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 Dated at American Fork City, Coun-  
 ty of Utah, State of Utah, this 17th  
 day of November, 1922.  
**JOS. H. STORRS,**  
 Administrator.  
 First Pub. Nov. 15, 1922.  
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**How It Came About.**  
 The Norwegian was relating his ex-  
 periences to Pat. "Why," he said to  
 Pat, "we're ice in the streets in Nor-  
 way in June." "Ah, sure, that's noth-  
 ing," said Pat; "why, we've ice here  
 in the streets of Dublin in July two  
 feet thick." "And how is that?" said  
 the traveler, much astonished. "Well,  
 do you see," said Pat, "the ice fell out  
 of an ice cart."

**The CROSS-CUT**  
 by Courtney Ryley Cooper  
 ILLUSTRATIONS  
 by R.B. Van Nice

Ten minutes later, after another ex-  
 amination of Harry's pupils, he was  
 gone, a weary, tired figure, stumbling  
 home to his rest—rest that might be  
 disturbed at any moment—the reward  
 of the physician. As for Fairchild, he  
 sat a long time in thought, striving to  
 find some way to send consolation to  
 the girl who was grieving now, strug-  
 gling to figure a means of telling her  
 that he cared, that he was sorry, and  
 that his heart hurt too. But there  
 was none.

Again a moan from the man on the  
 bed, and at last a slight resistance to  
 the sting of the batteries. An hour  
 passed, two; gradually Harry came to  
 himself, to stare about him in a won-  
 dering, vacant manner and then to  
 fasten his eyes upon Fairchild. He  
 seemed to be struggling for speech, for  
 co-ordination of ideas. Finally, after  
 many minutes—

"That's you, Boy?"  
 "Yes, Harry."  
 "But where are we?"  
 "We're in a hospital, and you're  
 knocked out. Don't you know where  
 you've been?"

"I don't know anything since I slid  
 down the wall."  
 "Since you what?"  
 But Harry had lapsed into semi-  
 consciousness again. And it was not  
 until late in the night after the rescue,  
 following a few hours of rest forced  
 upon him by the interns, that Fair-  
 child once more could converse with  
 his stricken partner.

"It's something I'll have to show you  
 to explain," said Harry. "I can't tell  
 you about it. You know where that  
 little fissure is in the 'anging wall,  
 away back in the stope?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, that's it. That's where I got  
 out."

"But what happened before that?"  
 "What didn't happen?" asked Harry,  
 with a painful grin. "Everything in  
 the world happened. I—but what did  
 the ass do?"

Fairchild reached forth and laid a  
 hand on the brawny one of his partner.  
 "We're rich, Harry," he said, "richer  
 than I ever dreamed we could be. The  
 ore's as good as that of the Silver  
 Queen!"

"The bloody 'ell it is!" Then Harry  
 dropped back on his pillow for a long  
 time and simply grinned at the ceiling.  
 Somewhat anxious, Fairchild  
 leaned forward, but his partner's eyes  
 were open and smiling. "I'm just let-  
 ting it sink in," he announced, and  
 Fairchild was silent, saving his ques-  
 tions until "it" had sunk. Then:

"You were saying something about  
 that fissure?"  
 "But there is other things first.  
 After you went to the assays, I  
 fooled around there in the chamber,  
 and I thought I'd just take a flyer and  
 blow up them 'oles that I'd drilled in  
 the 'anging wall at the same time that  
 I shot the other. So I put in the  
 powder and fuses, tamped 'em down  
 and then I thinks, thinks I, that there's  
 somebody moving around in the drift.  
 But I didn't pay any attention to it—  
 you know. I was busy and all that,  
 and you often 'ear noises that sound  
 funny. So I set 'em off—that is, I lit  
 the fuses and I started to run. Well,  
 I 'adn't any more's started when  
 blooey-y-y, right in front of me, the  
 whole world turned upside down, and  
 I felt myself knocked back into the  
 chamber. And there was them fuses.  
 All of 'em burning. Well, I managed  
 to pull out the one from the foot wall  
 and stamp it out, but I didn't 'ave time  
 to get at the others. And the only  
 place where there was a chance for  
 me was clear at the end of the cham-  
 ber. Already I was bleeding like a  
 stuck hog where a whole 'arf moun-  
 tain 'ad it me on the 'ead, and I  
 didn't know much what I was doing.  
 I just wanted to get 'eind something—  
 that's all I could think of. So I ailed  
 for that fissure in the 'rocks and  
 crawled back in there, trying to  
 squeeze as far along as I could. And  
 'ere's the funny part of it—I kept on  
 going!"

