

She was already at the telephone, but the conversation was brief.

"I'm sorry," Rutledge reported, "but nearly all of your stock is sold. I held back a little because the price slumped so badly. There was a sort of panic that I don't understand. Perhaps I'd better come up and see you about it. I may be able to suggest something when I know the situation better."

She turned from the telephone with a long face.

"We're worse off than before," she said. "Your stock and the little I have left won't make as much as I had alone before."

But my directorship counts for something," he argued. "Oh, we'll win yet. This partnership has got to win. Sit down here again and let's talk it over."

The "partnership" sat down, but pretty soon a maid appeared with the announcement that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Gray wished to see her.

"Hamilton and Gray!" exclaimed Keene. "Something has certainly broken loose."

Something had. Hamilton and Gray were much perturbed when they were ushered into the library. They found their position rather humiliating.

"Miss Bascom," said Hamilton with an uncomfortable laugh, "you have beaten us, and we've come to capitulate. You caught us at a most inopportune time; we were pretty well tied up with the new stock issue and some of the old stock holders who did not understand the situation were frightened over the offers made by your brokers and began putting their own stock on the market. We have got to stop this slump, Miss Bascom. We'll concede your rest room and clubhouse and everything else if you'll withdraw your stock from the market."

"I've given up the clubhouse idea," she returned.

"Good! good!" exclaimed Gray. "That clears the atmosphere nicely. We can now make the concession with less regret."

"But I have practically no stock left," she added; "it is practically all sold."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Gray. "And the purchasers have been frightened into selling again at a loss!" cried Hamilton. "That explains part of the trouble."

"We've got to stop it somehow!" declared Gray. "We've got to do it!"

They left in such haste and in such mental distress that they forgot the ordinary courtesies of departure, and they were totally oblivious of the fact that Rutledge was just driving up in a cab.

Rutledge was in a great hurry, and considerably excited.

"I don't pretend to understand the inside situation, Miss Bascom," he said, "but if that company is in any kind of decent shape there's a chance for a splendid coup. I understood you were annoyed by some question of incidental policy. If that's all, you can pretty nearly buy control at this minute, but you've got to act quick. A lot of the stockholders are scared blue. I can get you about all you want at ten to fifteen points under the average for which you sold, and there's approximately one hundred thousand dollars to your credit with our firm to make the deal. What shall I do?"

"Buy," said Keene quickly. The broker glanced at the girl.

"Mr. Keene speaks for me in all matters," she told him with the air of one who was mighty proud of the fact.

The broker dashed for his cab. "I hope they'll let us alone for a few minutes now," ventured Keene.

"I hope so," she returned demurely, and he—Well, never mind that.

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The Stolen Moose

By Dr. Elgin Adams Blakely

JACK MACDONALD sat in his office preparing a brief for an important case which was to be tried in a few days, but his thoughts persistently wandered to the lovely Flora Mackay.

"I would rather win her than all the cases in the country. To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and I'll go down to Beausejour for a hunt, at least that's what I'll tell my friends," he decided.

He looked at his watch. "Three o'clock. I'll have time to catch the afternoon train," and he closed his desk with a bang.

After giving some instructions to his clerks, he threw the strap of his gun case over his shoulder and arrived at the station in time to take the Imperial Limited going east. An hour's run brought him to Beausejour, a typical Manitoba town. Stepping off the train, he was overjoyed to see Flora in the crowd on the platform talking to a friend. As he reached her she turned toward him.

"Well, Flora, this is a fine demonstration. Has it all been arranged for me?" was Macdonald's familiar greeting.

"It must have been, for you seem to be the chief attraction. We know how to do things when we have a good opportunity."

"It was kind of you to come to meet me," he said.

"Now, Jack, you know better than that. You are just as provoking as ever."

"Then I must have been born under a lucky star. I'm glad you're here. You see I've come down to hunt moose to-morrow," he remarked, pulling the strap of his gun case, "with the hope of securing something more valuable."

A faint blush tinged Flora's cheeks. "There are no gold mines down here," she replied indifferently.

"O, Flora, I'm not so sure of that, but I get all the gold that I require in my practice in Winnipeg."

"You're a fortunate young man."

"Come, now, Flora, you are not quite so slow as all that."

"We'll see how brave a hunter you are."

Her brother came up at this moment. Taking her parcel, he led her to the carriage and drove away.

"She is a mighty fine girl, and doesn't she look natty?" he said to himself, as they disappeared down the road.

He went over to the hotel and arranged

with Charlie Hadden and Donald Lewis for the hunt on the morrow.

Charlie Hadden, who had lived there more than twenty years, was one of the best guides in that great moose district. He knew every trail and deer haunt for miles around. Having been down the road the previous night and heard some of the moose, he told the boys there was a good day in store for them.

At this time of the year, the old bulls are savage and fearless, roaming the woods on starlight nights, whistling and calling fiercely, and striking their antlers against the trees as a challenge.

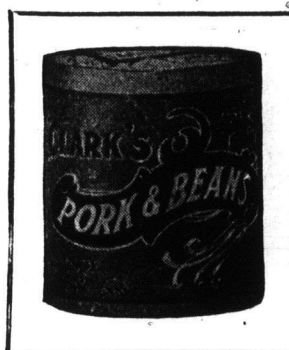
Early next morning Macdonald was awakened by a rap at his door, and in a few minutes he was ready to start. The fever of the hunt already thrilled him, for he was eager to kill a moose to prove to Flora that he was a good marksman. He took Hadden, and Lewis had Jacob Mowat as his guide. They were down at the hunting ground, about ten miles out, on the Brokenhead river, past the corduroy road, at the break of day, before objects could be seen distinctly. The dense woods was before them, covering a large sugar-loaf knoll.

"Hadden and I will take the right trail, Lewis, you and Mowat go to the left, and I'll bet you Hadden's old mulley cow that we'll get the first moose."

"It will cost you just a hundred dollars, Macdonald, if you lose your bet," Hadden jokingly remarked.

Each party went along stealthily, without the least noise, the guides leading. As they approached their rendezvous, they dropped on their hands and knees, and crawled to the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful valley through which ran the Brokenhead.

Hadden motioned to Jack to come closer. They did not have long to wait, but long enough for Jack to become impatient. Soon the loud whistling call of an old moose was heard, and they saw him browsing his way down to the water's edge, but too far away for a rifle-shot. He would rear up against a young sapling and bend it down with his weight, to bring the tender boughs within his reach. Hadden imitated the low call of the cow moose, through his birchbark trumpet. This attracted the attention of the majestic old leader, and he altered his course, coming in an oblique direction



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