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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

—14—

"You don't learn anything, Riles, do you? You don't know anything more about making money than you did 20 years ago."

"Well, maybe I don't, and maybe I do, but I can pay my way, an' I can go back t' Plainville when I like, too."

"Don't get hot," said Gardiner, with unshaken composure. "I'm just trying to put you wise to yourself. Don't make any difference to me if you spend your whole life sod-busting; it's your life—spend it any way you like. But it's only men who don't know any better that go on to the land nowadays. It's a lot easier to make a living out of farmers than out of farming."

"Well, p'r'aps so, but that's more in your line. I never——"

"That's just what I say—you never learn. Now look at me. I ain't wearing my last suit, nor spending my last dollar, either, and I haven't done what you'd call a day's work since I came west. There's other things so much easier to do."

"Meanin'?——"

"Oh, lots of things. Remittance men, for instance. These woods are full of them. Chaps that never could track straight in the old ruts and were sent out here where there aren't any ruts at all. They're not a bad bunch; brought up like gentlemen, most of 'em; play the piano and talk in three or four languages, and all that kind of stuff, but they're simply dangerous with money. So when it comes to hand, in the public interest they have to be separated from it."

"Sounds interestin'," said Riles.

"'Tis, too, especially when one of 'em don't take to the treatment and lays for you with a gun. But my hair's all there. That's what comes of wearing a tall hat."

"Tell me," said Riles, his face lit up with interest, "how d'ye do it?"

"'Twouldn't do you any good," said Gardiner. "You've steered too many plow handles to be very nimble with your fingers. But there's often other game to be picked up, if a man knows where to look for it."

"Well, I wish I knew," Riles confessed. "Not anythin' crooked, y' know, but something like—well, something like you're doin'. I've worked hard for ev'ry nickel I ever made, an' I reckon if there's easy money goin' I've a right t' get some of it."

"Now you're beginning to wake up. Though, mind you, some of it isn't as easy as it looks. You've got to know your business, just like farming or anything else. But you can generally land something to live on, even if it ain't a big stake. Take me now, for instance. I ain't doing anything that a preacher mightn't do. Happened to fall in with a fellow who owns a ranch up the river here. Cleaned him empty one night at cards—stood him up for his last cent, and he kind o' took a notion to me. Well, he's the son of a duke or an earl, or some such thing, and not long ago the governor goes and dies on him, leaving him a few castles and bric-a-brac like that and some wagon loads of money. So he had to go home for the time being, and as he wanted someone to run his ranch, who should he think of but me. Suppose he thought if I happened to bet it at poker some night I wouldn't lose it, and that's some consideration. He's got 1,000 acres or so of land up there, with a dozen cayuses on it, and he gives me 25 pounds a month, with board and lodging and open credit at the trading company, to see that it doesn't walk away in his absence. Besides that, I hire a man to do the work, and charge his wages up in the expenses. Got a good man, too—one of those fellows who don't know any better than work for a living. By the way, perhaps you know him—comes from Plainville part—Travers his name is?"

"Sure," said Riles. "He worked for Harris, until they had a row and he lit out. It kind o' bulled Harris up, too, although he'd never admit it. If he'd Travers there it'd be easier for him t' get away now."

"Where's Harris going?"

"He ain't goin'; he's comin'. Comin' out here in a few days after me. I'm his kind o' advance guard, spyin' out the land."

"You don't say? Well, see and make him come through with the expenses. If I was traveling for Jack Harris I wouldn't be sleeping in a hen coop like this. He's worth yards of money, ain't he?"

"Oh, some, I guess, but perhaps not so much more'n his neighbors."

"Nothing personal, Riles. You've got to get over that narrowness if you're going to get into the bigger game I've been telling you about. I don't care how much you're worth—how much is Harris bringing with him?"

"Couple of hundred dollars, likely."

"I wouldn't show my hand for that. How much can he raise?"

"Well, supposin' he sold the old farm——"

"Now don't do any reckless supposing. Will he sell the farm?"

"Sure, he'll sell it if he sees something better."

"How much can he get for it?"

"Thirty or $40,000."

"That's more like a stake. Hiram, it's up to you and me to show him something better—and to show it to him when he's alone. * * * You're tired tonight. Sleep it out, and we'll drive over to the ranch tomorrow together. We ought to pick something better than a homestead out of this."

* * * * * * * * *

Notwithstanding the exhaustion occasioned by his journey Riles was early about. The unexpected meeting with Gardiner, the latter's evident prosperity, and his frank contempt for men who made their living by labor, had left a deep impression upon Riles. He had no idea by what means Gardiner proposed that they should possess themselves of Harris' money, and he felt some doubt about any such attempt being rewarded with success. Nevertheless, Gardiner seemed to think the matter a simple one enough, and Gardiner's good clothes and good cigars were evidence of his ability to carry his plans into effect.