"You what?"  
 "Kept on going. I'd always thought  
 it was just a place where the 'anging  
 wall 'ad slipped, and that it stopped  
 a few feet back. But it don't—it goes  
 on. I crawled along it as fast as I  
 could—I was about woozy, anyway—  
 and by and by I 'eard the shots go off  
 'eind me. But there wasn't any use  
 in going back—the tunnel was caved  
 in. So I kept on."

"After a while, I ran into a stream of  
 water that came out of the inside of  
 the 'ill somewhere, and I took a drink.  
 It gave me a bit of strength. And  
 then I kept on some more—until all of  
 a sudden, I slipped and fell, just when  
 I was beginning to see daylight. And  
 that's all I know. 'Ow long 'ave I  
 been gone?"

"Long enough to make me gray-  
 headed," Fairchild answered with a  
 little laugh. Then his brow furrowed.  
 "You say you slipped and fell just as  
 you were beginning to see daylight?"

Yes, it looked like it was reflected  
 from below, someway."  
 Fairchild nodded.  
 "Isn't there quite a spring right by  
 Crazy Laura's house?"  
 "Yes; it keeps going all year;  
 there's a current and it don't freeze  
 up. It comes out like it was a water-  
 fall—and there's a roaring noise be-  
 'ad it."

"Then that's the explanation. You  
 followed the fissure until it joined the  
 natural tunnel that the spring has  
 made through the hills. And when you  
 reached the waterfall—well, you fell  
 with it."

"But 'ow did I get 'ere?"  
 Briefly Fairchild told him, while  
 Harry pawed at his still magnificent  
 mustache. Robert continued:

"But the time's not ripe yet, Harry,  
 to spring it. We've got to find out  
 more about Rodaine first and what  
 other tricks he's been up to. And  
 we've got to get other evidence than  
 merely our own word. For instance,  
 in this case, you can't remember any-  
 thing. All the testimony I could give  
 would be unsupported. They'd run me  
 out of town if I even tried to start any  
 such accusation. But one thing's cer-  
 tain: We're on the open road at last,  
 we know who we're fighting and the  
 weapons he fights with. And if we've

only given enough time, we'll whip  
 him. I'm going home to bed now;  
 I've got to be up early in the morning  
 and get hold of Farrell. Your case  
 comes up at court."

"And I'm up in a 'ospital!"  
 Which fact the court the next mor-  
 ning recognized, on the testimony of  
 the interns, the physician and the day  
 nurses of the hospital, to the extent of  
 a continuance until the January term  
 in the trial of the case. A thing which  
 the court further recognized was the  
 substitution of five thousand dollars  
 in cash for the deeds of the Blue Pop-  
 py mine as security for the bail.

And with this done, the deeds to his  
 mine safe in his pocket, Fairchild went  
 to the bank, placed the papers behind  
 the great steel gates of the safety de-  
 posit vault, and then crossed the street  
 to the telegraph office. A long mes-  
 sage was the result, and a money or-  
 der to Denver that ran beyond a hun-  
 dred dollars. The instructions that  
 went with it to the biggest forist in  
 town were for the most elaborate  
 floral design possible to be sent by ex-  
 press for Judge Richmond's funeral—  
 minus a card denoting the sender. Fol-  
 lowing this, Fairchild returned to the  
 hospital, only to find Mother Howard  
 taking his place beside the bed of  
 Harry. One more place called for his  
 attention—the mine.

Health returned slowly to the big  
 Cornishman; it would be a matter of  
 weeks before he could be the gen-  
 eral, strong giant that he once had rep-  
 resented. And in those weeks Fairchild  
 was constantly beside him.

Not that there were no other things  
 which were represented in Robert's  
 desires—far from it. Stronger than  
 ever was Anita Richmond in Fair-  
 child's thoughts now, and it was with  
 avidity that he learned every scrap  
 of news regarding her, as brought to him  
 by Mother Howard. Dully he heard  
 that Maurice Rodaine had told friends  
 that the passing of the Judge had  
 caused only a slight postponement in  
 their marital plans.

