THE BLACK BOX OF SILENCE

By Francis Lynde

Illustrations By Olerwin Rogers

WNU SERVICE

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Blue pointed, and, following her gesture, he saw a mere pocket standard at the end of the passage, with a rope attached which disappeared upward in a chimney-like shaft.

"That is the way I come," she said. "I was lowered in that bucket from somewhere up above. I'm glad I couldn't see what they were doing with me."

"You couldn't see? Were you blindfolded, too?"

"Yes; were you?"

"I was, indeed." Then, "You're not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"No-not when I can reach out and touch somebody that I know."

"All right; I'll blow the candle out and save it. It's the only one there is." And with the return of the pitchy darkness, "Now, tell me all about it."

"You'll hardly believe me when I do. Gwen. You know that Wally had had dinner with the Spiffins at Hillcrest, didn't you?"

"Yes; Wally put me off the phone at the hotel and told me."

"Well, we left about nine o'clock or a little before, and were stopped on the way by two men who pulled Wally out of the car and tried to kidnap or murder him. I don't know which. Mr. Smith came up just in time. Then we drove on and when we reached the Spiffings' the house was all dark and I remembered that Mrs. Stillings had told me, when I dropped in to see her the Smiths', that she and Mr. Stillings might not be at home when I came back, and that if they weren't, and the servants had gone to bed, I'd find a latch key under the mat."

"You didn't find the key?"

"I didn't look for it. The night was so still and pleasant that I sat in one of the porch chairs to enjoy it. Wally's car hadn't been out of sight more than five minutes when another car drove up. The man who got out of it had on a white uniform and said he was one of the nurses at the railroad hospital, and that daddy had just been brought in from the fossil beds badly injured. I didn't stop to think, just flew down the walk and jumped into the car. The man got in with me.

"In just a few minutes the man clapped a bandage over my eyes and told me to keep still. Of course I knew then the story about daddy was just a make-up to get me away from the house and into the car. I tried to put the door open so I could jump out. It didn't do any good, and when it was over he had me tied and blindfolded and was threatening me with a pistol."

"And after that?"

"I don't think we'd been going more than fifteen minutes before the car stopped and I was made to get out and walk. In a little while I could tell we were somewhere underground. When they finally let me stop they put me into that wooden bucket thing, and my hands so I could hold on, and lowered me out of sight. What does it all mean, Gwen?"

"It seems to mean that somebody, or may be a bunch of somebodies, wanted to get you and Wally and me out of the way, for some reason."

"Of course. But who?"

"You know how even—Wally and I—drove through from Carthage. There were some startling things happened on the way. We seemed to be chased behind a gang of safe blowers. Since we were right behind them all the time, Wally and I began to make inquiries along the road. We soon found that there were three men driving a few hours ahead of us, boasting men from Louisville, who called themselves and from some suspicious circumstances we began to wonder if they might not be the bank wreckers.

"At a little town in Kansas Wally's car was stolen and put into a fast country mail smashed. We then went by train as far as Colby, where Wally bought another car. Nothing more happened until we were this side of Denver, when we found that we were just behind the three men. They were driving a Fleetwing car. Just before we reached Ogallala we passed a stopped car on the mountain road; and as we were running down the next loop before a big rock came tumbling down and nearly missed us."

"Here comes that Fleetwing!" she shuddered. "Did anything else happen?"

"Yes; we went on from Ogallala that night, and again the Fleetwing was ahead of us all the way across the Indian desert. At a little village called Atropia, we had a flat tire; and after we had changed it the tepee, we found we were out of gas. We were detained for about an hour, and when we finally went on up the mountain we ran into another of the mysterious accidents. The commissary at a mine had been looted and set on fire, and two men who were guarding the safe and the payroll money were murdered. Of course, there was no evidence that the three men in the Fleetwing had done it; but we knew that their car had passed through Atropia just before we got there."

He felt her shoulder as she said, "It makes cold chills run up and down my back! Is there any more of it?"

