

Don't Take a Trip With a Corn



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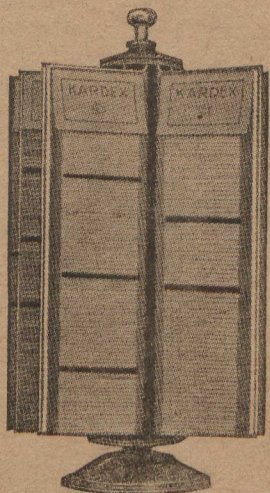
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"Yes, but, Rimrock, there has never been a time when you couldn't have had everything you wanted—if you wouldn't always be fighting for it. But when you distrust me and go against me and say that I've sold you out, how can a woman do anything but fight you back? And I will—I'll never give up! As long as you think I'm not as good as you are—just as smart, just as honest, just as brave—I'll never give in an inch. But there has never been a time during all our trouble, when, if you'd only listened and trusted me, I wouldn't have helped you out. Now take that letter that I wrote you in New York—I warned you they would jump your claim! But when you didn't come and complete your assessment work, I went up and jumped it myself. I got this great scar—" she thrust back her hair—"coming down the Old Juan that night. But I did it for you, I didn't do it for myself, and then—you wouldn't take back your mine!"

She bowed her head to brush away the tears and Rimrock stared and smiled at a thought.

"Well, I'll take it now," he said consolingly. "But I didn't understand. I didn't know that you want to give things—I thought you were on the make."

"Well, I was!" she declared, "I wanted all my rights—and I want them all to-day. But if you'd trust me, Rimrock, if you'd always depend on me to do the best that a woman can I'd—I'd give you anything—but you always fight me. You always try to take!"

"Well, I won't any more," replied Rimrock penitently, yet with a masterful look in his eyes. "But you'll have to make it easy, at first."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked rather tremulously. And then she blushed and glanced swiftly about.

"All right, Rimrock," she whispered as she took both his hands and then slipped into his arms. "I'll give you anything—if you'll only let me. But remember, I do it myself."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Rimrock Does It Himself.

"NOW, let's talk reason," said Rimrock at last as he put away her hands. "Let's be reasonable—I don't know where I'm at. Say, where have I been and what have I been up to? Am I the same feller that blowed into town on the blind baggage, or is this all a part of the dream?"

"It's a part of the dream," answered Mary with a sigh. "But if you help, Rimrock, it may come true."

"Do you mean it?" he demanded. "Well, I guess you must or you wouldn't give me a kiss like that. Say, you think a lot of me, now, don't you, Little Spitfire? I believe you'd go through hell for me."

"No, I wouldn't," she replied. "That's just where I draw the line—because you'd be going through hell, too. You're a good man, Rimrock—you've got a good heart—but you're a drunken, fighting brute."

"Hm!" shrilled Rimrock, "say, that don't sound very nice after what you said a minute ago."

"We're talking reason, now," said Mary, smiling wanly. "I was excited a minute ago."

"Well, get excited again," suggested Rimrock, but she pushed his hands away.

"No," she said, "I kissed you once because—well, because I liked you and—and to show that I forgive what

you've done. But a woman must consider what love might mean and I'll never marry a drunkard. I know women who have and they all regretted it—it took all the sweetness out of life. A woman expects so much—so much of tenderness and sympathy and gentleness and consideration—and a drunken man is a brute. You know it, because you've been there; and, oh, you don't know how I'd hate you if you ever came back to me drunk! I'd leave you—I'd never consent for a minute to so much as touch your hand—and so it's better just to be friends."

She sighed and hurried on to a subject less unpleasant.

"Now, there's the matter of that claim. You know I hold title to the Old Juan and it gives me control of the time. Even Stoddard acknowledges it, although he'll try to get around it; and if we press him he'll take it to the courts. But now listen, Rimrock, this is a matter of importance and I want you to help me out. I want you to attend to getting my discovery work before the ninety days has expired. Then we'll draw up a complete and careful agreement of just what we want at the mine and Whitney H. Stoddard, if I know anything about him, will be only too glad to sign it. I told him before I left him that this chicanery must cease and that you must be given back your mine. I told him you must run it, and that Jepson must be fired—but Rimrock, there's one thing more."

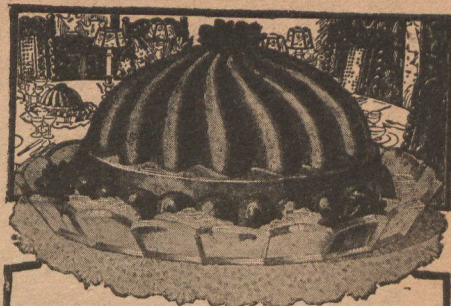
"What's that?" enquired Rimrock rousing up from his abstraction and she smiled and parted his hand.

"You mustn't fight him," she suggested coaxingly. "It interferes with the work."

"Fight who?" he demanded and then he snorted. "What, me make friends with Stoddard? Why, it's that crooked hound that's at the bottom of all this. He's the man that's made all the trouble. Why, we were doing fine, girl; we were regular partners and I wasn't drinking a drop. I was trying to make good and show you how I loved you when he butted in on the game. He saw he couldn't beat us as long as we stood together and so he sent out that damnable Mrs. Hardesty. He hired her on purpose and she worked me for a sucker by feeding me up with big words. She told me I was a wonder, and a world-beater for a gambler, and then—well, you know the rest. I went back to New York and they trimmed me right, and if it wasn't for you I'd be broke. No, I'll never forget what you did for me, Mary; and I'll never forget what he did, either!"

"No, I hope you won't," she said, winking fast, "because that's what's ruined your life. He can always whip you when it comes to business, because you fight in the open and he never shows his hand. And he's absolutely unscrupulous—he'd think no more of ruining our happiness than—than you do, when you're fighting mad. Oh, if you knew how I suffered during all those long months when you were stock-gambling and going around with—her."

"Aw, now, Mary," he soothed, wiping away the sweat from his brow; and then he took her into his arms. "Now, don't cry," he said, "because I went back there to look for you—I paid out thousands of dollars for detectives. And when I saw you that time, when you came down the stairway in that opera house back in New York, I never went near her again. I quit her at the door and had detectives out



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Soak 1 envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one pint of grape juice 10 minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar and juice of one lemon (if you use the Knox Acidulated Package take $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope of Lemon flavoring found therein instead of using juice of a lemon.) Strain into a bowl, allow to cool, stirring occasionally. When mixture begins to thicken beat with a wire spoon until frothy, add whites of 2 eggs that have been beaten to a very stiff froth. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold and serve plain or with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the 2 eggs, or serve with whipped cream.

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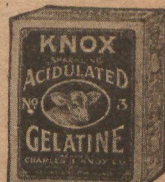
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