THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JULY 5, 1908.

EBEES THEROW

THE BUSY BEE editor is very glad to learn that so many of our boys and girls are really getting acquainted through our Post Card exchange Some very pleasant friendships have been formed among the Busy Hees through this medium and some of our girls have even been to visit other girls in other towns that they have gotten acquainted with in this way. One of our girls, Emma Marquardt of Norfolk, visited her sister in Omaha last week and was also entertained at the home of Gail Howard. Several of the boys and girls write that they expect to visit Omaha during the summer vacation and will call on The Busy Bee editor. She will be very glad to see them when they come.

Several good stories have had to go to the waste basket of late because they were not marked "Original" or the ages of the writers were not stated. This is really too bad, Busy Bees, for some of these stories would be prize winners if the rules were only observed. There have also been stories of late that, though marked "Original," have been copied stories. Please remember, boys and girls, that an original story is one that the writer has made up himself.

Prizes were awarded this week to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb., on the Red side and Harvey Crawford of Nebraska City, Neb., also on the Red side, and honorable mention given to Myrtle Jensen of Omaha on the Blue side, who wrote a Fourth of July story.

Omaha.

Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Etnerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha,

Omaha. Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street,

maha. Hligh Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,

Omaha. Louis Raabe, 2009 North Nineteenth ave-

Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth

The Postal Card exchange is still growing and now includes:

The Postal Card exchange is still gro Jean De Long, Alterworth, Neb. Irene McCox, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Essuer City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Vera Cherny, Creighton, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Ruth Astby, Fairmont, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fre-ment, Neb. Ethni Reed, Fremont, Neb. Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Jessie Crawford 466 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Chitre Roth, 666 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Vors, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Ella Vors, 467 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Allce Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
Allce Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Louise Stilles, Lyons, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Mayer Cohn, Stő Georaia avenue, Omaha, Juanlis Innes, 285 Fort street, Omaha, Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha,
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha,
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha, Marjory Bodwell, 25 South Second street, Norfolk, Neb. Emma M. cuardt, Fifth street and Madi-son avenue. Norfolk, Neb. Midfred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb. Mayer Cohn. 86 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Gall Howard, 472 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Juanita Innes, 2789 Fort street, Omaha, Ada Morris, 3434 Franklin street, Omaha, Myrthe Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha,

Andy, the Hero of Old Solitaire

By William Wallsoe, Jr.

which walled in the village. One morning Andy begged his parents'

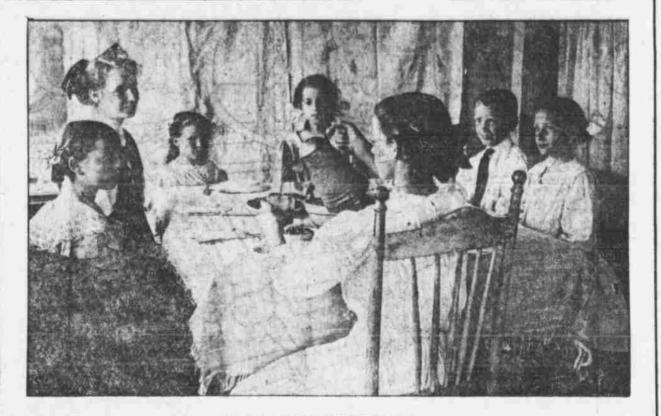
All about them was the wildest permission to visit an aunt living several

scenery and, as the mountains at this point miles down the gorge in another little town

were almost impregnable, there were few more isolated than his own, and one with

mountains of the range should claim its own.