"A little more. We came on, and as we were driving down the mountain road above Lake Tepee, we saw something on fire in a deep gulch, and wondered what it could be. The next day we made inquiries in Brewster to find out if the Fleetwing had come in the night before. So far as we could learn, it hadn't.

"We spent that evening with Mr. Starbuck, and on our way back to the hotel we were set upon by three men. I was sandbagged and knocked out, but Wally beat them off and helped me to the hotel. The next day we thought we'd see if we couldn't find out about the disappearance of the missing Fleetwing and drove up to the place where we had seen the fire in the gulch. We left our car and climbed down to see what had burned. It was a big car—so badly wrecked that we could hardly tell what it was; but I guess it was the Fleetwing."

"Another mystery! Is that all?"

"Not quite. While we were looking at the wreck something happened that set us from the road on the other side of the gulch. We dashed and climbed up through the woods to where the shots had come from. There were two men, and the shooter said they had been told there were bears in the mountains, and he had taken us for bears. There was nothing to be done about it, so we let them go."

"Can you put it all together and make the pieces fit?" she asked.

"After a fashion. Those three men we followed all the way from Kansas are the bank robbers, and they think we've got something on them. That accounts for what's been happening to Wally and me; but it leaves you out. 'Maybe,' she said; but she added nothing to that single word.

"The one here," Gwen went on, "we're wasting time sitting here talking about. Has been. This kidnapping can mean only one thing—that the scoundrels are going to pull off another of their robbing stunts and want to make sure of having a clear field. We must get out of this and block their game, what ever it may be."

"Do you know where this dungeon place is, or what it is?" she asked.

"It's an abandoned mine shaft—dug a long time ago, at that. As to where it belongs on the map, I don't know. You won't be afraid to stay alone for a few minutes, will you? I'm going to climb up and see where this bucket lands to. Just stay where you are until you hear me lift the bucket and drop it. Then climb in and wait for a rope when you are ready for me to haul you up. Will you do that?"

"I guess I can stand it, hard as it is. Well go down and see what's at the bottom of this rattlebox."

Approaching the lower end of the inclined passage, they could see that the light bulb was suspended from the roof of a much larger drift, through which ran a miniature railroad track. Landis asked Betty to stay behind in concealment while he went on to investigate. She consented, merely urging him to be careful.

"Don't worry about me; I'll hurry back after I find out whether they are, and the way out."

Reaching the larger tunnel he found it empty. Though the working tunnel was timbered, it was driven on a course which bended the vein of the inclined section.

Since there was nothing to detain him a choice, Landis turned to the right. Before he had gone far he heard the rumble of a car on the rails behind him and hastened to conceal himself into a niche in the tunnel wall. When the car came in sight it was being pushed by a single man. A slight upcurve in the drift made the car stop, and the man dismounted to do his work, so he saw nothing as he passed Landis' hiding place.

Watching the car, Landis had a curious sensation. It was empty, he suspected, the squeaky rumbling of the wheels stopped abruptly. The car was already out of the wheel ruts and the rails upon which they were running were slight.

Continued instantly that there could be but one reason for the sudden silence, Landis crept forward. The tunnel straightened itself and the scene he was more than half expecting to see was revealed.

In the tunnel heading a number of men were at work; two of them manipulated two big air drills which were vicious chewing away at the rock face of the heading. But instead of the ravenous clamor which this should have raised there was a silence as profound as that of the grave.

Fully aware now of the use to which his stolen invention was being put, Landis made a wide detour for the hiding place of the black box. He had little difficulty in discovering it. It was set down in a shelf-like niche of the tunnel wall close at hand, the electric current for its operation being taken from the light wires overhead.

Landis saw that his time for action was short. In a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, the car would be coming back for another load. He turned a slide in the black box and did that which was needed to expatiate his definite and intricate mechanism. Then, as the deafening, ear-splitting clamor of the drills burst suddenly out in the heading, he leaped for a point of safety.

The effect of the suddenly released drills was for the moment almost astonishing. They had evidently been chosen for the work by a butler struck gripped Landis. With the light gone they would be utterly helpless.

"We are nearly at the end of things, Betty," he said soberly. "You see how much there is left of the candle. After it is gone we'll be just buried alive."

