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In a gloomy room, made more dismal by a spluttering candle set in a bottle, the sides of which were covered with a copious overflow of tallow, a young man sat, attempting to decipher the words on a small piece of paper. Near him, with her head bent forward in an anxious, half expectant attitude, was his mother, on whose not unattractive face were the lines of toil and suffering.

"Well, George," she finally said,

"why don't you read it?" "I can hardly make it out, mother," her son replied, "but it's new, and he says he got the receipt from one of the great piano makers in New York. It's the stuff that makes the cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off the mortgage and get you a thick cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a slight flush tingeing her pale face; "but you've tried so many kinds of 'dope,' and they all failed. I'm afraid it's your way of riding, dear."

"My way of riding!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked up and ran his hands through his curiy Plumas county who can toss more snow in a day, lift more, stand more,

than can I."

His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow covered windows, then glanced at her companion with an expression that combined pride and pity. The prowess. He was a giant, a colossus thin, so long of limb, so strangely on to a gradual slope into the valley, mountains, even if it was not snow-drawn out that for miles around he where the little village lay buried. ing, until the snow had settled. Evwas known as "Long Barton" and Every town or village in Plumas ery one recalled the names and faces "Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like and Sierra counties of any preten- of men who had met death trying to instinct caught the bundle from the his father, who had been killed in sions had a ski club, and many of cross the sierras in storms, and for an avalanche two seasons before.

succession of snowstorms had buried | this race the pick of every club was | ket over the little figure, which he the little hamlet of a dozen houses on hand at the top of the glassy held closer to his breast, a voice lage from another wickiup and who so deep in the snow that around the slide, while an admiring crowd of said: Barton home it was nearly 30 feet men, women and girls looked on. "Well, if the baby wants milk, on the level, and the hamlet, so far The curious Norwegian snowshoes, she's going to have it; don't you foras appearances went, had been wiped which were eight feet long, four get it, boys." And Long Barton in New York Evening Post.

out of existence and lay with all its inches wide and half an inch thick. edged through the crowd and took Advertise in The Watchman-Warder.

domestic life under the snow. The entire male population had dug the Bartons out, as in previous winters, the operation consisting in beginning a shoot 50 feet from the front of the house, or where it was supposed to be, and sinking a burrow or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in the direction of the second story. It took some time to accomplish this after the last storm, but finally the miners reached the attic window, mer lined up, their long skis extendgiving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Barton and her son appeared to wel Snow, and as George had piled a into space, then sank so rapidly he could hardly stand. A moment plentiful supply of wood in the from view that they were gone be- later he was lost to view. house in September and there was fore the excited onlookers realized | The same dogged persistency an abundance of candles, oil and it. The speed increased rapidly, and which had led Long Barton to beprovisions things were as comforta- in 10 seconds was like that of a fast lieve that he could win the race made ble in the Barton home as in any | trotter, at 15 it was equal to the | him think that he could carry the

were famous for heavy snowfalls. one tall figure is leading. You can always rely gage. Avalanches had covered the "dope" is carrying him on to victo- he was breathing hard when he on getting the very Then one night in returning home his heart was in his mouth—the tremble, a nameless thrill, and the best brands of Tobac- he could not find the shoot and had goal was just ahead. Then some- entire side of the mountain seemed too good for my cus- the shoots, so that they could find wind by a figure rolling over and self out.

under the snow.

For a number of years George Bar- the spectators rang in his ears as, ment of the people of these counties | credit, the winners did not laugh. of California in winter, but in every It was the crowd on the hill, and trol his long legs, he had at first was lost to sight in the shoot that wabbled, then slipped and gone led to his home. down the slide upon his back amid the crowd of spectators.

George thinks he can ride and alfor skiin. They'd make a good skid just arrived-Reel Stacey, the stage for a bridge. My, how he did tan- driver. gle up, legs and arms all in knots!

"Why don't you tell him?" retort-

ed a listener, laughing. I get heaps of fun out of him, but it's the truth, he ain't got any

"He's entered for next week," said one of the group.

