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cent dynamite everywhere and deto nating it by electricity, he still insisted on using old fashfoned powder and tamping it with a fuse, a sign of his

She climbed into the ore car and tried to unset the brakes. It was ber only hope. Then she realized that the cable was still attached She climbed down by the light of the now flaming fuse and unhooked the heavy shackle. A moment later she was again in the car with her little hands firmly on the lever. With strength bred of despera tion she managed to release it.

The heavy car slowly creaked away down the dark tunnel. Then it came



"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 hurled headlong over the lofty end of the track. A vision rose before her of being flung through the bright California air right at her father's feet. Behind her she heard the sputtering of the last few inches of the fuse. She crouched in the car Just as it emerged from the tunnel's mouth it was as if a buge hand thrust the car forward. The boom of the ex plosion deafened her. She stood up new in the wildly speeding car and cried, "John, John!"

> CHAPTER IV. The Rescue.



TER talking to the engineer John Dorr had missed Gallon and saw him at the anchor age of the ore cable car up across the gulch from the

"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 my self. There was trouble, John. He suspected me"- He turned his dim ming eyes on the stalwart young man in entreaty. "I guess you know why I tried to keep those plans to myself."

"Who is the man?" demanded the en gineer, patting the great iron ore car rier with his hand as a man pacifies a restless animal.

At that moment there came a faint cry from a miner on the trestle.

"What does be want?" demanded Gailon peevishly.

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 lunch eon 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 be knew that she must be somewhere within that dark depth.

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

The engineer seemed to listen for a moment, then kicked off his brake and blew his answering whistle. A second later the bucket was swinging down the lofty cable across the gulch

It was not clear in John's mind how he could rescue Ruth. The quickest way to get to the trestle was by the bucket; then he would have those long. long stretches of ties to traverse, and when he reached that smoke filled tun nel could be get through? He must He steadled himself and thought, his eyes fixed on the hole in the hillside.

The bucket was still surging a hundred feet away from his goal when he saw the ore car emerge and in it the slender form of Ruth. No one realized better than he that her strength was not equal to setting those brakes and that she had escaped one death only to

meet another. His trained eye caught sight of one chance. He yelled down to the engineer, "Quick, quick. Tubbs!"

The engineer's blank face upturned toward him seemed that of a man dazed by imminent disaster, but John Dorr's imperious will reached across and down that space. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and as he did so John Dorr swung himself over the edge of the bucket and, hanging down by his knees right over the tres I was only thinking." tle, waited for the oncoming car.

ance herself in the swaying ore car own down, and as the mass of steel door. and ore dashed under him, caught her up. He did not hear the crash that upon his empty arms.

Thomas Gallon was him mentioned in followed. All be saw was the upturned many ways Instead of using 100 per face of the girishe loved, swinging a hundred feet above death in his strong

> About 3.000 miles away a dark and splendid woman was looking critically ut ber 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?" "You told me, madame, always to call you when there was a letter in this handwriting."

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

Mrs. Darnell sat up alertly and quickly perused 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

Goodby for now. Keep mum! As ever

When Gallon thought be 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. The young mining engineer on account of his youth did not fully understand that men do not speak of such things until age-loosener of tongues as well as of the chords of life-suddenly opresses them-makes them feel help less, brings them to a realization of what the ultimate fact of death means He had barely caught the appeal in the old man's voice when he had com prehended Ruth's peril.

The old man, with shaking limbs, had watched the rescue. When he saw that his daughter was safe he also perceived the solution of his problem. Here was a quick mind needed to protect Ruth's property. Somewhere in that hill was the richest of Califor nia gold. Once more he said to himself, "John Dorr can find the master

Feeling himself too weak to meet the girl who was now clinging limply to her rescuer and also discerning in his own slowing pulse that his time was short, he went down the hill, crossed the guich without a word to the won dering miners and entered the bunga

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"-

Dorr looked at the old man with pity in his eyes. "She isn't hurt." he said. gently putting her down on the couch. Then he straightened up. "I'll always look after her." he promised.

Gallon stared over at the white face of his daughter as she lay unconscious on the couch. "Humph"- thus expressing to himself his own comprehension of the fact that there was coming such a period in his own life. He went out without a look backward When he returned the room was empty. He fingered the books on the table and fell into a state of profound thought. He did not hear the door open behind

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 touch ing the very nerves of his being. Thomas Gallon slowly twisted his head by a supreme effort of will to see the sight which of all things in the world he did not want to see the face of his

By the magic of the strange phantasmagoria which represents our mental processes if we look at them carefully be did see the face of Harry Wilkerson

"A-a-a-h!" be 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, stil 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 hell from which he must struggle out.



"Father, father, what is the matter?" hearts of maidens. By a tremendous

effort he pulled himself together and

"Why, nothing was the matter, child.

But there was something in his tone "Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth, come to that made Ruth draw back. In her innocence she had not learned to discern He saw her turn toward him, bal- the difference between the various rude passions that govern this world. and lift up her arms. He stretched his | She was still afraid. She crept out the

Gallon let his head fall on the table

As Ruth closed the door softly be-John Dorr's cabin, and there flooded over her a seuse of relief that there Careless of maiden modesty, western girl as she was, obsessed by the fear toward that one beacon that held out hope of life and-did she know it?-

Once at the door she knocked hard because it seemed to ber that she had been pursued up the hill by ac strange and miserable demon "John, John," she cried

The door was flung open, and he ap peared, his bulk filling the reliow open ing from jamb to jamb

The moment be appeared it came over her that she had done an unconventional thing, yet there was that demon of fear creeping up the bill after her, and she turned her eyes to the kind, brave face of the engineer and held out her siender arms and whis pered; "John. I don't 'understand Something has happened. I am seared "

John Dorr looked down at her fatr face for a moment and shut his eye lids Was it true that she had finally come to him? He, too, felt the presage of dread Way down the hill neroes the gulch drenched in mountight 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

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 holdly into the night and defy the flends of

And the man whose arms held nothing, whose hands were clinched in an agony of enimenating fear, saw through the window a figure of a man on horseback on the crest of the hill.

A tall, dark, stern man, who did not tip the porter, got off the Overland ex press at Silent Valley. The little ham let lay there like a mirage of some man's dream. There was but one fa miliar building in the place, and Harry Wilkerson gazed at it and smiled

"Well," he said audibly, "this tooks like old times! Now to find Gallon." It seems that in that clear dusk which marks the horder 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 tooked over the famillar valley, remembered that long night when almost mortally wounded by Thomas Gallon's bullet be and crept to safety. Every peak, gully and guich was as plain to him as it was on that night, but this time it conveyed a dif ferent menning. During those long hours of agony and thirst years ago this scene had meant to him simply a

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.

Now it was a paradise be was going

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 reappear ance. 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, st lently watching for his opportunity. His keen eyes scanned the scene below him and easily picked out the bunga

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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