"I know; but I'm not afraid, Gwen. It—it will be starvation, won't it? I don't want to die, but I'm not afraid. Let's sit here on this pile of rock and face it the best we can."

For a little while they sat in silence. When he spoke it was to say, "I'm to blame for whatever happens to you, Betty. If I hadn't brought you along—the devils, whoever they are, who kidnaped you, wouldn't have left you to starve at the bottom of that shaft."

"Maybe not. But you mustn't think of that now. You did what you thought was best; we both did. Do you think they've put Wally, too?"

"I'm afraid they have."

"If he is gone, there is nobody to miss us; but you soon, anyhow. The Stillings will think I was invited to stay overnight with the Blakes, and the people at the hotel won't miss you, will they?"

"No, I suppose not."

As he spoke, the remaining bit of candle wick fell over, to burn flickeringly for a few seconds before it went out.

After a moment in the Stygian darkness that followed the extinguishing of the candle, Betty said wearily, "I'm awfully tired, Gwen. I'm sleepy."

"No; not very tired. But I know you must be. Put your head on my shoulder and go to sleep, if you can."

She did it, and after a little while he knew from her regular breathing that she had really fallen asleep. Before long he felt that he too, was nodding; and after a few efforts to keep the fight of the lethargy of fatigue, he even closed in spite of his resolve, and was sleep.

When he awoke Betty was still sleeping, with her head on his shoulder, and, starry as was his desire to move and stretch and get the cobwebs out of his muscles, he was unwilling to disturb her.

It was while he was sitting with wide-open eyes staring into the darkness that he saw, or thought he saw, a faint thinning of the darkness at a point directly opposite. He stared again and saw nothing. Then, in a flash, the faint thinning of the darkness came again, and his start at this repetition of the phenomenon awoke Betty.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I don't know. Look straight ahead; do you see anything?"

"Why—why, yes; it's light! Is someone coming for us?"

"Sit quietly and lifted her to her feet. "We'll see," he said, but he did not say it hopefully.

What they saw, when they crossed to the mouth of one of the drifts that leading out of the space where they had slept, was a thing that Landis was not moved expecting to see. The passage mouth was the entrance to a long, pretty finished tunnel, the lower extremity of which was a faintly glowing electric light.

"What does that mean?" Betty asked, whispering as if she were afraid the mirmulous light might disappear if she spoke above her breath.

"It means that my guess was right. We've been lost in the old workings of the Quatapil, and that light is in one of the new workings."

"Now that we know where we are, we can get out, can't we?"

"We can try anyhow; hard, anyway. Well go down and see what's at the bottom of this rattlebox."

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"Haven't You Any Idea Where We Are?" Betty Asked.

rest for a few seconds and catch his breath before giving Betty the agreed signal.

At once it was answered and he began to wonder why the drills had drawn the bucket and its precious freight out upon the windless pulley-wheel.

When the candle was relighted it became apparent that they had succeeded to what seemed to be nothing but a cave-like space in the rock with warren of bewildering passages and doors.

"Haven't you any idea where we are?" Betty asked.

"Not a bit," said Landis; and then, "I've got it! Hasn't Bert Canby told you about his mine—the Quatapil?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Quatapils; the new one that is being worked now, and a much older one," and he repeated for her Starbuck's account of the anxious workings. "That is about where we are," he concluded, "buried somewhere in those old workings. We'll keep on going while the candle lasts. There must be some connection between these old workings and the new. You're not too tired to tramp, are Gwen?"

"I'm not tired at all, now. And we must get out if we can. Mr. Smith and Wally are somewhere in the world, and we know that they don't know we are buried alive."

That was the beginning of a long period of tedious wandering in a labyrinth that seemed endless.

It was not until their candle had dwindled to a half-inch that the really desperate character of their situation gripped Landis. With the light gone they would be utterly helpless.

