottery, I was all right again. But for two whole days they made me sit around and be waited on, hand and foot, and coddled and petted, those two; for their own flesh and blood they couldn't have done more.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Laboring Pumps.

On the third day after I had tried to brain myself in the old boiler I was pretty nearly as good as ever, and my two Good Samaritans reluctantly consented to my going back to work, Jennie renewing the bandage on my broken head, and laying many injunctions upon Daddy Hiram to send me right back to the cabin if I didn't behave; "be-havin'." In her use of the word, meaning that I was to take it easy on the job.

That combed mighty good to me, the way she said it. Most men, I fancy, are only overgrown children in the sense that they like to be fussed over by their womankind. Don't mistake me, please; I wasn't in love with her—then. Candidly, I don't think I knew what a real love was. But it was mighty pleasant to live in the same house with her, and to eat her delicious cooking; and to be with her every day, and to have those undisturbed evening half-hours with her in front of the fire, if I had had to get out; or if there had been another man . . . but I won't anticipate.

In due time and after we had completely overhauled the rusted and gummed-up machinery, Daddy and I happened upon a day when we were ready to put fire under the boilers and we did it. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the tense, suppressed excitement that gripped me as we brought the wood for the furnaces that bright, hot, July morning. By eight o'clock we had ninety pounds of steam pressure on the boilers, but we held off until it had climbed to the regular working pressure of one hundred and twenty. Then I started the pumps; two big centrifugal suction, mounted on a platform in the shaft mouth and so arranged that they could be lowered to follow the water level down—if it should go down; pumps that each threw a stream six inches in diameter.

After the pumps were started and the indicators showed, or seemed to show, that they were working up to full capacity, I rigged up a measuring gauge; a bit of wood for a float, with a string tied to it, and the string passing over a pulley in the shafthouse roof-beaming with a weight on the end of it. If the water level should go down, the float would sink with it, pulling the weight up. A smooth board, with feet, inches and fractions penciled on it, was stood up beside the weight to answer for a measuring scale.

At the end of the hour the float hadn't moved a hair's breadth; not a hundredth part of an inch, so far as we could see.

"I don't believe the pumps are working," I exploded. "Surely they'd make some little difference in the level unless that shaft's got all the underground water in the world to back it up. Those indicators must be out of whack in some way. Where does the discharge water empty itself?"

Daddy knew this, too. "Over in the left-hand gulch—into the creek."

"Show me," I directed.

We found the discharge from the pumps a little way below the end of the path; a ten-inch pipe which had been laid underground from the shaft-house, presumably to keep it from freezing in winter. The end of the pipe stuck out over the stream and it was projecting pretty nearly a solid ten-inch jet of water. The pumps were working all right; there was no doubt about that. I dug up enough of my college math to figure that two six-inch streams would just about fill a ten-inch pipe, and here it was, running full and pouring like another torrent into the gulch. So back we went to the mine buildings to pile more wood into the furnaces and to resume our watching of the indicator and its pencil-marked scale.

Noon caught up with us after a while—with nothing doing save that we were rapidly diminishing our wood-pile. For a solid week we chopped down trees and split them up, Daddy and I, and kept the fires roaring under the boilers and kept those monster pumps whirring and grinding away at the shaft mouth—night and day, mind you; watch on and watch off. And, right straight through it all, that little indicator weight I had rigged up stood stock still; never moved the width of one of the pencil marks I had drawn on its gauge board.

By this time my stubbornness was yielding something to the still more stubborn fact. If all this pumping hadn't even started the flood toward its diminution, truly all the waters under the earth must be backing the falling well of that drowned shaft.

Toward the last I think we kept on more from force of habit than anything else, but at the end of the week I gave in and consented to let the fires die down, though it was like pulling teeth to do it. Something, indeed, I brought out of the overtime work, disappointing as it had been in the major sense; I was mangled up as hard as a keg of nails, as strong as

a mule, and the fierce toll of wood-chopping and boiler-firing had given me an appetite for real work that fairly made me ache when I thought of stopping. We thrashed it out that evening, the three of us before the living room fire, after Daddy and I had finally stopped the pumps and let the steam run down.

"I reckon you hain't no call to take it so hard, Stannie," Daddy said, after I had growled and growled like a bear with a sore head over our failure. "After all, you must recollect that it ain't no skin off 'n you if the



I Consented to Let the Fires Die Down.

old Cinnabar stays right where she is and soaks till kingdom come."

"No skin off of me?" I yelped, both a sort of wild laugh. "Listen—both of you," and then I told them the entire heart-breaking story of Cousin Percy's letter and my grandfather's joke; of my starting out on the fantastic search for the girl, a horse and a dog—a search which would doubtless have failed before it had fairly begun if I hadn't happened to ride in a Pullman smoker with the man, Charles Bullerton.

I remembered afterward that I had got just that far—to the naming of Bullerton—when Barney, the pie-faced collier, got up from his corner of the hearth, stalked to the door and began to growl. The next minute we heard a horse's snort, and Daddy Hiram rose, pushed the dog aside and opened the door. Then Jennie and I, still sitting before the fire, heard him say gruffly: "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton! What in Sam Hill are you doin' up in this neck of woods?"

I turned to look at Jennie—and missed. In the moment when I had glanced aside she had vanished.

When Bullerton came in, which was after Daddy Hiram had lighted the lantern and shown him where to put his horse, he didn't seem half as much surprised to find me sitting before the Twombly house fire as I thought he might have been.

"Well, well!—look who's here!" he bawled. "How are you, Broughton? This old world kin' so infernally big as it might be, after all, is it? Who would have thought that our next meeting would be in such an out-of-the-way corner of the universe as this! I hope you've been well and chipped, all these weeks."

