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Continued from last week mond, who was nowhere in sight. When Barnett entered Rob's room he found two letters lying on the little desk. One was addressed to Don and one to Ann. Barnett broke the seal and read his

note almost at a glance:

Dear Barnett-I'm sorry to pull out this way, but I am afraid it's my only way. I have been very uncomfortable be-Please don't think me ungrateful. It is because I feel so deeply your kindness that I go. Don't look for me. I'm going to hole up for a few days till I get strong. If you happen to get any clew to where I've gone, don't tell the boy. his sister does not approve of his fondness for me, and she is quite boy of his sort. I inclose a check, which kindness in other ways, and especially Mrs. Barnett's care and assistance, I am in despair of ever paying. I slide out because it would be difficult and painful to say goodby, and, besides, I feel that I must cut loose from the boy.

Raymond's note to Ann was short,

Since my thanks are a burden to you, without saying goodby to Louis, but it is best. I know you do not like his growing regard for me, and you are quite right. Louis came to her door and cried

out dolefully, "Ann, Rob has gone away!"

"I know it. Come in."

He entered with troubled, tearful face and in deeply aggrieved tone said: "He went without saying goodby. I want to go hunt him and bring him back, but Uncle Don says that we must respect his wish. All the same, I like him, and I want him back. No. I don't-I want to go with him." "And leave me?"

His resentment, long smoldering, burst forth: "Yes, I would! Don't you suppose I have seen how you treated him? You think because you're from New York you can snub a man like Rob, but you're not up to him. You're not half as good as he is."

Ann listened in astonishment to this outburst from her brother and then cuttingly remarked: "One would think I had taken away

some plaything of yours. Go out of my room and stay out till you can treat me with respect." "I'm going, and you'll never see me

again. I'm going to follow Rob. don't care what you say." With this defiant cry he rushed from the room.

A keen ache of jealousy ran through the proud girl's heart. The one soul of vital interest in her life, her sweet little brother, seemed about to pass from her hands to that of an adventurer. Her resentment of his influence blazed hot within her. "I will defeat him with his own weapons," she said. "I will win him back to me. I will go wherever he wishes to go."

But Louis dld not return to lunch, and she was greatly troubled. He did not appear at dinner, and at last, openly alarmed, Ann told Mrs. Barnett of Louis' bitter accusation and of his threat that he would never return.

"Don't worry. Don will find him. He'H get tired of it and come back. These boyish tantrums don't last." "It scares me to think of that poor,

innocent lad spending the night alone in a big, wicked western city. I wish Don would hurry home. Can't I go down to his office?"

"Oh, no; there's no need of your going. I'll telephone him at once." When Barnett returned, Ann, white

with anxiety, poured out her story. He comforted her by saying: "You take it too seriously. I will notify the police at Cinnabar and Mogalyon. They'll locate him in an hour." They did not find him, and Ann pass-

ed a miserable night, imagining all ill adventures into which Louis might be led, and would have accompanied Barnett on his quest next day but for his firm command: "Don't be absurd. I can find him alone much quicker."

"Bring him back if you have to use force!" she cried. And then, with a knowledge of Raymond's power, sne added: "If you find Mr. Raymond please tell him to send laddie home. Say I wish it."

With these words in his ear Barnett took his way to his office. At lunch he was more concerned. "He's not in Cinnabar nor any of the surrounding He may have gone back to the ranch. I will wire out there this Did he have any money?" "Yes. I had just given him his al-He must have had nearly \$200."

wears off."

Even though Raymond had taken The main street of Bozle was 10,000 himself bodily out of her life, his feet above the sea, but at last, on the power to disturb and thwart Ann's top of Pine mountain, a vein of ore will remained. She began to fear him running \$2,000 to the ton was discov-

a little. He was bigger, more powerful, than she had thought him. Could she have found him in the days which followed-days of increasing unrest at once celebrated above all others and anxiety—she would have humbly asked him to find the runaway and bring him back to her, but he had disappeared as utterly as if he had never

CHAPTER IX. EANWHILE, during Raymond's days on the ranch, while the cattle were withering away on the plains and the long trail from the south was filling with grass, a most notable settlement had been forming like same nev

kind of parasitic growth on the west ward shoulder of old Mogalyon, the mighty peak to the west.