"What for - the sweepstakes?" asked the storekeeper. "You bet!" was the reply. "He's

got some 'dope' that's like greased lightning, and you can't get the secret out of him with a team of wild horses. Gus Lindberg offered him \$10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't look at him, and he's given it out that he expects to win." "He'll win if the prize is for ty-

ing his legs into knots," laughed the storekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party and slipped at the head of their shoot. 'It was 75 feet if it was a foot, and he went sliding down like a log of redwood-a mile a minute. struck it feet first and landed right in the party, his legs all in knots."

for a week, and Long Barton had can't get away." and he believed he could win it. But foot," remarked a red whiskered ing that his mind was not clear, and entered. The grand prize was \$250, "Why, there isn't a man in on the morning of the event his miner in the group. "Won't bread dashed snow upon his forehead. mother made some excuse for re- and water do?" maining home and was the only wodid hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as | man here that can suggest anyyoung man had not overstated his a man could not ascend it, and once voice. on it with skis, it was a race like the in strength, seven feet tall, but so | wind for nearly half a mile, then out | was impossible to get out of the

the members were experts who had a few moments no one answered. The winter had set in early, and a performed wonderful feats, and for Then, as the driver pulled the blan- "Tanglefoot" Barton, one of the

were being given their final polish strapping on his skis, which had a polish such as had no ver been seen before. They gles med in the sun with dazzling br illiance. If "dope" counted, ther were those who be-lieved that "Tanglefoot" would win.

The arst signal was given, and the ed forward, their bodies in various - positions. Each racer bore a long house in the place 20 or more feet fastest train of cars, and at 20 the baby to safety. If he had been askbest men were holding their breath, ed an hour before if a man could But there is a skeleton in every as it was impossible to breathe at do this, he would have said no. He household, it is said, and in the Bar- such speed, and the slightest swerve strode up the little valley, keeping ton home it was pride and debt. would send them off the track. From in the center, with the walls of the The elder Barton had left a mort- the side the scene was a frightful sierras, snowclad, trembling with gage on the house, which was soon one, as it was hard to believe that avalanches on either side and in an to expire, and the mortgagee wished human beings could preserve their hour struck the straggling forest. the money. He lived in the city, 500 position and not be dashed to pieces He knew the trees well and for five miles distant, and did not care for a under such extreme velocity. But miles kept the trail. Then he came risk where the security was liable to | the line swept on, a few of the racers | to the first slope. By the aid of his be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow, surging ahead. Half way down, and staff he made a rapid slide, reaching as both Plumas and Sierra counties four are in advance, two-thirds, and the bottom of the canyon safely in OUR BIG 60 DAYS'

a rag streamer at the entrance of the line of racers rushed like the top and after much labor dug himtheir homes if a storm came up. But over, its legs, arms and long skis

That night, as was the custom, the roars of laughter and gibes of there was a ball, and at the earnest wish of his mother Long Barton "The funniest thing about it," re- went. But he took no part in the marked the storekeeper, "is that entertainment and sat by the stove and watched the merrymakers, ways lays it to his skis or the 'dope.' knowing well that he was the butt But, bless your heart, a man might, of them all. Late at night, while jest as well try to ride on stilts as he still looked on, a crowd gathered how many ranges he had passed. them legs of his'n. They ain't built at the door around a man who had

"Hope you folks has extra splices Why don't some of you chaps tell on your chimneys and flags out," he caping trees and rocks, holding one LONG BARTON'S RACE him nature didn't intend him to said. "It's banked 50 feet at Evhe he heard fitful cries. Again he was ans, and the 30 foot marks on the pines are covered, and it's snowing like it will never stop. But that's "Waal, it ain't my business, and not what I come for," he continued, unrolling a bundle, blanket after blanket, and producing a baby that looked up at the men with a wonder-

"A baby!" they shouted in chorus, and half a dozen arms reached for the child

"Hold on, boys," said the driver; "business first. This is Jim Grayson's baby. His wife died last night, and he's flat on his back. The cow was killed in the snow, and there ain't any milk in this town but this," and the old driver held up a quart bottle. "Now, the doctor says that the only thing to save the baby is to get it out where there's milk. If we don't, it will starve."