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Tobacco Warehouse Sale

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

7 Loose Leaf Sales Warehouses — 2 Redryers — 5 Storage Warehouses

Pursuant to action of the stockholders of the Eastern District Warehousing Corporation, of Maysville, Ky., said Corporation has been dissolved and is liquidating and in order to close its business and wind up its affairs, all of its properties located at Maysville, Ky., will be offered for sale at public auction, on the premises, on the following dates, towit:

On Tuesday, September 20, 1932

At 10:30 O'Clock, A. M., (fast time) the HOME Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse and Stable, offered separately and jointly, located on corner of Lexington Street and Forest Avenue. Said Warehouse is 384 x 356 feet.

At 1:30 O'Clock, P. M., (fast time) the FARMERS Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, located on corner of Union Street and Forest Avenue. Said Warehouse is 140 x 477 feet.

Immediately after the sale of the Farmers, the PLANTERS Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, located on Forest Avenue across the street from the Farmers Warehouse. Main Brick Warehouse is 100 x 400 feet. Wood Annex is 60 x 100 feet.

Immediately after this sale the Farmers And Planters will be offered jointly.

On Thursday, September 22, 1932

At 10:30 O'Clock, A. M., (fast time) the GROWERS No. 1 Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, located on East side of Poplar Street. This Warehouse is 140 x 247 feet.

Immediately after the sale of Growers No. 1, the GROWERS No. 2 Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse located on the West side of Poplar Street. This warehouse is 146 x 280 feet, less 80 x 112 feet offset.

Immediately after this sale the Growers Warehouses No. 1 and No. 2 will be offered jointly.

At 1:30 O'Clock, P. M., (fast time) the PEOPLES Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, located on Bank Street. Said Warehouse is 127 x 227 feet.

Immediately after the sale of the Peoples Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, the INDEPENDENT Loose Leaf Sales Warehouse, located on the North side of Forest Avenue. This Warehouse is 162 x 248 feet.

Immediately after this sale the Peoples And Independent will be offered jointly.

On Saturday, September 24, 1932

At 10:30 O'Clock, A. M., (fast time) the Central Redrying Plant, located on West side of Lexington Street and C. & O. Switch. This plant is 105 x 281 feet and contains a Proctor and Schwartz redrier, two Heine Tubjar 12" boilers, all necessary pumps, presses, etc.

Immediately after the sale of the Central Redrying Plant, the Taylor Redrying Plant, located South of Forest Avenue and L. & N. Switch. This plant is 118 x 265 feet and contains a Proctor and Schwartz redrier, Heine Tubjar 12" boiler, all necessary pumps, presses, etc.

At 1:30 O'Clock, P. M., (fast time) Five Storage Warehouses, Nos. 1 to 5, located on South side of Forest Avenue, having a combined capacity for 25,000 hogsheads of tobacco. No. 5 having a new steel iron clad concrete floor suitable for tobacco leaf sales or storage purposes. Will be offered separately and jointly.

ALL WILL BE SOLD SO AS TO BRING THE MOST MONEY

TERMS

And all properties will be sold on following terms, towit: 10 per cent. of sale price cash, on day of sale, 20 per cent. of the remainder upon offer of delivery of the deeds and possession of the property, 25 per cent. of the remainder March 1, 1933, and the remaining 25 per cent. March 1, 1934. All deferred payments to bear 6 per cent. interest, with privilege to purchasers to pay all or any part of purchase money any time before maturity. Full possession will be given upon compliance with the terms of sale.

EQUIPMENT

The Loose Leaf Sales Warehouses are equipped with offices, scales, baskets, floor trucks, etc., and the Redrying Plants and Storage Warehouses have the usual offices and equipment usually found in such plants and houses.

All of the properties are in good condition and open to the inspection of prospective purchasers.

Practically all of the above properties have vacant lots adjoining them affording space for enlargements, railroad sidings adjoin several of same.

MAYSVILLE

Forty Million Pounds Of Tobacco was sold at Maysville last season. All of the large manufacturers and buyers have plants there and maintain three sets of buyers. It is the oldest and next to the largest Burley tobacco market in the world. is one of the most progressive and solid cities, of its size, in the country and there is no better place in which to do business and live.

OPPORTUNITY

This Is A Rare Opportunity for anyone wishing to engage in a profitable, growing and promising business.

