

Frederick's Double Scoop

By FRANCIS G. DARLING

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Paul Frederick stood in front of a Park row cafe usually denominated the Second Press club. He was smoking a huge cigar that with the cocktail he had just purchased within had consumed his entire capital. The fact that he was absolutely without funds did not detract from his appreciation of the aroma of the Havana. The situation lacked the charm of novelty. Frederick was too independent to submit to the petty rules governing the office. This was his third "vacation" in four months. Now, with his money all gone, he looked down the street at The Globe office and wondered whether Carson, the city editor, was ready to take him back.

As he looked two men came out of the entrance to The Globe. One ran round the corner in the direction of the Press club. The other started up the street also on the run. When the latter saw Frederick, he stopped abruptly. Then he came forward slowly, Paul taking no apparent notice of his approach. "Why, hello, Harrigan!" he cried cordially. "No, thanks. I don't want a drink; just had one." He blew a cloud of smoke in Harrigan's direction and mentally congratulated himself that he had been able to afford a good one.

Frederick looked up with an air of surprise wholly at variance with the interest with which he had regarded the approach. "Why, hello, Harrigan!" he cried cordially. "No, thanks. I don't want a drink; just had one." He blew a cloud of smoke in Harrigan's direction and mentally congratulated himself that he had been able to afford a good one.

Freddy Harrigan sniffed appreciatively, and his face fell. "Say," he remarked casually, "if you don't want a drink I can give you a tip. You go see Carson quick, and I think he'll take you on. He needs a man, and I'm glad I saw you."

Frederick grinned cheerfully. "I believe you are glad you saw me, Freddy," he said patronizingly; "also I appreciate the value of your tip. You run back to the office. Tell Carson you found me smoking a perfect. I'll be here in front of Oscar's for the next twenty minutes. Now, scoot."

"Oh, I say," retorted Harrigan, "you needn't be so independent. Here, out of the goodness of my heart, I offer you a drink and give you a tip. Then you turn round and call me a messenger boy."

Frederick patted him on the back. "You're a good copy leader, Freddy, but you're too poor a liar to make a good reporter. You and Johnson came out of the door with much haste. Johnny sneaks around to the Press club. You start up here, but break to a walk when you see me. You make a casual play. You've got the price of two balls and want to blow it. If you've got a quinine this late in the week, Carson gave it to you for a bait. If he staked you, he wants me, and wants me bad. Now, run on and don't forget to tell him I'm still smoking up."

Harrigan went briskly back to the office. Frederick went on smoking, concentrating his gaze upon the crowd idling in the June sunshine and watching the tunnel workmen in City Hall park.

The smoke served as a barometer to Carson, who came up the street. Frederick could smoke anything from cutty to the best of Cuban leaf. Between the two lay a hundred shades of financial expression. When he smoked a pipe, it was tractable. The better the cigar the less amenable was he to discipline.

Carson clapped him on the back. Frederick turned. "Hello, Carson!" he exclaimed. "So you did want me, eh?"

Carson stamped impatiently. "Don't waste time fencing. I need you or I would not have come after you. Do

you suppose I can chase the row every time I want a new man? How much money have you?"

"Enough to buy smokes with. What more can I want?"

"The St. Paul leaves in forty minutes. Get on board. J. H. Philbrick, the head of the new copper trust, is on the ship. It is supposed he wants to get English capital. If you can get the story, Fenton, our London man will meet you at Southampton. Have the story ready for cabling. You do that, and I'll see you get your job back. Now, run for it. Pay your fare, and Fenton will make good."

"Haven't got the fare; only expenses," said Frederick.

Carson looked blank.

"Sneak it!" he said, brightening. "Use my card and tell the purser I will make it all right with the steamer people."

"All right. Send it by Fenton, so I can square up before I leave the steamer. They might hold me in pawn, you know."

Carson laughed. "All right, but for heaven's sake get away. You'll miss the steamer."

Frederick's whistle woke a sleeper in the crowd. He was \$20. Two for the cab left a capital of \$7 for the trip. He was sorry he had boasted of that fifty.

About 4 o'clock that afternoon the purser of the St. Paul was working over his passenger list when Paul Frederick of the New York Globe, he announced. "No," as the purser picked up a passenger list, "you won't find my name there. That's why I'm here. Mr. Carson, our managing editor of the evening edition, found it necessary that I should sail on this steamer. As I saw him on the street and we had no time to go back to the office, a man will meet me at Southampton with my passage money. Now, I want a good berth and, if possible, a seat at the table with Philbrick. You fix me up and I'll give you a sendoff in The Globe that will make your hair curl like a kid glove on a hot stove. Have one?"

The purser bit off the end of the proffered cigar as he reached for the plan of the dining saloon. Presently he looked up with a smile. "I guess we can fix it," he announced. "I can put you at the right of Miss Philbrick. Here is your card, and I will instruct the table steward. By the way, I can give you a stateroom near the Philbrick on the promenade deck. No? Thanks. I'm only too glad to oblige The Globe. Drop in on me any time. I can give you plenty of good stories."

