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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Time of departure from Belleville sta-
tion.

Going East

No. 12-12.50 a.m.-Mail train daily.
No. 14-1.00 a.m.-Fast train, 7 days
daily.No. 16-Local for Brockville, 7.50 a.m.
arrives back from Brockville
8.50 p.m.; daily except Sunday.No. 18-11.10 a.m.-Mail and Express
daily.No. 20-12.15 p.m.-Express daily
except Sunday.No. 22-1.15 p.m.-Local train, daily
except Sunday.No. 24-2.15 a.m.-Mail and Express,
daily.No. 26-4.15 a.m.-Local Express daily,
except Sunday, leaving Toronto
8.00 p.m. arrives in Belleville
at 8.25 p.m.No. 28-11.20 a.m.-Passenger daily ex-
cept Sunday.No. 30-1.05 p.m.-International Limited
daily.

No. 32-4.55 p.m.-daily.

GOING WEST

No. 34-12.50 a.m.-Mail train daily.
No. 36-1.00 a.m.-Fast train, 7 days
daily.No. 38-Local for Brockville, 7.50 a.m.
arrives back from Brockville
8.50 p.m.; daily except Sunday.No. 40-11.10 a.m.-Mail and Express
daily.No. 42-12.15 p.m.-Express daily
except Sunday.No. 44-1.15 p.m.-Local train, daily
except Sunday.No. 46-2.15 a.m.-Mail and Express,
daily.No. 48-4.15 a.m.-Local Express daily,
except Sunday, leaving Toronto
8.00 p.m. arrives in Belleville
at 8.25 p.m.No. 50-11.20 a.m.-Passenger daily ex-
cept Sunday.No. 52-1.05 p.m.-International Limited
daily.

No. 54-4.55 p.m.-daily.

GOING WEST

No. 56-12.50 a.m.-Mail train daily.
No. 58-1.00 a.m.-Fast train, 7 days
daily.No. 60-Local for Brockville, 7.50 a.m.
arrives back from Brockville
8.50 p.m.; daily except Sunday.No. 62-11.10 a.m.-Mail and Express
daily.No. 64-12.15 p.m.-Express daily
except Sunday.No. 66-1.15 p.m.-Local train, daily
except Sunday.No. 68-2.15 a.m.-Mail and Express,
daily.No. 70-4.15 a.m.-Local Express daily,
except Sunday, leaving Toronto
8.00 p.m. arrives in Belleville
at 8.25 p.m.No. 72-11.20 a.m.-Passenger daily ex-
cept Sunday.No. 74-1.05 p.m.-International Limited
daily.

No. 76-4.55 p.m.-daily.

**The Taming of
Red Butte
Western**By
FRANCIS LYNDECopyright, 1916, by Charles Scrib-
ner's Sons.

As if they knew they wouldn't tell, that was the case with every man I talked to on our side of the river. But over across the Timanyoni, nearly opposite the mouth of the Gloria, there is a little creek coming in from the north, and on this creek I found a less prospector, a queer old chap who hails from my neck of woods up in Michigan.

"Go on," said Lidgerwood when the engineer stopped to light his pipe. "The old man told me a fairy tale, all right," Benson went on. "He was full of fancies as a fig is of seeds. I have been trying to believe that what he told me isn't altogether a pipe dream, but it sounds mighty like one. He says that about 2 o'clock in the morning of Saturday two weeks ago, an engine and a single car backed down from the west to the Gloria bridge and a crowd of men warmed off the train, loaded those bridge timbers and ran away with them, going back up the line to the west. He tells it all very circumstantially, though he neglected to explain how he happened to be awake and on guard at any such unearthly hour."

"Where was he when he saw all this?"

"On his own side of the river, of course. It was dark night, and the engine had no headlight. But the leading gang had plenty of lanterns, and he says they made plenty of noise."

"You didn't let it rest at that?" said the superintendent.

"Oh, no, indeed! I put in the entire afternoon that day on a handcar with four of my men to pump it for me, and if there is a foot of the main line, side-tracks or spurs west of the Gloria bridge that I haven't gone over I don't know where it is. The next night I crossed the Timanyoni and tackled the old prospector again. I wanted to check him up—see if he had forgotten any of the little frills and details. He hadn't. On the contrary, he was able to add what seems to me a very important detail. About an hour after the disappearance of the one car train with my bridge timbers he heard something that he had heard many times before. He says it was the high pitched song of a circular saw. I asked him if he was sure. He grinned and said he hadn't been brought up in the Michigan woods without being able to recognize that song wherever he might hear it."