I said what I was obliged to, and wasn't any too confoundedly cordial about it, either, I guess.

Bullerton drew up a chair and began to talk, much as if we'd invited him to, about his hard-working year in South America; about the fabulously rich mines in that far-away Utopia of the gold-diggers; about his voyage up from the Isthmus; about the oddness of his meeting me on the train, combined with the more excruciating oddness of his meeting me again, here in the Eastern Timanyons; things like that.

He was just comfortably surging along in the swing of it when a door opened behind us and he jumped up with another "Well, well, look who's here!" and when I turned, he was holding Jennie's two hands in his and braying over her like a wild ass of the plains. And, if you'll believe me, that girl had gone and changed her dress! That is what she went to do when she slipped out and left me to stare at her empty chair, after she had heard her father say, "Well, hello, Charley Bullerton!"

It was all off with me from that time on. For what was left of the evening, Bullerton played a solo. I got full-up on the performance about nine o'clock, and climbing my ladder and went to bed, muffling my head in the blankets so that I wouldn't have to lie there and listen to the bagpipe drone of Bullerton's voice in the room below.

I hoped—without the least shadow of reason for the hope, of course—that the next morning would show me a hole in the atmosphere in the space that Bullerton had occupied. But there was no such luck. He was present at the breakfast table, as large as life and twice as talkative.

I made my escape from the cabin as soon as I could and tramped over to the mine. A glance into the shaft showed the black pool in its depths as placid and untroubled as if we hadn't just lifted a million or so cubic feet of water out of it by hard labor.

In morose discouragement I recalled the few things I had learned about drowned mines while I was knocking about in the Cripple Creek district trying to trace Bullerton. Particularly I remembered my talk with Hilton, the man who had finally put me upon what had proved to be the right track in the tracing job. He had talked quite freely. Sometimes the flood was only the tapping of an underground stream, as when one digs a well; in other cases—and these were most common in the Cripple Creek region—the source of the flood would be found in a buried lake or reservoir, large or

not so large, as the luck might have it. If the source were a lake—so Hill-ton had said—there was little use in trying to pump the mine dry.

Mulling over these discouraging bits of information, I was naturally led back to the Pullman smoking-room talk with Bullerton. I remembered, with a sharp little flick of the memory whip, that he had given an expert opinion, which, as it seemed, he had backed up a year earlier with a thousand dollars of real money—the deposit in the Omaha bank made to cover my grandfather's bargain binder. What he had said was, "I'm reasonably certain that I discovered a way in which that mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

Had he really discovered a way?—and with no better data than a study of the maps? Starting down at the black pool which Daddy and I hadn't been able to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch in a week's pumping, I doubted it.

I was stumbling toward the engine room with my head down and my hands in my pockets when I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the cabin before the dump. Looking out, I saw Bullerton sauntering over toward the shaft-house. Though I knew that some sort of a wrangle with him was inevitable, I was perfectly willing to postpone it, so I edged into the blacksmith shop and sat down on the anvil, hoping he might miss me and go away. But there was nothing coming to me on that bet.

"I saw your lead when you left the house," he began, after he had found me and had dusted off an empty dynamite box for a seat. "Don't you think you've played it rather low down on me?"

"How so?"

"By taking in my story of this mine when I told it to you without giving me a hint that you were the person most deeply interested—since my old gentleman was your grandfather."

"It didn't strike me that way, and it doesn't yet," I shot back. "I notice you were mighty careful not to tell me the name of your old gentleman—or rather, I should say, you lied about it when I wired you."

"An ordinary business precaution," he chuckled. "But we needn't waste our time bickering over what might have been—and wasn't. I have a contract with your grandfather which is legally binding upon you as his heir to this particular piece of property—always provided you can prove that you are his heir. What I'm here to say is that I'm ready to carry out my part of the contract; to unwater this mine. What do you say?"

"How are you going to do it?"

"That, my young friend, is particularly my own affair."

I felt pretty scrappy that morning; there is no use in denying it.

"You're not the only pebble on the beach, Bullerton," I said, looking him squarely in the eye. "What you can do with this mine, another mining engineer can do quite as well; and the other man will probably be willing to do it without asking the fenced-in earth for his reward."

"Humph!" he grunted; "so that's your play, is it? Then, after a scowling pause: 'You're licked before you begin. You're fighting without ammunition, Broughton. You haven't any money, and you'll look a long time before you'll find an engineer able to finance his own experiment on your drowned proposition.'"

"That may be," I retorted. "But if you told me the story straight that night in the Pullman, you can't turn



"If You Want to Go to Law—Sall In."

a wheel until I tell you to go ahead. So your contract, if you've got one, doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"That point may make a nice little question for the courts to decide," he snapped. "But I don't want to go to law about this thing, and neither do you. As a matter of fact, you haven't any money to throw away in a legal scrap. You make me a deed to fifty per cent of the Cinnabar property, just as it stands, and then you may go back East and enjoy yourself playing marbles, or pitch and toss, or red dog—whatever your pet diversion may happen to be. Fifty per cent and you give me a clear field—not stick around, I mean. That goes as it lies."

"Huh!" I scoffed. "A while back you were talking about pulling the law on me. You can't make anything like that stand in the courts and you know it mighty well."

"Maybe not; but I can make it stand with you—which is much more to the purpose. You said a minute ago that I couldn't turn a wheel without your consent. You can't turn a wheel at all—without money."

His rubbing the poverty gibe into me made me madder than ever and I thought it was about time to tell him where he got off.

"Then, by Jove, the wheels needn't (Continued on page 8)