Paul went back on deck with a self satisfied smile. He was only sorry that his table seat was next to the daughter instead of the father, but she might be a good way of reaching the old chap.

At dinner he quite forgot to be sorry. Miss Philbrick had bewitched him. His eyes and smile that made copper trusts seem of small importance. He congratulated himself that here was the chance to combine business and pleasure.

That night in the smoking room he borrowed \$5 from the purser and won forty. The next day success still favored him.

"I could make a nice little pile this trip," he said to himself, "for I am staying in luck, if I did not have to give so much time to Philbrick—and his daughter."

Whether the latter occupation was business or pleasure he did not trouble to explain, even to himself.

All was bustle in The Globe office. It was just after 12, and the night editor was standing by the telegraph desk. Fenton, the head of the London office, had cabled that the St. Paul was due at her dock by 1 in the morning. Allowing for the difference in time, it should be coming in. At the adjoining table the operator was reeling off small paragraphs. Suddenly he looked at the editor.

"Here it comes," he said quietly. "The cable office is calling." And he reached for a fresh pile of paper.

The night editor leaned over his shoulder then to read the first few sentences. Then he rushed to the switching table leading to the mechanical department. "Save two columns on the first page," he called to the makeup man. "Frederick's story is coming in full." Then he lit a cigar and went back to the telegraph desk to see that the cable got away quickly to the copy readers. Rapidly the operator took down the long dispatch, which told in condensed form much of the plans of the copper magnate.

It was the first full story that had been printed. Finally the operator marked the tidpiece which indicated the end of a story. Then he laughed as he reached for a fresh sheet, and this is what he wrote:

Carson, Globe, New York: "Haven't got the fare; only expenses," said Frederick. "Sneak it!" he said, brightening. "Use my card and tell the purser I will make it all right with the steamer people."

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IN THE DEVIL'S CALDRON

By George Neville

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"The prisoners are out! They've broke jail!"

The cry was picked up by a score of voices and carried down the long, narrow main street of Cimarron—to the gambling dens, where players dropped their cards and grabbed their guns; to the dancehall, where the music stopped with a crash; to the office of the Winslow hotel, where traveling men suddenly lost interest in a lively yarn; to the ill lighted shops, where merchants locked safes and tills and prepared to join in the man hunt. There was need of many deputy sheriffs in San Miguel county in those days.

It was 9 o'clock when the alarm was sounded. It was midnight before truth and fiction had been sifted and the women of Cimarron knew the worst. Every able-bodied, dependable man in the mountain town had been sworn in either as a member of the sheriff's posse or of the patrol which guarded the town.

On a cot in his office lay Heynman, the county jailer. He was encircled by stern faced men. A notary public was taking his last statement, setting forth that Randall Wolfe, Jose Roday, Manuel Sanchez and Felipe Montes had choked and gagged him while making their escape from the San Miguel county jail. Later, at the coroner's inquest, the attendant physician testified that Heynman had been in ordinary health the franks with the desperadoes would not have proved fatal, but the poor fellow was a "junger" who had come to Colorado for his health. The gag had caused a hemorrhage.

The fugitives had been sentenced for six months or less on petty charges, and public opinion laid the exploit at the door of the humane, darsdevil Randall Wolfe, who had dropped into Cimarron from no one knew where, with plenty of money and a fondness for shooting at lamps in store windows. Soon after his arrival he had married one of the most beautiful Mexican girls in the vicinity, and they had settled down to a somewhat bohemian housekeeping in a picturesque cabin among the pines. All this had happened months before Wolfe had shot the lamps in Brown's drugstore, thereby starting a conflagration and landing in jail. And now Conchita, the girl of his dreams, had disappeared from the cabin among the willows. People said that in her hour of disgrace she had gone back to her own people, who lived across the state line.

Two days, and three, slipped by, and one posse after another rode wearily into town until only Sheriff Maguire and a few picked men were left on the trail of the outlaws. These, too, were becoming disheartened when in the steel gray of an early dawn they followed a wood hauler's trail to the Devil's caldrin.

A circular pit was this, its bottom reached up by rocky paths such as mountain goats or fugitives alone would tread. On one side the walls dropped sheer to a depth of fifty feet, and at one point a clear mountain stream cut its way through solid rock.

Maguire had ordered the horses staked a mile back in the thick timber, and as the posse drew close to the pit he motioned his men to halt. Then, dropping on his hands and knees, he crawled to the edge of the precipice and peered over. What he saw sent a thrill of horror along his nerves. Near the smoldering fire lay the three Mexicans, while on the rocky ledge, slightly above them, lay two other figures, one of whom he could easily identify, even in the dawn's uncertain light, as the stalwart Wolfe. The fifth figure he studied carefully, but it was hidden by wrappings of gaudy blankets. But Maguire, recalling the sullen Mexican wood hauler they had passed far down the ravine the day before, knew that the outlaws had been provided with food and tidings from the outer world. Then, turning his gaze on the zigzag mountain trail ending within two feet of his hand, the sheriff smiled grimly. His prisoners were nearly trapped.