Riles breakfasted as soon as the dining room was opened, eating his meal hurriedly, as he always did, albeit the French-fried potatoes, to which he was unaccustomed, could be poised on his knife only with considerable effort. Then he sat down in an arm chair on the shady side of the hotel to wait for Gardiner. He had suddenly lost his interest in the free lands which had been the purpose of his journey.

It was almost noon when Gardiner appeared on the scene. "You don't hurt you'self in the mornin's," was Riles' greeting.

"Don't need to," he answered cheerily. "Besides, I'd a long session after I left you last night. No, no particulars at present. I told you you had spoiled your hands for that kind of work. How d'ye like this air? Isn't that something worth breathing?"

"Good enough," said Riles, "but I didn't come out here for air."

"No, you came for land. I'm surprised you're not out bouncing over the prairie in a buckboard long before this."

Riles shot a quick glance at Gardiner. But he was puffing a cigar and drinking in the warm sunshine with obvious satisfaction.

"So I might o' been, but I thought we kind o' made a date last night, didn't we?"

"Did we? Oh, yes; now I remember. But I thought perhaps you'd feel different about it in the morning. A man generally does. I won't hold you to anything you said last night, Riles."

Riles could not recall that he had said anything that committed him in any way, but Gardiner's tone implied that plainly enough.

"I ain't changed my mind," he said, "but I don't know 's I said anything bindin', did I? I thought we was goin' t' drive out t' your place t'day an' talk things over."

"Well, I just didn't want you to lose any time over me if you thought things wouldn't work out," said Gardiner. "It takes more nerve, you know, than hoeing potatoes. But you're welcome to the hospitality of the ranch, in any case. I came in on horseback, so we'll get a team at one of the stables and drive out."



"I Won't Hold You to Anything You Said Last Night, Riles."

In a short time they were on their way. The road skirted the river, threading its way through the narrow belt of cotton woods and evergreens that found footing in the moist soil of the valley.

"It's all right, Riles," Gardiner was saying. "If you're prepared to stay with the deal we can pull it through—no doubt about that. That is, if Harris will sell his farm and come out here with the cash in his jeans. If he won't do that, you better get busy on your homestead proposition right away."

"He'll do it all right, if he sees somethin' worth while. But Harris 's no spring chicken, an' you'll have t' show him somethin' t' his likin' before he loosens up."

"I don't care whether he loosens up or not," said Gardiner. "All I care is that he brings the money, and brings it in bills. No checks, mind you. Get him out here with the cash on him, and I'll do the loosening up, if it comes to that."

Riles was somewhat alarmed at the sinister turn of the conversation. He had no compunction about getting the better of his old neighbor, the man who had entrusted him with the discharge of their joint mission, but he had considerable respect for the force, if not the principle, of the law.

"You don't mean that you'd do anythin'—anythin' that wasn't right?" he said. "I wouldn't want t' get mixed up in no scrape, y' know."

"You mean that you think more of your skin than you do of Harris' coin. Well, there's no accounting for tastes. But as for doing anything wrong—you ought to know me better than that. It will all be clean and above board, and no violence if it can be helped, but if Harris is unfortunate nobody's to blame for that. Of course, if you're afraid to take a sportsman's chance for one-half of $40,000, call the deal off. I've got lots of other fish to fry."

"You don't understand," said Riles. "I ain't a'scared, but I don't want t' do nothin' that'll get us into trouble. Harris is an old neighbor o' mine, an'——"

"I understand perfectly. You wouldn't mind a piece of Harris' money served on a platter and wrapped in tissue paper, but you want somebody else to take the chances. Now, there won't be any chances to speak of, but what there are you take your share. If that's a bargain it's a bargain, and if it isn't we'll talk about the weather. What d'you say?"

"It's a bargain," said Riles, "provided your plan'll work out."

"It's got to work out. It's like going up in a balloon—if it doesn't work out it's all off with the engineer. You got to take the chance, Hiram, and then make good on the chance."

Riles chewed vigorously at his tobacco. "Explain how you're goin' to pull it off," he said, "an' then I'll tell you yes or no."

"Not on your life," said Gardiner. "I don't show my hand until I know who's sitting across."

There was silence for one-half a mile, while Riles turned the matter over in his mind. He was naturally a coward, but he was equally a moneygrabber, and it was one instinct against the other. Avarice won it, and at length he extended his hand to Gardiner. "I'm in on anythin' you're in on," he said.