All of the above mentioned warehouses and plants have been money makers and they are being sold only because it is necessary, under the law, to liquidate the Corporation.

All taxes due in 1932 have been paid. Further description, details, etc., made known at time of sale. Remember the dates and don't miss this opportunity!

Eastern District Warehousing Corporation

J. M. FINCH, President — COL. H. C. HAWKINS, Auctioneer — JAMES A. KEHOE, Sec.-Treas.

THE GARDEN

A GARDEN RETROSPECT

By John S. Gardiet, Kentucky College of Agriculture

The entrants are waiting, only the last tomatoes and peppers, in our garden and cabbage, celery, onions, and the plantings of greens remain to be gathered. The fall is the end of the garden year is at hand need not mean that gardening for the season is over, far from it, for now that the books are to be closed, as it were, is an excellent time to go over the past season's work in retrospect, making particular note of the difficulties and failures there will be little use in avoiding them next yelli

Every gardener encountered some trouble. In some instances, insects were particularly troublesome. In others, disease gardeners were caught unprepared to cope with new pests because they had never had fact new pests; others forgot to make preparation for pests that had given trouble in previous years, or hoped that no garden should would not come. No gardener should be an optimist to that extent. Enough as has been said in these columns earlier in the season, garden pests are not great favorites.

The fact that trouble did come and perhaps overwhelmed the garden need not make gardeners pessimists, however. For controls are available, and some of them are exceedingly simple, inexpensive, and effective. Some of these should be administered at seeding time; for the others, just a little planning is needed. It is hoped that the notes that follow in this article, and that for next week will stand gardeners in good stead in 1933.

Insect Pests

Plant Lice—On early cabbage, lice were destructive, this year. Wally was particularly true. The reason was that in the South, where these "frost-proof" slips were grown, the winter was exceptionally mild, enabling the lice to breed and multiply all the month through, and plants came heavily infested with lice in all stages. Worse, was this, that from the early cabbage plantings the lice spread to early mustard, early kale, radishes and turnips, making the trouble, normal to the season, really serious. A way to cut down louse damage is to dip the "frost-proof" plants in a tobacco solution of twice the strength used for greenhouse work. If this is done this procedure whether the lice are observed or not.

Hog—This Harlequin Cabbage Bug—three-winged, three-quarter inch harlequin bug was present this year in numbers never before experienced in Kentucky. Although a certain percentage of these were those that survived our own mild winter, a vastly greater number came there via shipped-in plants. To make the harlequin bug war lighter for 1933, all "frost-proof" plants should be treated in the way just described for plant lice.

Insects, in general. All insects were numerous this year, because of the mild winter of 1931. Obviously, to catch up with the garden pests, but it is possible to cause the overwintering insects considerable inconvenience to prevent the survival of at least some of them by disturbing their places of hibernation. This is done by breaking the plants (in the fall) leaving some of the insects (mainly) shallow so deeply that they cannot emerge in the spring, and at the same time turning up the ground so deeper in the soil, and exposing them to what freezing and thawing may take place. There will be more of this in a later article.

Next week discussion will bear on preventable disease pests.

Better Products, Lower Costs Needed To Fake Farming Pay

Products of high quality, especially in tobacco, and lower costs of production in general, are needed to make farming profitable, according to a study of the records of farm accounts kept cooperating with the department of farm management of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, for the year 1931.

In central Kentucky there are three factors that stand out as contributing to a greater farm income; high quality burley tobacco well handled, good cows well fed for the production of milk or baby beef, and the abundant production of good legume hay. Sheep have been profitable on many farms, as have several other enterprises, but they have not played such a definite part in making farming profitable as have good tobacco, cows and legumes.

In western Kentucky there are two definite factors that are common on the most profitable farms. They are the careful handling and finish of dark tobacco, and the selection and handling of good dairy cattle.

By actual test, tobacco that was fired with the temperature and moisture properly controlled sold for more than twice as much per pound as the same kind of tobacco fired carelessly. The most important management factor in connection with dairy cattle is the feeding of a balanced ration which includes home-grown legume hay and good pasture produced at a low cost.