In the midst of the mountains, in the lap of two smooth, grassy domes, old Philip Le Beau established a cow camp in the early seventies and called it Belle Marie, after his wife. This, however, proved to be too fanciful for his cowboy neighbors, who promptly called it "Le Beau's Hole," and in the end it was known among cattlemen as

Bozle Creek. Just west of Le Beau's camp, and sentinel to the valley of the Loup, stood a symmetrical peak which some missionary to the red people had called Mount Horeb. About the year 1870



"You're not half as good as he is." some persons not missionaries planted gold in the soil in convenient places at the base of this hill and raised a mighty shout over the discovery of a new El Dorado. A rush took place, and to the outside world the region became known as "the Mount Horeb mining district" and was alluded to with deep seated resentment, with curses.

But there were miners whom neither the dogmatic opinions of geologists nor the tricks of schemers could turn aside from a faith that somewhere on the mighty slopes of Mogalyon lay veins of gry man." gold, and these continued to chip and to

dig and to hammer. Valley Springs was becoming known as a pleasant health resort, and the waters of its springs were being bottled and shipped to the eastern cities. Each year a larger number of stricken ones came to find respite, if not recovery, in its gloriously bright sunlight and pure air. For years it remained a village and its business men merely shopkeepers and resident ranch owners, but as its fame spread families of wealth and social position in the east began to settle along the bank of the Bear and to build homes into which the sunlight streamed with healing magic, and the men of these families began to look about for business and for investment, and not a few of them were in the mood to listen when rough bearded men began to plod down the trail from Bozle Creek bringing sacks of promis-

Returns from these samples, sent away to be assayed, started a flight of golden eagles east and west. Again the adventurous youth, the skilled prospector, the gambler and all the uneasy and shifting elements that follow such lures poured into the valley and toiled over the trail to the grassy hills of

At first, though short of breath by reason of the altitude, two full railes above the sea, some of these incomers laughed and some were angry. "Gold! In these grassy hills? Impossible!" And they went away again with bitter words. It was Mount Horeb repeated

on a large scale. But the assayers, the men of learning, persisted and in their little mortars brayed the ore and in tiny portable furnaces smelted for many a sturdy miner minute buttons of shining metal. The gold was there, and at

last even the most skeptical believed. Then the inflow began in earnest. The traff was beaten smooth by swarming feet. It became a stage road. A great railroad sent surveyors toiling up each of the deep and winding canyons in the attempt to reach the mighty camp whose fame

was beginning to shine throughout the world. The beautiful grassy hills Don whistled. "A smart bey can were blotched with eruptions of red hide out a good while on that. How- earth. Paths appeared leading from ever, he'll come back when his pet burrow to burrow like runways in a town of prairie dogs.

ered, and another town arose-full 11,-000 feet above sea level-the highest town in all America, and this became

In the end Skytown dominated the whole camp and gave name to it. Bozle, Grass Mountain, Pin Gulch, Hoffman, all were subordinate in fame as they were topographically, and the press alluded to the region as the Skytown mining district.

In those days the barroom of the Mountain House in Bozle was the central stock exchange of the whole camp. It swarmed of an evening with business men from Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francis-

co and New York. Every great newspaper had its representative there, alert and indefatigable, seeking the latest word of strikes and sales.

At the time when Raymond entered it Skytown was the busiest, most vital and in some ways the most picturesque mining district in the world. It was at its height as a poor man's camp. New territory was being opened up each day. Each evening brought stories of strikes-scores of them.

