

THE CROSS-CUT

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

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 wondering, 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 interne, that Fairchild 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 assay show?"

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 letting it sink in," he announced, and Fairchild was silent, saving his questions until "it" had sunk. Then:

"You were saying something about that fissure?"

"But there is other things first. After you went to the assayers, 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'n 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 chamber. Already I was bleeding like a stuck hog where a whole 'arf mountain 'ad 'it me on the 'ead, and I didn't know much what I was doing. I just wanted to get 'ind something—that's all I could think of. So I slid 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 'ind 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 waterfall—and there's a roaring noise behind 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 anything. 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 certain: We're on the open road at last, we know who we're fighting and the weapons he fights with. And if we're 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 morning recognized, on the testimony of the interne, 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 Poppy mine as security for the bailer. 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 deposit vault, and then crossed the street to the telegraph office. A long message was the result, and a money order to Denver that ran beyond a hundred dollars. The instructions that went with it to the biggest florist in town were for the most elaborate floral design possible to be sent by express for Judge Richmond's funeral—minus a card denoting the sender. Following 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 genial, strong giant that he once had represented. And in those weeks Fairchild was constantly beside him.
Nor that there were no other things which were represented in Robert's desires—far from it. Stronger than ever was Anita Richmond in Fairchild'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 armchair 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. "Tonight. 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. See?"

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 purpose. 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 eye so!" A long time of congratulatory 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 allow a human form to squeeze within. He laughed.
"You must have made yourself pretty small, Harry."
"What? When I went through there? See, I could 'ave gone through the eye of a needle. There were six charges of dynamite just about to go off 'ind 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 breaks and slips to the underground bed of some tumbling spring. Suddenly, however, 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 Larsen 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 Sisse Larsen's. No, Boy, there must 'ave been a fight—but don't think that I mean your father murdered anybody. If Sisse 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, listening intently. "Didn't you 'ear something?"

"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 recognized immediately.
"I'm—I'm under arrest or something up here," 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, blinking 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 lowered it, to extend a hand and to aid the girl to the ground, locking at her with wondering, eager eyes. In the light of the carbide torch, she was the same boyish-appearing 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.
"Are—are you in trouble?"
"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 somewhere."
"Rodaine? Impossible!"
"They've made all their plans. I—I wondered if you—if you'd be somewhere 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 trusting 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 it eagerly. "Then you've guessed all along that—"
But she smiled and cut in.
"I want to thank you for those 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—"It isn'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 up 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. 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."
"And is that why you arranged things to buy this mine?" Fairchild knew the answer before it was given.
"I? I arrange—I never thought of such a thing."
"I felt that from the beginning. An effort was made through a lawyer in Denver who hinted you were behind it. Some way I felt differently. I refused. But you said they were going away?"
"Yes. They've been holding conferences—father and son—one after another. They're both excited about something. Last night Maurice came to me and told me that it was necessary for them all to go to Chicago, where the head offices would be established, and that I must go with him. I didn't have the strength to fight him then—there wasn't anybody nearby who could help me. So I—I told him I'd go. Then I lay awake all night, trying to think out a plan—and I thought of you."

"I'm glad," Fairchild touched her small gloved hand then, and she did not draw it away. His fingers moved



"Why is it Necessary That You Be There?"

slowly under hers. There was no assistance. At last his hand closed with a tender pressure—only to release her again. For there had come a laugh, shy, embarrassed, almost fearful—and the plea:

"Can we go back where Harry is? Can I see the strike again?"
Obediently Fairchild led the way, beyond the big cavern, through the cross-cut and into the new stope, where Harry was picking about with a gad, striving to find a soft spot in which to sink a drill. He looked over his shoulder as they entered and grinned broadly.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "a new miner!"
"I wish I were," she answered. "I wish I could help you."
But Harry had turned and was staring upward. His eyes had become wide, his head had shot forward, his whole being had become one of strained attention. Once he cocked his head, then, with a sudden exclamation, he leaped backward.