"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper in an awed whisper, "it's death to try the mountains in such a storm!" "So I told the doctor," replied the stage driver, "and I haven't the The front door was shut, and he | nerve to try it. I know what it isa man's life against the kid's. But

I said I'd state the case. He's a new-The ski races had been announced | comer at Sierra. He got here and "It's 50 miles to milk if it's a

"It might for some," retorted the man in the hamlet not present at | driver, "but this baby's not built the races. She could not bear to that way. She wants milk, and she witness his defeat. The course was won't touch anything else. They've in the wrong direction, when, with a on the slopes of the sierras, a splen- | been trying it for days. Is there any glass, and of so sharp an angle that | thing?" And the speaker raised his

Every miner present knew that it

the child in his arms. He rolled it every contestant having his especial up in the coverings the stage driver "dope," which was his secret. Apart had taken off. Then he pulled on from the others stood Long Barton his snow cap and, followed by the men to the door, went out into the

> "Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, "I'd have picked 'Tanglefoot' the last one for such a proposition. But, boys, we've mistook him. He's got sand, for he's going to his funeral."

What George Barton said to his mother no one knew. Time was the essence of this transaction, and in a come them. From this time the staff, or starter. Some held it on very short while he came up the shoot clad in his furs, the baby tic window had been the freent door. one side, some between their legs, shoot clad in his furs, the baby one side, some between their legs, shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was wrapped in a fur bag which was wrapped in a fur bag which was shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was shoot clad in his furs, the baby and the Bartons, as the postmaster as the word was given each man slung under his arm. He carried his remarked, were "in society again." gave a mighty shove and projected staff in his hand, a revolver in his The chimney had been spliced with himself down the terrific slide. They pocket for wolves, and on his booted pieces best for the purpose, so that shot over the edge like a wave of feet were the skis which the incomthe top reached the surface of the water over a fall and seemed to rush parable "dope" had polished so that

a few seconds. And this was to be SALE OF ::: George Barton had not been able to It is Long Barton. He is rushing his experience—climbing and slidsave enough money for the mort- with the speed of light. The new ing. The next hill was so soft that mines and kept him from work. ry. He knew it; his teeth were set; reached half way. Then he felt a wandered off and when discovered thing happened. He swerved a to give way, and he was carried irrewas badly frozen. It was the custom tenth of an inch; a piece of ice sistibly down on the wings of an avin the village for the miners when caught the channel of his polished alanche. He made desperate struggoing to work to plant a staff with ski, perhaps, and the next second gles and by a miracle kept near the

It had stopped snowing as he the wind had blown Barton's flag seemingly tangled in a hopeless started down the canyon, now slidknot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, ing, now leaping, the famous "dope" Then there was another trouble. and the loud laughter and gibes of carrying him well and fast. From a deep valley he must climb the next ton had been a contestant in the ski half stunned, he slid to the bottom range, but when he was half way up races which are the principal amuse- and picked himself up. To their the snow began to fall again, and he became bewildered. He could not see the stars and would have to trust one he had been defeated-more, Barton took off his skis and, avoid- to luck. So he swung himself over humiliated, as twice, unable to con- ing them, walked over the snow and the divide and rushed down the slopes. Another range to climb, and still it snowed, and later the wind rose and tossed the snow aloft in great spectral wraiths that looked to his distorted vision like shrouds. But that warm bundle so close to his heart gave him courage, and he pushed on.

Five hours he had been traveling steadily. He could not remember He had forgotten how many ranges he was to cross to reach the town He made some descents that equaled the famous race course, narrowly esbottom waist deep in snow, the baby almost buried. It was now daylight, and after digging his feet out he unrolled the bundle and, protecting it, gave the baby a ration of the milk, which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderingly at him the while, and George, who knew very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good natured one.

He did not realize how weary he was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was finer and filled his eyes, and he felt that this was the beginning of the end. But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seemed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realiz-

How far he went no one knows to this day, but it had been many miles wild laugh, which frightened those who heard it, Long Barton unslung a bundle and plunged into a half buried wickiup, from the top of which sparks were rising. The men reached for their firearms at sight of the gigantic and wild eyed figure, but the squaw, laying her papoose among the blankets, with unerring Grayson's baby was saved. As for clean off his head and thought he had won a race.-Charles F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

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