"Whereupon you went hunting for sawmills?" asked Lidgerwood.

"That is just what I did, and if there is one within hearing distance of that old man's cabin on Quarry creek I couldn't find it. But I am confident that there is one and that the thieves, whoever they were, lost no time in sawing my bridge timbers up into board lumber, and I'll bet a hen worth \$50 against a no account yellow dog that I have seen those boards a dozen times within the last twenty-four hours without knowing it."

"That proves nothing of our switch engine while you were looking for round bridge timbers and sawmills and other things, did you?" queried Lidgerwood.

"No," was the quick reply; "no, but I have a hunch coming on that too. My old prospector says he couldn't make out very well in the dark, but it seemed to him as if the engine which hauled away our bridge timbers didn't have any tender. How does that strike you?"

Lidgerwood grew thoughtful. The missing engine was of the "saddle tank" type, and it had no tender. It was hard to believe that it could be hidden anywhere on so small a part of the Red Butte Western system as that covered by the comparatively short mileage in Timanyoni Park. Yet if it had not been dumped into some deep, bottomless hole in the river it was unquestionably hidden somewhere.

"Benson, are you sure you went over all the line lying west of the Gloria bridge?" he asked pointedly.

"Every foot of it, up one side and down the other. Not hold on. There is that old spur running up on the eastern side of Little Butte. It's the one that used to serve Flemister's mine when the workings were on the eastern slope of the butte. I didn't go over that spur. It hasn't been used for years. As I remember it, the switch connections with the main line have been taken out."

"You're wrong about that," said Lidgerwood definitely. "McCloskey thought so, too, and told me that the frogs and point rails had been taken out at Silver Switch, at both of the main line ends of the Y, but the last time I was over the line I noticed that the old switch stands were there and that the split rails were still in place."

"Say, Lidgerwood, I'm going back to the park on extra 71, which ought to leave in about five minutes," said Benson hurriedly. "Tell me half a dozen things in that time of mine."

His Flemister used that spur since you took charge of the road?"

"No."

"Have you ever suspected him of being mixed up in the looting?"

"I haven't known enough about him to form an opinion."

Benson stepped to the door commu-
nistering with the enter office and closed it quietly.

"Your man Hallock out there—how is he mixed up with Flemister?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because the day before yesterday when I was on the Little Butte station platform talking with Goodloe I saw Flemister and Hallock walking down the new spur together. When they saw me they turned around and began to walk back toward the mine."

"Hallock had business with Flemister—I know that much—and he took half a day of Thursday to go and see him," said the superintendent.

"Do you happen to know what the business was?"

"Yes, I do. He went at my request." "Hallock" said Benson. "Another string broken. Never mind; I've got to catch that train."

"Still after those bridge timbers?"

"Still after the boards they have probably been sawed into. And before I get back I am going to know what's at the upper end of that old Silver Switch Y spur."

The young engineer had been gone less than half an hour and Lidgerwood had scarcely finished reading his mail when McCloskey opened the door. Like Benson, the trainmaster also had the light of discovery in his eye.

"More thievery," he announced gloomily. "This time they have been looting my department. I had ten or twelve thousand feet of high priced insulated copper wire in the storeroom, and more telephone sets in the storehouse. The wire and all those telephone sets are gone."

"Well?" said Lidgerwood evenly. The temptation to take it out upon the nearest man was still as strong as ever, but he was growing better able to resist it.

"I've done what I could," snapped McCloskey, seeming to know what was expected of him. "But nobody knows anything, of course. So far as I could find out, no one of my men has had occasion to go to the storeroom for a week."

"Who has the keys?"

"I have one, and Spurlock, the line chief, has one. Hallock has the third."

"Always Hallock?" was the half impatient comment. "I hope you don't suspect him of stealing your wire."

"That's just what I do. I've got him dead to rights this time. He was in that storeroom day before yesterday, or rather, night before last. Callahan saw him coming out of there."