"Look out!" he exclaimed. "Urry, look out!"
"But what is it?"
"It's coming down! I 'eard it!" Excitedly he pointed above, toward the black vein of lead and silver. "Urry for that 'ole in the wall—'urry, I tell you!" He ran past them toward the fissure, yelling at Fairchild. "Pick 'er up and come on! I tell you I 'eard the wall moving—it's coming down, and if it does, it'll bust in the 'ole tunnel!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Hardly realizing what he was doing, or why he was doing it, Fairchild seized Anita in his arms and, raising her to his breast as though she were a child, rushed out through the cross-cut and along the cavern to the fissure, there to find Harry awaiting them.

"Put 'er in first!" said the Cornishman anxiously. "The farther the safer. Did you 'ear anything more?"

Fairchild obeyed, shaking his head in a negative to Harry's question, then squeezed into the fissure, edging along beside Anita, while Harry followed.

"What's doing, Harry?"

"Nothing. That's the funny part of it!" The big Cornishman had crept to the edge of the fissure and had stared for a moment toward the cross-cut leading to the stope. "If it was coming, it ought to 'ave showed up by now. I'm going back. You stay 'ere."

A long moment and he was back, almost creeping, and whispering, as he reached the end of the fissure.

"Come 'ere—both of you! Come 'ere!"

"What is it?"
"Sh-h-h-h-h. Don't talk too loud. We've been blessed with luck already. Come 'ere."

He led the way, the man and woman following him. In the stope the Cornishman crawled carefully to the staging and, standing on tiptoes, pressed his ear against the vein above him. Then he withdrew and nodded sagely.

"That's what it is!" came his announcement at last. "You can 'ear it!"

"But what?"

"Get up there and lay your ear against that vein. See if you 'ear anything. And be quiet about it. I'm scared to make a move, for fear somebody 'll 'ear me."

Fairchild obeyed. From far away, carried by the telegraphy of the earth—and there are few conductors that are better—was the steady pound, pound, pound of shock after shock as it traveled along the hanging wall. Fairchild turned, wondering, then reached for Anita.

"You listen," he ordered, as he lifted her to where she could hear. "Do you get anything?"

The girl's eyes shone.

"I know what that is," she said quickly. "I've heard that same sort of thing before—when you're on another level and somebody's working above. Isn't that it, Mr. Harkins?"

Harry nodded.

"That's it," came tersely. Then bending, he reached for a pick and, muffling the sound as best he could by hushing his knees, knocked the head from the handle. Following this, he lifted the piece of hickory thoughtfully and turned to Fairchild. "Get yourself one," he ordered. "Miss Richmond, I guess you'll 'ave to stay 'ere. I don't see 'ow we can do much else with you."

"But can't I go along—wherever you're going?"

"There's going to be a fight," said Harry quietly. "And I'm going to knock somebody's block off!"

"But—I'd rather be there than here. I—I don't have to get in it. And I'd be scared to death here. I wouldn't if I was along with you two, because I know—" and she said it with almost childish conviction—"that you can whip 'em."

Harry chuckled.

"Come along, then. I've got a 'unch, and I can't see it now. But it'll come out in the wash. Come along."

They started up the mountain side, skirting the big gullies and edging about the highest drifts, taking advantage of the cover of the pines, and bending against the force of the blizzard, which seemed to threaten to blow them back, step for step. No one spoke; instinctively Fairchild and Anita had guessed Harry's conclusions. The nearest mine to the Blue Poppy was the Silver Queen, situated several hundred feet above it in altitude and less than a furlong away. And the metal of the Silver Queen and the Blue Poppy, now that the strike had been made, had assayed almost identically the same. It was easy to make conclusions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thus "Making Good."

The successful man is the one who makes better what the ordinary person considers good enough.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

If all the flowers were roses,
If never daisies grew,
If no old-fashioned peaches
Drew in the morning dew,
Then man might have a reason
To whimper and complain,
And speak those words of treason,
That "all our toil is vain."