The streets of Bozle were graceless and grassless, but Valley Springs was a bower of trees and growing vines. The houses of the peak were tents, slab shacks and cabins of aspen poles, and remained so, while splendid stone palaces had already appeared in the valley, and every comfort and nearly every luxury of the east was obtainable, Skytown was the cupola of Sky

camp. It surveyed the whole field, dominated only by the glittering crest of Mogalyon, which rose nearly 4,000 feet higher into the thin and fleckless air. Bozle and Hoffman and Indian Creek and Eureka and a half dozen other villages lay below.

This was the town, the camp, toward which Raymond had been gazing in longing and irresolution for two years and to which he directed his steps as soon as he was able to walk with something of his old time vigor.

For a week he did nothing but stroll slowly up and down the streets of Bozle, studying his surroundings, listening to all that was said and asking searching questions of every man who seemed to know anything of mining matters. The altitude at first troubled him greatly, but he ate well and slept well, and day by day his strength and native resolution expanded within him, whereon to try his hands at labor.

before the big fire in the hotel he became immensely interested in the grand physical proportions and easy, unstudied grace of a middle aged miner who stood with his back to the fire replying to the rapid questions of a young reporter whose head was bent absorbedly above his not book and pencil. The prospector satisfied every requisite of a mountaineer. His massive head, covered with grizzled hair; his handsome, weather beaten, smiling face; his worn laced boots, spattered with mud; his rusty brown jacket and his broad hat, worn with careless yet unfailing grace, made him easily the most picturesque figure-in the room, and when some one clapped him on the back and called out, "Hello, Kelly!" Raymond realized, with a pleasant warming of the heart, that he was looking upon Rocky Mountain Kelly, who knew the ranges of the west as intimately as the lines on the palm of his hand.

Seeking opportunity, he touched the big man on the shoulder. "Are you Matthew Kelly?"

Kelly turned his keen gray eyes on his questioner. "I am, sir. What can I do for ye?"

"I've heard you're a good natured man," began Raymond. Kelly slid his hand into his pocket. "How much is it?"

Raymond laughed. "Do I look like "You look like a sick man," replied Kelly, scrutinizing him. "And a hun-

"I'm neither," Raymond smilingly replied. "I've just eaten the supper they serve here, and I'm fairly comfortable, but I want to ask your advice about a business matter. If you had a little money and wanted to break into mining, what would you

"Do you know of a promising prop-

erty to lease?" "Will you show it to me?"

Raymond was amused by the crisp succinctness of these replies. It was plain that the prospector was sizing him up, and favorably.

man; ye look like a citizen with lung faded. Where are ye from?" "I'm a rancher from the plains."

"And ye want to mine?" "Yes." "It's ninety-nine chances to one ye

"I know it." "Have ye a wife?"

"I have not." "Any one dependin' on ye?" "No one."

Kelly relaxed, and his eyes began gleam friendlily. "Very well, then, consent to rob ye. I'm the owner of one mine into which I've put me last dollar, but I know a dandy proposition which I'd like to display. I'll take ye with me over the hills when ye're a little better acquainted with me, and when ye've seen the mine we'll talk the terms of partnership. The bankers all know me, and the faro dealers likewise, the more shame to me." A smile of singular charm curved his handsome lips. "But never mind that. Matt Kelly never tuck advantage of any man, and that, I think, ye'll find me neighbors

blarney-the truth bein' I'm seekin' a partner, but in a day or two I'll lay me scheme before ye." Putting aside business, they talked of their personal affairs, Raymond guardedly. Kelly with entire freedom and some humor. Kelly was married and had two little boys, for whom he was now living. "Since Nora came," he said, with tenderness, "I drink no

agreed upon. I'll not say I like the

looks of ye-that would sound like

more but gambling is in me blood. I play no more with cards or dice, but with lodes and shafts. I'm always taking on new chances. I load meself up

with 'good things' till me back is broke and me hands fall empty." There was something winning in the humorous glance of his big, gray eyes, and Raymond sat with him long. His vast experience, his indomitable good nature, his physical pride, all appealed to the rancher with such power that he left him with a distinct exaltation. "Here is the man to help me make my fortune, and I can be guide to him," he added, and he went to sleep that night with greater confidence in his future than at any time since taking Barnett's ranch. He set his teeth hard in the determination to win, and though he had put Ann quite out of his plans for the future, she remained an inspira tion and a lure.



