

manner o' stunts — throw balls and juggle 'em, tell stories, draw pictures — Well, the fact was, that between 'em all, they kept Ty so active that first we knew, the devil had all been worked out of him and he was as civilized as any of us. One day when Horace was down visitin' him, he sent in the Chink and had him bring out a set of ivory figures, carved most beautiful and called chess-men; and he dared Horace to play him a game, and this was the final surrender of the old Ty Jones.

He was a well educated man, Ty was; and each winter when he had left the ranch, he had gone to some big city where he had pertended to be a regular swell. No one ever found out just what had soured him so on the world, for his nature was to be sociable to a degree. He said that no one knew the cause of it except ol' Prometheus, and it was mightily to his credit that he had n't devulged the secret.

Ty strung out his surprises quite a while. It seems he was also an inventor, and had patents which brought him in a lot o' money. He had found this cave and had just widened it where widenin' was necessary, and had built his cabin above it. The floor was double and filled with earth, and the fake drawers were also filled with earth, so 'at no sound would show that it was hollow underneath. The drawers swung on a steel pillar which could be worked from above by a rope which hung back o' his bookcase and from below by a lever.

It was a curious thing to see Ty Jones with his bristly eyebrows and his eagle's beak of a nose, makin' mechanical toys for the Friar's and Olaf's children. They did n't put any limit on what he was able to do, and he used to grumble at 'em as fierce as a grizzly — and then