Busy Bees in Vacation Time



AN AFTERNOON PORCH PARTY.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. NDY SIMPSON lived in a village sheriff is in too much of a hurry. He that was tucked away in a . wants to get 'em on the spot; an' if he Rocky meuntain gorge. His don't he gives it up as a bad job." 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 8. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use ever 250 words. father's house set against the Thus soliquized Andy every day, becomside of one of the highest ing more and more determined that the law

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two conaround, but they seemed to find nothing but rock. They cleaned the dirt away and found that it was several rocks laid together. When they pried these up they found a hole about two feet deep and

about seven feet long. In this place they found the bones of an Indian. His jaw was very large and every tooth was in it, and all were perfect except one, which had a hole in it that a needle would not

go in. The top of his head had been caved in; it might have been done in a was naughty and Maud was good. One day fight. With him was a broken glass their aunt came and their mamma was powder flask, a rifle, a large hunting away. Maud entertained her aunt while knife and three jackknives, also there Myrtle went out in the kitchen. She got

fairles. One was "Can't" and the other in with a check for \$3 to be cashed. I, with "Tried." two of my companions, was given to him.

Can't sat down in a chair and said: "I I expected to see some of the world, but can't do anything." no; I was put into a dark place called a Tried said: "I will try to do something," pocket. Oh, for a hole to fall through, I and she sat down and started to sew on a waited impatiently and at last he thrust piece of fine gauge that seemed to melt his hand into his pocket. What was to bein the air. Soon it was done and she said come of me now?

to Georgie: "Will you sharpen this knife?" Georgie recognized his mother's knife and I was put into a drawer with some other took it and sharpened it. money. Oh, wasn't I ever to have light? "Oh, it was easy," said Georgie. That afternoon the butcher's wife said she

"Will you try after this?" said Tried. "Oh, yes," said Georgie, "for I like you."

pay for some gloves. Taking the thin gauze, Tried put it on I walted two days, that seemed a century, Georgie, saying: "Whenever you try you until I was given to a little girl named will always be happy."

Dorothy, who took me to a toy shop and Then Tried turned to Can't, saying: "Disappear." bought some toys with me. The owner of The bonfire started from the this store gave me to his little daughter floor and Can't disappeared, and Tried Isabelle. One day she took me to Mr. said to Georgie: "I will stay with you always." "Oh, do," said Georgie, and he Marsh, the secretary of the Young Men's gave a start, for Tried was gone and he Christian association, to help with the buildwas in his own bed, and after that he al- ing fund. I like my home and hope to do ways tried and succeeded, and he said to the boys a great deal of good. himself: "Mamma's saying was true, 'Can't never did anything till it tried.'"

David's Lesson

Hagel Strayer, Aged 3 Years, Stratton, Neb Red.

"All aboard!" the conductor shouled, as Peter and Polly got on the train for Shut Once there was a boy named David Eye Town. who was always very late coming home They were both very tired and their at night. His mother had talked to him heads began to nod and they were soon a great deal about it, but he didn't pay any sound asleep. Very soon they heard the attention to what she said, so his mother conductor shout, "Shut Eye Town." thought of a good plan. She dressed as They both got off the train and as they a shost and hid in one corner of the yard. went down Good Children's street they saw David came in very late that night.

The ghost jumped up, running after him, caught the boy and seizing him by the such a good time. collar, gave him an awful shaking. Next morning he was taiking with his mother about his adventure and she said: playing blind man's buff.

"That thing is almost sure to be here every night until you come home earlier." I am glad to say David after that never large dark building and then showed them went far from home after supper and was pictures of all the naughty things they had never out after \$ o'clock.

My Two Pets

By Donna Hawes, Aged 10 years, David City, Neb. Blue,

One cold night I heard something mewing had to wipe the dishes, and just hosts of at the kitchen door. I went to the door naughty things. and there sprang into my arms my two

a rag doll. The baby's name was I took them for a walk. Marguerite and the sister's name was One's name is Tommy and the other one's

a nice new dress and marguerite whit to someone. It is a very bad kitten and likes to hurt By Irene Disher, Aged 13 Years, 2030 L Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red. the doll. Then Marguerite went out to I am very fond of my pets and never like

mamma.

everything has some use in this world;

but soon they were overcome at the points

Andy waited for no more. Like a mouse of guns and surrendered themselves. And

They looked so sad and sorry that the policeman said, "I'm sure you won't do it again," and he took their hands and led them to where the children were playing.

done that day.

to mamma.

