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Thomas Gallon was mentioned in many ways. Instead of using 10 per cent dynamite everywhere and detonating it by electricity, he still insisted on using old-fashioned powder and tamping it with a fuse, a sign of his obstinacy.



"The Master Key" Mine.

over Ruth that she was not strong enough to stop its momentum on the long trestle that led to the dump. She was fleeing death by fire and gas and rock only to be buried headlong over the lofty end of the track.

CHAPTER IV. The Rescue.

AFTER talking to the engineer, John Dorr had missed Gallon and saw him at the anchor age of the ore cable car up the hill, across the gulch from the trestle.

"John," said Gallon, "I am getting old. Years ago there were two partners of us prospected this country, and we found free milling gold. I say 'we,' John, but there was a little girl— I kept the location of that mine to myself. There was trouble, John. He suspected me"— He turned his dimming eyes on the stalwart young man in entreaty.

John Dorr's eyes saw the miners in the camp, wives and all, streaming out and staring upward. They had got the meaning of that cry. He thought to himself, "Where is Ruth?" It came over him that she was bringing luncheon to her father and himself in the mine. He stared up at that dark hole in the hillside and saw an eddy of smoke. Instantly he knew that she must be somewhere within that dark depth.

With all the force of his lungs he bawled down to the engineer, who was staring stupidly upward; swung himself into the bucket, pulled his signal whistle out of his pocket and blew it furiously.

followed. All he saw was the upturned face of the girl he loved, swinging a hundred feet above death in his strong arms, safe.

About 3,000 miles away a dark and splendid woman was looking critically at her maid "Eloise," she was saying, "I don't like to be waked this early in the morning. I have told you often enough about this. What do you mean by disturbing me for a mere letter?"

The woman under the roseate coverlets held out her jeweled hand. The maid gave one swift glance at her mysterious, araucarian eyes and vanished. As she closed the door after her the envelope, torn into shreds, fell to the floor.

Mrs. Dornell sat up alertly and quickly perceived the slow, even script written on the old-fashioned blue lined paper of a country hotel:

Dear Cousin Jean— Since you last heard from me I have found Gallon. I am leaving today for Silent Valley. His "Master Key" mine is only ten miles from there. Won't he be surprised to see me? I will let you know later how our scheme comes out.

Goodbye for now. Keep mum! As ever. HARRY.

When Gallon thought he had killed Wilkerson he became infected with the ineradicable disease of dread. In his conversation with John Dorr he had given first expression to his feelings.

A moment later John Dorr entered with Ruth in his arms. The old man merely looked up. "Always look after her, John," he said slowly, "and if Wilkerson comes back"—

Ruth, freshly clad and wholly recovered from her experience, wondered at her father's attitude. She stepped softly toward him. He did not turn. She went nearer. She laid her soft hands on his shoulder and then, as if the fingers of life long fear were touching the very nerves of his being.

By the magic of the strange phantasmagoria which represents our mental processes if we look at them carefully he did see the face of Harry Wilkerson. "A-a-a-h!" he breathed. His eyes closed, compelled to by his troubled conscience, but he was recalled by a loved and familiar voice: it was Ruth bending over him, saying, "Father, father, what is the matter?"

The old man suddenly looked up, still fearful that he was to see that feared and hated face. "Ruth!" he said, and it struck him that on her face was a look almost of terror.

He must reassure her. Dread and fear and terror do not belong in the hearts of maidens. By a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and smiled.

"Why, nothing was the matter, child. I was only thinking."

But there was something in his tone that made Ruth draw back. In her innocence she had not learned to discern the difference between the various rude passions that govern this world. She was still afraid. She crept out the door.

As Ruth closed the door softly behind her she saw a light burning in John Dorr's cabin, and there flooded over her a sense of relief that there was some one to whom she could go. Careless of maiden modesty, western girl as she was, obsessed by the fear of that strange event she had just left in the luminous, she fled up the hill toward that one beacon that held out hope of life and—did she know it?—love.