"That sounds like it," said Gardiner, with enthusiasm. "Now the whole thing's simple as A B C, and not half as dangerous as running a traction engine or breaking a broncho. It all rests on getting him out here with the money, and that's where you come in. I don't mind telling you if it wasn't for the help you can give there I'd handle the job myself, and save dividing the proceeds."

"Yes, that's the point, all right," said Riles, somewhat dubiously. "How're we goin' to' get him out here with all that money?"

"Think, Riles," said Gardiner, puffing complacently at a fresh cigar. "Think hard."

Riles wrinkled his forehead and spat copiously at the front hub, but the inspiration would not come. "I give it up," he said at last. "You'll have t' plan it, an' I'll carry it out."

"That's what comes of hard work, Hiram; you lose all your imagination. Right now you haven't any more imagination than a cabbage. Now, I could suggest a dozen schemes to suit the purpose if I had to, but one will do. Suppose this:

"These mountains up here are full of coal—more coal than can be burnt in a million years. It's a bad road in, but once you get there you'll see it lying in seams, 10, 15, 20 feet thick, and stretching right through the rocks as far as you will like to follow it. That coal's going to make a bunch of millionaires some day, but not until you can get at it with something bigger than a cayuse. But railroads come fast in this country, and there's no saying how soon a man might cash in if he invested just now."

"You ain't goin' t' wait till a railroad comes, are you? We'll like enough be dead by that time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEWELS USED IN WATCHES

Hard Substance Is Needed to Withstand the Constant Friction Which Wears Away Moving Parts.

The principal reason for the deterioration of any piece of machinery is because the constant friction wears away the moving parts and interferes with the regularity of the mechanism. A watch, being a machine in which absolute uniformity of speed is essential, it is necessary to reduce this friction to a minimum—either through constant oiling, the use of ball bearings or some very hard material which will withstand the wear and tear of constant friction. The first two of these methods are not feasible in so small a piece of machinery as a watch, so certain very hard jewels are placed at various points to counteract the rubbing caused by the moving parts.

Watches are generally equipped with 7, 15, 17, 18, 21 or 23 jewels, the 15 and 17-jewel types being the most popular. Intrinsically, the jewels used in the manufacture of watches are of little value, but from the standpoint of service and the specific purpose which they serve they are invaluable. The jewels usually used in watchmaking are the hardest of the precious stones, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, and of these the most generally used is the sapphire, which combines hardness with comparatively reasonable price.

Cow Had Novel Ride.

Motorists of Williamsport, Pa., waiting at a railroad crossing for a train to pass, found out the reason why the pilot of a locomotive is called a cowcatcher. On that part of the engine a middle-aged cow sat, taking in the view, if not enjoying the ride. When the motorists signaled the engineer the train stopped and the cow was assisted from her perch, none the worse for her experience. Where and how she was picked up, the train men did not know.

On Peruvian Railways.

The railways of central Peru spread out in a Y, at the right-hand end of which is Huancayo, something more than 200 miles from Lima. At every railroad station, old women crowd through the cars selling the favorite nectar of the Incas, all purchasers drinking from the same cup, and generally several from the same filling. Nearly every traveler has his own supply of a more potent native beverage.

Early Mesmerism.

Braidism is an old name for hypnotism, derived from James Braid, who invented this species of mesmerism in 1843.

What men want is not talent; it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Bulwer.

Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading



MR. YOUNG DOG

MR. YOUNG DOG had been told by his mother, who was a good rat catcher, that the one thing in his life worth while was to watch a rat hole and catch the rat.

But Mr. Young Dog was very fond of play and he did not want to work, and it was some time before his mother would trust him to hunt alone.

One morning she decided he must catch a rat all by himself or the master would soon be tired of feeding him, so she found a hole in the barn floor where she was sure there was a rat living and told her son to sit near and catch the rat.



Mr. Young Dog sat down behind a barrel, but pretty soon a spider dangling over his head attracted his eye and he began to play with it.

When the spider drew itself up to the top of the barrel Mr. Young Dog discovered a ball on the floor and began to play with that, and as he rolled it around he saw something run across the floor and disappear into the hole his mother had told him to watch.

He looked around to see if his mother was in sight and then he sat down right beside the hole. "If he pokes out his head," said Mr. Young Dog, "I'll get him this time."

But he did not watch long before he heard a noise outside, so he turned around to see what was going on, and down went his tail right over the hole in the floor.

Mr. Young Dog moved a little and down went the tip end of his tail into the hole and the next thing he knew something nipped his tail good and hard.

Mr. Young Dog yipped and jumped and ran for the door, and there he turned around to see what was behind him, and by the side of the hole sat Mr. Rat.