Lidgerwood sat back in his chair and smiled.

"I don't blame you much, Mac. This thing is getting to be pretty binding upon all of us. But I think you are mistaken—in your conclusion, I mean. Hallock has been making an inventory of material on hand for the past week or more, and now that I think of it I remember having seen your wire and the telephone sets included in his list of sheet of telegraph supplies."

"There it goes again," said the trainmaster scornfully. "Every time I get a half hitch on that fellow something turns up to make it slip."

"Try to be as fair to him as you can," Lidgerwood advised. "I know you dislike him, and probably you have good reasons. But have you stopped to ask yourself what possible use he could make of the stolen material?"

"I can tell you one thing, Mr. Lidgerwood—Flemister has just put a complete system of wiring and telephones in his mine, and if he had the stuff for the system shipped in over our railroad the agent at Little Butte doesn't know anything about it."

"That proves nothing against Hallock, Mac," as you will see when you cool down a little," he said.

"I know it doesn't," wrathfully. "Nothing proves anything any more. I suppose I've got to say it again—I'm all in, down and out. And he went away, growling to his hat brim."

Late in the evening of the same day Benson returned from the west. He sought out Lidgerwood at once and made his report of the day's doings.

"I have and I haven't," he said, beginning in the midst of things, as his habit was. "You were right about the track connection at Silver Switch. It is in. Flemister put it in himself a month ago, when he had a carload of coal taken up to the back door of his mine."

"Did you go up over the spur?"

"Yes, and I have my trouble for my pains. Before I go any further, Lidgerwood, I'd like to ask you one question—can we afford to quarrel with Mr. Pennington Flemister?"

"Benson, we shan't hesitate a single moment to quarrel with the biggest mine owner or freight shipper this side of the Crosswater hills if we have the right on our side. Spread it out. What did you find?"

Benson sank a little lower in his chair. "The first thing I found was a couple of armed guards, a pair of tough looking citizens, with guns sagging at their hips, lounging around the wire silver back door. There is quite a little nest of buildings at the old entrance to the Wire Silver, and a stockade has been built to inclose them. The old spur runs through a gate in the stockade, and the gate was open, but the two toughs wouldn't let me go inside. I wrangled with them first and tried to bribe them afterward, but it was no go. Then I started to walk around the outside of the stockade, which is only a high board fence, and they objected to that. Thereupon I told them to go straight to blazes and walked away down the spur, but when

a few feet out of sight around the first curve I took to the timber on the butt bench and climbed to a point from which I could look over into Flemister's carefully built inclosure."

"Well, what did you see?"

"Oh, they ain't so you happen to look at it. There are half a dozen men now and unpainted. Sizing them up from a distance, I said to myself that the lumber in them hadn't been very long out of the mill. One of them is evidently the power house. It has an iron chimney set in the roof, and the power plant was running."

"You say two of the buildings are new. Did you make any inquiries about recent lumber shipments to the Wire Silver?"

"I did," said the young engineer soberly. "So far as our station records show, Flemister has had no material coal shipped in over either the eastern or the western spur for several months."

"Then you believe that he took your bridge timbers and sawed them up into lumber?"

"I do as firmly as I believe that the sun will rise tomorrow. And that isn't all of it, Lidgerwood. He is the man who has your switch engine. As I have said, the power plant was running while I was up there today. The power is a steam engine, and it won't stand off and listen to it you'd swear it was a locomotive pulling a light train up an easy grade. Of course I'm only guessing at that, but I think I will agree with me that the burden of proof lies upon Flemister."

"Yes, on Flemister and some others. Who are the others, Benson?"

"I have no more guesses coming, and I am too tired to invent any more. I'm afraid it means a fight or a funeral, and I am not quite equal to either tonight."

CHAPTER IX.**JUDSON'S JOKE.**

BARTON RUFFORD, ex-distiller of illicit whisky in the Tennessee mountains, as whether turned informer and betraying his neighbor lawbreakers to the United States revenue officers, ex-everything which made his continued stay in the Cumberland impossible, was a man of distinction in the Red desert.

In the wider field of the west he had been successfully a claim jumper, a rustler of unbranded cattle, a telephone operator in collusion with a gang of train robbers and finally a faro lookout, the armed guard who sits at the head of the gaming table in the untamed regions to kill, and kill quickly, if a dispute arises.