Once at the door she knocked hard because it seemed to her that she had been pursued up the hill by some strange and miserable demon.

"John, John," she cried. The door was swung open, and he appeared, his bulk filling the yellow opening from jamb to jamb.

The moment he appeared it came over her that she had done an unconventional thing, yet there was that demon of fear creeping up the hill after her, and she turned her eyes to the kind, brave face of the engineer and held out her slender arms and whispered: "John, I don't understand. Something has happened. I am scared." John Dorr looked down at her fair face for a moment and shut his eyes. Was it true that she had finally come to him? He, too, felt the presence of dread. Way down the hill, across the gulch drenched in moonlight and shadows, it seemed to him that he saw one of those grotesque and impossible figures, mirages of the desert night. Then he took Ruth into his strong arms.

Thus it is in this world that those whose arms are empty feel the fingers of fear at their throats, and only those whose arms are filled can look boldly into the night and defy the fiends of darkness.

A tall, dark, stern man, who did not tilt the porter, got off the Overland express at Silent Valley. The little town lay there like a mirage of some man's dream. There was but one familiar building in the place, and Harry Wilkerson gazed at it and smiled.

"Well," he said audibly, "this looks like old times! Now to find Gallon!" It seems that in that clear dusk which marks the border line between life



Wilkerson Remembered That Long Night When He Had Crept to Safety.

and death we see things more clearly than at any other time, and Harry Wilkerson, as he looked over the familiar valley, remembered that long night when almost mortally wounded by Thomas Gallon's bullet he had crept to safety. Every peak, gully and gulch was as plain to him as it was on that night, but this time it conveyed a different meaning. During those long hours of agony and three years ago this scene had meant to him simply a hell from which he must struggle out. Now it was a paradise he was going to regain.

He had heard a great deal about Gallon's mediocre success, and he did not fully understand why it was that "The Master Key" mine did not pay better. Was it possible that his former partner had not been able to find that rich vein of gold after all? He smiled again. He would find it.

Then there was that girl whose vivacity and beauty he had heard so much about.

Some instinct told him that Gallon must be ever thinking of him, and with the dramatic impulse of a man who has long nursed the hope of bitter vengeance, he planned his reappearance. He would find his old partner alone, and there and then they would once more have it out. This was the reason that he had not taken the motor stage, but had come on horseback, all so lightly watching for his opportunity. His keen eyes scanned the scene below him and easily picked out the bungs low.

Those whom we most want to forget reappear at strange times. Thomas Gallon saw the ghost of the partner he had murdered on the crest of the hill above the mine they had discovered years ago together. How shall he still save for his daughter Ruth the property for which he gave his happiness? Continued next week

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Announcement

The attention of the public is invited to the following provision of the law recently enacted by Congress and entitled an "Act to Increase the Internal Revenue, and for Other Purposes."

Telegraph and telephone messages: It shall be the duty of every person, firm, or corporation owning or operating any telegraph or telephone line or lines to make within thirty days after the expiration of each month a sworn statement to the collector of internal revenue in each of their respective districts, stating the number of dispatches, messages, or conversations originated at each of their respective exchanges, toll stations, or offices, and transmitted thence over their lines during the preceding month for which a charge of 15 cents or more was imposed, and for each of such messages or conversations the said person, firm, or corporation SHALL COLLECT FROM THE PERSON PAYING FOR THE MESSAGE or conversation a tax of 1 cent in addition to the regular charges for the message or conversation, which tax the said person, firm, or corporation shall in turn pay to the said collector of internal revenue of their respective districts.

Complying with the above requirement covering the collection of this tax, the Telephone Company will, beginning December 1st, 1914, collect from patrons of Public Stations the tax of one cent for each message for which the charge is fifteen cents or more, and will add one cent to the regular subscriber's monthly toll statement for each such message.

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