Lost in the Alps

Katrina and Karl ware two little children

He paid part of his meat bill with me.

needed a dollar, so I was given to her,

She went to Eddy Brothers and I helped

Play Town

By Lucile Hazen, Aged 13 Years, 608 South Ninth Street, Norfolk, Neb.

little boys and girls playing and having

Peter said, "Let's go play with them." So they started toward a group of children

Then a big policeman grabbed them and said, "Come with me." He took them in a

There was Peter pulling pussy's tail and

guarreling with sister and speaking cross

Polly saw herself running away when

who lived near the foot of the Alpa. One by and Marguerite went by it to play and One day as I had them in the field watch- day they had to take their father's dinner, she dropped her dolly in. Then she went ing father plow the ground I lost Towsey, as he was working farther away than usual, into the house crying and Laura came out I cried over it more than a week, but I Their mother wrapped them up in warm and got the doll out, but the new dress could not find her. One night as I was clothes and started them on the way.

singing to my doll, Towsey came into the They reached their father in safety and room and jumped into my arms. How glad after giving him his lunch and a kiss I was to see her. After that I tried to take started home. better care of them.

On their way home they were caught in a blinding snowstorm. After wandering through the mountains for some time they got weary and lay down to sleep.

By Elsie Hamilton, Aged 13 Years, 2029 L Their father went home and found his Street, Lincoln, Neb. Blue. Children were not there. He got his St. "Mamma," said Johnny, "You said that Bernard dogs and started in search of them.

By Clare Rosenberg, Aged 8 Years. There was a little girl and she had a little sister about 2 years old, and she had pet kittens. big blue eyes and curly hair. She also had One day they got lost in the woods when Laura. Marguerite's mother made her doll name is Towsey. a nice new dress and Marguerite went to Towsey is a very good kitten and Tommy

But Tommy could not take part in the fun.

for he was confined to his bed, not being

Thus ended what should have been for

The Rag Doll

able to take a step.

Tommy a pleasant day.

play in the yard. There was a ditch near to have them lost.

By Bessle Dobsen, Aged 8 Years, 804 South Tenth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Red.

was spoiled.

The Difference

Once there were two little girls; Myrtle

What Rags Are Good For

elors or tourists to be found exploring readier access to the fastness the region. Only some old grizzied trap- mountains. He did not tell his parents pers and an occasional mining "prospector" of his intentions to visit the unexplored were to be seen wandering about the moun- part of a mountain called "Old Solitaire." tains in search of wild animals or the so named on account of its inaccessibleness. precious metals, gold and silver. But, as He had it in his mind that there, hidden the mountains in this particular locality away in some canyon of Old Solitaire, he had proven unproductive, the prospectors would come upon the robbers. He had once had begun to give the vicinity a wide borth, suggested to his father that, doubtless, and had betaken themselves to more prom- the robber gang had gone straight to Old ising fields. Thus it was that all about Solitaire, but the idea was only laughed the little gorge town, in which the hero at; for while Old Solitaire was big and of our story lived, nature in her wildest bold and steep, there was little timber to shelter or hide a gang of men, and few form reigned suprema. deep crevices or gorges by which they

range

About two weeks before the opening of might make their escape to the opposite this story there had occurred in the town side. Of all the chain of mountains Old a most daring bank robbery, and the rob-Solitaire promised less to the culprit in bers had succeeded in getting away, hiding hiding. And for that reason the sheriff and themselves in the mountains. For two his men had not thought worth while to go weeks the sheriff and his posse had over it thoroughly. They had climbed over searched for them in vain among the mounthe parts of it that were most accessible, tains, not only hoping to apprehend the outbut the summit and the southern side had laws, but to cover themselves with glory, not claimed their attention. and receive the liberal reward offered for the capture of the criminals. But at the expiration of two weeks' constant ridingwhere such means of locomotion was possible-and climbing on foot when obliged for another state, but never to Old Solito do so, the sheriff had given up the taire." search, and had returned to the town to Andy's parents gave their consent for awalt news from other counties and states him to visit at his aunt's home, down the where he had hopes that the robbers might gorge. So he set out one morning bright