But the smile died suddenly. The Devil's caldrin was this, its bottom reached up by rocky paths such as mountain goats or fugitives alone would tread. On one side the walls dropped sheer to a depth of fifty feet, and at one point a clear mountain stream cut its way through solid rock.

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fifth figure, the one at Wolfe's side, stirred restlessly, the red and purple blanket was tossed aside, and a beautifully carved arm was thrown above a mass of raven hair. It was Conchita! Maguire drew back. To shoot men down in cold blood was one thing—he had done it before—but she was a woman, a woman who had done nothing but love too well this man of a race not her own. The sheriff had seen the firearms scattered about the campfire. And if the outlaws fought the girl would be in the midst of it.

He crept back to his men. There was a whispered conference. Eight men carefully looked over their guns. Then, dropping on their stomachs, they slid noiselessly to the edge of the caldrin and surrounded it. The steel gray light had changed to rose color when, Maguire's voice echoed sharply down the rocky walls of the pit. The fugitives sprang to their feet.

"Might as well come up and surrender, Wolfe. We've got you surrounded."

Wolfe threw back his handsome head and gazed upward where the first beams of sunlight touched the dwarfed pines. He saw eight set faces and eight guns. He dropped his own weapon, with a bitter laugh, and stood with folded arms, staring straight at Maguire. When at last he spoke, the sheriff, even with the thirst of the man hunter upon him, caught himself wondering how that voice would sound in legislative halls.

"It's no use to surrender, Maguire. It means the gallows now. Conchita told us about Heynman's dying, and maybe you won't believe us, but we didn't mean to kill the fool. By heaven, I couldn't stand being copped up there! Another day'd have set me mad. When he brought the supper, we just toppled him over, for a lark, but it's turned out an annoying one. We've got to pay the price, I suppose, but Conchita—his voice seemed almost to tremble as it floated up to Maguire—'she followed me here, and now—well, I reckon you'll give her a chance to get up there safe.'"

Maguire nodded grimly. He knew what those words meant. Wolfe meant to die fighting. There would be no surrender. The men of the posse kept a sharp eye on the Mexicans, who now seemed too stunned even to pick up their firearms. Maguire kept his gun trained on Wolfe as the latter stood a moment in earnest conversation with Conchita. He saw something white slipped into her hands and sensed treachery, but as she pushed the packet into the bosom of her gown he saw that it was merely a bundle of papers or letters.

Without looking at his companions and with Maguire's gun still aimed at his heart, Wolfe led Conchita to the narrow goat path. She took half a dozen steps, then paused, turned and stretched out her arms. Eight deputies imperiled their lives by closing their eyes.

Conchita sprang up the path and went looking back dashed into the undergrowth on the summit and disappeared. A second later she floated up to Maguire Randall Wolfe's taunting laugh. He swung round on the crumbling Mexican wall. Conchita met him at the door with eyes more wistful than ever and a pathetic droop about her mouth. But that mouth took on a determined curve as the reporter talked. She shook her head.

"But," he persisted, "did Wolfe never tell you anything about his people in the east? He got money from them, didn't he? His mother wrote to him?"

Still no answer. The newspaper man tried another tack.

"He's left you nothing, I hear, and it isn't to be supposed that his people will help you." He drew forth his purse. "Now, I'd be glad to help you out if you'll answer a few questions."

The Mexican woman rose and threw open the door.

"There is nothing to tell—nothing." The newspaper man shrugged his shoulders and walked out into the sunlight. He knew the woman lied. She watched him through the yellowing willows. Then she closed her door and crossed to the fireplace. From her bosom she drew a packet of letters. Among them was the photograph of a woman with white hair. These she laid on the coals and watched them burn. Then she sprang to her feet and tore from the wall a picture of her dead husband. With hungry eyes she studied each crude line, then kissed the photograph passionately and, with a sob, laid it, too, on the greedy coals. "Ah," she sobbed as the flames licked and curled the blackened pasteboard, "mía cara, I have kept my word! It was all I could do, and they shall never know!"

Then, with her hands clasped about her knees, she crouched weeping by the dying embers.

The famous equilibrist was balancing four billiard balls on a cane, much to the amusement of the vaudeville audience.

Humph! growled a young man with ink on his fingers, I'll bet he can't balance a set of books.

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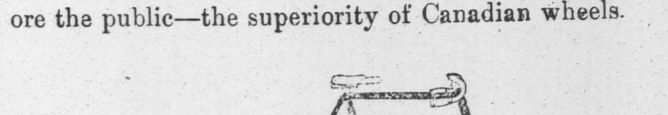
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The Trustees do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. J. P. BURCHILL, J. W. FLETT, PETER GORMAN, Trustees. George Burchill, secretary. South Nelson, July 29th—3w.

FOR SALE.

One high grade, light buggy, almost new will be for sale at a bargain. Also one light wagon for sale cheap. For any particulars apply to this office. Newcastle June 13th.

CUSTOM TAILORING

Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to the rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends. PRESSING, CLEANING, REPAIRING executed with neatness and dispatch. J. R. McDONALD.

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