

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.
By S. A. White

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CARL GLOVER, "the Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries. A store-keeper named Ridgeley suggests to Carl one day that possibly Freeman is not straight and that the mine may be a "wildcat."

Carl also meets a young lady named Rita Theodore, daughter of Col. Theodore, a promoter. She is an artist and a gambler. On the art side, she and her Oriental quarters appeal to Carl and they have many walks and talks together.

CHAPTER VII.

IF Carl could have looked into Ward Six, where his uncle lay in the hospital at North Bay, at the precise moment he was reading Freeman's letter and heard the conversation carried on, he would have shaped his course for the after months quite differently.

"I tell you," Freeman was saying, "he'll raise the dickens."

"And I tell you for the twentieth time he will not," said the man on the bed. "I have stood by him in everything for years and he will stand by me in this."

"Anything that fellow stands by must be square!" the foreman emphatically answered, pounding an invalid's table with one big fist.

"How do you know this will not pan out all right? We have a chance of striking it yet."

"Deuced poor chance."

"Why in the world did you put your shafts so deep till I came back?"

"What was I to do? That hasty nephew of yours would have had them twice the depth if he'd been alone. I had the dickens of a job to hold him. Number Three shaft is ready to sink now, and what have we done? No company formed, the place not boomed, nothing done! By the stars, we'll put all our little money into it; they'll spy it out for an empty spot, and that's the end—we're done!"

"Freeman," the uncle said, "I always had the hope there was good silver."

"Never a hope! All there ever was lay in the two spider veins upon which we started the shafts. We have that ore safe enough, but how much is it?—a few hundred dollars! The veins pinched out, and the blessed shafts might go through to China and never see a five-cent lump. We must get this company formed and the thing floated. We've development enough to bluff all comers. How soon can you get out?"

"Four weeks yet 'till I get on crutches."

"By George! The Prince will have that third shaft down twenty feet or so. See, Graham, we have to stop. Send him up word not to begin the third till you come."

"I guess you're right, Freeman."

"Certainly! We can't go on like this."

"You can build some ore sheds. That will occupy the time. They'll have to be ready when we form. Did you see Richmond about that ore?"

"Yes, he has it all bagged, handy to ship in just when we want it. By the stars, things are just ripe if you were only out."

"I wonder," Graham observed thoughtfully, "if Giles couldn't go on and form."

"Not on your life!" Freeman burst out. "You're the man to handle that nephew. Nobody else can, and bless me if I haven't my doubts about your being able to. He'll raise a dickens of a mess, even if he doesn't quit."

"He will stay with me," Graham repeated. "Besides, we have always the chance, you know."

"I got so anxious that I couldn't wait any longer," the boss said. "The Prince has been nosing around with Ridgeley, too. That made me worse, so I thought I would light right down. If he gets Ridgeley's views on the wildcat proposition, there'll be the deuce to pay. Ridgeley knows Cobalt and the game. I'm certain he looks on your claim as one of the wildest wildcats in camp."

"Well, well," the old uncle irascibly commented, "do what you can, and don't bother me any more. We will shape it all in a few weeks. Get those houses up. I have no more to say. O, yes," he added, "Carl doesn't try to break The Clan?"

"Giles says he won't play," Freeman answered. "He was in the other night. Theodore was there, too, and your nephew met his daughter. Say, Graham, I've been thinking there is where we might get a hold."

"How?"

"Why, he'll fall in love with her."

"I don't know as Carl will. He never leaned that way. Why?"

"Can't you see? He may fall in love with her so that she can twist him round her little finger. She could persuade him to go into this company or at least keep still. When she tells him her father is in it, he can't give the thing away. By George! that's the hold we'll have. I tell you he can't keep his head when she's around. None of them can, except old fogeys like us. That is our strong point. We can't throw him out now or we would. I don't know what possessed you to bring him up anyway."

"Well," Graham tartly commented, "when a man finds himself smashed up in a railway wreck, he naturally doesn't know how badly he is hurt. I didn't know but what I was all in. That's why I sent for him. He gets those acres in Cobalt after I die, you see, and I wanted to make sure he wouldn't be done. I can't altogether trust you fellows."

"Ah!" Freeman said, with an ugly smile, "yet we are all partners."

"In a sense! I own the mine. We have all invested an equal sum—we are partners in the profit. That doesn't affect the fact of my ownership, though. Any time I like to have the place myself, or run it on a different line, I am free to do so."

"And you were afraid we would pinch the Graham eldorado on him?"

"Exactly! You remember the case of that zinc property you filched in Arizona and the other man's claims you took at the base of the big Selkirks."

Freeman's eyes dilated, half in anger, half in surprise. "What do you know of that?" he snarled.

"I know enough," the uncle snapped, meaningly. "Just remember you can't play any game on me. We're in this thing to share evenly, but my claim won't be snatched by underhand work. I'm not trying to preach to you, Freeman, only I wanted to show you why I sent for the Prince."

"And now the Old Boy himself won't get rid of him," was the foreman's parting remark.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Freeman returned the next day, bringing written word from the uncle not to do any more shaft work, Carl hardly knew whether he felt glad or sorry. Had he carefully analyzed his feeling, it would perhaps have been gladness. It meant more leisure, for he was seldom needed at the building of the sheds. Cobalt for him had suddenly been invested with a new interest—Rita Theodore. Their common artistic temperament naturally drew them together. Carl, at the very first opportunity, took occasion to visit the Theodores' Cobalt home. It reminded him strangely of the Orient. From the outside none would have guessed such luxurious fittings adorned the interior. The Colonel was not in when he called, so Rita and Carl repaired to the studio to enjoy their common hobby—painting, and also to examine her work. Carl found the little room, on the lightest side of the house, arranged to perfection.

"It is exquisite," he said, taking in every detail, "you must have inspiration here."

"Ah! I dream here," she answered, going to the window and standing with her splendid figure and face moulded purely into the light. "Yonder is where the inspiration comes—out by the gorge and bluff and wild north water. Is it not true?"

"True," Carl answered, marvelling at her perfect beauty. "Nature in art is like blood in man. It is the pulse and life."

"Yet some great artistic triumphs have matured within the grey walls of prisons."

"But through men who have stored the world in their hearts before the bars shut in their bodies."

She turned to him from the window. "Shall we go out?" she said. "The sun is so bright. Do you think you can still use a water colour after the pick and shovel?"



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and DESBORO, CHESLEY and DESBORO (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatsworth, Chesley, Desboro and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 5th August, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

A competitive examination will be held in November next at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission for the entry of Naval Cadets for the Naval Service of Canada; there will be 25 vacancies.

Candidates must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years on the 1st of January next; must be British subjects and must have resided, or their parents must have resided in Canada for two years immediately preceding the examination; short periods of absence abroad for purpose of education to be considered as residence.

Successful candidates will join the Royal Naval College at Halifax in January next; the course at the College is two years and the cost to parents, including board, lodging, uniform and all expenses, is approximately \$400 for the first year and \$250 for the second year.

On passing out of College, Cadets will be rated Midshipmen, and will receive pay at the rate of \$2 per diem.

Parents of intending candidates should make application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, before 15th October next.

Further information can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

Unauthorized publication of this notice will not be paid for.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, August 1st, 1911.

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Should not fail to spend a few hours

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