yet be overtaken. a determined look in his face. He told his But gradually the excitement attending the robbery and wounding of the bank's mother that he might be gone a week or cashier had died out and the little mount in ten days. "Don't look for me till you see town had recovered from its brief terror me," he had said at parting. Then, calling out to his father, who was still confined and was sleeping as peacefully in the gorge as before. But one little restless spirit still to his room on account of the wound in his thought constantly of the robbery and of hand, said: "Say, daddy, get well fast, the cruel gunshot wound of the cashier, for you may have to appear in court He was Andy Simpson, the bank casuler's against those thugs that shot you. I have only son. "Those bandits must be caught faith that they'll be caught yet." Andy's father smiled indulgently, and punished." he would whisper to himself. "They didn't only staal the people's said, with regret in his voice: "i'm afraid, money, but they wounded my father, and son, that those outlaws will never be cap

from thist wound he may lose the use of tured." his right hand. So, I'm going to find the After Andy had spent an hour visiting gang if they're in these mountains. The with his sunt, he explained Shat her house



H THE GREATEST CAUTION HE CRAWLED TO A THEN FEET OF THE VERY PLACE WHERE HALF CORMS COULD BE SEEN CROUCHING TOGETHER

Address all commu CRIT.DERN'S DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

or the highe

(First Prize.) Result of the Busy Bee Page By Alta Wilken, Aged 13 Years, Waco, How Tommy Spent the Fourth Neb. Red.

In an old attic room lived a lame little girl and her brother, who was a newsa cheerful little lad of \$, who sold news- ing the days preceding this eventful one, papers for a living. As Lillie was lame and could only get

around with a crutch, she often complained to her brother about getting lonesome. So whenever he had any papers left he would take them home to his sizter, who would cut out the pictures and paste them in a book.

One day as she was looking over the page she found the "Busy Bees Own "Men wouldn't come here to hide," the Page." She read and re-read the stories sheriff had declared. "They'd be for getting to level ground, and to the railway, she sent in, and to her surprise it received first prize. This pleased her very much. After this she read and wrote so

much that she never again complained of for a car to come along, but did not wait and early, his knapsack over his back and found that children's page."

> Second Prize.) A Real American Grave By Harvey Crawford, Aged 12 Years, Ne-braska City, Neb. Red. About three years ago some boys were

ing for Old Solitaire.

They were down about four feet when but their

plore and prospect." His aunt, knowing

made no objection to his plan and pre-

"I may not turn up inside three or four

days," Andy told her as he departed, head-

All that afternoon Andy climbed and

was but his headquarters, and that he was pen-I can feel it in my bones."

were great quantities of small, blue beads. the lamp down and lit it. The lamp was bones may still be seen in Nebraska City. I have a string of the beads.

(Honorable Mention.)

By Myrtle Jensen, 299 Izard Street, Omaha, Agod 11 Years. Blue. Tommy sat up in bed rubbing his eyes. boy. Lillie and Ned were orphans. Lillis He realized that it was the glorious Fourth was a sweet little girl of 11 and Ned was of July. He had for two weeks been count-

> Then, jumping out of bed, he put on his clothes in an unusual hurry. The little savings bank which stood the bureau was bastily opened by Tommy, he hitched the mother to the wagon so the who was for a time busily employed in counting the pennies which he had been saving up for this day.

Then, without waiting for breakfast, he started home and when he was half way rushed down to Mr. Brown's store, and was home the baby mule was just on its way coming back with his arms full of fire- to town. He took the mule home and now and then she tried writing a story, which crackers, torpedoes, etc., when he met John it is guite a large mule. Tracy and Jack Bridges.

off to Old Solitaire, where he meant to "ex- After making a calculation as to the "There's not a live thing astir on the come down from the mountain."

spot from which issued the tobacco smoke mountain and we'd better git for tall

him to carry in his knapsack and pockets, mountain side he would pause and hold his must scatter, though, before we git near between their confederates and strangers

what if they should really be here!" he feet. Then he ran the rest of the way sons.

