

WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR



SIXTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Ruth Warren, who lived in the East, is willed three-fourth interest in the "Dead Lantern" ranch in Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arriving in Arizona with her husband who has ailing lungs and their small child, they learn that the ranch is located 85 miles from the nearest railroad. Old Charley Thane, rancher and rural mail carrier agrees to take them to the "Dead Lantern" gate, 5 miles from the ranch house. As they trudge wearily through a gulch approaching the ranch house, a voice whispers "Go back! Go back!" At the ranch house they are greeted suspiciously by Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed negro and indian blood, the gaunt rancher partner, Snavelly. Snavelly is difficult to understand but regardless, Ruth takes up the task of trying to adjust their three lives to the ranch and its development.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

NINTH INSTALMENT

Old Charley was explaining his purchases; "You see, I hunted all over town but I didn't have no luck with habits like you wanted. I could have got one outfit but it didn't look like it would last long, so I got you these." Ruth opened the package and found three pairs of overalls with short jackets to match. There was a bright copper rivet at the beginning of each seam. She rolled them up hastily. "Most everybody in this country wears them," said the old man. "They ain't fancy but they're good riding clothes."

Old Charley took another package from the car with some embarrassment. "I had some money left, Mrs. Warren, and I figured I'd add something to your outfit." He paused soberly. "I think you ought to have this—never can tell when you'll meet up with some—varmint or other—coyotes, snakes, and such."

Old Charley had unwrapped two heavy little boxes and now took from the side pocket of the car a large revolver. "This gun's one of mine—she's a dandy—I'd like you to have it, Mrs. Warren." There was a quiet, sincere tone in the old man's voice which seemed to tell the girl very clearly that she should have the weapon.

"Why—thank you—I—heavens! I'm scared to death of it!" "Here, take it." Ruth took the gun gingerly. "I brought along an extra box of shells," said Old Charley, "and we're going to have some target practice right now—when you once learn how to handle a gun, and won't be scared of it—you'll find it a heap of comfort."

And Ruth did find comfort and a satisfying thrill, when, after the fourteenth consecutive shot she sent a forty-five bullet through the lid of David's hat box at a distance of twenty feet. At about the thirtieth shot she found that she could keep her eyes open, and became really interested. Already, the heavy black gun seemed not a terrifying monster but a powerful friend. Ruth's spirits rose.

"Well, practice is what does it," remarked Old Charley; then, quickly, "but I wouldn't practice much around the home ranch if I was you, Mrs. Warren." He paused and added significantly, "I don't know as Jep Snavelly would like it—you might hit a horse or something."

Then for an hour Ruth discussed ranching with Old Charley. She soon found that the son, too, was much interested in the subject. Ruth suspected that Will Thane had gone to the city to be educated and to make some money, and that having done both, his thoughts were turning toward the country and the work he had known in boyhood. Several times she saw his eyes fixed on the mountains or gazing into the valley in the manner of one looking upon good things.

And during all of his talk—from the first two minutes after Old Charley's arrival, Ruth Warren knew that her father was not even going to answer her letter. He must have received it, or it would have been returned. Almost she wished that she had not been suspicious of Snavelly that morning five weeks ago. If she had not taken that second letter to the box herself, while Snavelly was off somewhere destroying the first, she could now blame the lack of an answer onto him and without losing caste with herself write another. But she would write no more letters. Her people were not interested in her; very well, she could take care of herself. Her pride told her that this was best—she would not have cared to have

Old Charley, for example, know that she had cried for help.

When Old Charley and his son had gone, the girl boosted David onto Sanchez and led her own horse to the gate. She paused, as her hand touched the fastening bar, and looked for a time at the crudely lettered sign. She had just put on a light coat with deep pockets—the right-hand pocket sagged heavily with the weight of its contents. She thrilled with the comfort of this weight and pressed it against her side. It added greatly to her growing sense of power; she knew many worthwhile things about ranching, and she could shoot a revolver. Suddenly she dropped Brisket's reins, picked up a stone and hammered the sign off the gate. "Just what kind of a situation is that Dad?" Will was asking, as ancient Lena bore them over the hill to the south of the gate.

"Danged if I rightly know," replied Old Charley. "I'd like to ask her some things straight out—but—oh, hell, she knows what she's up against and she



Already, the heavy black gun seemed not a terrifying monster, but a powerful friend.

ain't the kind that wants their private affairs nosed into.

"No, I can see that," replied Will thoughtfully. "Cute kid," remarked Old Charley a moment later.

"I'll say so! How in the world she ever got out here—" Will paused abruptly. "He is a nice little fellow, all right, and what a kick he got out of that hat! He seems to be taking to the life."

"Yeah," interrupted the father, "a very cute kid." *****

Ruth awaited the opportunity and finally cornered Snavelly late one afternoon by the door of the saddle shed.