Angels acknowledged his citizenship without joy. He trained the town when the humor was on him, and as yet no counter-bully had come to chase him into oblivion.

For Lidgerwood to have earned the enmity of this man was considered equivalent to one of three things—the superintendent would throw up his job and leave the Red desert, preferably by the first train, or Ruford would kill him, or he must kill Ruford. It was a sheet of telegraph supplies."

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"Yes, on Flemister and some others. Who are the others, Benson?"

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any, the six foot huckster, who was filing the 190's brasses at the bench. "Which the same I ain't re-
joicin' about neither. That little cuss is shore a mighty good railroad man. And when you ain't rubbin' his fur the wrong way he treats you white."

"For instance?" snapped Hodges, a freight engineer who had been thrice "on the carpet" in Lidgerwood's office for overrunning his orders.

"Oh, they ain't so blame' hard to find," Gray retorted. "Last week when we was out on the Navajo wreck me and the boy didn't have no dinner buckets. Bradford was runnin' the super's car, and when Andy just sort of happened to mention the famias up along, the little man made that Zap cook of his get us up a dinner that's made your hair frizzle. He shore did."

It was Williams' inning, and what he said was cautionary.

"Dry up, you fellows! Here comes Gridley."

The master mechanic was walking down the plank track from the back shop carrying his years, which showed only in the graying mustache and chin beard, and his 180 pounds of well set up bone and muscle jumping.

Like many another man, Henry Gridley lived a double life, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that there were two Henry Gridleys. Lidgerwood, the Dawson's little world of Angels at large, knew the virile, accomplished mechanical engineer and manager of men, which was his normal personality. What time the other person, the elemental barbarian, yawned, stretched itself and came awake, the unspeakable dens of the Copah lower quarter engulfed him until the nether man had gorged himself on degradation.

To his men Gridley was a tyrant, exacting, but just, ruling them as the men of the desert could only be ruled, with the mailed fist. Generous roughness were recorded of him, and if the attitude of the men was somewhat tempered by wholesome fear it was none the less loyal.

Hence when he entered the roundhouse industrial silence supplanted the discussion of the superintendent's case. Glancing at the group of engineers be beckoned to Judson. When the discharged engineer had followed him across the turntable he faced about and said, not too crisply: "So your sins have found you out one more time, have they, John? What is it this time—thirty days?"

Judson shook his head gloomily. "No, I'm down and out."

"Lidgerwood made it final, did he? Well, you ain't blame him."

"You ain't heard me saying anything, have you?" was the surly rejoinder.

"No, but it isn't in human nature to forget these little things." Then suddenly, "Where were you day before yesterday between noon and 1 o'clock—about the time you should have been taking your train out?"

Judson made a needle-like mind when the shocked was out of it, and the sudden query made him dissemble.

"About 10 o'clock I was playing pool in Rafferty's place with the butt end of the cane. After that things got kind of hazy."

"Well, I want you to buckle down and think hard. Don't you remember going over to Cat Biggs' about noon and sitting down at one of the empty tables to drink yourself stiff?"

Judson could not have told under the thumbnails why he was prompted to tell Gridley a plain lie. But he did it.

"I can't remember," he denied. Then the needle pointed brain got in its work, and he added, "Why?"

"I saw you there when I was going up to dinner. You called me in to tell me what you were going to do to me."

Lidgerwood if he hated you for getting drunk. Don't you remember it?"

Judson was looking the master mechanic fairly in the eyes when he said, "No; I don't remember a thing about that."

"Try again," said Gridley, and now the shrewd gray eyes under the brim of the soft rolled felt hat held the engineer helpless.

"I guess I do—remember it now," said Judson slowly, trying, still ineffectually, to break Gridley's masterful eye hold upon him.

"I thought you would," said the master mechanic without releasing him. "And you probably remember also that I took you out into the street and started you home."

"Yes," said Judson, this time without hesitation.

"Well, keep on remembering it. You went home to Maggie, and she put you to bed. That is what you are to keep in mind."

Judson had broken the curious eye grip at last, and again he said, "Why?"