SEA FOOD

It is not necessary that one live near either coast to enjoy the delightful food that the ocean carries, for one may find many delicious dishes prepared from canned food. If you are fond of crabs, stuff some peppers with crab meat and bake them.

Fish Pie.—Cook in three table-spoonfuls of fat one sliced green pepper, one small onion, sliced fine, and three table-spoonfuls of minced mushrooms. When all are well browned remove them from the fat and add three table-spoonfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of chicken stock and one table-spoonful of salt. Stir constantly until the sauce thickens, then add one cupful of fish, salmon, scallops, crab meat, shrimp or lobster. If the scallops are used, cook in the chicken stock until they shrivel, add the other ingredients, put into small baking dishes lined with mashed potato, then cover each with mashed potato and brown in the oven. Serve from the dishes in which they are baked.

Scallop Chowder.—Melt two table-spoonfuls of salt pork fat in a saucepan; add one small onion, minced very fine; cook two minutes, then add two cupfuls of raw sliced potatoes. Cover with three cupfuls of water and, when the potatoes are tender, add two cupfuls of milk and two cupfuls of minced scallops; when they shrivel add salt and pepper to taste and six soda crackers. In serving, put a cracker in each soup plate.

Sea Food a la Poulette.—Cook six oysters and six clams in their own juice until their edges curl. Melt two table-spoonfuls of fat, add the same measure of flour; mix well and add one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of oyster and clam liquor. Stir the sauce until it thickens, then remove from the fire, and when well-cooled stir in the beaten yolk of an egg. Serve with toast points.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Fill tomato-cups with chopped onion and cucumber well seasoned with a rich dressing.

Blessed are they whose furniture is inexpensive or so shabby that the children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts.—Henry C. Merwin.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

Coconut is a good food for most people whose digestion is in good working order, but for small children it should be given very seldom, if at all. A bit of coconut added to a salad, a dish of sliced oranges, a pudding sauce and a cake icing or filling adds much to both its appearance and flavor.

If you have never tried a small amount of coconut with a salmon salad you will have something to look forward to. Sprinkled over the top of custards, or added to a custard pie just before going into the oven, makes a very dainty dish of an otherwise ordinary one. A half-cupful stirred into the gingerbread, or mixed with apple and celery, with a bit of red pepper, for a salad, makes a variety.

Coconut Orange Pudding.—Take one-half cupful of bread crumbs, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of orange juice, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of coconut, one table-spoonful of vanilla and one egg. Mix the bread, milk, sugar and orange juice with the beaten yolk. Beat the white until stiff and fold it in. Flavor with vanilla or with the grated rind of the orange; bake in small molds set in hot water. Serve with orange sauce. Coconut biscuits are very dainty for tea; add a half-cupful of coconut to a drop of biscuit dough.

Coconut Duchess Potatoes.—Take three cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, three egg yolks, six table-spoonfuls of milk, one-quarter table-spoonful of pepper, one table-spoonful of salt and the three egg whites, with one-half cupful of coconut. Add the egg yolks, beaten, to the potato; the other ingredients in order given, and finish with the coconut and egg whites folded in lightly. Bake until firm in a well-greased baking dish set in hot water. Serve from the baking dish.

Gloucester Club Sandwich.—Toast two slices of bread on one side and cut into triangles. Spread each untoasted side with anchovy paste, mixed with salad dressing, then add a lettuce leaf, a layer of tuna fish and two slices of bacon and two slices of fresh tomato; spread with salad dressing.

Coconut Macaroons.—Take one cupful each of coconut, corn flakes and sugar, the whites of two eggs, two table-spoonfuls of flour, a bit of salt and a table-spoonful of vanilla. Beat the egg whites; add the sugar lightly, then the corn flakes, coconut and flour; flavor and drop by spoonfuls on a baking sheet. Makes 25.

Nellie Maxwell