Jack proposed to put torpedoes on the oar tracks. The boys waited impatiently

getting lonesome. She was always smil- long before one came at full speed. It ing when her brother came home and he nearly jumped the track. A disguised offioften said: "How glad I am that you cer chased the boys, but they hid behind a bush in Tommy's yard.

After his fright had been subdued, the daring Tommy secured a piece of twine, and tying a giant cracker to his dog Fido's tail, lit it, nearly driving the dog mad. In digging a cave in this city. The cave the spot. She took him into the house and

breath. "Gee!" he whispered. "I mustn't to town."

was to be dug in a bank on a vacant lot. put some smarting liniment on his leg.

make the slightest noise."

now

In life this man must have been an ex- on the edge of the table and it fell. The cellent specimen of American Indian. The rug on the floor caught on fire and the kitchen was on fire before anyone knew it. When the girls' mamma came home the house was all burned up. Their aunt gave Maud a pretty gold watch, but she did not give Myrtle anything.

The Slow Mule

By Walfred Jacobson, 3816 Franklin Street, Omaha, Neb. Red.

I have a friend out in western Nebraska who has taken up a homestead. He has a into paper again. The newspaper is this few cattle, a couple of horses and a couple kind. Your new story book may be all of mules, one of which is a little baby made out of rags." "Well," said Johnny mule. One day he was going to town and never say rags are of no use again." other mule would follow the mother. They went to town and did all their shopping.

which took him about two hours. He

Can't and Tried

By Letha Larkin, Aged 14 Years, So Sixth Street, Norfolk, Neb. Hlue. South Little Georgie Banks had one of the greatest habits that a boy ever had, and It was, when he ever was asked to do anything, he would say: "I can't."

copper with me to make me hard. His mother and father had tried to break I was taken to a mint and made into him of it, but failed. One day his mother said: "Georgie, will you please sharpen a bar and put between rollers to flatten me out. I went between these rollers eight this knife?" "Oh, I can't," said Georgie. his insanity Fido bit Tommy on the leg. " 'Can't' never did anything till it tried," times. Then a machine made me into my Tommy's screams brought his mother to said his mother. Georgie slipped upstairs present shape. I was stamped, weighed, to his bedroom so he wouldn't have to put in a bug and sent to the United States sharpen, the knife. "Can't never did any- treasury. Soon a banker in Fremont, Neb., That evening Uncle James came to visit thing till it tried" kept a-ringing in his sent for some money and I, among a great shovels struck some rocks. They the children, bringing with him many fire- ears, till suddenly he saw a large bonfire many other silver dollars, was sent to him stuck their shovels into the ground all works which he allowed them to shoot off. in front of him and out of it rose two I had not long to wait before a man came

He followed one of his dogs to the side I know something that has no use." "What the mountain to help him. Soon after he is it, dear?" asked mamma with a smile. "Rags," answered Johnny, wisely, as he heard his other dog bark and went to see what was the matter. thought. Mamma laughed out loud at this.

"What if I should tell you it is one of There on the snow half frozen lay his the most useful of things?" "Oh, but that children. They were given drink and taken couldn't be?" answered Johnny. "I see you home. In a few days they were well and have a great deal to learn yet," smiled happy again,

They are old now and are fond of telling "Bit have on my knee while I tell you about it. First we sell these rags to their grand-children how they were lost to a ragman, and he sells them to a paper- in the Alps and saved by their noble dogs. making factory. There it goes through This is the story my grandmother told me several chemical processes and it becomes last winter as I huddled near her by the paper. Old paper, too, is sometimes made fireplace.

The Easter Bunny when she had finished the story, "I will By Lena Cox, Aged 12 Years, Tekamah, never say rars are of no use again." Neb. Blue.