Finally, back to his normal strength  
 once more, Harry rose from the arm-  
 chair by the window of the boarding  
 house and turned to Fairchild.

"We're going to work tonight," he  
 announced calmly.

"When?" Fairchild did not believe  
 he understood. Harry grinned. "To-  
 night. I've taken a notion. Rodaine  
 'll expect us to work in the daytime.  
 We'll fool 'im. We'll leave the guards  
 on in the daytime and work at night.  
 And what's more, we'll keep a guard  
 on at the mouth of the shaft while  
 we're inside, not to let nobody down."

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"We're Going to Work Tonight," He  
 Announced.

Fairchild agreed. He knew Squint  
 Rodaine was not through. And he  
 knew also that the fight against the  
 man with the blue-white scar had only  
 begun. The cross-cut had brought  
 wealth and the promise of riches to  
 Fairchild and Harry for the rest of  
 their lives. But it had not freed them  
 from the danger of one man—a man  
 who was willing to do anything in the  
 world, it seemed, to achieve his pur-  
 pose. Harry's suggestion was a good  
 one.

Well, then Harry ran, to do much as  
 Fairchild had done, to chuckle and  
 laugh and toss the heavy bits of ore  
 about, to stare at them in the light of  
 his carbide torch, and finally to hurry  
 into the new stope which had been  
 fashioned by the hired miners in Fair-  
 child's employ and stare upward at the  
 heavy vein of riches above him.

"Wouldn't it knock your eyes out?"  
 he exclaimed, beaming. "That vein's  
 certainly five feet wide."

"And two hundred dollars to the  
 ton," added Fairchild, laughing. "No  
 wonder Rodaine wanted it."

"I'll say so!" A long time of con-  
 gratulatory celebration, then Harry  
 led the way to the far end of the great  
 cavern. "Ere it is!" he announced,  
 as he pointed to what seemed to both  
 of them never to be anything more  
 than a fissure in the rocks. "It's the  
 thing that saved my life."

Fairchild stared into the darkness of  
 the hole in the earth, a narrow crack  
 in the rocks barely large enough to al-  
 low a human form to squeeze within.  
 He laughed.

"You must have made yourself  
 pretty small, Harry."  
 "What? When I went through there?  
 Sure, I could 'ave gone through the eye  
 of a needle. There were six charges  
 of dynamite just about to go off 'eind  
 me!"

Again the men chuckled as they  
 looked at the fissure, a natural, usual  
 thing in a mine, and often leading, as  
 this one did, by subterranean break-  
 ing and slips to the underground bed  
 of some tumbling spring. Suddenly, how-  
 ever, Fairchild whirled with a thought.

"Harry! I wonder—couldn't it have  
 been possible for my father to have  
 escaped from this mine in the same  
 way?"

"E must 'ave."  
 "And that there might not have  
 been any killing connected with Lar-  
 sen at all? Why couldn't Larsen have  
 been knocked out by a flying stone—  
 just like you were? And why—?"

"E might of, Boy." But Harry's  
 voice was negative. "The only thing  
 about it was the fact that your father  
 'ad a bullet 'ole in 'is 'ead." Harry  
 leaned forward and pointed to his own  
 scar. "It 'it right about 'ere, and  
 glanced."

"But the gun? We didn't find any."  
 "E 'ad it with 'im. It was Sis-  
 tle Larsen's. No, Boy, there must 'ave  
 been a fight—but don't think that I  
 mean your father murdered anybody.  
 If Sis- tle Larsen attacked 'im with a  
 gun, then 'e 'ad a right to kill. But  
 as I've told you before—there wouldn't  
 'ave been a chance for 'm to prove 'is  
 story with Squint working against  
 'im." He ceased and perked his head  
 toward the bottom of the shaft, listen-  
 ing intently. "Didn't you 'ear some-  
 thing?"

"I thought so. Like a woman's  
 voice."  
 "Listen—there it is again!"  
 "Mr. Fairchild!"

They ran to the foot of the shaft,  
 and Fairchild cupped his hands and  
 called:

"Who wants me?"  
 "It's me." The voice was plainer  
 now—a voice that Fairchild recog-  
 nized immediately.