"Was that your tail?" he asked, sticking up his ears; "I thought it was a bit of rope."

Mr. Rat was back in his hole before Mr. Young Dog could get him and then he knew what had happened, but, though he sat there all day, not once did he see the tip of Mr. Rat's nose, and when his mother came and found he had not caught the rat he was sent to bed without his supper.

"All play and no work make a dog very lean," said his mother, "and the sooner you learn the meaning of this Dogtown saying the better."

Mr. Young Dog was very sad and hungry, but the next day he showed his mother he understood the lesson, for he began to work and soon the barn was free from rats, and the master called him a good doggie.

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How It Started



RAISING THE HAT.

"IN DAYS of old when knights were bold" it was not always safe to go abroad unprotected. Armor was generally worn, and the helmet was indispensable. At the king's court, however, it was illegal to draw a sword, and people in the presence of the king always went bareheaded as a mark of their knowledge of their safety. The same became true in the presence of ladies, and the custom of uncovering became a mark of respect that is universal.

(Copyright.)



Not Enough.

Mrs. Flatbush—I see a ten-hour bill for domestic servants is now before the California legislature.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—It won't work.

Mrs. Flatbush—Why not?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—How are they going to make a cook stay for ten hours.—Yonkers Statesman.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

IN RESERVE.

When I'm alone
I do not moan,
And groan about my loneliness,
But turn to see
What memory
Can do to ease away my stress.

I live once more
The days of yore,
And soon the friends that used to be
With laughter clear,
And wealth of cheer,
Come flocking back to comfort me.

(Copyright.)

Gertrude Olmstead



Gertrude Olmstead, winner of a recent newspaper and Elks' beauty contest, held in Chicago, is one of the latest "movie" beauties to be introduced to the patrons of the motion picture houses. Miss Olmstead won over a large field of competitors seeking the prize in the beauty contest.

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

LEG DEVELOPMENT

THE human body should be covered evenly with a layer of soft fatty tissue. But in some cases, there is an extra amount of the tissue settled in some parts, and not enough in others. One reason why some women have fat hips with a slender body is that heavy or tight clothes are suspended from the waist, which by its very weight compels this tissue to settle further down upon the hips. Girls who work long hours in sitting positions frequently have large hips for much the same reason.

In the same way tight garters are often responsible for stopping circulation into the lower leg and therefore prevent the fatty tissue from accumulating there. Exercise is the only way to develop the legs, the more exercise the better the shape of the legs. The leg swinging movement is excellent to develop the entire body from the hips down, while walking about on the tips of the toes, by contracting and exercising the muscles of the calves, will develop the lower part of the leg.

That is one reason why dancing is such wonderful exercise for making the legs beautiful. Much of the dance is on the toes. Swimming and walking, too, will develop the leg; tennis playing is excellent as well.

The girl whose work keeps her sitting, who does not walk much, will find that bathing the leg from the knee down with hot water and massaging it vigorously while the skin is still hot and wet, will help to overcome lack of development or flabbiness.

(Copyright.)



Several Exercises Will Aid in Rounding Out Thin Legs.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"THROUGH" AND "FINISHED."

THE use of the word "through" in the sense of "finished" or "completed" is condemned by virtually all authorities on English, as a vulgarism. One writer on the proper use of words says: "Unless you have fallen through a trap door and have finished your career, do not say, 'I am through,' when you mean, 'I am finished.' The schoolboy says, 'I am through with that lesson,' when he should say, 'I have finished that lesson.' The farmer asks the man in his employ, 'Are you through with that field?' when he should have asked, 'Have you finished plowing that field?' You ask your friend, 'Are you through with that book?' when you should ask, 'Have you finished reading that book?'"

"I am through" meaning "I have finished eating" or "I have dined" is a vulgarism, according to the Standard dictionary.

(Copyright.)

Peanut Pietro

By KAYEM GRIER

MY BOSS ees preety busy guy alla right. Every day he gotta maka plenta letter or he no maka moocha profeet. Meester Bulluson, da man wot owna da post offeece, senda heem beega bunch letter every morning. And da boss he gotta senda Meester Bulluson some letter before can queeta work at night.

Lasa week he hire leetle girl worka for heem wot he calla stenog. She ees preety gooda for look, too. But I tink da boss he talka weeth dat cheecken too mooch for getta somating feenish.

Now I dunno eef da boss ees gonna craze again or wot's matter. He say ees too moocha work answer too many letter every day. He tella me eef I could speaka da Engleesh leetle better I can hava da job answer hees mail.