Many years ago there lived in a beautiful

Adventure of a Silver Dollar Shane. He was an honest old Irishman By Mildred White, Aged 12 Years, 114 East Twelfth Street, Frymont Neb. Blue. one of the big stores in the city. One day one of the big stores in the city. One day I first saw daylight when I was taken he was sick and could not go to the store, out of a hole in the ground called a mine. so he sent Henry, his oldest boy. About I was then like a rock. I heard one of the sunset Henry had to take some groceries beings, I later found to be a man, say he to an old woman who lived in an out-of-thenever saw such fine silver or so much of way place. To make his road shorter, it as in this mine in Mexico.

Henry went across a meadow. Presently he I was taken to the smelter in San Fran saw a rabbit hurry along looking at his cisco, where they melted me and got the watch in an anxious manner. He did not rock and me separated. Whew! but it was see Henry. Henry heard him murmur, "I hot in that big furnace. They mixed some must hurry." Presently he saw Henry and

screamed "Hello," in a tiny little voice. "Are you Henry McShane?" he asked. "Yes," replied Henry. "I was going over to your house, but since you are here I won't. How is it that you are running the delivery wagon?" "My father is sick." "I suppose you will have a big time Easter?" "I am afraid not." "Well, you are such a good boy I will grant you a wish." Henry thought a moment. "I wish we would al ways be well over to our house," he said. "I cannot promise you will always be well,

but you shall be well for three years." boulder. "All's clear below," he said This is the only place where they can Then the rabbit vanished. They had a happy Easter and they were not alck for And they hadn't long to wait. Soon one

him to be a perfectly trustworthy boy, Andy lay down and began crawling slowly timber about midnight. It'll take clean man fell into their hands. Then another three years and more. In that direction. If a twig snapped be- three hours to git to the level, then an- and another. The last two showed right, ---pared a plentiful amount of cold food for 'neath him or if a pebble rolled down the other hour to git to the railroad. We for they had heard some parley going on

Irene's May Day

111111

By Madge Daniels, Aged 14 Years, Ord, New, Blue,

Irene looked at the dress again. She After covering about 200 paces he thought he tuned silently and cawled off down the when, an hour later, they were searched he could overhear voices, very low, but mountain side, using the greatest caution in the deputy's house before being taken had looked at it many times since the dressclimbed, and just as the darkness began to voices, surely. His heart was in his mouth, till he reached a spot far enough from to jall, the money stolen from the bank maker had sent it home the day before. fail he reached a most melancholy spat so to speak, and his pulse throbbed. "Oh, the "gang" to allow of his rising to his two weeks before was found on their per-"Oh, you white, fluffy thing," she exclaimed, "nothing could be prettier and thought. "And the sheriff gave up the to the little town at the foot of Old Soll- When the news spread like wildfire the when I wear you to the May day picnic

search! Wouldn't that be a joke on the taire. It was about 12 o'clock when Andy, next day that Andy Simpson, the H-year- the girls will surely make me queen. Oh, sheriff, though? But I must creep quietly, all out of breath, waked the deputy sheriff old boy, had discovered the robbers in how I wish tomorrow would come." for if that gang should sniff me it would from his slumber and told him in an ex- their retreat in time to have them cap-Tomorrow did come and Irene in her

pretty dress started for the grove. out to do him honor, and with one voice She had gone a short way when she saw they declared that the reward-\$1,00-was another girl coming down the side street.

This girl also wore a white dress, but one that had done service for many summers, but in spite of the old dress the girlish face was as sweet as a June rose. She called out: "Are we late irens. I

never hurried so fast before." Irene paid no attention, but hurried on. he Claire's eyes filled with tears, "Oh, it's dreadful to be poor,' she said.

When all the girls had gathered at the grove they commenced to choose a May queen.

When all had written the name they wanted they were passed to Elsie Dale to read. When she had looked them over she said: "There are two votes for Irene and all the others are for Claire." At this

there was a loud clapping of hands, for Cintre was a general favorite.