Raymond's blood leaped with the joy of it. His feeling of confidence in Kelly was deepened by his ride with him next day.

Turning from the gulch road, Kelly led the way up the side of Pine mountain, along a trail which braided itself upon a grassy slope like a purple One night as he sat toasting his shins and with a sense that his feet were set at last on the road to fortune.

All about him the miners were climbthe morning sun. Great wains loaded with ore rolled creaking on their downward course, while others of their kind, piled high with lumber and machinery, crawled slowly up the curving roads. On every side men were tunneling into the hillsides, trenching in gullies | and toiling at windlasses whose joints cried out resoundingly as the heavy ore boxes rose. The whole scene set forth buoyant activity and hope. Each man had either struck ore or hoped to do so at any moment.

and shapeless shaft house rose, with heaps of orange and blue gray refuse rock close beside it. The whole camp was as yet disorganized, formless and debatable. Not one in a hundred of the mines was a paying property; all the others were mere prospects.

As they left Baldy and turned to climb Pine mountain the dwellings thickened. They were nearly all built of the smooth, straight trunks of the aspen, but nearer the summit were of fir, and a rew of them stood in picturesque nooks amid the rocks. Toward one of these, more homelike than the others, Kelly directed his horse, and as he neared the door a couple of lusty, yellow haired boys of six or seven years of age came bounding out to

Mrs. Kelly was unexpectedly ladylike, small and very pretty, with a skin that no wind could tan, and her great, wistful, pathetic eyes appealed to Raymond with instant power. She greeted him cordially, and, while Kelly took the horses to the corral, he entered at her invitation. Her voice was as charming as her pale face and hair of "Take out a lease," answered Kelly burnished gold, and the young fellow looked upon her in surprise.

"You don't look very well, sir," Mrs. Kelly said to Raymond. "I'm not very well, but I'm going to

tear up the sod just the same. Your husband is to show me now "Matt can find gold easy enough, but

he can't keep it." "I've confessed as much, Nora, me girl, and if Raymond can help me on Kelly indicated a chair. "Sit down, that score I'll put him in the way of makin' his pile. Can ye walk a few rods? If so, I'll show ye the mine and

the chance." "Certainly. I'm far from being

shaft

'one lunger' yet." The two men walked round the little grove of firs to the west and came upon some men busy with a very smal upright engine hoisting ore from

'the river of life.' This is my own mine, but the wan I advise ye to take is that just beyond. I have an offer for me own prospect, but I shall not take it. If ye are agreeable, we'll lease the Last Dollar together and work it to the limit, for I'm satisfied its vein is the same as me own, which will keep; but if I strike ore, Curran, chairman of this meeting," he said aftwho owns the Last Dollar, will jump his price to the moon. Our lay is to open the way for the real speaker and bond and lease his mine, move my machinery over to his old shaft and work like mad to open up ore to buy in the Pine." property. Ye see, no one has touched pay ore in this quarter, and Curran is anxious to sell. He offers it at \$15,000. I believe we can open a vein that'll pay fer it in less than six months. Will ye go in with me?" "I will."

warmed to each other. Kelly removed | to the middle of his contention. his hat and was almost solemn as he said slowly: "This makes us both.

Now let's go eat." only the windows, with their machine made frames, were out of key. There were two small bedrooms, a living room, which served also for dining room, and a tiny kitchen, and yet it produced on Raymond's mind hospitality and homeliness. This was begin to melt away. It is already melt due as much to the charm of Mrs. Kelling away... These men on horseback, ly's manner as to the deep voiced, cor-

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dial invitation of the host himself. There was no lock on their door and no bar to their warm hearts.