Gridley hooked his finger absently in the engineer's buttonhole. "Because if you don't a man named Ruford says he'll start a lead mine in the Red desert. I heard him say it last night overheard him. I should say, that's all."

The master mechanic passed on, going out by the great door which opened for the locomotive entering track. Judson hung upon his heel for a moment, and then went slowly out through the tool room and across the yard tracks to the Crow's Nest.

He found McCloskey in his office above stairs, mousting and grinning over the stringboard of the new time table.

"Well?" growled the trainmaster when he saw who had opened and closed the door. "Come back to tell me you've sworn off it. That won't do down with Mr. Lidgerwood. When he sees he means it."

"You wait till I ask you for my job back again, won't you, Jim McCloskey?"

key?" said the disgraced one not very. "I ain't asked it yet, and what's more, I'm sober."

"Sure you are," muttered McCloskey. "You'd be better natured with a drink or two in you. What's doing?"

"That's what I came over here to find out," said Judson steadily. "What is the boss going to do about this fare-up with Bart Rufford?"

The trainmaster shrugged. "You've got just as many guesses as anybody, John. What you can bet on is that he will do something different."

Judson had slouched to the window. When he spoke it was without turning his head.

"I heard uptown that Bart has posted his den—Mr. Lidgerwood shoots him on sight or he shoots Mr. Lidgerwood on sight. You can figure that out, can't you?"

"Not knowing Mr. Lidgerwood much better than you do, John, I'm not sure that I can."

"Well, it's easy. Bart'll walk up to the boss in broad daylight, drop him

and then fill him full of lead after he's down. I've seen him—saw him do it to Bixby, Mr. Brewster's foreman at the Copperette."

"Say the rest of it," commanded McCloskey.

"I've been thinking. While I'm laying round with nothing much to do I believe I'll keep tab on Bart for a little spell. I don't love him much, no how."

McCloskey's face contorted was in-
dented to figure as a derisive smile. "Pshaw, John," he commented, "he'd skin you alive! Why even Jack Hepburn is afraid of him!"

"Jack is! How do you know that?"

McCloskey shrugged again. "Are you with us, John?" he asked cautiously.

"I ain't with Bart Rufford and the horns," said Judson negatively.

"Then I'll tell you a fairy tale," said the trainmaster, lowering his voice. "I gave you notice that Mr. Lidgerwood would do something different. He did it, bright and early this morning; went to Jack Schlesinger and swore out a warrant for Rufford's arrest on a charge of assault with intent to kill."

"Bart," said Judson. "That's what any man would do in a civilized country, ain't it?"

"Yes, but not here, John—not in the red colored desert, with Bart Rufford's name in the body of the warrant."

"I don't know why not," insisted the engineer stubbornly. "But go on with the story. It ain't any fairy tale so far."

"When he'd got the warrant, Schlesinger protesting all the while that Bart'd kill him for issuing it, Mr. Lidgerwood took it to Hepburn and told him to serve it. Jack backed down so fast that he fell over his feet; said to ask him anything else under heaven and he'd do it—anything but that."

"If I'd took an oath to serve warrants I'd serve 'em if it did make me sick at my stomach." Then he got up and shuffled away to the window again, and when Bart spoke his voice was the voice of a broken man.

"I lied to you a minute ago, Mac. I did want my job back. I came over here hoping that you and Mr. Lidgerwood might be seeing things a little different by this time. I've got the whisky. With my record, I couldn't get an engine anywhere else in the United States. Can't you see what I'm up against?"

The trainmaster nodded. He was human.

"Well, it's Maggie and the babies now," Judson went on. "They don't share, Mac, not while I'm on top of earth. Don't you reckon you could make some sort of a plan for me with the boss, Jim? He's got bowels."

"No, John. One or two things I've learned about Mr. Lidgerwood—he does not often hit when he's mad, and he doesn't take back anything he says in cold blood. I'm afraid you've cooked your last goose."

"Let me go in and see him. He ain't half as hard hearted as you are, Jim."

The trainmaster shook his head. "No; it won't do any good. I heard him tell Hallock not to let anybody in on him this morning."

"Hallock be—I say, Mac, what makes him keep that?" Judson broke off abruptly, pulled his hat over his eyes and said, "Reckon it's worth a shot to shove me over to the other side, Jim McCloskey."

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