"Mr. Snavelly, I mentioned at our last talk that I was going to write for capital to improve the ranch—I—it seems there will be some delay."

Snavelly smile dsourly. "But," continued the girl hastily, "I

am sure that we can do a good deal without capital. First, I understand that the rains are expected about the end of June—less than a month away. You say that the big watering pond will carry us over, but that all the feed will soon be gone in that neighborhood. If we do have rains won't the other ponds which are down in the meadow lands be filled?"

"Maybe," he shrugged, "but they ain't deep enough to hold it long—"

"Then the thing to do is to have them deepened before the rain comes, don't you think so?"

"Where are you goin' to get the money fer diggin' 'em out?"

"Well, that should be possible—let's say that we deepen the three lower ponds. You say there's one hundred and fifty-one dollars in the bank; we could get a couple of Mexicans from that little border town—Palo Verde—for about four dollars a day. And we have the plow and horses and Fresno. If the money won't be enough we could pay them off with an old cow or two—they'll do anything for fresh beef, you know."

Snavelly shook his head. "Since you come we'll have to spend that money for more grub."

"Oh, I hardly think so. I've taken an inventory of what we have and I think it will last a long time—if we don't hold any banquets or celebrations," she said.

Snavelly looked at the girl curiously. Ruth hardly paused for breath. "So let's get at the ponds right away. Now, then, as we're going to have plenty of water we should get some more stock. I should think it would be possible to get a few head—say about two hundred more cows and at least twenty young bulls by swinging some sort of dicker with some other rancher—"

Snavelly did not speak for nearly a minute. At last he said slowly, "You are getting onto a heap o' things, ain't you?"

"I'm doing my best. Mr. Snavelly—this ranch is going to be a real ranch some day and we've got to think of everything and take advantage of everything which will help us."

"Well, while you're thinkin' of everything, suppose you think of what will happen if we don't get no rain this summer."

"Well, I once knew a man who had lived in this country for more than sixty years and HE said that nobody can tell anything about the weather. So you see we can't shape our course very clearly on experience. But we can go ahead as though things were going to be as they usually are. And of course we must have the ponds deepened anyway—even if we don't try to get more cattle just now."

Snavelly regarded the girl through half-closed eyes. "Say, jest what do you think you know about this country, anyways—do you figger you can tell me how to run this ranch? You don't know nothin'; you can't tell a watering trough from a rowboat. You been here a couple o' months an' you aim to tell me how to run a twenty-thousand acre cow ranch. If you think

you can head me the way you want me to go, think again! I offered to buy you out, fair an' square once, an' you don't have sense enough to take me up. All right, I'm a mind to take back that there offer an' let you bump into a few things. Before a month's out you'll come beggin' me for train fare out of here. If you're so set on improvin' things, fly to it"—he thrust his face forward—"but don't figger none on me; this ranch is like I want it now!"

Ruth was white, but she answered evenly as she turned to walk away. "Very well, Mr. Snavelly. There's only one thing for me to do now."

Snavelly let her take perhaps a dozen steps, then, "What did you say? What's that you're aimin' to do?"

Ruth stopped and faced him, her heart pounding. "Mr. Snavelly, I am going to improve this ranch. You are my partner and it's one partner's duty to help the other. I don't pretend to know much about this work, but I know a great deal more than I did, and I do understand the general principle that to make improvements we have got to begin. If you feel that we should go on as you always have, then you and I do not agree and we shall have to ask for outside help to settle our difficulties. I have certain rights on this ranch and I shall go to town next mail day and consult a lawyer. I wanted to go in with you and get some legal advice in the first place—"

"Now, listen here, pardner—" He walked toward her. His attitude had changed. "I've already told you there's no legal advice needed. Your will is all straight and I recognize it. That's all that's necessary—if you didn't have no right here—his voice rose shrilly—"if you didn't—" he choked back his words and for a moment was silent, then—"Look here, we cant stand no fussin', I'm a queer one all right, you probably think—and you're probably right, but I'm your pardner and we've got to work together. The objections I had to your schemes awhile back was just because they didn't seem possible. But I see now that you're right in one thing. We got to get a start on improvement. All right, let's tackle them represas. I'll go to Palo Verde tomorrow and by next day I'll be back with a couple of chalos. And we can start in. Mrs. Warren, I aim to do anythin' I can to help fix up the ranch

back to the adobe ruin. Somehow the fact that Snavelly had agreed to do as she wished made her fear him the more. He knew now that she was not going to be easy to handle; what would he do next? She did not believe that he would mildly subside.

As David was outside earnestly endeavoring to rope a rooster with a miniature riata, Ruth unlocked her trunk and took a comforting peek at the ugly, black revolver. She wished she could practice more with it. . . . After a time she re-locked the trunk and moved her chair near the doorway where she could keep an eye on David, and watch the sunset shadows steal past her into the distant valley. The old oak tree spread its protecting arms—a faithful, gentle guardian. . . .