"I'm—'m under arrest or some-  
 thing up 'ere," was added with a  
 laugh. "The guard won't let me come  
 down."  
 "Wait, and I'll raise the bucket for  
 you. All right, guard!" Then, blink-  
 ing with surprise, he turned to the  
 staring Harry. "It's Anita Richmond,"  
 he whispered.

The bucket was at the top now. A  
 signal from above, and Fairchild low-  
 ered it, to extend a hand and to aid  
 the girl to the ground, looking at her  
 with wondering, eager eyes. In the  
 light of the carbide torch, she was the  
 same boyish-looking little person he  
 had met on the Denver road except  
 that snow had taken the place of dust  
 now upon the whipcord riding habit,  
 and the brown hair which caressed  
 the corners of her eyes was moist  
 with the breath of the blizzard. Some-  
 way Fairchild found his voice, lost for  
 a moment.

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"Are you a feminist?"  
 "No." She smiled at him.

"But out on a night like this—in a blizzard. How did you get up here?"  
 She shrugged her shoulders.

"I walked. Oh," she added, with a smile, "it didn't hurt me any. The wind was pretty stiff—but then I'm fairly strong. I rather enjoyed it."  
 "But what's happened—what's gone wrong? Can I help you with anything—or—"

Then it was that Harry, with a roll of his blue eyes and a funny waggle of his big shoulders, moved down the drift toward the stope, leaving them alone together. Anita Richmond watched after him with a smile, waiting until he was out of hearing distance. Then she turned seriously.

"Mother Howard told me where you were," came quietly. "It was the only chance I had to see you. I—maybe I was a little lonely or—something. But, anyway, I wanted to see you and thank you and—"

"Thank me? For what?"  
 "For everything. For that day on the Denver road, and for the night after the Old Times dance when you came to help me. I—I haven't had an easy time. Most of the people I know are afraid and—some of them aren't to be trusted. And—you—well, I knew the Rodaines were your enemies—and I've rather liked you for it."

"Thank you. But—" and Fairchild's voice became a bit frigid—"I haven't been able to understand everything. You are engaged to Maurice Rodaine."  
 "I was, you mean."  
 "Then—"

"My engagement ended with my father's death," came slowly—and there was a catch in her voice. "He wanted it—it was the one thing that held the Rodaines off him. And he was dying slowly—it was all I could do to help him, and I promised. But—when he went—I felt that my—my duty was over. I don't consider myself bound to him any longer."  
 "You've told Rodaine so?"  
 "Not yet. He's coming after me at midnight. We're to go away some-where."

"Rodaine? Impossible!"  
 "They've made all their plans. I—I wondered if you—if you'd be some-where around the house—if you'd—"  
 "I'll be there, I understand." Fairchild had reached out and touched her arm. "I—want to thank you for the opportunity. I—yes, I'll be there," came with a short laugh. "And Harry, too. There'll be no trouble—from the Rodaines!"

She came a little closer to him then and looked up at him with trustful eyes, all the brighter in the spluttering light of the carbide.  
 "Thank you—it seems that I'm always thanking you. I was afraid—I didn't know where to go—to whom to turn. I thought of you. I knew you'd help me—women can guess those

things."  
 "Can they?" Fairchild asked eagerly. "Then you've guessed all along that—"

But she smiled and cut in. "I want to thank you for these flowers. They were beautiful."  
 "You knew that too? I didn't send a card."  
 "They told me at the telegraph office that you had wired for them. They—meant a great deal to me."

"It meant more to me to be able to send them." Then Fairchild stared with a sudden idea. "Maurice's coming for you at midnight. Why is it necessary that you be there?"  
 "Why—" the idea had struck her too—"I can't. I—I hadn't thought of it. I was too badly scared, I guess. Everything's been happening so swiftly since—since you made the strike go here."

"With them?"  
 "Yes, they've been simply crazy about something. You got my note?"  
 "Yes."  
 "That was the beginning. The minute Squint Rodaine heard of the strike I thought he would go out of his head."



"Why is it Necessary That You Be There?"  
 "I was in the office—I'm vice president of the firm, you know," she added, with a sarcastic laugh. "They had to do something to make up for the fact that every cent of father's money was in it."  
 "How much?" Fairchild asked the question with no thought of being rude—and she answered in the same vein. "A quarter of a million. That's why I'm vice president."

Continued Next Week

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