But I gotta suspish ees somating wrong beside dat letters wot trouble da boss. Mebbe he gotta some more fight weeth hees wife, I dunno. I no wanta butt een hees beezness or tella somating he no like, but I betta seexa bits he gonna getta trouble weeth da family over dat letters somaday.

Before dat Miss Stenog come worka for da boss I never see heem pay attensh weeth da cheecken before. But seence she been worka our place da boss he losa da head or somating.

Everyday she go een da private offeece and da boss he talka weeth her. One day I bust een dat place and da boss was talka lika devil to Miss Stenog, but she no care ver mooch. She only seet down, maka somating weeth da pencil and leesten wot he talk. Da boss he do alla da talk and dat cheecken she no say somating.

Jusa between you and me and no for spreada round, I tink eef da boss fire Miss Stenog or queet talka weeth her so mooch mebbe he getta hees letter wrote, I dunno.

Wot you tink?

The Deadly Arrow.

A mounted Indian or white man with bow and arrows sometimes could kill more buffaloes than a man could kill with a rifle, says the American Forestry Magazine. At close range the arrow was as deadly as the bullet. It made less noise, and arrows could be discharged four times as rapidly as bullets from muzzle-loading guns.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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THE NEW MONKEY.

"A monkey had just arrived at the zoo," said Daddy, "who had before been a pet of a lady. He had been fairly happy where he had been, but the lady wanted to travel and she thought it would be hard to take the monkey around with her so she gave him to the zoo.

"She had a dog too, named Raggles, who played most of the time and still was fond of chewing an old shoe if he got the chance. Raggles hadn't yet quite gotten over his puppy days. She decided she could take Raggles with her as he would like traveling better, but the monkey wasn't so very strong and she didn't think it would agree with him.

"Besides, on the trip Raggles might meet many other dogs with whom he would become friendly, whereas the monkey wouldn't be apt to meet any of his friends.

"When the monkey came to the zoo all the other monkeys said, 'How do you do,' and made other polite remarks.

"They said they were glad to see him and that they hoped he was glad to see them.

"And he wrinkled up his face and grinned and gave a little squealing noise and said he was glad to be with them too.

"'We hope,' they said, 'that you will tell us your story and of how you happened to come to the zoo and why you will stay here and if you will stay here and such things.'

"'I will be glad to,' the monkey said.

"'Do you want to tell us first or do you want to take a little rest now?' they asked.

"'I'm not tired,' the new monkey said, and so the others urged him to tell his story.

"He told them why he had come to the zoo and that he expected to stay at the zoo for he had been told so. His mistress was going abroad and probably would live there. And at any rate she would be traveling from place to place and so had left him where he would be comfortable.



Fed on Ice Cream.

"'Well,' he said, 'I used to be fed ice cream at times. I used to take some of it in my hand on the hot days as well as in my mouth!

"'And I would eat it then, and after that I would rub my back with my hand which was very cool and comfortable from having had the ice cream in it.

"'One time we were out in the country visiting and I saw something queer. I've been told since that it was a grasshopper. I thought I would catch it and find out anyway. And I did! I caught it!

"'I am quite proud of myself to think that I had been able to catch it.'

"'Well, after I had caught it I thought I would have a good look at it and so I opened my hand very, very slowly. After I did so and my hand was open I found to my great disappointment that the grasshopper had jumped away.

"'He hadn't wanted to stay with me and he hopped off just like that!

"'But I was so sad to think that I had let him go when I wanted to see what a queer-looking creature he was.

"'They told me that my expression was very funny. They said I looked so sad and so surprised that it was most amusing. But I was cross with myself afterward for I thought how stupid I had been not to know that the creature would jump away when I gave him the room.'

"'Well,' the other monkeys said, 'we're glad you've come with us and we have an idea that you'll find life with us more interesting than you did where you were, for you don't speak as though you had been so very happy.

"'You are loyal, but you don't really talk as though you had been happy.

"'Here we can pick the salt off our backs that is in our skin and we shake off the dust and the keeper explains that it is not because we are dirty, but because we are really very neat and clean!

"'He won't let people think anything wrong of us! There he comes now. Oh, he is so good to us. Hear what he has to say!'

"And they heard the keeper say, 'I must get my children something to drink now,' and one of the monkeys said to the new monkey:

"'He means us when he says that!'"

Cotton Substitute.

A substitute for absorbent cotton is obtained from pine cellulose.

What Columbus Discovered.

"What did Columbus discover?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"The Atlantic ocean," answered the small boy at the foot of the class.

"How do you know that?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the youthful student, "my book says that he came across it."

According to a Berlin specialist knitting in bed is an excellent antidote for tired nerves.

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