(Continued Next Week)

you can head me the way you want me to go, think again! I offered to buy you out, fair an' square once, an' you don't have sense enough to take me up. All right, I'm a mind to take back that there offer an' let you bump into a few things. Before a month's out you'll come beggin' me for train fare out of here. If you're so set on improvin' things, fly to it"—he thrust his face forward—"but don't figger none on me; this ranch is like I want it now!"

Cobalt Churches

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. T. E. McAllister—Pastor
11 a.m.—Morning Worship.
2.30 p.m.—Bible School.
7 p.m.—Gospel Service.

COBALT UNITED CHURCH

Rev. E. Gilmour Smith, B. A.,
11 a.m.—Morning Worship.
2.30 p.m.—Church School.
7 p.m.—Evening Worship.

ST. JAMES CHURCH

Rev. C. Glover, B.A., L.S.T.,
8.00 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11.00 a.m.—Holy Communion
(1st, 3rd, 5th.)
Matins—(2nd and 4th.)
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

SALVATION ARMY
Captain Fred Poulton
Lieut. Robert White
SUNDAY
11 a.m.—Holiness Service.
2.15 p.m.—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Salvation Service.
Thur., 8 p.m.—Prayer Meeting.
Fri., 8 p.m.—Y. P. Guild.

UNITED CHURCH of CANADA
In North Cobalt and Latchford
Latchford— Sunday School—10 a.m.
Preaching Service—11 a.m.
N. Cobalt Preaching Service—2.30 p.m.
Temagami Preaching Service—8.30 p.m.
S. Scott Milley, Minister.

Frank H. Todd

EVERY KIND OF

INSURANCE

We can insure anything or anybody. Just Phone us.

Phone 54

Over Giachino's Store

COBALT

Want Ads. Bring Results

F. O'HEARN & CO.

STOCKS — BONDS — GRAIN

KIRKLAND LAKE — COBALT — TIMMINS

Private Wires to all Leading Financial Markets and Northern Mining Centres

BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Frederick Elliot
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Ontario and British Columbia
INVESTMENTS, LOANS, ETC.
JORY BLOCK HAILEYBURY

F. L. Smiley, K.C.
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Crown Attorney, District Temiskaming
Associate Counsel
Honorable W. A. GORDON, K.C.
Offices: Court House Haileybury

C. F. Tuer
BARRISTER SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC
Bank of Nova Scotia Building
HAILEYBURY, ONT. PHONF 360

William C. Inch
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
and NOTARY PUBLIC
77 Browning Street
HAILEYBURY, ONTARIO

K. M. Stephen
Life, Health, Accident, Fire, Automobile
INSURANCE
The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada,
The General Accident Assurance Co. of Canada,
Several First Class Fire Companies
60 Browning St. HAILEYBURY Phone 32.

Dr. R. H. O'Neill
DENTIST
Liggert Block Main and Ferguson
HAILEYBURY
Phone—Office 11. Residence 132

Dr. W. R. Somerville
DENTIST
Bank of Nova Scotia Building
MAIN & FERGUSON HAILEYBURY

Eric E. Smith
PIANO TUNING
Practical Instruction in Violin Playing
given at your home
VIOLINS SOLD AT REASONABLE PRICES
BOX 556 NEW LISKEARD

W. E. Bagshaw
INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS
Automobile, Accident and Sickness a
specialty. Best of Companies.
Insure Anything Insurable
OFFICE:—HOTEL HAILEYBURY

JACK RYDER
PLUMBING, HEATING
and REPAIRING
Phone 207, Blackwall Street.
Your Complete Satisfaction is My Guarantee

Saxton Electric
Blackwall Street Phone 243
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS
CONTRACTS ESTIMATES

WINTER HAS NO TERROR FOR THEM THIS YEAR



These citizens of the United States who looked forward to a cheerless Winter this time last year, are in a far different spirit this season, owing to measures taken by President Roosevelt for their well-being. At the top, members of the Civilian Conservation Corps at Camp 22, near Peekskill, N.Y., stage a snowball battle after their day's work. Below, girls of "Camp Tera", Bear Mountain, N.Y., camp for unemployed girls, enjoy a toboggan ride that ended when a snow drift appeared.

Renewal Subscriptions

For the convenience of our Cobalt Subscribers, arrangements have been made with the L. STADELMAN CO., Cobalt, to receive renewal subscriptions to The Haileyburian and Cobalt Weekly Post. The Stadelman Co. will be glad to have you call at their store for this purpose, and will issue receipts for all amounts paid. No need to worry about sending your remittance to Haileybury. Just take your Address Label to Stadelman's and get your Receipt.

The Haileyburian & Cobalt Post