Irene stood motionless for a moment. She was very angry, but only for a moa band of outlaws that was a menace to ment, for when she looked at Claire's sweet face, her anger died and she went

And from that day to this (which has to her with outstretched hands, saying, "I am glad you are to be queen," and at been one year this month) Andy Simpson

drew Simpson. Something is going to hap- Andy and joined the group bosids the deputy shoriff, placing his men. has been called the here of Old Solitaira, this all the girls clapped egain,

being settled with-why, that's better than within twenty rods of us one night and and making that wicked gang suffer for the reward." And Andy's father, who was present turned back, thinkin' we'd gone down the having shot my father's hand nearly off. when his son made this statement, said: I'm not thinking of the reward." "Andy boy, I'm prouder of you than I can tell. You've done that which a sheriff

men, quickly rising to his feet and peering we git the rascals on your information," through the semi-darkness right toward said the sheriff. And then, without fur-Andy. Eut Andy's heart didn't stop on- ther parley, he and his men were off. tirely, for in another instant a man came creeping like wolves among the boulders the country."

nearby spot, for tebacco smoke doesn't up the mountain side, whistling softly a and pine trees near the base of Old Soli-travel great distances. Now, careful An-signal. Then he passed quite close to tairs. "They'll have to come this way."

be the last of yours truly." So saying, clied voice of what he had seen and heard tured the whole town and county turned Andy crept slowly forward. Yes, there up on Old Solitaire. At first the deputy was the sound of human voices and a gave little attention to Andy's assertion strong smell of tobacco smoke. Andy that he had found the robbers in their to be paid to Andy Simpson and to noascertained that the owners of the hiding place, but as the boy's story de- body else. And Andy, somewhat against voices and the smokers of the tobacco veloped the man decided to act upon the his will-for he had not worked with the were behind a clump of scrub pine trees advice so strangely brought him and soon reward in view-was forced to consent to that grew from the side of a great boulder, had a posse formed to surround the out- accept H.

Well, if daddy's hand has to be ampu-With the greatest caution he crawled to laws. "They mean to scatter just before a spot within a few feet of the very place they reach town," explained Andy. "And tated on account of the wound we'll have something to go into business on." where half a dozen dark forms could be there's about five or six of 'em, so you'd said solemnly, shaking his curly head

scrutiny these forms proved to be men, and "We'll get 'em if they're on Old Andy could catch their words.

bank. If daddy's hand gets well and the have all got the notion that we're off "I don't care about the reward." dein another direction. Even that old fool clared Andy warmiy; "I'm only thinking sheriff didn't look up here. Why, he was of getting the money back for the people

"But the only reward I wanted was that that going be caught and turned over to taire," smiled the deputy calmly. "And,

law settles with the gang as it deserves

seen crouching together. Upon closer better go well prepared to fight."

"Oh, it'll be safe, all right, all right, to kid, if we do git these robbers on your the law. And I hope all the money was found, so that it may be put back into the get out of here tonight. You see, they information the reward if yours."

and posse falled to do-you ran to earth

"What's that noise?" asked one of the "All the samey, it'll be yours, kid, if

gully. "He's a dandy sheriff, he is!"

of the robbers," mused Andy as he went along, making his own path over a very rocky surface. "But I'll act just as though I mean to come upon the band at any minute. I must keep an Indian's eye in my head, an Indian's foot as soft as a cat's

paw.'

tobacco smoke," he whispered under his "And it must come from some breath.

away up on the side of Old Soiltaire. A few stunted pine trees afforded a shelter for the night, if indeed, Andy wanted sheiter from the star-studded heavens. After refreshing himself from his knap

mack he stretched out wearly on the hard ground to take a nap. Once he decided to remain in that spot for the night, but later -after his bodily fatigue gave away-he concluded to go on up the mountain, turning towards the south, where he know a deep canyon to be. He carried his gun over his shoulder, for it was said that a few mountain lions and a number of wildcata

still survived the trappers' raids and were reaming at sweet freedom about Old Bolltaire.

"I may wander about this lonesome old mountain for a week and not get track

But just as Andy finished this mental sentence he stopped quickly and sniffed "As sure as fate, that's smoke-