Other factors mentioned by the report of the department include the use of cheap sources of power in the chinery, labor and other items; the production of more feed for stock and food for the family; the application of good sanitary methods, control of weeds, crop rotation, disease control and well planned rations.

CHICKEN OWNERS LIABLE

The Court of Appeals in the case of Adam Brou vs Clark, holds that the owner of trespassing chickens is liable for damages done by them and that it is the duty, under the law, of every owner to take care of his or her chickens and prevent them from trespassing and damaging a neighbor. In the very interesting opinion delivered in the case, the court said: "It is the natural propensity of domestic fowls to rove and in doing so to wholly disregard property rights and even fences. This propensity is well known to all owners and when an owner with this knowledge allows his fowls to run at large to the injury of his neighbors he is the wrong-doer and is liable for trespass, even in the absence of a statute or ordinance to that effect."

Hydraulic Ram Ends Years Of Water Carrying

Installation of a hydraulic ram on the farm of J. I. Clarke in Tar Hill community in Grayson county ended the end of three generations of water carrying. For more than 50 years occupants of the place trudged back and forth to the spring 150 feet from the house carrying water for the daily needs of the household. County Agent H. B. Patterson estimates that members of the three families carried water a total of 500 miles, if they made only three trips daily down the hill to the spring. The time consumed in fetching water was equal to more than two hours for each of the person.

Now, after three generations of water carrying, a simple hydraulic ram has been installed to supply the daily needs of the family. Using second-hand pipe, it cost $60. About farmers attended its installation, while Mr. Patterson and representatives engineers from the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, acted as demonstrators of what could be done to end water carrying on hundreds of Kentucky farms.

As a result of the demonstration, several farmers in the county are planning to install hydraulic rams. Lee Hart, in the Bear Wallow community, installed a ram and a storage tank at a cost of only $40. Sherman Goodwin, living near Leitchfield, spent $80 for a hydraulic ram that delivers approximately 2,000 gallons of water daily.

Tobacco, Hogs, Dairy Cattle Make Most Money

Tobacco, hogs and dairy cattle made the most money for Todd county farmers last year. This fact was brought out in a study of records kept by 20 farmers. Eight of these farmers made 5 per cent on their investment and a profit in addition. One farmer made a net profit of $1,138. Twelve of the farmers lost money, one failing by $925 to pay a per cent on his investment. The average size of the farms was 214 acres, and the average investment was $16,499.

"The men who made money did everything better than the ones who lost money," says Stuart Brabant, county farm agent. He cites the good points of the high earning farmers as follows: high receipts per acre; careful spending for operating expenses; good yields of tobacco, and other crops; good receipts per dairy cow; less cropper tobacco.

In some kinds of small, the tongue has 15,000 microscopic teeth arranged in rows along it.

A $100 BILL

A traveling salesman registered at a small town hotel and informed the landlord that he would need a room for several days. He handed the landlord a $100 bill and asked him to keep it in his safe until he checked out as it was a large sum to carry around in his pocket.

The next day the garage man presented the landlord with a statement for $100. Not having that much cash on hand the hotel proprietor borrowed the salesman's $100 bill to settle the account, planning on replacing it before the bill was called for by its owner.

The garage man paid his grocery account with the same bill; the grocer paid for a debt of clothes with the same bill and the clothier paid the hardware dealer an account of $100. The hardware man had borrowed $100 from the hotel man so he settled by using the same bill. The hotel man put the bill back in his safe.

Several days later the salesman paid his hotel account with some money he had in his pocket and the landlord gave him back the $100 bill.

The salesman left a match and burned the bill, saying it was counterfeit and must be destroyed. The question is, "Who lost by the transaction?" The answer is, "Nothing was lost.

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Kentucky State Fair,

Please send ..... Strip Tickets at $2.50 each.

I am enclosing check ( ), Currency ( ), Money Order ( ) for $.....

NOTE: If preferred strip tickets may be purchased at the State Fair Offices on grounds or at filling stations of Standard Oil Co., or at downtown stores.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
P. O. .....