But Raymond saw what Matt's lovbrown ribbon. The air was keen, the ing eyes could not discern-Nora was and he began to definitely seek a place sky a fleckless blue hemisphere. Ray- overworked and losing heart. In spite mond's blood leaped with the joy of it of her ready smile and cordial seconding of her husband's invitation, "Ye must make your home with us," was not strong enough to take on this ing, each his special way, swinging a extra care, and he resolved to stay in tin bucket which sparkled like glass in Bozle till he could build a cabin for

CHAPTER X.

ATE in the afternoon, after they had talked long at the mouth of the mine, Kelly and Raymond left the house and walked out the ridge toward Skytown, which was built where the ground rose from a pine clad plateau to a rocky point overlooking the valley to the north. It had but one business street, which repeated in unpainted lumber Here and there on the slope a tall | all the shoddy architecture of a prairie town, whose flaming battlements pretend to a dignity which they do not

> The chief business of the street was gambling. Next in order stood rumselling, with assaying a close third. The street was swarming, as usual, but the talk was directed for the moment to one topic. A convention of miners had been called to meet in the Golden Horn saloon, and several who knew Kelly called out, "Hello, Matt; we're going to make you president of the

Kelly smiled as if all this were a joke and introduced his friend and partner. Raymond shook hands with each man heartily, well knowing that if he were to remain in the camp it would be well to be on friendly terms with all. Following the lead of others, they were soon wedged into a throng which filled the largest saloon of the street, a huge gambling establishment called the Golden Hern, of which Marvin Hanley, a celebrated gambler, was

For the first time since the opening of the Golden Horn's door gambling was suspended and the machines of chance set aside. The proprietor, a pale man with close clipped yellow hair, a man who looked like a Catholic priest, mounted a box at one end of the room and called the house to order. "You know the purposes of this meeting," he said. "Now, who will you have for chairman?"

"Kelly! Kelly!" cried a dozen men. "Munro!" shouted those farther up the ball.

"Moved and seconded that Munro be chairman," said the smooth faced man. "All who favor say 'Aye!" A shout of many mingled voices answered. "Opposed, 'No.'" Only an obvious minority voted "No." "Munro is elected. Jack, get up here!"

As the new chairman's head rose above the throng Raymond experienced a shock. "I know that man," he "Here," said Kelly, "is where we tap said under his breath. Munro was a clean shaven, boyish fellow, with black hair pushed back from his face. He was young and handsome and began speaking in a clear, musical and most persuasive voice. It was plain he was on good terms with his audience and quite certain of himself.

"I don't know why I should be made er some local allusions, "unless it be to man of the hour-the man who has a message for you-Tom Larned of Dead

While the crowd applauded Larned climbed to his place and began to speak. He was a short man, with forward thrust of the chin. His high forehead was smooth and pale, its calm lines in vivid contrast with his burning blue eyes. He ignored all of As their hands met their hearts Munro's joking and thrust his way in-

"I hear some men say we don't need a union here, but I tell you you do. You're going the way of all mining The Kelly home was as suited to its camps. As soon as the claims are all surroundings as a Swiss chalet. It taken consolidations begin and wages had the dirt roof, the widely project- will be cut. A big mining camp must ing eaves and the southern porch of a | be run by union labor. The work has mountain cabin, and its latchstring got to be done by men bred to the and battened door were in keeping; mine, and they must be organized. If they're not, they'll work for nothing

This camp is about to decline"-"No! No!" shouted a dozen men. The speaker held up a hand, "Wait a moment! I mean to say that this swarm of easy going tramps scratch st charming effect of unhesitating ing the surface looking for a mine will

(Continued on Page Three)

and see them

keep it! But why look old at 85 or 40? Why have an early old age? Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Re-newer always resteres color to gray



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